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**THE TRAGEDIE OF
ROMEO and IULIET.**

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Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers,
of the House of Capulet.*

Sampson.

G Regory: A my word wee'l not carry coales.

Greg.

No, for then we should be Colliars.

Samp.

I mean, if we be in choller, wee'l draw.

Greg.

I, While you liue, draw your necke out
o'th Collar.

Samp.

I strike quickly, being mou'd.

Greg.

But thou art not quickly mou'd to strike.

Samp.

A dog of the house of *Mountague*, moues me.

Greg.

To moue, is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runst away.

Samp.

A dogge of that house shall moue me to stand.
I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Mountagues*.

Greg.

That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the weakest goes to the wall.

Samp.

True, and therefore women being the weaker
Vessels, are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push
Mountagues men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to
the wall.

Greg.

The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and vs
(their men.

Samp.

'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant: when
I haue fought with the men, I will bee ciuill with the
Maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg.

The heads of the Maids?

Sam.

I, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads,
Take it in what sence thou wilt.

Greg.

They must take it sence, that feele it.

Samp.

Me they shall feele while I am able to stand:
And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

Greg.

'Tis well thou art not Fish: If thou had'st, thou
had'st beene poore Iohn. Draw thy Toole, here comes of
the House of the *Mountagues*.

Enter two other Seruingmen.

Sam.

My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee

Gre.

How? Turne thy backe, and run.

Sam.

Feare me not.

Gre.

No marry: I feare thee.

Sam.

Let vs take the Law of our sides: let them begin.

Gr.

I wil frown as I passe by, & let (thē)them take it as they list

Sam.

Nay, as they dare. I wil bite my Thumb at them,
which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it.

Abra.

Do you bite your Thumbe at vs sir?

Samp.

I do bite my Thumbe, sir.

Abra.

Do you bite your Thumb at vs, sir?

Sam.

Is the Law of our side, if I say I?

Gre.

No.

Sam.

No sir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you sir: but
I bite my Thumbe sir.

Greg.

Do you quarrell sir?

Abra.

Quarrell sir? no sir.

Sam.

If you do sir, I am for you, I serue as good a man
(as you

Abra.

No better?

Samp.

Well sir.

Enter Benuolio.

Gr.

Say better: here comes one of my masters kinsmen.

Samp.

Yes, better.

Abra.

You Lye.

Samp.

Draw if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy
washing blow.

They Fight.

Ben.

Part Fooles, put vp your Swords, you know not
what you do.

Enter Tibalt.

Tyb.

What art thou drawne, among these heartlesse
Hindes? Turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Ben.

I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy Sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb.

What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Mountagues*, and thee:
Haue at thee Coward.

Fight.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.

Offi.

Clubs, B^{Note:} This B is slightly obscured by a fold in the page, as are the letters below it.ils,
and Partisons, strike, beat them down
Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagues*.

Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.

Cap.

What noise is this? Giue me my long Sword ho.

Wife.

A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?

Cap.

My Sword I say: Old *Mountague* is come,
And flourishes his Blade in spight of me.

Enter old Mountague, & his wife.

Moun.

Thou villaine *Capulet*. Hold me not, let me go

2. Wife.

Thou shalt not stir a foote to seeke a Foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, with his Traine.

Prince.

Rebellious Subiects, Enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this Neighbor-stained Steele,
Will they not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage,
With purple Fountaines issuing from your Veines:
On paine of Torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd Weapons to the ground,
And heare the Sentence of your mooued Prince.
Three ciuill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made *Verona*'s ancient Citizens
Cast by their Graue beseeming Ornaments,
To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,
ee3Cankred[Page 54]The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.
Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You *Capulet* shall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Moun.

Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began:

Ben.

Heere were the seruants of your aduersarie,

And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He swong about his head, and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne.
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Wife.

O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben.

Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Sycamour,
That West-ward rooteth from this City side:
So earely walking did I see your Sonne:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the couert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, wher most might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary selfe,
Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mount.

Many a morning hath he there beene seene,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deaw,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,
But all so soone as the all-cheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw
The shadie Curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steales home my heauy Sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous must this humour proue,
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

Ben.

My Noble Vncle doe you know the cause?

Moun.

I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben.

Haue you importun'd him by any meanes?

Moun.

Both by my selfe and many other Friends,
But he his owne affections counseller,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and discouery,

As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben.

See where he comes, so please you step aside,
Ile know his grieuance, or be much denide.

Moun.

I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To heare true shrift. Come Madam let's away.

Exeunt.

Ben.

Good morrow Cousin.

Rom.

Is the day so young?

Ben.

But new strooke nine.

Rom.

Aye me, sad houres seeme long:
Was that my Father that went [hence] so fast?

Ben.

It was: what sadnes lengthens *Romeo's* houres?

Ro.

Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short

Ben.

In loue.

Romeo.

Out.

Ben.

Of loue.

Rom.

Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

Ben.

Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooffe.

Rom.

Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see path-wayes to his will:
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heere's much to do with hate, but more with loue:
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing, of nothing first created:
O heauie lightnesse, serious vanity,
Mishapen Chaos of welseeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoake, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this.
Doest thou not laugh?

Ben.

No Coze, I rather weepe.

Rom.

Good heart, at what?

Ben.

At thy good hearts oppression.

Rom.

Why such is loues transgression.

Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast
With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,
Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Loue, is a smoake made with the fume of sighes,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Louers eyes,
Being vext, a Sea nourisht with louing teares,
What is it else? a madnesse, most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet:
Farewell my Coze.

Ben.

Soft I will goe along.

And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong.

Rom.

Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.

Ben.

Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?

Rom.

What shall I grone and tell thee?

Ben.

Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who.

Rom.

A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will:
A word ill vrg'd to one that is so ill:
In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.

Ben.

I aym'd so neare, when I suppose'd you lou'd.

Rom.

A right good marke man, and shee's faire I loue

Ben.

A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soonest hit.

Rom.

Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit
With Cupids arrow, she hath *Diams* wit:
And in strong prooffe of chastity well arm'd:
From loues weake childish Bow, she liues vncharm'd.
Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,
Nor bid th'incounter of assailing eyes.
Nor open her lap to Sainct-seducing Gold:
O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,
That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.

Ben.

Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chast?

Rom.

She hath, and in that sparing make huge wast?
For beauty steru'd with her seuerity,
Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.

She [\[Page 55\]](#)The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

She is too faire, too [wise: wisely] too faire,
To merit blisse by making me dispaire:
She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.

Ben.

Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.

Rom.

O teach me how I should forget to thinke.

Ben.

By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties,

Ro.

'Tis the way to cal hers (exquisit) in question more,
These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:
Shew me a Mistresse that is passing faire,
What doth her beauty serue but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing faire.
Farewell thou can'st not teach me to forget,

Ben.

Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Exeunt.

[Act 1, Scene 2]

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.

Capu.

Mountague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as wee, to keepe the peace.

Par.

Of Honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie 'tis you liu'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?

Capu.

But saying ore what I haue said before,
My Child is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

Pari.

Younger then she, are happy mothers made.

Capu.

And too soone mar'd are those so early made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And shee agree, within her scope of choise,
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a Guest,
Such as I loue, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome makes my number more:
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earth-treading starres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do lusty young men feele,
When well apparel'd Aprill on the heele
Of limping Winter treads, euen such delight
Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house: heare all, all see:
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which one more veiw, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, goe with me: goe sirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

Exit.

Ser.

Find them out whose names are written. Heere it
is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his
Yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his
Pensill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to
find those persons whose names are writ, & can neuer find
what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to
the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.

Ben.

Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One pai [...]e is lesned by anothers anguish:
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One desparate greefe, cures with anothers languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyson of the old wil die.

Rom.

Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.

Ben.

For what I pray thee?

Rom.

For your broken shin.

Ben.

Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom.

Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,

Ser.

Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read?

Rom.

I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser.

Perhaps you haue learn'd it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you see?

Rom.

I, if I know the Letters and the Language.

Ser.

Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

Rom.

Stay fellow, I can read.

He reades the Letter.

*SEigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: County An
selme and his beaution sisters: the Lady widdow of Vtru
nio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louely Neece: Mercutio and
his brother Valentine: mine vncl Capulet his wife and daugh
ters: my faire Neece Rosaline, Luia, Seigneur Valentio, & his
Cosen Tybalt: Lucio and the liuely Helena.*

A faire assembly, whither should they come?

Ser.

Vp.

Rom.

Whither? to supper?

Ser.

To our house.

Rom.

Whose house?

Ser.

My Maisters.

Rom.

Indeed I should haue askt you that before.

Ser.

Now Ile tell you without asking. My maister is
the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of
Mountagues I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest
you merry.

Exit.

Ben.

At this same auncient Feast of *Capulets*
Sups the faire *Rosaline*, whom thou so loues:
With all the admired Beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.

Rom.

When the deuout religion of mine eye

Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire:
And these who often drown'd could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue: the all-seeing Sun
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben.

Tut, you saw her faire, none else being by,
Herselfe poys'd with herselfe in either eye:
But in that Christall scales, let there be waid,
Your Ladies loue against some other Maid
That I will show you, shining at this Feast,
And she shew scant shell, well, that now shewes best.

Rom.

Ile goe along, no such sight to be showne,
But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

[Act 1, Scene 3]

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.

Wife.

Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse.

Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeare old
I bad her come, what Lamb: what Ladi-bird, God forbid,
Where's this Girle? what *Iuliet*?

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet.

How now, who calls?

Nur.

Your Mother.

Iuliet.

Madam I am heere, what is your will?

Wife.

This is the matter: Nurse giue me leaue awhile, we must [\[Page 56\]](#)The Tragedie of
Romeo and Iuliet.

must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue re
membred me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest
my daughter's of a prety age.

Nurse.

Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

Wife.

Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse.

Ile lay fourteene of my teeth,
And yet to my teene be it spoken,
I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene.
How long is it now to *Lammas* tide?

Wife.

A fortnight and odde days.

Nurse.

Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come
Lammis Eue at night shall she be fourteene. *Susan* & she,
God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well *Susan*
is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on *La*
mas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she ma
rie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now
eleuen yeares, and she was wean'd I neuer shall forget it,
of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then
laid Worme-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sunne vnder
the Douehouse wall, my Lord and you were then at
Mantua, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it
did tast the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge,
and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie, and fall out
with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue-house, 'twas no
neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is
a eleuen yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th'
roode she could haue runne, & waddled all about: for euen
the day before she broke her brow, & then my Husband
God be with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the
Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou
wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou
not *Iule*? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch lefte
crying, & said I: to see now how a Iest shall come about.
I warrant, & I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should
forget it: wilt thou not *Iulet* quoth he? and pretty foole it
stinted, and said I.

Old La.

Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse.

Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to
thinke it should leaue crying, & say I: and yet I warrant
it had vpon it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels
stone? A perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth
my husband, fall'st vpon thy face, thou wilt fall back
ward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not *Iule*? It
stinted: and said I.

Iule.

And stint thou too, I pray thee *Nurse*, say I.

Nur.

Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace
thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nurst, and I might
liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La.

Marry that marry is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How stands your disposition to be Married?

Iuli.

It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nur.

An houre, were I not thine onely Nurse, I would
say thou had'st suckt wisdom from thy teat.

Old La.

Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you
 Heere in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme,
 Are made already Mothers. By my count
 I was your Mother, much vpon these yeares
 That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe:
 The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his loue.

Nurse.

A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all
 the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La.

Veronas Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse.

Nay hee's a flower, infaith a very flower.

Old La.

What say you, can you loue the Gentleman?
 This night you shall behold him at our Feast,
 Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face,
 And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen:
 Examine euery seuerall liniament,
 And see how one another lends content:
 And what obscur'd in this faire volume lies,
 Find written in the Margent of his eyes.
 This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer,
 To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
 The fish liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride
 For faire without, the faire within to hide:
 That Booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie,
 That in Gold claspes, Lockes in the Golden storie:
 So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
 By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse.

No lesse, nay bigger: women grow by men.

Old La.

Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iuli.

Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
 But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
 Then your consent giues strength to make flye.

Enter a Seruing man.

Ser.

Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you
 cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cur'st in the Pan
 tery, and euery thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I
 beseech you follow straight.

Exit.

Mo.

We follow thee, *Iuliet*, the Countie staies.

Nurse.

Goe Gyrle, seeke happi^{:Note:} This i has been placed lower than the rest of the line of text.e
 nights to happy daies.

Exeunt.

[Act 1, Scene 4]

*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with five or sixe
other Maskers, Torch-bearers.*

Rom.

What shall this speeh be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ben.

The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hood winkt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them with a Measure, and be gone.

Rom.

Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heauy I will beare the light.

Mer.

Nay gentle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.

Rom.

Not I belecue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soale of Lead
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot moue.

Mer.

You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And soare with them aboue a common bound.

Rom.

I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soare with his light feathers, and to bound:
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.

Hora.

Note: This spech is conventionally attributed to Mercutio.

And to sinke in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom.

Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer.

If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue,
Pricke loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a Case to put my visage in,
A Visor for a Visor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the Beetle-browes shall blush for me.

Ben.

Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.

Rom.

A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the sencelesse rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerb'd with a Grandsier Phrase,
Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am done.

Mer. Tut,

[\[Page 57\]](#)

The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

Mer.

Tut, duns the Mouse, the Constables owne word,
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire.
Or saue your reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.

Rom.

Nay that's not so.

Mer.

I meane sir I delay,
We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day;
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement sits
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fiue wits.

Rom.

And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer.

Why may one aske?

Rom.

I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer.

And so did I.

Rom.

Well what was yours?

Mer.

That dreamers often lye.

Ro.

In bed a sleepe while they do dreame things true.

Mer.

O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you:
She is the Fairies Midwife, & she comes in shape no big
ger then Agat-stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman,
drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, ouer mens noses as
they lie asleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spin
ners legs: the Couer of the wings of Grashoppers, her
Traces of the smallest Spiders web, her coullers of the
Moonshines watry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone,
the Lash of Philome, her Waggoner, a small gray-coated
Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little Worme, prickt
from the Lazie-finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie
Haselnut, made by the Ioyner Squirrel or old Grub, time
out a mind, the Faries Coach-makers: & in this state she
gallops night by night, through Louers braines: and then
they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on

Cursies strait: ore Lawyers fingers, who strait dreamt on Fees, ore Ladies lips, who strait on kisses dreame, which oft the angry [...]Mab with blisters plagues, because their breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose, & then dreames he of smelling out a sute: & somtime comes she with Tith pigs tale, tickling a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames of another Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore a Souldiers necke, & then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats, of Breaches, Ambuscados, Spanish Blades: Of Healths fiue Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which he startes and wakes; and being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two & sleepes againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of Horses in the night: & bakes the Elk locks in foule sluttish haire, which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes,

This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she.

Rom.

Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer.

True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing, but vaine phantasie,
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more inconstant then the wind, who woos
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:
And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew dropping South.

Ben.

This wind you talke of blowes vs from our selues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom.

I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the tearme
Of a despised life clos'd in my brest:
By some vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my sute: on lustie Gentlemen.

Ben.

Strike Drum.

[Act 1, Scene 5]

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with their napkins.

Enter Seruant.

Ser.

Where's *Potpan*, that he helpes not to take away?
He shift a Trencher? he scrape a Trencher?

1.

When good manners, shall lie in one or two mens
hands, and they vnwasht too, 'tis a foule thing.

Ser.

Away with the Ioynstooles, remoue the Court
cubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, saue mee a piece
of Marchpane, and as thou louest me, let the Porter let in
Susan Grindstone, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.

2.

I Boy readie.

Ser.

You are lookt for, and cal'd for, askt for, & sought
for, in the great Chamber.

1

We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes,
Be brisk awhile, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

*Enter all the Guests and Gentlemen to the
Maskers.*

1. Capu.

Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagu'd with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day
That I haue worne a Visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musitians play:
Musicke plaies: and the dance.

A Hall, Hall, giue roome, and foote it Girles,
More light you knaues, and turne the Tables vp:
And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot.
Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are past our dauncing daies:
How long 'ist now since last your selfe and I
Were in a Maske?

2. Capu.

Berlady thirty yeares.

1. Capu.

What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,
'Tis since the Nuptiall of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt.

2. Cap.

'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder sir:
His Sonne is thirty.

3. Cap.

Will you tell me that?
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.

Rom.

What Ladie is that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?

Ser.

I know not sir.

Rom.

O she doth teach the Torchés to burne bright:
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeké of night,
As a rich Iewel in an Æthiops eare:
Beauty too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes;
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did [[Page 58](#)]The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.
Did my heart loue till now, forswear it sight,
For I neuer saw true Beauty till this night.

Tib.

This by his voice, should be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the slaue
Come hither couer'd with an antique face,
To fleere and scorne at our Solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and Honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap.

Why how now kinsman,
Wherefore storme you so?

Tib.

Vncle this is a *Mountague*, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our Solemnitie this night.

Cap.

Young *Romeo* is it?

Tib.

'Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo*.

Cap.

Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,

An ill beseeming semblance for a Feast.

Tib.

It fits when such a Villaine is a guest,
Ile not endure him.

Cap.

He shall be endur'd.
What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the Maister here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Youle make a Mutinie among the Guests:
You will set cocke a hoope, youle be the man.

Tib.

Why Vncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap.

Go too, go too,
You are a sawcy Boy, 'ist so indeed?
This tricke may chance to scath you, I know what,
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well said my hearts, you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
Ile make you quiet. What, chearely my hearts.

Tib.

Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.

Exit.

Rom.

If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kisse.

Iul.

Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much.
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this,
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kisse.

Rom.

Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

Iul.

I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in prayer.

Rom.

O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.

Iul.

Saints do not moue,
Though grant for prayers sake.

Rom.

Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

Iul.

Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

Rom.

Sin from my lips? O trespasse sweetly vrg'd:
Giue me my sin againe.

Iul.

You kisse by'th'booke.

Nur.

Madam your Mother craues a word with you.

Rom.

What is her Mother?

Nurs.

Marrie Batcheler,
Her Mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wise, and Vertuous,
I Nur'st her Daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.

Rom.

Is she a *Capulet*?
O deare account! My life is my foes debt.

Ben.

Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom.

I so I feare, the more is my vnrest.

Cap.

Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish Banquet towards:
Is it e'ne so? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night:
More Torch'es here: come on, then let's to bed.
Ah sirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my rest.

Iuli.

Come hither Nurse,
What is yond Gentleman:

Nur.

The Sonne and Heire of old *Tyberio*.

Iuli.

What's he that now is going out of doore?

Nur.

Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.

Iul.

What's he that follows here that would not dance?

Nur.

I know not.

Iul.

Go aske his name: if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedded bed.

Nur.

His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,

The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.

Iul.

My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,
That I must loue a loathed Enemie.

Nur.

What's this? whats this?

Iul.

A rime, I learne euen now
Of one I dan'st withall.

One calls within, Iuliet.

Nur.

Anon, anon:

Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his Hei [...],
That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and Loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppose'd he must complaine,
And she steale Loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue accesse
To breath such vowes as Louers vse to sweare,
And she as much in Loue, her meanes much lesse,
To meete her new Beloued any where:
But passion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,
Temp'ring extremities with extreame sweete.

[Act 2, Scene 1]

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom.

Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio with Mercutio.

Ben.

Romeo, my Cozen Romeo, Romeo.

Merc.

He is wise,
And on my life hath stolne him home to bed.

Ben.

He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call good *Mercutio*:

Nay, Ile coniure too.

Mer.

[\[Page 59\]](#)

The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

Mer.

Romeo, Humours, Madman, Passion, Louer,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but one rime, and I am satisfied:
Cry me but ay me, Prouant, but Loue and day,
Speake to my goship *Venus* one faire word,
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
Young *Abraham Cupid* he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger Maid,
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, I must coniuere him,
I coniuere thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quiuering thigh,
And the Demeanes, that there Adiacent lie,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

Ben.

And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer.

This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it stand
Till she had laid it, and coniuered it downe,
That were some spight.
My inuocation is faire and honest, & in his Mistris name,
I coniuere onely but to raise vp him.

Ben.

Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees
To be consorted with the Humerous night:
Blind is his Loue, and best befits the darke.

Mer.

If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his Mistresse were that kind of Fruite,
As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare,
Romeo goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed,
This Field bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we go?

Ben.

Go then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found.

Exeunt.

[Act 2, Scene 2]

Rom.

He ieasts at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,

Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with grieffe,
That thou her Maid art far more faire then she:
Be not her Maid since she is enuious,
Her Vestal liuery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that she knew she were,
She speakes, yet she sayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it:
I am too bold 'tis not to me she speakes:
Two of the fairest starres in all the Heauen,
Hauing some businesse do entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their Spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres,
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie Region streame so bright,
That Birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Iul.

Ay me.

Rom.

She speakes.

Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And sailes vpon the bosome of the ayre.

Iul.

O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Loue,
And Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom.

Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?

Iu.

'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.
What? in a names that which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cal'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title *Romeo*, doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,

Take all my selfe.

Rom.

I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence forth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iuli.

What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsell?

Rom.

By a name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iuli.

My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague*?

Rom.

Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike.

Iul.

How cam'st thou hither.
Tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here,

Rom.

With Loues light wings
Did I ore-perch these Walls,
For stony limits cannot hold Loue out,
And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Iul.

If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

Rom.

Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prooffe against their enmity.

Iul.

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom.

I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy Loue.

Iul.

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom.

By Loue that first did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes,
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far

As that vast-shore-washed with the farthest Sea,
I should adventure for such Marchandise.

Iul.

Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,
Doest thou Loue? I know thou wilt say I,
And [\[Page 60\]](#)The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,
Thou maiest proue false: at Louers periuries
They say *Ioue* laught, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost Loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo: But else not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maiest thinke my behauiour light,
But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
Then those that haue coying to be strange,
I should haue bene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouer heard'st ere I was ware
My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,
Which the darke night hath so discovered.

Rom.

Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,
That tips with siluer all these Fruite tree tops.

Iul.

O sweare not by the Moone, th'inconstant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Least that thy Loue proue likewise variable.

Rom.

What shall I sweare by?

Iul.

Do not sweare at all:
Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleue thee.

Rom.

If my hearts deare loue.

Iuli.

Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere, one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:
This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete:
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,

Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

Rom.

O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied?

Iuli.

What satisfaction can'st thou haue to night?

Ro.

Th'exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine.

Iul.

I gaue thee mine before thou did'st request it:

And yet I would it were to giue againe.

Rom.

Would'st thou withdraw it,

For what purpose Loue?

Iul.

But to be franke and giue it thee againe,

And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,

My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,

My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee

The more I haue, for both are Infinite:

I heare some noyse within deare Loue adue:

Cals within.

Anon good Nurse, sweet *Mountague* be true:

Stay but a little, I will come againe.

Rom.

O blessed blessed night, I am afear'd

Being in night, all this is but a dreame,

Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.

Iul.

Three words deare *Romeo*,

And goodnight indeed,

If that thy bent of Loue be Honourable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,

By one that Ile procure to come to thee,

Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,

And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,

And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

Within: Madam.

I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,

I do beseech thee

Within: Madam.

(By and by I come)

To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my grieffe,

To morrow will I send.

Rom.

So thriue my soule.

Iu.

A thousand times goodnight.

Exit.

Rome.

A thousand times the worse to want thy light,

Loue goes toward Loue as school-boyes (frō) from [their] books

But Loue (frō)from Loue, towards schoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Iuliet againe.

Iul.

Hist *Romeo* hist: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom.

It is my soule that calls vpon my name.
How siluer sweet, sound Louers tongues by night,
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.

Iul.

Romeo.

Rom.

My Neece.

Iul.

What a clock to morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom.

By the houre of nine.

Iul.

I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

Rom.

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Iul.

I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there,
Remembring how I Loue thy company.

Rom.

And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Iul.

'Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That let's it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyues,
And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his liberty.

Rom.

I would I were thy Bird.

Iul.

Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.

Rom.

Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.

Iul.

Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy brest.

Rom.

Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest,
The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,
And darknesse fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghostly Fries close Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.
Exit.

[Act 2, Scene 3]

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri.

The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light:
And fleckled darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must vpfill this Osier Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious Iuiced flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,
What is her burying graue that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kind
We [\[Page 61\]](#)The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.
We sucking on her naturall bosome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, Hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue.
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rin'd of this weake flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt, with that part cheares each part,
Being tasted slayes all sences with the heart.
Two such opposed Kings encampe them still,
In man as well as Hearbes, grace and rude will:
And where the worsor is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

Rom.

Good morrow Father.

Fri.

Benedecite.

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Young Sonne, it argues a distempered head,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbrused youth with vnstufte braine
Doth couch his lims, there, golden sleepe doth raigne;
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art vprousd with some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right.
Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night.

Rom.

That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri.

God pardon sin: wast thou with *Rosaline*?

Rom.

With *Rosaline*, my ghostly Father? No,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri.

That's my good Son, but wher hast thou bin then?

Rom.

Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I haue beene feasting with mineemie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:
I beare no hatred, blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri.

Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.

Rom.

Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is set,
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri.

Holy (S.)Saint *Francis*, what a change is heere?
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst Loue so deare
So soone forsaken? young mens Loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water throwne away in wast,
To season Loue that of it doth not tast.
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheekes the staine doth sit,

Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom.

Thou chid'st me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

Fri.

For doting, not for louing pupill mine.

Rom.

And bad'st me bury Loue.

Fri.

Not in a graue,
To lay one in, another out to haue.

Rom.

I pray thee chide me not, her I Loue now
Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow:
The other did not so.

Fri.

O she knew well,
Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not spell:
But come young wauerer, come goe with me,
In one respect, Ile thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy proue,
To turne your houshold rancor to pure Loue.

Rom.

O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast.

Fri.

Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.
Exeunt.

[Act 2, Scene 4]

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

Mer.

Where the deu [...]e should this *Romeo* be? came he
not home to night?

Ben.

Not to his Fathers, I spoke with his man.

Mer.

Why that same pale hard-harted wench, that *Ro
saline* torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben.

Tibalt, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Let
ter to his Fathers house.

Mer.

A challenge on my life.

Ben.

Romeo will answere it.

Mer.

Any man that can write, may answere a Letter.

Ben.

Nay, he will answere the Letters Maister how he dares, being dared.

Mer.

Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead stab'd with a white wench's blacke eye, runne through the eare with a Loue song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blind Bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is he a man to encounter *Tyball*?

Ben.

Why what is *Tibalt*?

Mer.

More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Couragious Captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing pricksong, keeps time, distance, and proportion, he rests his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a Dualist, a Dualist: a Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause: ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerso, the Hay.

Ben.

The what?

Mer.

The Pox of such antique lispng affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies: these fashion Mongers, these pardon-mee's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben.

Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer.

Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flow'd in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchen wench, marrie she had a better Loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and Harlots: *Thisbie* a gray eie or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo*, *Bon iour*, there's a French salutation to your ff French [\[Page 62\]](#)The Tragedie of *Romeo* and *Iuliet*.

French slop: you gaue vs the counterfait fairely last night.

Romeo.

Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer.

The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

Rom.

Pardon *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer.

That's as much as to say, such a case as yours con strains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom.

Meaning to cursie.

Mer.

Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom.

A most curteous exposition.

Mer.

Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Rom.

Pinke for flower.

Mer.

Right.

Rom.

Why then is my Pump well flowr'd.

Mer.

Sure wit, follow me this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, sole-singular.

Rom.

O single sol'd ieast,
Soly singular for the singlenesse.

Mer.

Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Rom.

Swits and spurs,
Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match.

Mer.

Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole fue. Was I with you there for the Goose?

Rom.

Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when thou wast not there for the Goose.

Mer.

I will bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Rom.

Nay, good Goose bite not.

Mer.

Thy wit is a very Bitter-sweeting,
It is a most sharpe sawce.

Rom.

And is it not well seru'd into a Sweet-Goose?

Mer.

Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from
an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom.

I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added
to the Goose, proues thee farre and wide, abroad Goose.

Mer.

Why is not this better now, then groning for
Loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art
thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this
driueling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling
vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole.

Ben.

Stop there, stop there.

Mer.

Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the
(haire.

Ben.

Thou would'st else haue made thy tale large.

Mer.

O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short,
or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant
indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Rom.

Here's a goodly geare.
A sayle, a sayle.

Mer.

Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nur.

Peter?

Peter.

Anon.

Nur.

My Fan *Peter?*

Mer.

Good *Peter* to hide her face?
For her Fans the fairer face?

Nur.

God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer.

God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

Nur.

Is it gooden?

Mer.

'Tis no lesse I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the
Dyall is now vpon the pricke of Noone.

Nur.

Out vpon you: what a man are you?

Rom.

One Gentlewoman,
That God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nur.

By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar qua
t ha: Gentlemen, can any of you tel me where I may find
the young *Romeo*?

Romeo.

I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older
when you haue found him, then he was when you sought
him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nur.

You say well.

Mer.

Yea is the worst well,
Very well tooke: Ifaith, wisely, wisely.

Nur.

If you be he sir,
I desire some confidence with you?

Ben.

She will endite him to some Supper.

Mer.

A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom.

What hast thou found?

Mer.

No Hare sir, vnlesse a Hare sir in a Lenten pie,
that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.
An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good
meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it
hoares ere it be spent,
Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner
thither.

Rom.

I will follow you.

Mer.

Farewell auncient Lady:
Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.
Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.

Nur.

I pray you sir, what sawcie Merchant was this
that was so full of his roperie?

Rom.

A Gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe
talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand
to in a Moneth.

Nur.

And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him
downe, & a were lustier then he is, and twentie such Iacks:
and if I cannot, Ile finde those that shall: scuruie knaue, I
am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates,
and thou must stand by too and suffer euery knaue to vse
me at his pleasure.

Pet.

I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly haue beene out, I warrant you, I dare draw assoone as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side.

Nur.

Now afore God, I am so vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruy knaue: pray you sir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behaiour, as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you should deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be of fered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Nur.

Note: This speech is conventionally attributed to Romeo.

Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest vnto thee.

Nur.

Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord she will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom.

What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou doest not marke me?

Nur.

I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.

Rom.

Bid her deuise some meanes to come to shrift this (afternoone,
And there she shall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell
Be shriu'd and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur.

No truly sir not a penny.

Rom.

Go too, I say you shall.

Nurse

[\[Page 63\]](#)

The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

Nur.

This afternoone sir? well she shall be there.

Ro.

And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled staire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
Must be my conuoy in the secret night.
Farewell, be trustie and Ile quite thy paines:
Farewell, commend me to thy Mistresse.

Nur.

Now God in heauen blesse thee: harke you sir,

Rom.

What saist thou my deare Nurse?

Nurse.

Is your man secret, did you nere heare say two
may keepe counsell putting one away.

Ro.

Warrant thee my man is true as steele.

Nur.

Well sir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord,
Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a No
ble man in Towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife a
board: but she good soule had as leeu a see Toade, a very
Toade as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that
Paris is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I say
so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world.
Doth not Rosemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Rom.

I Nurse, what of that? Both with an R

Nur.

A mocker that's the dogs name. R. is for the no,
I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the
prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it
would do you good to heare it.

Rom.

Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur.

I a thousand times. *Peter*?

Pet.

Anon.

Nur.

Before and apace.

Exit Nurse and Peter.

[Act 2, Scene 5]

Enter Iuliet.

Iul.

The clocke strook nine, when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him: that's not so:
Oh she is lame, Loues Herauld should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hils.
Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doues draw Loue,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill
Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,
I three long houres, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warme youthfull blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball,

My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue,
And his to me, but old folkes,
Many faine as they were dead,
Vnwieldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur.

Peter stay at the gate.

Iul.

Now good sweet Nurse:
O Lord, why lookest thou sad?
Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily.
If good thou sham'st the musicke of sweet newes,
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.

Nur.

I am a weary, giue me leaue awhile,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?

Iul.

I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.

Nur.

Iesu what hast? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Iul.

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breth
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? answer to that,
Say either, and Ile stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?

Nur.

Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know
not how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face
be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and
for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to
be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower
of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy
waies wench, serue God. What haue you din'd at home?

Iul.

No no: but all this this did I know before
What saies he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur.

Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.
My backe a tother side: o my backe, my backe:
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe.

Iul.

Ifaith: I am sorrie that thou art so well.

Sweet sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my Loue?

Nur.

Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?

Iul.

Where is my Mother?
Why she is within, where should she be?
How odly thou repli'st:
Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman:
Where is your Mother?

Nur.

O Gods Lady deare,
Are you so hot? marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your messages your selfe.

Iul.

Heere's such a coile, come what saies *Romeo*?

Nur.

Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?

Iul.

I haue.

Nur.

Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There staies a Husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Thei'lle be in Scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Must climde a birds nest Soone when it is darke:
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Iul.

Hie to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell.

Exeunt.

[Act 2, Scene 6]

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri.

So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.

Rom.

Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy
That one short minute giues me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then Loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
It is inough. I may but call her mine.

Fri.

These violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph: die like fire and powder;
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth so,
Too swift arriues as tardie as too slow.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot
Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,
ff2A[Page 64]The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.
A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

Iul.

Good euen to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri.

Romeo shall thanke thee Daughter for vs both.

Iul.

As much to him, else in his thanks too much.

Fri.

Ah *Iuliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receiue in either, by this deere encounter.

Iul.

Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Loue is growne to such such excesse,
I cannot sum vp some of halfe my wealth.

Fri.

Come, come with me, & we will make short worke,
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

[Act 3, Scene 1]

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.

Ben.

I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we shal not scape a brawle, for now these
hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer.

Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he
enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his Sword vpon
the Table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by

the operation of the second cup, draws him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben.

Am I like such a Fellow?

Mer.

Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy mood, as any in *Italie*: and assoone moued to be moodie, and as soone moodie to be mou'd.

Ben.

And what too?

Mer.

Nay, and there were two such, we should haue none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hasell eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spie out such a quarrell? thy head is full of quarrels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: thou hast quarrel'd with a man for coffing in the street, because he hath wakened thy Dog that hath laine asleepe in the Sun. Did'st thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doubt before Easter? with another, for tying his new shooes with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling?

Ben.

And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man should buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.

Mer.

The Fee-simple? O simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben.

By my head here comes the Capulets.

Mer.

By my heele I care not.

Tyb.

Follow me close, for I will speake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer.

And but one word with one of vs? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tib.

You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you will giue me occasion.

Mercu.

Could you not take some occasion without giuing?

Tib.

Mercutio thou consort'st with *Romeo*.

Mer.

Consort? what dost thou make vs Minstrels? &
thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to heere nothing but dis
cords: heere's my fiddlesticke, heere's that shall make you
daunce. Come consort.

Ben.

We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
Or reason coldly of your greeuances:
Or else depart, here all eies gaze on vs.

Mer.

Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tib.

Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man.

Mer.

But Ile be hang'd sir if he weare your Liurey:
Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sense, may call him man.

Tib.

Romeo, the loue I beare thee, can afford
No better terme then this: Thou art a Villaine.

Rom.

Tibalt, the reason that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: Villaine am I none;
Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Tib.

Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.

Rom.

I do protest I neuer iniur'd thee,
But lou'd thee better then thou can'st deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be satisfied.

Mer.

O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:
Alla stucatho carries it away.

Tybalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Tib.

What wouldst thou haue with me?

Mer.

Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall
vse me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you
pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make
hast, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tib.

I am for you.

Rom.

Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer.

Come sir, your Passado.

Rom.

Draw *Benuolio*, beat downe their weapons:

Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage,

Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expresly hath

Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streetes.

Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Exit Tybalt.

Mer.

I am hurt.

A plague a both the Houses, I am sped:

Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben.

What art thou hurt?

Mer.

I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis inough,

Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.

Rom.

Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer.

No: 'tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a

Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill serue: aske for me to

morrow, and you shall find me a graue man. I am pepper'd

I warrant, for this world: a plague a both your houses.

What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to scratch a man to

death: a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the

booke of Arithmeticke, why the deu'le came you be

tweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom.

I thought all for the best.

Mer.

Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,

Or I shall faint: a plague a both your houses.

They haue made wormes meat of me,

I [\[Page 65\]](#)The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

I haue it, and soundly to your Houses.

Exit.

Rom.

This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,

My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt

In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd

With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre

Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet *Iuliet*,

Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,

And in my temper softned Valours steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben.

O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio's* is dead,

That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.

Rom.

This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins, the wo others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben.

Here comes the Furious *Tybalt* backe againe.

Rom.

He gon in triumph, and *Mercutio* slaine?
Away to heauen respectiue Lenitie,
And fire and Fury, be my conduct now.
Now *Tybalt* take the Villaine backe againe
That late thou gau'st me, for *Mercutios* soule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

Tib.

Thou wretched Boy that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom.

This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falles.

Ben.

Romeo, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* slaine,
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom.

O! I am Fortunes foole.

Ben.

Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi.

Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
Tibalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben.

There lies that *Tybalt*.

Citi.

Vp sir go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes names obey.

*Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their
Wines and all.*

Prin.

Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?

Ben.

O Noble Prince, I can discouer all
The vnluckie Mannage of this fatall brall:
There lies the man slaine by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio*.

Cap. Wi.

Tybalt, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild
Of my deare kinsman. Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, shed bloud of *Mountague*.
O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin.

Benuolio, who began this Fray?

Ben.

Tybalt here slaine, whom *Romeo's* hand slay,
Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the Quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
Your high displeasure: all this vttered,
With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the vnruely spleene
Of *Tybalts* deafe to peace, but that he Tilts
With Peircing steele at bold *Mercutio's* breast,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold Friends, Friends part, and swifter then his tongue,
His aged arme beats downe their fatall points,
And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,
An enuious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained Reuenge,
And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie:
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.

Cap. Wi.

He is a kinsman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Iustice, which thou Prince must giue:
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not liue.

Prin.

Romeo slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.

Cap.

Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* Friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin.

And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I haue an interest in [...]your hearts proceeding:

My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ile Amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.
Therefore vse none, let *Romeo* hence in hast,
Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence his body, and attend our will:
Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill.
Exeunt.

[Act 3, Scene 2]

Enter Iuliet alone.

Iul.

Gallop apace, you fiery footed [steedes],
Towards *Phæbus* lodging, such a Wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in Cloudie night immediately.
Spred thy close Curtaine Loue-performing night,
That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnscene,
Louers can see to doe their Amorous rights,
And by their owne Beauties: or if Loue be blind,
It best agrees with night: come ciuill night,
Thou sober suted Matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loose a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of stainlesse Maidenhoods,
Hood my vnman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,
With thy Blacke mantle, till strange Loue grow bold,
Thinke true Loue acted simple modestie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night
Whiter then new Snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing blackebrow'd night.
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the Face of heauen so fine,
That all the world will be in Loue with night,
And pay no worship to the Garish Sun.
O I haue bought the Mansion of a Loue,
But not possest it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enioy'd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some Festiuall,
ff3To [Page 66](#) The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse:

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes and euery tongue that speaks
But *Romeos*, name, speakes heauenly eloquence [...]:
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?

The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur.

I, I, the Cords.

Iuli.

Ay me, what newes?

Whst thou wring thy hands.

Nur.

A welady, hee's dead, hee's dead,

We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.

Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead.

Iul.

Can heauen be so enuious?

Nur.

Romeo can,

Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,

Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*.

Iuli.

What diuell art thou,

That dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismall hell,

Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I,

And that bare vowell I shall poyson more

Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,

I am not I, if there be such an I.

Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answer I:

If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.

Briefe, sounds, determine of my weale or wo.

Nur.

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,

God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,

A pitteous Coarse, a bloody piteous Coarse:

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,

All in gore blood, I sounded at the sight-

Iul.

O breake my heart,

Poore Banckrout breake at once,

To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.

Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,

And thou and *Romeo* presse on heauie beere.

Nur.

O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best Friend I had:

O curteous *Tybalt* honest Gentleman,

That euer I should liue to see thee dead.

Iul.

What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?

Is *Romeo* slaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?

My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord:

Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome,

For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

Nur.

Tybalt is gone, and *Romeo* banished,

Romeo that kil'd him, he is banished.

Iul.

O God!

Did *Rom'os* hand shed *Tybalts* blood

It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur.

O Serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.

Iul.

Did euer Dragon keepe so faire a Caue?

Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall:

Rauenous Doue-feather'd Rauē,

Woluish-rauening Lambe,

Dispised substance of Diuineſt show:

Iuſt opposite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,

A dimne Saint, an Honourable Villaine:

O Nature! what had'ſt thou to doe in hell,

When thou did'ſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend

In mortall paradise of ſuch ſweet fleſh?

Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter

So fairely bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell

In ſuch a gorgeous Pallace.

Nur.

There's no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men,

All periur'd, all forſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers,

Ah where's my man? giue me ſome Aqua-vitæ?

Theſe griefes, theſe woes, theſe ſorrowes make me old:

Shame come to *Romeo*.

Iul.

Blister'd be thy tongue

For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to ſhame:

Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit;

For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd

Sole Monarch of the vniuerſall earth:

O what a beaſt was I to chide him?

Nur.

Will you ſpeake well of him,

That kil'd your Cozen?

Iul.

Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my huſband?

Ah poore my Lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,

When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it.

But wherefore Villaine did'ſt thou kill my Cozin?

That Villaine Cozin would haue kil'd my huſband:

Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your natiue ſpring,

Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which you miſtaking offer vp to ioy:

My huſband liues that *Tibalt* would haue ſlaine,

And *Tibalt* dead that would haue ſlaine my huſband:

All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?

Some words there was worſer then *Tybalts* death

That murdered me, I would forget it feine,

But oh, it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* banished:
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand *Tibalts*: *Tibalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
Why followed not when she said *Tibalts* dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd.
But which a rere-ward following *Tybalts* death
Romeo is banished to speake that word,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Nur.

Weeping and wailing ouer *Tybalts* Coarse,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Iu.

Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shal be spent
When theirs are drie for *Romeo's* banishment.
Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
He made you for a [...]high-way to my bed,
But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.
Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my Maiden head.

Nur.

Hie to your Chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye your *Romeo* will be heere at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

Iul.

O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

[Act 3, Scene 3]

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri.

Romeo come forth,
Come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.

Rom.

Father what newes?
What [\[Page 67\]](#) The Tragedie of *Romeo* and *Iuliet*.

What is the Princes Doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri.

Too familiar
Is my deare Sonne with such sowre Company:
I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.

Rom.

What lesse then Doomesday,
Is the Princes Doome?

Fri.

A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom.

Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death: do not say banishment.

Fri.

Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom.

There is no world without *Verona* walles,
But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it selfe:
Hence banished, is banisht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, misteare'd, calling death banished,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

Fri.

O deadly sin, O rude vnthankfulness!
Thy falt our Law calles death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.
This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom.

'Tis Torture and not mercy, heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery Cat and Dog,
And little Mouse, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More Validitie,
More Honourable state, more Courtship liues
In carrion Flies, then *Romeo*: they may seaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliet's* hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and vestall modestie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,
And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, hee is banished.
Hadst thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,

But banished to kill me? Banished?
O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howlings attends it, how hast thou the hart
Being a Diuine, a Ghostly Confessor,
A Sin-Absoluer, and my Friend profest:
To mangle me with that word, banished?

Fri.

Then fond Mad man, heare me speake.

Rom.

O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

Fri.

Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersities sweete milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom.

Yet banished? hang vp Philosophie:
Vnlesse [Philosophie] can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes Doome,
It helps not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fri.

O then I see, that Mad men haue no eares.

Rom.

How should they,
When wisemen haue no eyes?

Fri.

Let me dispaire with thee of thy estate,

Rom.

Thou can'st not speake of that yu dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as *Iuliet* my Loue:
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Enter Nurse, and knockes.

Frier.

Arise one knockes,
Good *Romeo* hide thy selfe.

Rom.

Not I,
Vnlesse the breath of Hartsicke groanes
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

Knocke

Fri.

Harke how they knocke:
(Who's there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp:

Knocke.

Run to my study: by and by, Gods will
What simplenesse is this: I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks so hard?
Whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur.

Let me come in,
And you shall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Iuliet*.

Fri.

Welcome then.

Nur.

O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Where's my Ladies Lord? where's *Romeo*?

Fri.

There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.

Nur.

O he is euen in my Mistresse case,
Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy:
Pittious predicament, euen so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O.

Rom.

Nurse.

Nur.

Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.

Rom.

Speak'st thou of *Iuliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not she thinke me an old Murtherer,
Now I haue stain'd the Childhood of our ioy,
With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Loue?

Nur.

Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now fals on her bed, and then starts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.

Ro.

As if that name shot from the dead leuell of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names cursed hand
Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke
The hatefull Mansion.

Fri.

Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote

The vnreasonable Furie of a beast.
 Vnseemely woman, in a seeming man,
 And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
 Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
 Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
 And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
 By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
 Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
 Since [\[Page 68\]](#)The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.
 Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three do meete
 In thee at once, which thou at once would'st loose.
 Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
 Which like a Vsurer abound'st in all:
 And vsest none in that true vse indeed,
 Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
 Thy Noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,
 Digressing from the Valour of a man,
 Thy deare Loue sworne but hollow periurie,
 Killing that Loue which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
 Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Loue,
 Mishapen in the conduct of them both:
 Like powder in a skillesse Souldiers flaske,
 Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
 And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
 What, rowse thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
 For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
 There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st *Tybalt*, there art thou happie.
 The law that threatned death became thy Friend,
 And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
 A packe or blessing light vpon thy backe,
 Happinesse Courts thee in her best array,
 But like a mishaped and sullen wench,
 Thou putttest vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
 Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
 But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
 Where thou shalt liue till we can finde a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
 Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
 With twenty hundred thousand times more ioy
 Then thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.
Romeo is comming.

Nur.

O Lord, I could haue staid here all night,

To heare good counsell: oh what learning is!
My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.

Rom.

Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.

Nur.

Heere sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir:

Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late.

Rom.

How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri.

Go hence,

Goodnight, and here stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,

Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence,

Soiourne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your man,

And he shall signifie from time to time,

Euery good hap to you, that chaunces heere:

Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Rom.

But that a ioy past ioy, calls out on me,

It were a grieffe, so briefe to part with thee:

Farewell.

Exeunt.

[Act 3, Scene 4]

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap.

Things haue falne out sir so vnluckily,

That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:

Looke you, she Lou'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearely,

And so did I. Well, we were borne to die.

'Tis very late, she'l not come downe to night:

I promise you, but for your company,

I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.

Par.

These times of wo, affoord no times to wooe:

Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lady.

I will, and know her mind early to morrow,

To night, she is mew'd vp to her heauinesse.

Cap.

Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender

Of my Childes loue: I thinke she will be rul'd

In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,

Acquaint her here, of my Sonne *Paris* Loue,

And bid her, marke you me, on Wendsday next,

But soft, what day is this?

Par.

Monday my Lord.

Cap.

Monday, ha ha: well Wednesday is too soone,
A Thursday let it be: a Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this hast?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paris.

My Lord,
I would that Thursday were to morrow.

Cap.

Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,
Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

[Act 3, Scene 5]

Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.

Iul.

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pier'st the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom.

It was the Larke the Herauld of the Morne:
No Nightingale: looke Loue what enuious streakes
Do lace the seuering Cloudes in yonder East:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and Iocond day
Stands tipto on the mistie Mountaines tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Iul.

Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not be gone,

Rom.

Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
He say yon gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not Larke whose noates do beate

The vaulty heauen so high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to stay, then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it so.
How ist my soule, lets talke, it is not day.

Iuli.

It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say the Larke makes sweete Diuision;
This doth not so: for she diuideth vs.
Some say, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:
Since [\[Page 69\]](#)The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt s-vp to the day,
O now be gone, more light and it light growes.

Rom.

More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur.

Madam.

Iul.

Nurse.

Nur.

Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Iul.

Then window let day in, and let life out.

Rom.

Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

Iul.

Art thou gone so? Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.

Rom.

Farewell:

I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings Loue, to thee.

Iul.

O thinkest thou we shall euer meet againe?

Rom.

I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Iuliet.

O God! I haue an ill Diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look'st pale.

Rom.

And trust me Loue, in my eye so do you:
Drie sorrow drinkes our blood. Adué, adue.

Exit.

Iul.

O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad.

Ho Daughter, are you vp?

Iul:

Who ist that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.
Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?
What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Lad.

Why how now *Iuliet*?

Iul.

Madam I am not well.

Lad.

Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou couldst, thou could'st not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, some grieffe shewes much of Loue,
But much of grieffe, shewes still some want of wit.

Iul.

Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.

Lad.

So shall you feele the losse, but not the Friend
Which you weepe for.

Iul.

Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the Friend.

La.

Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which slaughter'd him.

Iul.

What Villaine, Madam?

Lad.

That same Villaine *Romeo*.

Iul.

Villaine and he, be many Miles assunder:
God pardon, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

Lad.

That is because the Traitor liues.

Iul.

I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.

Lad.

We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banisht Run-agate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt* company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Iul.

Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

Mo.

Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man.
But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.

Iul.

And ioy comes well, in such a needy time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?

Mo.

Well, well, thou hast a carefull Father Child?
One who to put thee from thy heauinesse,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.

Iul.

Madam in happy time, what day is this?

Mo.

Marry my Child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride.

Iul.

Now by Sain [...] *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this hast, that I must wed
Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shallbe *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*. These are newes indeed.

Mo.

Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap.

When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizzle daew
But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne,

It raines downright.
How now? A Conduit Gyrle, what still in teares?
Euermore showring in one little body?
Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is
Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with the teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouer set
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife?
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?

Lady.

I sir;
But she will none, she giues you thankses,
I would the foole were married to her graue.

Cap.

Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,
How, will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroome

Iul.

Not proud you haue,
But thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I haue,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue.

Cap.

How now?
How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not.
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouids,
But fettle your fine ioints 'gainst Thursday next,
To [\[Page 70\]](#)The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

Lady.

Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Iul.

Good Father, I beseech you on my knees
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa.

Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife: we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely Child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curse in hauing her:

Out on her Hilding.

Nur.

God in heauen blesse her,
You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.

Fa.

And why my Lady wisdomē? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossip, go.

Nur.

I speak no treason,
Father, O Godigoden,
May not one speake?

Fa.

Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grautie ore a Gossips bowles
For here we need it not.

La.

You are too hot.

Fa.

Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, ride, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, still my care hath bin
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of faire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Stuft as they say with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot Loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.

Note: Here the page begins to be torn, increasingly obscuring the first letters of each line.

Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,
And you be mine, Ile giue you to my Friend:
And you be not, hang, beg, straue, die in the streets,
For by my soule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:
T [...]ust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne

Exit.

Iuli.

Is there no pittie sitting in the Cloudes,
That sees into the bottome of my grieffe?
[...]sweet my Mother cast me not away,
[...]lay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
[...]if you do not, make the Bridall bed
[...] that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lies.

Mo.

Talke not to me, for Ile not speake a word,
[...]o as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Exit.

Iul.

O God!

O Nurse, how shall this be preuented?

My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,

How shall that faith returne againe to earth,

Vnlesse that Husband send it me from heauen,

By leauing earth? Comfort me, counsaile me:

Hlacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagems

Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.

What faist thou? hast thou not a word of ioy?

Some comfort Nurse.

Nur.

Faith here it is,

Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing,

That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:

Or if he do, it need must be by stealth.

Then since the case so stands as now it doth,

I thinke it best you married with the Countie,

O hee's a Louely Gentleman:

Romeos a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam

Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye

As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very heart,

I thinke you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first: or if it did not,

Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,

As liuing here and you no vse of him.

Iul.

Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nur.

And from my soule too,

Or else beshrew them both.

Iul.

Amen.

Nur.

What?

Iul.

Well, thou hast comforted me marue'lous much,

Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,

Hauing displeas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,

To make confession, and to be absolu'd.

Nur.

Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

Iul.

Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend!

It is more sin to wish me thus forsworne,

Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue

Which she hath prais'd him with aboue compare,

So many thousand times? Go Counsellor,

Thou and my bosome henchforth shall be twaine:

Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,

If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.
Exeunt.

[Act 4, Scene 1]

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri.

On Thursday sir? the time is very short.

Par.

My Father *Capulet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his hast.

Fri.

You say you do not know the Ladies mind?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Pa.

Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of Loue,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.
Now sir, her Father counts it dangerous
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway:
And in his wisdom, hasts our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by societie.
Now doe you know the reason of this hast?

Fri.

I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Looke sir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Par.

Happily met, my Lady and my wife.

Iul.

That may be sir, when I may be a wife.

Par.

That may be, must be Loue, on Thursday next.

Iul.

What must be shall be.

Fri.

That's a certaine text.

Par.

Come you to make confession to this Father?

Iul.

To answere that, I should confesse to you.

Par.

Do not denie to him, that you Loue me.

Iul.

I will confesse to you that I Loue him.

Par.

So will ye, I am sure that you Loue me.

Iul.

If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par.

Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.

Iuli. The

[\[Page 71\]](#)

The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

Iul.

The teares haue got small victorie by that:

For it was bad inough before their spight.

Pa.

Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report.

Iul.

That is no slaunder sir, which is a truth,

And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.

Par.

Thy face is mine, and thou hast slaundred it.

Iul.

It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

Fri.

My leisure serues me pensiue daughter now.

My Lord you must intreat the time alone.

Par.

Godsheild: I should disturbe Deuotion,

Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,

Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse.

Exit Paris.

Iul.

O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,

Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.

Fri.

O *Iuliet*, I alreadie know thy grieffe,

It streames me past the compasse of my wits:

I heare thou must and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

Iul.

Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this,

Vnlesse thou tell me how I may preuent it:

If in thy wisdom, thou canst giue no helpe,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with' his knife, Ile helpe it presently.

God ioyn'd my heart, and *Romeos*, thou our hands,

And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* seal'd:

Shall be the Labell to another Deede,

Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,

Turne to another, this shall slay them both:

Therefore out of thy long [experien'st] time,

Giue me some present counsell, or behold

Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife

Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,

Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not so long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speakst, speake not of remedy.

Fri.

Hold Daughter, I doe spie a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to stay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coap'st with death himselfe, to scape fro it:
And if thou dar'st, Ile giue thee remedie.

Iul.

Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,
From of the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuish waies, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
Orecouered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie shankes and yellow chappels skulls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his graue,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstained wife to my sweet Loue.

Fri.

Hold then: goe home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: wensday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,
A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his natiue progresse, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
To many ashes, the eyes windowes fall
Like death when he shut vp the day of life:
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best Robes vncover'd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Iul.

Giue me, giue me, O tell me not of care.

Fri.

Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous:
In this resolute, Ile send a Frier with speed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.

Iu.

Loue giue me strength,
And strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father.

Exit

[Act 4, Scene 2]

*Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and
Seruing men, two or three.*

Cap.

So many guests inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.

Ser.

You shall haue none ill sir, for Ile trie if they can
licke their fingers.

Cap.

How canst thou trie them so?

Ser.

Marrie sir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his
owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers
goes not with me.

Cap.

Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this
time: what is my Daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?

Nur.

I forsooth.

Cap.

Well he may chance to do some good on her,
A peeuish selfe-wild harlotry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur.

See where she comes from shrift
With merrie looke.

Cap.

How now my headstrong,

Where haue you bin gadding?

Iul.

Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition:
To you and your behests, and am enioyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you.

Cap.

Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.

Iul.

I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomed Loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

Cap.

Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,
This [\[Page 72\]](#)The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.
This is as't should be, let me see the County:
I marrie go I say, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this reueren'd holy Frier,
All our whole Cittie is much bound to him.

Iul.

Nurse will you goe with me into my Closet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

Mo.

No not till Thursday, there's time inough.

Fa.

Go Nurse, go with her,
Weele to Church to morrow.

Exeunt Iuliet and Nurse.

Mo.

We shall be short in our prouision,
'Tis now neere night.

Fa.

Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare him vp
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward Gyrle is so reclaim'd.
Exeunt Father and Mother.

[Act 4, Scene 3]

Enter Iuliet and Nurse.

Iul.

I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many Orysons,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou know'st, is crosse and full of sin.

Enter Mother.

Mo.

What are you busie ho? need you my help?

Iul.

No Madam, we haue cul'd such necessaries
As are behooouefull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone;
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure, you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.

Mo.

Goodnight.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exeunt.

Iul.

Farewell:

God knowes when we shall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of fire:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should she do here?
My dismall Sceane, I needs must act alone:
Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poyson which the Frier
Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,
Least in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinkes it should not,
For he hath still beene tried a holy man.
How, if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred yeeeres the bones
Of all my buried Auncestors are packt,
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but greene in earth,
Lies festring in his shrow'd, where as they say,
At some houres in the night, Spirits resort:

Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smels,
And shrikes like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them, run mad.
O if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Inuironed with all these hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?
And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrow'd?
And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,
As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon my Rapiers point: stay *Tybalt*, stay;
Romeo, *Romeo*, *Romeo*, here's drinke: I drinke to thee.

[Act 4, Scene 4]

Enter Lady of the house, and Nurse.

Lady.

Hold,
Take these keies, and fetch more spices Nurse.

Nur.

They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap.

Come, stir stir stir,
The second Cocke hath Crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.

Nur.

Go you Cot-queane, go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.

Cap.

No not a whit: what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause, and nere beene sicke.

La.

I you haue bin a Mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Cap.

A ieaious hood, a ieaious hood,
Now fellow, what there?

Enter three or foure with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Fel.

Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.

Cap.

Make hast, make hast, sirrah, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

Fel.

I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap.

Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead; good Father, 'tis day.

Play Musicke

The Countie will be here with Musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neere,
Nurse, wife, what ho? what Nurse I say?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make hast,
Make hast, the Bridegroome, he is come already:
Make hast I say.

[Act 4, Scene 5]

Nur.

Mistris, what Mistris? *Iuliet*? Fast I warrant her she.
Why Lambe, why Lady? fie you sluggabed,
Why Loue I say? Madam, sweet heart: why Bride?
What not a word? You take your peniworths now.
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me:
Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe?
I [[Page 73](#)]The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.
I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith. Will it not be?
What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead,
Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady?

Mo.

What noise is heere?

Enter Mother.

Nur.

O lamentable day.

Mo.

What is the matter?

Nur.

Looke, looke, oh heauiie day.

Mo.

O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa.

For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.

Nur.

Shee's dead: deceast, shee's dead: alacke the day.

M.

Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead.

Fa.

Ha? Let me see her: out alas shee's cold,
Her blood is setled and her ioynts are stiffe:
Life and these lips haue long bene sep erated:
Death lies on her like an vntimely frost
Vpon the swetest flower of all the field.

Nur.

O Lamentable day!

Mo.

O wofull time.

Fa.

Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the Countie.

Fri.

Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?

Fa.

Ready to go, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife: there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him.
Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,
My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.

Pa.

Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a sight as this?

Mo.

Accur'st, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day
Most miserable houre, that ere time saw
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage.
But one, poore one, one poore and louing Child,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nur.

O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this:
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Pa.

Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne:
O loue, O life; not life, but loue in death.

Fat.

Despis'd, distressed, hated, martir'd, kil'd,
Vncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murther, murther our solemnitie?
O Child, O Child; my soule, and not my Child,
Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead,
And with my Child, my ioyes are buried.

Fri.

Peace ho for shame, confusions: Care liues not
In these confusions, heauen and your selfe
Had part in this faire Maid, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keeps his part in eternall life:
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heauen, she shouldst be aduan'st,
And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduan'st
About the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it selfe?
O in this loue, you loue your Child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
Shee's not well married, that liues married long,
But shee's best married, that dies married yong.
Drie vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
And in her best array beare her to Church:
For though some Nature bids all vs lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment.

Fa.

All things that we ordained Festiuall,
Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:
Our instruments to melancholy Bells,
Our wedding cheare, to a sad buriall Feast:
Our solemne Hymnes, to sullen Dyriges change:
Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse:
And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fri.

Sir go you in; and Madam, go with him,
And go sir *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:
The heauens do lowre vpon you, for some ill:
Moue them no more, by crossing their high will.

Exeunt

Mu.

Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.

Nur.

Honest goodfellowes: Ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull case.

Mu.

I by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet.

Musitions, oh Musitions,

Hearts ease, hearts ease,
O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease.

Mu.

Why hearts ease;

Pet.

O Musitions,
Because my heart it selfe plaies, my heart is full.

Mu.

Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet.

You will not then?

Mu.

No.

Pet.

I will then giue it you soundly.

Mu.

What will you giue vs?

Pet.

No money on my faith, but the gleeke.

I will giue you the Minstrell.

Mu.

Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.

Peter.

Then will I lay the seruing Creatures Dagger
on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa
you, do you note me?

Mu.

And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs.

2. M.

Pray you put vp your Dagger,

And put out your wit.

Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter.

I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,

And put vp my yron Dagger.

Answer me like men:

When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Mu
sicke with her siluer sound.

Why siluer sound? why Musicke with her siluer sound?

what say you *Simon Catling*?

Mu.

Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound.

Pet.

Pratest, what say you *Hugh Rebicke*?

2. M.

I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for sil

(uer

Pet.

Pratest to, what say you *Iames Sound-Pos*?

3. Mu.

Faith I know not what to say.

Pet.

O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will say for you; it is Musicke with her siluer sound,
ggBe[Page 74]The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.
Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:
Then Musicke with her siluer sound, with speedy helpe
doth lend redresse.

Exit.

Mu.

What a pestilent knaue is this same?

M. 2.

Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarrie for
the Mourners, and stay dinner.

Exit.

[Act 5, Scene 1]

Enter Romeo.

Rom.

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand:
My bosomes (L.)Lord sits lightly in his throne:
And all thisan day an vnaccustom'd spirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiud and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possest,
When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeo's man.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*?
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill, is she be well.

Man.

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleepest in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liue,
I saw her laid low in her kindreds Vault,
And presently tooke Poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office Sir.

Rom.

Is it euen so?
Then I denie you Starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire Post-Horses, I will hence to night.

Man.

I do beseech you sir, haue patience:

Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
Some misaduenture.

Rom.

Tush, thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man.

No my good Lord.

Exit Man.

Rom.

No matter: Get thee gone,
And hyre those Horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I do remember an Appothecarie,
And here abouts dwells, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharp miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie shop a Tortoyrs hung,
An Allegater stuft, and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes, and about his shelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and mustie seedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is persent death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho? Appothecarie?

Enter Appothecarie.

App.

Who call's so low'd?

Rom.

Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fier'd
Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.

App.

Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* law
Is death to any he, that vtters them.

Rom.

Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppression starueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe i
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.

App.

My pouerty, but not my will consents.

Rom.

I pray thy pouerty, and not thy will.

App.

Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom.

There's thy Gold,
Worse poyson to mens soules,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Then these poore compounds that thou maiest not sell.
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordiall, and not poyson, go with me
To *Iuliet's* graue, for there must I vse thee.
Exeunt.

[Act 5, Scene 2]

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

Iohn.

Holy *Franciscan* Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law.

This same should be the voice of Frier *Iohn*.
Welcome from *Mantua*, what sayes *Romeo*?
Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter.

Iohn.

Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Law.

Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?

Iohn.

I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,

So fearefull were they of infection.

Law.

Vnhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Frier *John* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.

John.

Brother Ile go and bring it thee.

Exit.

Law.

Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beshrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And [\[Page 75\]](#)The Tragedie of *Romeo* and *Iuliet*.
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,
Exit.

[Act 5, Scene 3]

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par.

Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloft,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, vnfirm with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me,
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Giue me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page.

I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aduenture.

Pa.

Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew:
O woe, thy Canopie is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares destil'd by mones;
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue, and weepe.
Whistle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,
What cursed foot wanders this wayes to night,
To crosse my obsequies, and true loues right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo, and Peter.

Rom.

Giue me that Mattocke, & the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring, a Ring that I must vse,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou ieaalous dost returne to prie
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time, and my intents are sauage wilde:
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Them emptie Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

Pet.

I will be gone sir, and not trouble you

Ro.

So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet.

For all this same, Ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Rom.

Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in despight, Ile cram thee with more food.

Par.

This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
That mured my Loues Cozin; with which grieffe,
It is supposed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhalloved toyle, vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou must die,

Rom.

I must indeed, and therfore came I hither:
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon those gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie. O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:

Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.

Par.

I do defie thy commisseration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellow here.

Ro.

Wilt thou prouoke me? Then haue at thee Boy.

Pet.

O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

Pa.

O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.

Rom.

In faith I will, let me peruse this face:
Mercutius kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should haue married *Iuliet*.
Said he not so? Or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they beene merrie? Which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy Beautie:
Thou are not conquer'd: Beauties ensigne yet
Is Crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To sunder his that was thy enemie?
Forgiue me Cozen. Ah deare *Iuliet*:
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeu [...],
Shall I beleue, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred Monster keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,
And neuer from this Pallace of dym night
Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,
Heere's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,
With Wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here
Will I set vp my euerlasting rest:
And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres
From this world-wearied flesh: Eyes looke your last:
Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnsauory guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing Rocks, thy Sea-sicke wearie Barke:
Heere's to my Loue. O true Appothecary:
gg2Thy[Page 76]The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Enter Frier with a Lantborne, Crow, and Spade.

Fri.

(St.)Saint Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Who's there?

Man.

Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.

Fri.

Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs, and eyelesse Sculles? As I discerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* Monument.

Man.

It doth so holy sir,
And there's my Master, one that you loue.

Fri.

Who is it?

Man.

Romeo.

Fri.

How long hath he bin there?

Man.

Full halfe an houre.

Fri.

Go with me to the Vault.

Man.

I dare not Sir.

My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Fri.

Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me.
O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.

Man.

As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my maister and another fought,
And that my Maister slew him.

Fri.

Romeo.

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which staines
The stony entrance of this Sepulcher?
What meane these Masterlesse, and goarie Swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who else? what *Paris* too?
And steept in blood? Ah what an vn knd houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.

Iul.

O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

Fri.

I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too: come Ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.
Come, go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer stay.

Exit.

Iul.

Go get thee hence, for I will [not away],
What's here? A cup clos'd in my true [loues] hand?
Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end
O churle, drinke all? and left no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch.

Lead Boy, which way?

Iul.

Yea noise?
Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.
'Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die
Kils herselfe.

Boy.

This is the place,
There where the Torch doth burne

Watch.

The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard.
Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie slaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme and newly dead
Who here hath laine these two dayes buried.

Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raise vp the *Mountagues*, some others search,
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeo [...]s man.

Watch.

Here's [*Romeo's*] man,
We found him in the Churchyard.

Con.

Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. Wat.

Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard side.

Con.

A great suspition, stay the Frier too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin.

What misaduenture is so earely vp,
That calls our person from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Cap.

What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

Wife.

O the people in the streete crie *Romeo*.
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward [our] Monument.

Pri.

What feare is this which startles in your eares?

Wat.

Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warne and new kil'd.

Prin.

Search,
Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes.

Wat.

Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd *Romeos* man,
With Instruments vpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.

Cap.

O heauen!
O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dagger hath mistaine, for loe his house
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is misheathed in my Daughters bosome.

Wife.

O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That wa [...]nes my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Pri.

Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe.

Moun.

Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath stopt her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prin.

Looke: and thou shalt see.

Moun.

O thou vntaught, what manners in is this,
To presse before thy Father to a graue?

Prin.

Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent,
And then I will be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death?meane time forbear,
And let mischance be slaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri.

I am the greatest, able to doe least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murther:
And heere I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.

Prin.

Then say at once, what thou dost know in this?

Fri.

I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And she there dead, that's *Romeos* faithfull wife:
I [Page 79]The Tragedie of *Romeo* and *Iuliet*.
I married them; and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tybalts* Doomesday: whose vntimely death
Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:
For whom (and not for *Tybalts*) *Iuliet* pinde.
You, to remoue that siege of Greefe from her,
Betroth'd, and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And (with wilde lookes) bid me devise some meanes
To rid her from this second Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gaue I her (so Tutor'd by my Art)
A sleeping Potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to *Romeo*,
That he should hither come, as this dyre night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,

Being the time the Potions force should cease.
But he which bore my Letter, Frier *John*,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came (some Minute ere the time
Of her awaking) heere vntimely lay
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
Shee wakes, and I intreated her come foorth,
And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience:
But then, a noyse did scarre me from the Tombe,
And she (too desperate) would not go with me,
But (as it seemes) did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is priuy:
And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd, some houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of seuerest Law.

Prin.

We still haue knowne thee for a Holy man.
Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he say to this?

Boy.

I brought my Master newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in poste he came from *Mantua*
To this same place, to this same Monument.
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin.

Giue me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirra, what made your Master in this place?

Page.

He came with flowres to strew his Ladies graue,
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my Maister drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin.

This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of Loue, the tydings of her death:
And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be these Enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*,
See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate,
That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue;
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Haue lost a brace of Kinsmen: All are punish'd.

Cap.

O Brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demand.

Moun.

But I can giue thee more:
For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that Rate be set,
As that of True and Faithfull *Iuliet*.

Cap.

As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady ly,
Poore sacrifices of our enmity.

Prin.

A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head;
Go hence, to haue more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.
For neuer was a Storie of more Wo,
Then this of *Iuliet*, and her *Romeo*.

Exeunt omnes

Gg

FINIS.