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&amp;
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 Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
 a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
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<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>
<note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare First Folios, With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1 (March 1999), p.1-19</note>

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Bodleian

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<msContents>

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<hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>

<lb/>COMEDIES, <lb/>HISTORIES, &

<lb/>TRAGEDIES. </titlePart>

<titlePart>Published according to the True Originall

Copies.</titlePart>

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the charges

of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,

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 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.;
 fol.</p>
 <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58;
 p.59
 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered
 151; p.161
 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165
 misnumbered 163; p.
 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250
 misnumbered 252; p.
 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in
 some copies;
 p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:
 p.165-166
 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 --
 5th count:
 p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308
 misnumbered 38;
 p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
 </foliation>
 <collation>
 <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most
 commonly
 cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1)$
 $[\pi B^2], {}^2A-2B^6$
 $2C^2 a-g^6 \chi gg^8 h-v^6 x^4 \chi 1.2$ [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para.]¹ aa-ff⁶
 $gg^2 Gg^6$
 $hh^6 kk-bbb^6$; 2. West: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2 A-2B^6 2C^2 a-$
 $g^6 {}^2g^8 h-v^6 x^4$
 $'gg3.4' (\pm'gg3')$ [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para.]¹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶
 $2k-2v^6$
 $x^6 2y-3b^6$.</p>
 <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed
 Gg; nn1-nn2
 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
 <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination
 on leaf a1
 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on
 leaf aa1
 recto.</p>
 </collation>
 <condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the

reader".

mount

some the

and the

Rare

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the
towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of
Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait
central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact
Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>

<layoutDesc>

<layout>

<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>

<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>

<p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.

Blount, I.

Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623."</p>

<p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry

Condell.</p>

</layout>

</layoutDesc>

</objectDesc>

<decoDesc>

<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>

<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author

signed: "Martin-

earlier

shading,

with the

have the plate

the earlier

Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The
state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier
especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly
jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies
in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that
state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

</decoNote>

</decoDesc>

<additions>

<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap

was seen".

2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on

t.p.

(mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor

annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p></additions><bindingDesc><p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p></bindingDesc></physDesc><history><origin><p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p></origin><acquisition><p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the newer <bibl><title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of

"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.</p><p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p><p>For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see <http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/> and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>

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    <lb/>of the House of Capulet.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-rom-sam">
      <speaker rend="italic center">Sampson.</speaker>
      <p>
<c rend="decoratedCapital">G</c>
<hi rend="italic">Regory</hi>: A my word wee'l not carry coales.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-rom-gre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Greg.</speaker>
        <p>No, for then we should be Colliers.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-rom-sam">
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        <p>I mean, if we be in choller, wee'l draw.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-rom-gre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Greg.</speaker>
        <p>I, While you liue, draw your necke out
        <lb/>o'th Collar.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-rom-sam">
        <speaker rend="italic">Samp.</speaker>
        <p>I strike quickly, being mou'd.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-rom-gre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Greg.</speaker>
        <p>But thou art not quickly mou'd to strike.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-rom-sam">
        <speaker rend="italic">Samp.</speaker>
        <p>A dog of the house of <hi rend="italic">Mountague</hi>,
moues me.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-rom-gre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Greg.</speaker>
        <p>To moue, is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand:
        <lb/>Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runst away.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-rom-sam">
        <speaker rend="italic">Samp.</speaker>
        <p>A dogge of that house shall moue me to stand.
        <lb/>I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of <hi

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Mountagues.

Greg

Greg.

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

Samp

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

Greg.

The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and vs

turnover their men.

Samp

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

Greg.

The heads of the Maids?

Sam

Sam.

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

Greg

Greg.

They must take it sence, that feele it.

Samp

Samp.

Me they shall feele while I am able to stand:

And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

Greg

Greg.

'Tis well thou art not Fish: If thou had'st, thou

<lb/>had'st beene poore Iohn. Draw thy Toole, here comes of
 <lb/>the House of the <hi
 rend="italic">Mountagues</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two other
 Seruingmen.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-sam">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sam.</speaker>
 <p>My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-gre">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gre.</speaker>
 <p>How? Turne thy backe, and run.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-sam">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sam.</speaker>
 <p>Feare me not.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-gre">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gre.</speaker>
 <p>No marry: I feare thee.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-sam">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sam.</speaker>
 <p>Let vs take the Law of our sides: let them begin.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-gre">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gr.</speaker>
 <p>I wil frown as I passe by, & let <choice>
 <abbr>thē</abbr>
 <expan>them</expan>
 </choice> take it as they list</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-sam">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sam.</speaker>
 <p>Nay, as they dare. I wil bite my Thumb at them,
 <lb/>which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-abr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Abra.</speaker>
 <p>Do you bite your Thumbe at vs sir?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-sam">
 <speaker rend="italic">Samp.</speaker>
 <p>I do bite my Thumbe, sir.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-abr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Abra.</speaker>
 <p>Do you bite your Thumb at vs, sir?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-sam">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sam.</speaker>
 <p>Is the Law of our side, if I say I?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-gre">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gre.</speaker>
 <p>No.</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-rom-sam">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sam.</speaker>
 <p>No sir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you sir: but
 <lb/>I bite my Thumbe sir.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-gre">
 <speaker rend="italic">Greg.</speaker>
 <p>Do you quarrell sir?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-abr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Abra.</speaker>
 <p>Quarrell sir? no sir.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-sam">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sam.</speaker>
 <p>If you do sir, I am for you, I serue as good a man
 <lb rend="turnover"/>
 <pc rend="turnover"></pc>as you</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-abr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Abra.</speaker>
 <p>No better?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-sam">
 <speaker rend="italic">Samp.</speaker>
 <p>Well sir.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Benuolio.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-gre">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gr.</speaker>
 <p>Say better: here comes one of my masters kinsmen.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-sam">
 <speaker rend="italic">Samp.</speaker>
 <p>Yes, better.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-abr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Abra.</speaker>
 <p>You Lye.</p>
 </sp>

remember thy
 Fight.</stage>

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    <sp who="#F-rom-sam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Samp.</speaker>
      <p>Draw if you be men. <hi rend="italic">Gregory</hi>,
        <lb/>washing blow.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They
  
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looke vpon thy death.</p>
 thee:</l>

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    <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
      <p>Part Fooles, put vp your Swords, you know not
        <lb/>what you do.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Tibalt.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-rom-tyb">
      <speaker rend="italic">Tyb.</speaker>
      <p>What art thou drawne, among these heartlesse
        <lb/>Hindes? Turne thee <hi rend="italic">Benuolio</hi>,
        <lb/>Haue at thee Coward.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Fight.</stage>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter three or foure
  
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Citizens with Clubs.</stage>

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    <sp who="#F-rom-off">
      <speaker rend="italic">Offi.</speaker>
      <p>Downe with the <hi rend="italic">Capulets</hi>, downe with
        the <hi rend="italic">Mountagues</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter old Capulet in his
  
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Gowne, and his wife.</stage>

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    <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
      <p>What noise is this? Giue me my long Sword ho.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
  
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<speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
 <l>A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>My Sword I say: Old <hi rend="italic">Mountague</hi> is
 come,</l>
 <l>And flourishes his Blade in spite of me.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter old Mountague,
 & his wife.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Moun.</speaker>
 <l>Thou villaine <hi rend="italic">Capulet</hi>. Hold me not,
 let me go</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lam">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Wife.</speaker>
 <l>Thou shalt not stir a foote to seeke a Foe.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prince Eskales,
 with his Traine.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <l>Rebellious Subiects, Enemies to peace,</l>
 <l>Prophaners of this Neighbor-stained Steele,</l>
 <l>Will they not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beasts,</l>
 <l>That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage,</l>
 <l>With purple Fountaines issuing from your Veines:</l>
 <l>On paine of Torture, from those bloody hands</l>
 <l>Throw your mistemper'd Weapons to the ground,</l>
 <l>And heare the Sentence of your mooued Prince.</l>
 <l>Three ciuill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,</l>
 <l>By thee old <hi rend="italic">Capulet</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Mountague</hi>,</l>
 <l>Haue thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,</l>
 <l>And made <hi rend="italic">Verona</hi>'s ancient
 Citizens</l>
 <l>Cast by their Graue beseeming Ornaments,</l>
 <l>To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">ee3</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Cankred</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0672-0.jpg" n="54"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,</l>
 <l>If euer you disturbe our streets againe,</l>
 <l>Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.</l>
 <l>For this time all the rest depart away:</l>
 <l>You <hi rend="italic">Capulet</hi> shall goe along with

me,</l>

afternoone,</l>

<l>And <hi rend="italic">Mountague</hi> come you this

<l>To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:</l>

<l>To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:</l>

<l>Once more on paine of death, all men depart.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Exeunt.</stage>

<sp who="#F-rom-mon">

<speaker rend="italic">Moun.</speaker>

<l>Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?</l>

<l>Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began:</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>

<l>Heere were the seruants of your aduersarie,</l>

<l>And yours close fighting ere I did approach,</l>

<l>I drew to part them, in the instant came</l>

<l>The fiery <hi rend="italic">Tibalt</hi>, with his sword

prepar'd,</l>

<l>Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,</l>

<l>He swong about his head, and cut the windes,</l>

<l>Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne.</l>

<l>While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,</l>

<l>Came more and more, and fought on part and part,</l>

<l>Till the Prince came, who parted either part.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-lac">

<speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>

<l>O where is <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, saw you him to

day?</l>

<l>Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>

<l>Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun</l>

<l>Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,</l>

<l>A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,</l>

<l>Where vnderneath the groue of Sycamour,</l>

<l>That West-ward rooteth from this City side:</l>

<l>So earely walking did I see your Sonne:</l>

<l>Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,</l>

<l>And stole into the couert of the wood,</l>

<l>I measuring his affections by my owne,</l>

<l>Which then most sought, wher most might not be found:</l>

<l>Being one too many by my weary selfe,</l>

<l>Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his</l>

<l>And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-mon">

<speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>
 <l>Many a morning hath he there beene seene,</l>
 <l>With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deaw,</l>
 <l>Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,</l>
 <l>But all so soone as the all-cheering Sunne,</l>
 <l>Should in the farthest East begin to draw</l>
 <l>The shadie Curtaines from <hi rend="italic">Auroras</hi>
 bed,</l>
 <l>Away from light steales home my heauy Sonne,</l>
 <l>And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,</l>
 <l>Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,</l>
 <l>And makes himselfe an artificiall night:</l>
 <l>Blacke and portendous must this humour proue,</l>
 <l>Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>My Noble Vncle doe you know the cause?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Moun.</speaker>
 <l>I neither know it, nor can learne of him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>Haue you importun'd him by any meanes?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Moun.</speaker>
 <l>Both by my selfe and many other Friends,</l>
 <l>But he his owne affections counsellor,</l>
 <l>Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)</l>
 <l>But to himselfe so secret and so close,</l>
 <l>So farre from sounding and discouery,</l>
 <l>As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,</l>
 <l>Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,</l>
 <l>Or dedicate his beauty to the same.</l>
 <l>Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,</l>
 <l>We would as willingly giue cure, as know.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Romeo.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>See where he comes, so please you step aside,</l>
 <l>Ile know his grieuance, or be much denide.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Moun.</speaker>
 <l>I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,</l>
 <l>To heare true shrift. Come Madam let's away.</l>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Exeunt.</stage>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>Good morrow Cousin.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Is the day so young?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>But new strooke nine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Aye me, sad houres seeme long:</l>
 <l>Was that my Father that went <choice>
 <orig>henec</orig>
 <corr>hence</corr>
 </choice> so fast?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>It was: what sadnes lengthens <hi rend="italic">Romeo's</hi>
 houres?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ro.</speaker>
 <l>Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>In loue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Romeo.</speaker>
 <l>Out.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>Of loue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Out of her faouour where I am in loue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>

<l>Alas that loue so gentle in his view,</l>
<l>Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooffe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<l>Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,</l>
<l>Should without eyes, see path-ways to his will:</l>
<l>Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?</l>
<l>Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:</l>
<l>Heere's much to do with hate, but more with loue:</l>
<l>Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,</l>
<l>O any thing, of nothing first created:</l>
<l>O heauie lightnesse, serious vanity,</l>
<l>Mishapen Chaos of welseeing formes,</l>
<l>Feather of lead, bright smoake, cold fire, sicke health,</l>
<l>Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:</l>
<l>This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this.</l>
<l>Doest thou not laugh<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
<l>No Coze, I rather weepe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<l>Good heart, at what<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
<l>At thy good hearts oppression.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<l>Why such is loues transgression.</l>
<l>Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,</l>
<l>Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast</l>
<l>With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,</l>
<l>Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne.</l>
<l>Loue, is a smoake made with the fume of sighes,</l>
<l>Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Louers eyes,</l>
<l>Being vext, a Sea nourisht with louing teares,</l>
<l>What is it else? a madnesse, most discreet,</l>
<l>A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet:</l>
<l>Farewell my Coze.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
<l>Soft I will goe along.</l>

<l>And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,</l>
 <l>This is not <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, hee's some other
 where.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>What shall I grone and tell thee<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will:</l>
 <l>A word ill vrg'd to one that is so ill:</l>
 <l>In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>I aym'd so neare, when I suppose'd you lou'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>A right good marke man, and shee's faire I loue</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soonest hit.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit</l>
 <l>With Cupids arrow, she hath <hi rend="italic">Dians</hi>
 wit:</l>
 <l>And in strong prooffe of chastity well arm'd:</l>
 <l>From loues weake childish Bow, she liues vncharm'd.</l>
 <l>Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,</l>
 <l>Nor bid th'incounter of assailing eyes.</l>
 <l>Nor open her lap to Sainct-seducing Gold:</l>
 <l>O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,</l>

<l>That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chast?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>She hath, and in that sparing make huge wast?</l>
 <l>For beauty steru'd with her seuerity,</l>
 <l>Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">She</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0673-0.jpg" n="55"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>She is too faire, too <choice>
 <orig>wisewi: sely</orig>
 <corr>wise: wisely</corr>
 </choice> too faire,</l>
 <l>To merit blisse by making me dispaire:</l>
 <l>She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow</l>
 <l>Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>O teach me how I should forget to thinke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,</l>
 <l>Examine other beauties,</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ro.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis the way to cal hers (exquisit) in question more,</l>
 <l>These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,</l>
 <l>Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:</l>
 <l>He that is strooken blind, cannot forget</l>
 <l>The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:</l>
 <l>Shew me a Mistresse that is passing faire,</l>
 <l>What doth her beauty serue but as a note,</l>
 <l>Where I may read who past that passing faire.</l>
 <l>Farewell thou can'st not teach me to forget,</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>

<l>Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Capulet,
 Countie Paris, and the Clowne.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Capu.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Mountague</hi> is bound as well as I,</l>
 <l>In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,</l>
 <l>For men so old as wee, to keepe the peace.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-par">
 <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
 <l>Of Honourable reckoning are you both,</l>
 <l>And pittie 'tis you liu'd at ods so long:</l>
 <l>But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Capu.</speaker>
 <l>But saying ore what I haue said before,</l>
 <l>My Child is yet a stranger in the world,</l>
 <l>Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,</l>
 <l>Let two more Summers wither in their pride,</l>
 <l>Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-par">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pari.</speaker>
 <l>Younger then she, are happy mothers made.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Capu.</speaker>
 <l>And too soone mar'd are those so early made:</l>
 <l>Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,</l>
 <l>Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:</l>
 <l>But wooe her gentle <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>, get her
 heart,</l>
 <l>My will to her consent, is but a part,</l>
 <l>And shee agree, within her scope of choise,</l>
 <l>Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:</l>
 <l>This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,</l>
 <l>Whereto I haue inuited many a Guest,</l>
 <l>Such as I loue, and you among the store,</l>
 <l>One more, most welcome makes my number more:</l>
 <l>At my poore house, looke to behold this night,</l>
 <l>Earth-treading starres, that make darke heauen light,</l>
 <l>Such comfort as do lusty young men feele,</l>

<l>When well apparel'd Aprill on the heele</l>
 <l>Of limping Winter treads, euen such delight</l>
 <l>Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night</l>
 <l>Inherit at my house: heare all, all see:</l>
 <l>And like her most, whose merit most shall be:</l>
 <l>Which one more veiw, of many, mine being one,</l>
 <l>May stand in number, though in reckning none.</l>
 <l>Come, goe with me: goe sirrah trudge about,</l>
 <l>Through faire <hi rend="italic">Verona</hi>, find those
 persons out,</l>
 <l>Whose names are written there, and to them say,</l>
 <l>My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <p>Find them out whose names are written. Heere it
 <lb/>is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his
 <lb/>Yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his
 <lb/>Pensill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to
 <lb/>find those persons whose names are writ, & can
 neuer find
 <lb/>what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to
 <lb/>the learned) in good time.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Benuolio, and
 Romeo.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,</l>
 <l>One pai<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="inkBlot"
 resp="#ES"/>e is lesned by anothers anguish:</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:</l>
 <l>One desparate greefe, cures with anothers la<c
 rend="inverted">n</c>guish:</l>
 <l>Take thou some new infection to the eye,</l>
 <l>And the rank poyson of the old wil die.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>For what I pray thee?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>For your broken shin.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>Why <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> art thou mad?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:</l>
 <l>Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,</l>
 <l>Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <l>Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>I mine owne fortune in my miserie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <l>Perhaps you haue learn'd it without booke:</l>
 <l>But I pray can you read any thing you see?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>I, if I know the Letters and the Language.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <l>Ye say honestly, rest you merry.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Stay fellow, I can read.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center">He reades the Letter.</stage>
 <p rend="italic">

<c rend="droppedCapital">S</c>Eigneur Martino, and his wife and
 daughter: County An-

<lb/>selme and his beautious sisters: the Lady widdow of Vtru-
 <lb/>uio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louely Neeces: Mercutio

and

<lb/>his brother Valentine: mine vncle Capulet his wife and

daugh-

<lb/>ters: my faire Neece Rosaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio,

& his

<lb/>Cosen Tybalt: Lucio and the liuely Helena.</p>

<p>A faire assembly, whither should they come?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-ser">
<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
<p>Vp.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<p>Whither<c rend="italic">?</c> to supper?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-ser">
<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
<p>To our house.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<p>Whose house?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-ser">
<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
<p>My Maisters.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<l>Indeed I should haue askt you that before.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-ser">
<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
<p>Now Ile tell you without asking. My maister is
<lb/>the great rich <hi rend="italic">Capulet</hi>, and if you
be not of the house of
<lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Mountagues</hi> I pray come and crush a cup of
wine. Rest
<lb/>you merry.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-rom-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
<l>At this same auncient Feast of <hi
rend="italic">Capulets</hi>
</l>
<l>Sups the faire <hi rend="italic">Rosaline</hi>, whom thou so
loues:</l>
<l>With all the admired Beauties of <hi
rend="italic">Verona</hi>,</l>
<l>Go thither and with vnattainted eye,</l>
<l>Compare her face with some that I shall show,</l>
<l>And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.</l>
</sp>

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<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
  <l>When the deuout religion of mine eye</l>
  <l>Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire:</l>
  <l>And these who often drown'd could neuer die,</l>
  <l>Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.</l>
  <l>One fairer then my loue: the all-seeing Sun</l>
  <l>Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
  <l>Tut, you saw her faire, none else being by,</l>
  <l>Herselfe poys'd with herselfe in either eye:</l>
  <l>But in that Christall scales, let there be waid,</l>
  <l>Your Ladies loue against some other Maid</l>
  <l>That I will show you, shining at this Feast,</l>
  <l>And she shew scant shell, well, that now shewes best.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
  <l>Ile goe along, no such sight to be showne,</l>
  <l>But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.</l>
</sp>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Capulets Wife
and Nurse.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
    <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
    <l>Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
    <speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>
    <p>Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeare old
      <lb/>I bad her come, what Lamb: what Ladi-bird, God forbid,
      <lb/>Where's this Girle? what <hi
rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>?</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iuliet.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iuliet.</speaker>
    <p>How now, who calls?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
    <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
    <p>Your Mother.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iuliet.</speaker>

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<p>Madam I am heere, what is your will?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
 <p>This is the matter: Nurse giue me leaue awhile, we <fw
 type="catchword" place="footRight">must</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0674-0.jpg" n="56"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <lb/>must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue re-
 <lb/>membred me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest
 <lb/>my daughter's of a prety age.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>
 <l>Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
 <l>Shee's not fourteene.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>
 <l>Ile lay fourteene of my teeth,</l>
 <l>And yet to my teene be it spoken,</l>
 <l>I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene.</l>
 <l>How long is it now to <hi rend="italic">Lammas</hi> tide<c
 rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
 <l>A fortnight and odde days.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>
 <p>Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come
 <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Lammas</hi> Eue at night shall she be fourteene.
 <hi rend="italic">Susan</hi> & she,
 <lb/>God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well <hi
 rend="italic">Susan</hi>
 <lb/>is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on
 <hi rend="italic">La-
 <lb/>mas</hi> Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall
 she ma-
 <lb/>rie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now
 <lb/>eleuen yeares, and she was wean'd I neuer shall forget it,
 <lb/>of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then
 <lb/>laid Worme-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sunne vnder

<lb/>the Douehouse wall, my Lord and you were then at
 <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Mantua</hi>, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said,
 when it
 <lb/>did tast the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge,
 <lb/>and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie, and fall out
 <lb/>with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue-house, 'twas no
 <lb/>neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is
 <lb/>a eleuen yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th'
 <lb/>roode she could haue runne, & waddled all about: for
 euen
 <lb/>the day before she broke her brow, & then my
 Husband
 <lb/>God be with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the
 <lb/>Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou
 <lb/>wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou
 <lb/>not <hi rend="italic">Iule</hi>? And by my holy-dam,
 the pretty wretch lefte
 <lb/>crying, & said I: to see now how a Iest shall come
 about.
 <lb/>I warrant, & I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer
 should
 <lb/>forget it: wilt thou not <hi rend="italic">Iulet</hi> quoth
 he? and pretty foole it
 <lb/>stinted, and said I.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">Old La.</speaker>
 <l>Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>
 <p>Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to
 <lb/>thinke it should leaue crying, & say I: and yet I
 warrant
 <lb/>it had vpon it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels
 <lb/>stone? A perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth
 <lb/>my husband, fall'st vpon thy face, thou wilt fall back-
 <lb/>ward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not <hi
 rend="italic">Iule</hi>? It
 <lb/>stinted: and said I.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iule.</speaker>
 <l>And stint thou too, I pray thee <hi rend="italic">Nurse</hi>,
 say I.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <p>Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace

<lb/>thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nurst, and I might
 <lb/>liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">Old La.</speaker>
 <l>Marry that marry is the very theame</l>
 <l>I came to talke of, tell me daughter <hi
 rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>,</l>
 <l>How stands your disposition to be Married?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iuli.</speaker>
 <l>It is an houre that I dreame not of.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <p>An houre, were I not thine onely Nurse, I would
 <lb/>say thou had'st suckt wisdome from thy teat.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">Old La.</speaker>
 <l>Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you</l>
 <l>Heere in <hi rend="italic">Verona</hi>, Ladies of
 esteeme,</l>
 <l>Are made already Mothers. By my count</l>
 <l>I was your Mother, much vpon these yeares</l>
 <l>That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe:</l>
 <l>The valiant <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> seekes you for his
 loue.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>
 <p>A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all
 <lb/>the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">Old La.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Veronas</hi> Summer hath not such a flower.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>
 <l>Nay hee's a flower, infaith a very flower.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">Old La.</speaker>
 <l>What say you, can you loue the Gentleman?</l>
 <l>This night you shall behold him at our Feast,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Read ore the volume of young <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>

face.</l>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-nur">

<speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>

<l>No lesse, nay bigger: women grow by men.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-lac">

<speaker rend="italic">Old La.</speaker>

<l>Speake briefly, can you like of <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>

loue?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-jul">

<speaker rend="italic">Iuli.</speaker>

<l>Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.</l>

<l>But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,</l>

<l>Then your consent giues strength to make flye.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Seruing

man.</stage>

<sp who="#F-rom-ser">

<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>

<p>Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you

<lb/>cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cur'st in the Pan-

<lb/>tery, and euery thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I

<lb/>beseech you follow straight.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-rom-mon">

<speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>

<l>We follow thee, <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>, the Countie

staies.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-nur">

<speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>

<l>Goe Gyrle, seeke happi<note resp="#ES">This i has been placed lower than the rest of the line of text.</note>e nights to happy daies.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 4]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Romeo,
 Mercutio, Benuolio, with fiue or sixe
 <lb/>other Maskers, Torch-bearers.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>What shall this speeh be spoke for our excuse?</l>
 <l>Or shall we on without Apologie?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>The date is out of such prolixitie,</l>
 <l>Weele haue no <hi rend="italic">Cupid</hi>, hood winkt
 with a skarfe,</l>
 <l>Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath,</l>
 <l>Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.</l>
 <l>But let them measure vs by what they will,</l>
 <l>Weele measure them with a Measure, and be gone.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.</l>
 <l>Being but heauy I will beare the light.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <l>Nay gentle <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, we must haue you
 dance.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Not I beleue me, you haue dancing shooes</l>
 <l>With nimble soles, I haue a soale of Lead</l>
 <l>So stakes me to the ground, I cannot moue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <l>You are a Louer, borrow <hi rend="italic">Cupids</hi>
 wings,</l>
 <l>And soare with them aboute a common bound.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,</l>
 <l>To soare with his light feathers, and to bound:</l>
 <l>I cannot bound a pitch aboute dull woe,</l>
 <l>Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hora.</speaker>
 <note resp="#ES">This speech is conventionally attributed to
 Mercutio.</note>
 <l>And to sinke in it should you burthen loue,</l>
 <l>Too great oppression for a tender thing.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,</l>
 <l>Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <l>If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue,</l>
 <l>Pricke loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,</l>
 <l>Giue me a Case to put my visage in,</l>
 <l>A Visor for a Visor, what care I</l>
 <l>What curious eye doth quote deformities:</l>
 <l>Here are the Beetle-browes shall blush for me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,</l>
 <l>But euery man betake him to his legs.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart</l>
 <l>Tickle the sencelesse rushes with their heeles:</l>
 <l>For I am prouerb'd with a Grandsier Phrase,</l>
 <l>Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on,</l>
 <l>The game was nere so faire, and I am done.</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">Mer.</hi> Tut,</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0675-0.jpg" n="57"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <l>Tut, duns the Mouse, the Constables owne word,</l>
 <l>If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire.</l>
 <l>Or saue your reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest</l>
 <l>Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Nay that's not so.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <l>I meane sir I delay,</l>
 <l>We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day;</l>
 <l>Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement sits</l>
 <l>Fiue times in that, ere once in our fiue wits.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>And we meane well in going to this Maske,</l>
 <l>But 'tis no wit to go.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <l>Why may one aske?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>I dreampt a dreame to night.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <l>And so did I.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Well what was yours?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <l>That dreamers often lye.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ro.</speaker>
 <l>In bed a sleepe while they do dreame things true.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <p>O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you:
 <lb/>She is the Fairies Midwife, & she comes in shape no
 <lb/>ger then Agat-stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman,
 <lb/>drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, ouer mens noses as
 <lb/>they lie asleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spin-
 <lb/>ners legs: the Couer of the wings of Grashoppers, her
 <lb/>Traces of the smallest Spiders web, her coullers of the
 <lb/>Moonshines watry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone,
 <lb/>the Lash of Philome, her Waggoner, a small gray-coated
 <lb/>Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little Worme, prickt

big-

she
 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
 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 <gap extent="1"

smelling
 tick-
 of
 that
 Elk-

unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"
 resp="#ES"/>Mab with blisters plagues, because their
 breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime she gal-
 lops ore a Courtiers nose, & then dreames he of
 out a sute: & sometime comes she with Tith pigs tale,
 ling 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,
 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
 plats the manes of Horses in the night: & bakes the
 locks in foule sluttish haire, which once vntangled, much
 misfortune bodes,</p>
 <l>This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs,</l>
 <l>That presses them, and learns them first to beare,</l>
 <l>Making them women of good carriage:</l>
 <l>This is she.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Peace, peace, <hi rend="italic">Mercutio</hi> peace,</l>
 <l>Thou talk'st of nothing.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <l>True, I talke of dreames:</l>
 <l>Which are the children of an idle braine,</l>
 <l>Begot of nothing, but vaine phantasie,</l>
 <l>Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,</l>
 <l>And more inconstant then the wind, who wooes</l>
 <l>Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:</l>
 <l>And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,</l>

<l>Turning his side to the dew dropping South.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>This wind you talke of blowes vs from our selues,</l>
 <l>Supper is done, and we shall come too late.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,</l>
 <l>Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date</l>
 <l>With this nights reuels, and expire the tearme</l>
 <l>Of a despised life clos'd in my brest:</l>
 <l>By some vile forfeit of vntimely death.</l>
 <l>But he that hath the stirrage of my course,</l>
 <l>Direct my sute: on lustie Gentlemen.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>Strike Drum.</l>
 </sp>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 5]</head>
 <stage rend="italic" type="business">They march about the
 Stage, and Seruingmen come forth
 <lb/>with their napkins.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Seruant.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <p>Where's <hi rend="italic">Potpan</hi>, that he helps not to
 take away?
 <lb/>He shift a Trencher? he scrape a Trencher?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap.1">
 <speaker>1.</speaker>
 <p>When good manners, shall lie in one or two mens
 <lb/>hands, and they vnwasht too, 'tis a foule thing.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <p>Away with the Ioynstooles, remoue the Court-
 <lb/>cubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, saue mee a piece
 <lb/>of Marchpane, and as thou louest me, let the Porter let in
 <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Susan Grindstone</hi>, and <hi
 rend="italic">Nell</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Anthonie</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Potpan</hi>.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-cap.2">
 <speaker>2.</speaker>
 <p>I Boy readie.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <p>You are lookt for, and cal'd for, askt for, & sought
 <lb/>for, in the great Chamber.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-cap.1">
 <speaker>1</speaker>
 <p> We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes,
 <lb/>Be brisk awhile, and the longer liuer take all.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Exeunt.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter all the Guests and

Gentlewomen to the

 <lb/>Maskers.</stage>
<sp who="#F-rom-cap.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Capu.</speaker>
 <l>Welcome Gentlemen,</l>
 <l>Ladies that haue their toes</l>
 <l>Vnplagu'd with Cornes, will walke about with you:</l>
 <l>Ah my Mistresses, which of you all</l>
 <l>Will now deny to dance<c rend="italic">?</c> She that makes
dainty,</l>

 <l>She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?</l>
 <l>Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day</l>
 <l>That I haue worne a Visor, and could tell</l>
 <l>A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare:</l>
 <l>Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,</l>
 <l>You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musitians play:</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Musicke
plaies: and the dance.</stage>

 <l>A Hall, Hall, giue roome, and foote it Girles,</l>
 <l>More light you knaues, and turne the Tables vp:</l>
 <l>And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot.</l>
 <l>Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:</l>
 <l>Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin <hi

rend="italic">Capulet</hi>,</l>

 <l>For you and I are past our dauncing daies:</l>
 <l>How long 'ist now since last your selfe and I</l>
 <l>Were in a Maske?</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-cap.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Capu.</speaker>
 <l>Berlady thirty yeares.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-cap.1">

<speaker rend="italic">1. Capu.</speaker>
 <l>What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,</l>
 <l>'Tis since the Nuptiall of <hi rend="italic">Lucentio</hi>,</l>
 <l>Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,</l>
 <l>Some fiae and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Cap.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder sir:</l>
 <l>His Sonne is thirty.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap.3">
 <speaker rend="italic">3. Cap.</speaker>
 <l>Will you tell me that?</l>
 <l>His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>What Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand</l>
 <l>Of yonder Knight?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <l>I know not sir.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>O she doth teach the Torches to burne bright:</l>
 <l>It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,</l>
 <l>As a rich Iewel in an Æthiops eare:</l>
 <l>Beauty too rich for vse, for earth too deare:</l>
 <l>So shewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crowes,</l>
 <l>As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes;</l>
 <l>The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,</l>
 <l>And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Did</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0676-0.jpg" n="58"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Did my heart loue till now, forswear it sight,</l>
 <l>For I neuer saw true Beauty till this night.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-tyb">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tib.</speaker>
 <l>This by his voice, should be a <hi
 rend="italic">Mountague</hi>.</l>
 <l>Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the slaue</l>
 <l>Come hither couer'd with an antique face,</l>
 <l>To fleere and scorne at our Solemnie?</l>
 <l>Now by the stocke and Honour of my kin,</l>

<l>To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>Why how now kinsman,</l>
 <l>Wherefore storme you so?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-tyb">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tib.</speaker>
 <l>Vncle this is a <hi rend="italic">Mountague</hi>, our
 foe:</l>
 <l>A Villaine that is hither come in spight,</l>
 <l>To scorne at our Solemnie this night.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>Young <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> is it?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-tyb">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tib.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis he, that Villaine <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,</l>
 <l>A beares him like a portly Gentleman:</l>
 <l>And to say truth, <hi rend="italic">Verona</hi> brags of
 him,</l>
 <l>To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:</l>
 <l>I would not for the wealth of all the towne,</l>
 <l>Here in my house do him disparagement:</l>
 <l>Therefore be patient, take no note of him,</l>
 <l>It is my will, the which if thou respect,</l>
 <l>Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,</l>
 <l>An ill beseeming semblance for a Feast.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-tyb">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tib.</speaker>
 <l>It fits when such a Villaine is a guest,</l>
 <l>Ile not endure him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>He shall be endur'd.</l>
 <l>What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,</l>
 <l>Am I the Maister here or you? go too,</l>
 <l>Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,</l>
 <l>Youle make a Mutinie among the Guests:</l>
 <l>You will set cocke a hoope, youle be the man.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-tyb">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tib.</speaker>
 <l>Why Vncle, 'tis a shame.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>Go too, go too,</l>
 <l>You are a sawcy Boy, 'ist so indeed?</l>
 <l>This tricke may chance to scath you, I know what,</l>
 <l>You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.</l>
 <l>Well said my hearts, you are a Princox, goe,</l>
 <l>Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,</l>
 <l>Ile make you quiet. What, chearely my hearts.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-tyb">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tib.</speaker>
 <l>Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,</l>
 <l>Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:</l>
 <l>I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall</l>
 <l>Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,</l>
 <l>This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,</l>
 <l>My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready stand,</l>
 <l>To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kisse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Good Pilgrime,</l>
 <l>You do wrong your hand too much.</l>
 <l>Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this,</l>
 <l>For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,</l>
 <l>And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kisse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in prayer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,</l>
 <l>They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Saints do not moue,</l>
 <l>Though grant for prayers sake.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:</l>
 <l>Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Sin from my lips? O trespasse sweetly vrg'd:</l>
 <l>Giue me my sin againe.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>You kisse by'th'booke.</l>
 </sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>Madam your Mother craues a word with you.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>What is her Mother<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nurs.</speaker>
 <l>Marrie Batcheler,</l>
 <l>Her Mother is the Lady of the house,</l>
 <l>And a good Lady, and a wise, and Vertuous,</l>
 <l>I Nur'st her Daughter that you talkt withall:</l>
 <l>I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,</l>
 <l>Shall haue the chincks.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Is she a <hi rend="italic">Capulet</hi>?</l>
 <l>O deare account! My life is my foes debt.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>I so I feare, the more is my vnrest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,</l>
 <l>We haue a trifling foolish Banquet towards:</l>
 <l>Is it e'ne so? why then I thanke you all.</l>
 <l>I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night:</l>
 <l>More Torches here: come on, then let's to bed.</l>
 <l>Ah sirrah, by my faie it waxes late,</l>
 <l>Ile to my rest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iuli.</speaker>
 <l>Come hither Nurse,</l>
 <l>What is yond Gentleman:</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>The Sonne and Heire of old <hi
rend="italic">Tyberio</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iuli.</speaker>
 <l>What's he that now is going out of doore<c
rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>Marrie that I thinke be young <hi
rend="italic">Petruccio</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>What's he that follows here that would not dance?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>I know not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Go aske his name: if he be married,</l>
 <l>My graue is like to be my wedded bed.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">

<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>His name is <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, and a <hi
 rend="italic">Mountague</hi>,</l>
 <l>The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,</l>
 <l>Too early seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,</l>
 <l>Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,</l>
 <l>That I must loue a loathed Enemie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>What's this? whats this?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>A rime, I learne euen now</l>
 <l>Of one I dan'st withall.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">One cals within,
 Iuliet.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>Anon, anon:</l>
 <l>Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Exeunt.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cho">
 <speaker rend="italic center">Chorus.</speaker>
 <l>Now old desire doth in his death bed lie,</l>
 <l>And yong affection gapes to be his Hei<gap extent="2"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="hole"
 resp="#ES"/>,</l>
 <l>That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,</l>
 <l>With tender <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi> matcht, is now not
 faire.</l>
 <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> is beloued, and Loues
 againe,</l>
 <l>A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:</l>
 <l>But to his foe suppose'd he must complaine,</l>
 <l>And she steale Loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes:</l>
 <l>Being held a foe, he may not haue accesse</l>
 <l>To breath such vowes as Louers vse to sweare,</l>
 <l>And she as much in Loue, her meanes much lesse,</l>
 <l>To meete her new Beloued any where:</l>
 <l>But passion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,</l>

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        <l>Temp'ring extremities with extreame sweete.</l>
    </sp>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="2" rend="notPresent">
<div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Romeo
alone.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
        <l>Can I goe forward when my heart is here?</l>
        <l>Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Benuolio with
Mercutio.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
        <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, my Cozen <hi
rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
        <speaker rend="italic">Merc.</speaker>
        <l>He is wise,</l>
        <l>And on my life hath stolne him home to bed.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
        <l>He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.</l>
        <l>Call good <hi rend="italic">Mercutio</hi>:</l>
        <l>Nay, Ile coniure too.</l>
    </sp>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">Mer</hi>.</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0677-0.jpg" n="59"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
        <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, Humours, Madman, Passion,
Louer,</l>
        <l>Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,</l>
        <l>Speake but one rime, and I am satisfied:</l>
        <l>Cry me but ay me, Prouant, but Loue and day,</l>
        <l>Speake to my goship <hi rend="italic">Venus</hi> one faire
word,</l>
        <l>One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,</l>
        <l>Young <hi rend="italic">Abraham Cupid</hi> he that shot so

```

true,</l>

Maid,</l>

eyes,</l>

name,</l>

were</l>

<l>When King <hi rend="italic">Cophetua</hi> lou'd the begger

<l>He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,</l>

<l>The Ape is dead, I must coniure him,</l>

<l>I coniure thee by <hi rend="italic">Rosalines</hi> bright

<l>By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,</l>

<l>By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quiuering thigh,</l>

<l>And the Demeanes, that there Adiacent lie,</l>

<l>That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>

<l>And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-mer">

<speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>

<l>This cannot anger him, t'would anger him</l>

<l>To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,</l>

<l>Of some strange nature, letting it stand</l>

<l>Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe,</l>

<l>That were some spight.</l>

<l>My inuocation is faire and honest, & in his Mistris

<l>I coniure onely but to raise vp him.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>

<l>Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees</l>

<l>To be consorted with the Humerous night:</l>

<l>Blind is his Loue, and best befits the darke.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-mer">

<speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>

<l>If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke,</l>

<l>Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,</l>

<l>And wish his Mistresse were that kind of Fruite,</l>

<l>As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,</l>

<l>O <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> that she were, O that she

<l>An open, or thou a Poprin Peare,</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed,</l>

<l>This Field bed is to cold for me to sleepe,</l>

<l>Come shall we go?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>

<l>Go then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here</l>

<|>That meanes not to be found.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <|>He ieasts at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,</|>
 <|>But soft, what light through yonder window breaks<c
 rend="italic">?</c>
 </|>
 <|>It is the East, and <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi> is the
 Sunne,</|>
 <|>Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,</|>
 <|>Who is already sicke and pale with grieve,</|>
 <|>That thou her Maid art far more faire then she:</|>
 <|>Be not her Maid since she is enuious,</|>
 <|>Her Vestal liury 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 answeare 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.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <|>Ay me.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <|>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</|>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <|>Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes</|>
 <|>Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,</|>
 <|>When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,</|>

<l>And sailes vpon the bosome of the ayre.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">O Romeo</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>,
 wherefore art thou <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>?</l>
 <l>Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:</l>
 <l>Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Loue,</l>
 <l>And Ile no longer be a <hi rend="italic">Capulet</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iu.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:</l>
 <l>Thou art thy selfe, though not a <hi
 rend="italic">Mountague</hi>,</l>
 <l>What's <hi rend="italic">Mountague</hi>? it is nor hand nor
 foote,</l>
 <l>Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name</l>
 <l>Belonging to a man.</l>
 <l>What<c rend="italic">?</c> in a names that which we call a
 Rose,</l>
 <l>By any other word would smell as sweete,</l>
 <l>So <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> would, were he not <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo</hi> cal'd,</l>
 <l>Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,</l>
 <l>Without that title <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, doffe thy
 name,</l>
 <l>And for thy name which is no part of thee,</l>
 <l>Take all my selfe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>I take thee at thy word:</l>
 <l>Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,</l>
 <l>Hence forth I neuer will be <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iuli.</speaker>
 <l>What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night</l>
 <l>So stumblest on my counsell?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>By a name,</l>

<l>I know not how to tell thee who I am:</l>
 <l>My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my selfe,</l>
 <l>Because it is an Enemy to thee,</l>
 <l>Had I it written, I would teare the word.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iuli.</speaker>
 <l>My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words</l>
 <l>Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the sound.</l>
 <l>Art thou not <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, and a <hi
 rend="italic">Montague?</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>How cam'st thou hither.</l>
 <l>Tell me, and wherefore?</l>
 <l>The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,</l>
 <l>And the place death, considering who thou art,</l>
 <l>If any of my kinsmen find thee here,</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>With Loues light wings</l>
 <l>Did I ore-perch these Walls,</l>
 <l>For stony limits cannot hold Loue out,</l>
 <l>And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt:</l>
 <l>Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>If they do see thee, they will murther thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,</l>
 <l>Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,</l>
 <l>And I am prooffe against their enmity.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>I would not for the world they saw thee here.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes</l>

<l>And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,</l>
 <l>My life were better ended by their hate,</l>
 <l>Then death proroged wanting of thy Loue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>By whose direction found'st thou out this place?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>By Loue that first did promp me to enquire,</l>
 <l>He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes,</l>
 <l>I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far</l>
 <l>As that vast-shore-washet with the farthest Sea,</l>
 <l>I should aduenture for such Marchandise.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,</l>
 <l>Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,</l>
 <l>For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,</l>
 <l>Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie</l>
 <l>What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,</l>
 <l>Doest thou Loue? I know thou wilt say I,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0678-0.jpg" n="60"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,</l>
 <l>Thou maiest proue false: at Louers periuries</l>
 <l>They say <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi> laught, oh gentle <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo</hi>,</l>
 <l>If thou dost Loue, pronounce it faithfully:</l>
 <l>Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,</l>
 <l>Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,</l>
 <l>So thou wilt wooe: But else not for the world.</l>
 <l>In truth faire <hi rend="italic">Mountague</hi> I am too
 fond:</l>
 <l>And therefore thou maiest thinke my behaiour light,</l>
 <l>But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,</l>
 <l>Then those that haue coying to be strange,</l>
 <l>I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,</l>
 <l>But that thou ouer heard'st ere I was ware</l>
 <l>My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me,</l>
 <l>And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,</l>
 <l>Which the darke night hath so discovered.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,</l>

<|>That tips with siluer all these Fruite tree tops.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
<|>O sweare not by the Moone, th'inconstant Moone,</|>
<|>That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,</|>
<|>Least that thy Loue proue likewise variable.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<|>What shall I sweare by?</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
<|>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.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<|>If my hearts deare loue.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
<speaker rend="italic">Iuli.</speaker>
<|>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.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<|>O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied?</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
<speaker rend="italic">Iuli.</speaker>
<|>What satisfaction can'st thou haue to night?</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Ro.</speaker>
<|>Th'exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
<|>I gaue thee mine before thou did'st request it:</|>

<l>And yet I would it were to giue againe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Would'st thou withdraw it,</l>
 <l>For what purpose Loue?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>But to be franke and giue it thee againe,</l>
 <l>And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,</l>
 <l>My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,</l>
 <l>My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee</l>
 <l>The more I haue, for both are Infinite:</l>
 <l>I heare some noyse within deare Loue adue:</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Cals
 within.</stage>
 <l>Anon good Nurse, sweet <hi rend="italic">Mountague</hi>
 be true:</l>
 <l>Stay but a little, I will come againe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>O blessed blessed night, I am afear'd</l>
 <l>Being in night, all this is but a dreame,</l>
 <l>Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Three words deare <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>,</l>
 <l>And goodnight indeed,</l>
 <l>If that thy bent of Loue be Honourable,</l>
 <l>Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,</l>
 <l>By one that Ile procure to come to thee,</l>
 <l>Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,</l>
 <l>And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,</l>
 <l>And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.</l>
 <stage rend="rightJustified" type="business">
 <hi rend="italic">Within:</hi> Madam.</stage>
 <l>I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,</l>
 <l>I do beseech thee</l>
 <stage rend="rightJustified" type="business">
 <hi rend="italic">Within:</hi> Madam.</stage>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>(By and by I come)</l>
 <l>To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my grieffe,</l>
 <l>To morrow will I send.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>

<l>So thriue my soule.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iu.</speaker>
 <l>A thousand times goodnight.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rome.</speaker>
 <l>A thousand times the worse to want thy light,</l>
 <l>Loue goes toward Loue as school-boyes <choice>
 <abbr>frō</abbr>
 <expan>from</expan>
 </choice>
 <choice>
 <orig>thier</orig>
 <corr>their</corr>
 </choice> books</l>
 <l>But Loue <choice>
 <abbr>frō</abbr>
 <expan>from</expan>
 </choice> Loue, towards schoole with heauie lookes.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iuliet
 againe.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Hist <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> hist: O for a Falkners
 voice,</l>
 <l>To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,</l>
 <l>Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,</l>
 <l>Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,</l>
 <l>And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then</l>
 <l>With repetition of my <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>It is my soule that calls vpon my name.</l>
 <l>How siluer sweet, sound Louers tongues by night,</l>
 <l>Like softest Musicke to attending eares.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>My Neece.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>What a clock to morrow</l>
 <l>Shall I send to thee<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>By the houre of nine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,</l>
 <l>I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Let me stand here till thou remember it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there,</l>
 <l>Remembring how I Loue thy company.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,</l>
 <l>Forgetting any other home but this.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,</l>
 <l>And yet no further then a wantons Bird,</l>
 <l>That let's it hop a little from his hand,</l>
 <l>Like a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyues,</l>
 <l>And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,</l>
 <l>So louing Iealous of his liberty.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>I would I were thy Bird.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Sweet so would I,</l>
 <l>Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:</l>
 <l>Good night, good night.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">

<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Parting is such sweete sorrow,</l>
 <l>That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy brest.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest,</l>
 <l>The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,</l>
 <l>Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,</l>
 <l>And darkenesse fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,</l>
 <l>From forth dayes pathway, made by <hi
 rend="italic">Titans</hi> wheeles.</l>
 <l>Hence will I to my ghostly Fries close Cell,</l>
 <l>His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Frier alone
 with a basket.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,</l>
 <l>Checkring the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light:</l>
 <l>And fleckled darknesse like a drunkard reeles,</l>
 <l>From forth daies path, and <hi rend="italic">Titans</hi>
 burning wheeles:</l>
 <l>Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,</l>
 <l>The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,</l>
 <l>I must vfill this Osier Cage of ours,</l>
 <l>With balefull weedes, and precious luiced flowers,</l>
 <l>The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,</l>
 <l>What is her burying graue that is her wombe:</l>
 <l>And from her wombe children of diuers kind</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">We</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0679-0.jpg" n="61"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>We sucking on her naturall bosome find:</l>
 <l>Many for many vertues excellent:</l>
 <l>None but for some, and yet all different.</l>
 <l>O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies</l>
 <l>In Plants, Hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:</l>
 <l>For nought so vile, that on earth doth liue,</l>
 <l>But to the earth some speciall good doth giue.</l>

<l>Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,</l>
<l>Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.</l>
<l>Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,</l>
<l>And vice sometime by action dignified.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter

Romeo.</stage>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">

<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>

<l>Good morrow Father.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">

<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>

<l>Benedecite.</l>

<l>What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?</l>

<l>Young Sonne, it argues a distempered head,</l>

<l>So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;</l>

<l>Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,</l>

<l>And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:</l>

<l>But where vnbrused youth with vnstufte braine</l>

<l>Doth couch his lims, there, golden sleepe doth raigne;</l>

<l>Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,</l>

<l>Thou art vprousd with some distemperature;</l>

<l>Or if not so, then here I hit it right.</l>

<l>Our <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> hath not beene in bed to

night.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">

<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>

<l>That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">

<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>

<l>God pardon sin: wast thou with <hi

rend="italic">Rosaline</hi>?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">

<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>

<l>With <hi rend="italic">Rosaline</hi>, my ghostly Father?

No,</l>

<l>I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>That's my good Son, but wher hast thou bin then?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:</l>
 <l>I haue beene feasting with mine enemie,</l>
 <l>Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,</l>
 <l>That's by me wounded: both our remedies</l>
 <l>Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:</l>
 <l>I beare no hatred, blessed man: for loe</l>
 <l>My intercession likewise steads my foe.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift,</l>
 <l>Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is set,</l>
 <l>On the faire daughter of rich <hi
 rend="italic">Capulet</hi>:</l>
 <l>As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;</l>
 <l>And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine</l>
 <l>By holy marriage: when and where, and how,</l>
 <l>We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:</l>
 <l>Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,</l>
 <l>That thou consent to marrie vs to day.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>Holy <choice>
 <abbr>S.</abbr>
 <expan>Saint</expan>
 </choice>
 <hi rend="italic">Francis</hi>, what a change is heere?</l>
 <l>Is <hi rend="italic">Rosaline</hi> that thou didst Loue so
 deare</l>
 <l>So soone forsaken? young mens Loue then lies</l>
 <l>Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.</l>
 <l>Iesu <hi rend="italic">Maria</hi>, what a deale of brine</l>
 <l>Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for <hi
 rend="italic">Rosaline</hi>?</l>
 <l>How much salt water throwne away in wast,</l>
 <l>To season Loue that of it doth not tast.</l>
 <l>The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares,</l>
 <l>Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares:</l>
 <l>Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,</l>

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        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.</l>
        <l>If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,</l>
        <l>Thou and these woes, were all for <hi
rend="italic">Rosaline</hi>.</l>
        <l>And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,</l>
        <l>Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
    <l>Thou chid'st me oft for louing <hi
rend="italic">Rosaline</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
    <l>For doting, not for louing pupill mine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
    <l>And bad'st me bury Loue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
    <l>Not in a graue,</l>
    <l>To lay one in, another out to haue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
    <l>I pray thee chide me not, her I Loue now</l>
    <l>Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow:</l>
    <l>The other did not so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
    <l>O she knew well,</l>
    <l>Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not spell:</l>
    <l>But come young wauerer, come goe with me,</l>
    <l>In one respect, Ile thy assistant be:</l>
    <l>For this alliance may so happy proue,</l>
    <l>To turne your houshold rancor to pure Loue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
    <l>O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
    <l>Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

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</div>
<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Benuolio and
Mercutio.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
    <p>Where the deu<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="uninkedType"
resp="#ES"/>le should this <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> be?
came he
      <lb/>not home to night?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
      <p>Not to his Fathers, I spoke with his man.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
      <p>Why that same pale hard-harted wench, that <hi
rend="italic">Ro-
      <lb/>saline</hi> torments him so, that he will sure run
mad.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
      <p>
        <hi rend="italic">Tibalt</hi>, the kinsman to old <hi
rend="italic">Capulet</hi>, hath sent a Let-
        <lb/>ter to his Fathers house.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
      <p>A challenge on my life.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
      <p>
        <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> will ansvere it.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
      <p>Any man that can write, may ansvere a Letter.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
      <p>Nay, he will ansvere the Letters Maister how he
        <lb/>dares, being dared.</p>

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stab'd with

Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead

a white wenches 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

Tybalt?

Ben. Why what is *Tibalt*?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Couragi-
ous 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 ve-
ry 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 lipping affecting phan-
tacies, these new tuners of accent: Iesu a very good blade,
a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a la-
mentable thing Grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted
with these strange flies: these fashion Mongers, these par-
don-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.

<p>Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O flesh,
<lb/>flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers
<lb/>that <hi rend="italic">Petrarch</hi> flowed in: <hi
rend="italic">Laura</hi> to his Lady, was a kitchen
<lb/>wench, marrie she had a better Loue to berime her: <hi
rend="italic">Dido</hi>
<lb/>a dowdie, <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi> a Gipsie, <hi
rend="italic">Hellen</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>, hildings
<lb/>and Harlots: <hi rend="italic">Thisbie</hi> a gray eie or
so, but not to the purpose.

<lb/>Signior <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, <hi
rend="italic">Bon iour</hi>, there's a French salutation to your
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">ff</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">French</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0680-0.jpg" n="62"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<lb/>French slop: you gaue vs the counterfait fairely last
<lb/>night.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">

<speaker rend="italic">Romeo.</speaker>

<p>Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit

<lb/>did I giue you?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-mer">

<speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>

<p>The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">

<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>

<p>Pardon <hi rend="italic">Mercutio</hi>, my businesse was

great, and in

<lb/>such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-mer">

<speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>

<p>That's as much as to say, such a case as yours con-

<lb/>strains a man to bow in the hams.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">

<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>

<p>Meaning to cursie.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-mer">

<speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>

<p>Thou hast most kindly hit it.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">

<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>

<p>A most curteous exposition.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mer">
<speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
<p>Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<p>Pinke for flower.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mer">
<speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
<p>Right.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<p>Why then is my Pump well flowr'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mer">
<speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
<p>Sure wit, follow me this ieast, now till thou hast
<lb/>worne out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is
<lb/>worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, sole-
<lb/>singular.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<l>O single sol'd ieast,</l>
<l>Soly singular for the singlenesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mer">
<speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
<p>Come betweene vs good <hi rend="italic">Benuolio</hi>,
my wits faints.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<l>Swits and spurs,</l>
<l>Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mer">
<speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
<p>Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goose chase, I am
<lb/>done: For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of
<lb/>thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole fue. Was I
<lb/>with you there for the Goose<c rend="italic">?</c>
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>

<p>Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when
 <lb/>thou wast not there for the Goose.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <p>I will bite thee by the eare for that iest.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <p>Nay, good Goose bite not.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <l>Thy wit is a very Bitter-sweeting,</l>
 <l>It is a most sharpe sawce.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <p>And is it not well seru'd into a Sweet-Goose?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <p>Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from
 <lb/>an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <p>I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added
 <lb/>to the Goose, proues thee farre and wide, abroad
 Goose.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <p>Why is not this better now, then groning for
 <lb/>Loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo</hi>: now art
 <lb/>thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this
 <lb/>driueling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling
 <lb/>vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>Stop there, stop there.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <p>Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the
 <lb rend="turnunder"/>
 <pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>haire.</p>

</sp>


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<sp who="#F-rom-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
  <p>Thou would'st else haue made thy tale large.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mer">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
  <p>O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short,
    <lb/>or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant
    <lb/>indeed to occupie the argument no longer.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Nurse and her
man.</stage>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
  <p>Here's a goodly geare.
    <lb/>A sayle, a sayle.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mer">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
  <p>Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
  <p>
<hi rend="italic">Peter</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-pet">
  <speaker rend="italic">Peter.</speaker>
  <p>Anon.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
  <p>My Fan <hi rend="italic">Peter</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mer">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
  <p>Good <hi rend="italic">Peter</hi> to hide her face?
    <lb/>For her Fans the fairer face?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
  <p>God ye good morrow Gentlemen.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mer">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
  <p>God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
  <p>Is it gooden?</p>

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</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <p>'Tis no lesse I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the
 <lb/>Dyall is now vpon the pricke of Noone.</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <p>Out vpon you: what a man are you?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>One Gentlewoman,</l>
 <l>That God hath made, himselfe to mar.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <p>By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar qua-
 <lb/>t ha: Gentlemen, can any of you tel me where I may find
 <lb/>the young <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Romeo.</speaker>
 <p>I can tell you: but young <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> will
 be older
 <lb/>when you haue found him, then he was when you sought
 <lb/>him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a
 worse.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <p>You say well.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <l>Yea is the worst well,</l>
 <l>Very well tooke: Ifaith, wisely, wisely.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>If you be he sir,</l>
 <l>I desire some confidence with you?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>She will endite him to some Supper.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>

<p>A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<p>What hast thou found?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mer">
<speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
<p>No Hare sir, vnlesse a Hare sir in a Lenten pie,
<lb/>that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.</p>
<l>An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good
<lb/>meat in Lent.</l>
<l>But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it
<lb/>hoares ere it be spent,</l>
<p>
<hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> will you come to your Fathers? Weele

to dinner

<lb/>thither.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<p>I will follow you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mer">
<speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
<l>Farewell auncient Lady:</l>
<l>Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit. Mercutio,

Benuolio.</stage>

<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
<p>I pray you sir, what sawcie Merchant was this
<lb/>that was so full of his roperie?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<p>A Gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe
<lb/>talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand
<lb/>to in a Moneth.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
<p>And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him
<lb/>downe, & a were lustier then he is, and twentie such

lacks:

<lb/>and if I cannot, Ile finde those that shall: scuruie knaue, I
<lb/>am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates,
<lb/>and thou must stand by too and suffer euey knaue to vse
<lb/>me at his pleasure.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-pet">
<speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
<p>I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my
<lb/>weapon should quickly haue beene out, I warrant you, I
<lb/>dare draw assoone as another man, if I see occasion in a
<lb/>good quarrell, and the law on my side.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
<p>Now afore God, I am so vext, that euey part about
<lb/>me quiuers, skuruy knaue: pray you sir a word: and as I
<lb/>told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what
<lb/>she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me
<lb/>tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they
<lb/>say, it were a very grosse kind of behaiour, as they say:
<lb/>for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you

should

<lb/>deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be of-
<lb/>fered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>

<note resp="#ES">This speech is conventionally attributed to
Romeo.</note>

<p>Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I
<lb/>protest vnto thee.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
<p>Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much:
<lb/>Lord, Lord she will be a ioyfull woman.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<p>What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou doest not
<lb/>marke me?</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
<p>I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I
<lb/>take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<l>Bid her deuise some meanes to come to shrift this
<lb rend="turnover"/>

<pc rend="turnover"></pc>afternoone,</l>
<l>And there she shall at Frier <hi rend="italic">Lawrence</hi>

Cell</l>

<l>Be shriu'd and married: here is for thy paines.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
<p>No truly sir not a penny.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<p>Go too, I say you shall.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">Nurse</hi>
</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0681-0.jpg" n="63"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
<l>This afternoone sir? well she shall be there.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Ro.</speaker>
<l>And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,</l>
<l>Within this houre my man shall be with thee,</l>
<l>And bring thee Cords made like a tackled staire,</l>
<l>Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,</l>
<l>Must be my conuoy in the secret night.</l>
<l>Farewell, be trustie and Ile quite thy paines:</l>
<l>Farewell, commend me to thy Mistresse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
<l>Now God in heauen blesse thee: harke you sir,</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<l>What saist thou my deare Nurse?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
<speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>
<p>Is your man secret, did you nere heare say two
<lb/>may keepe counsell putting one away.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Ro.</speaker>
<p>Warrant thee my man is true as steele.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
<p>Well sir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord,

<lb/>Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a No-
 <lb/>ble man in Towne one <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>, that
 would faine lay knife a-
 <lb/>board: but she good soule had as leeu a see Toade, a very
 <lb/>Toade as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that
 <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> is the properer man, but Ile warrant you,
 when I say
 <lb/>so, shee looks as pale as any clout in the versall world.
 <lb/>Doth not Rosemarie and <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>
 begin both with a letter?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <p>I Nurse, what of that? Both with an <hi rend="italic">R</hi>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <p>A mocker that's the dogs name. <hi rend="italic">R</hi>. is
 for the no,
 <lb/>I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the
 <lb/>prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it
 <lb/>would do you good to heare it.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <p>Commend me to thy Lady.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <p>I a thousand times. <hi rend="italic">Peter</hi>?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-pet">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
 <p>Anon.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <p>Before and apace.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Nurse and
 Peter.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 5]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iuliet.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>The clocke strook nine, when I did send the Nurse,</l>

<|>In halfe an houre she promised to returne,</|>
 <|>Perchance she cannot meete him: that's not so:</|>
 <|>Oh she is lame, Loues Herald 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 <hi
 rend="italic">Cupid</hi> 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.</|>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Nurse.</stage>
 <|>O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes?</|>
 <|>Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <|>
 <hi rend="italic">Peter</hi> stay at the gate.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <|>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.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <|>I am a weary, giue me leaue awhile,</|>
 <|>Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <|>I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy newes:</|>
 <|>Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <|>Iesu what hast? can you not stay a while?</|>
 <|>Do you not see that I am out of breath?</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">

Iul.
<l>How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath</l>
<l>To say to me, that thou art out of breath?</l>
<l>The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,</l>
**n="2"/>
<l>Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.</l>
<l>Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,</l>
<l>Say either, and Ile stay the circumstance:</l>
<l>Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
Nur.
<p>Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know
<lb/>not how to chuse a man: *Romeo*,
no not he though his face
<lb/>be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and
<lb/>for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to
<lb/>be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower
<lb/>of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy
<lb/>waies wench, serue God. What haue you din'd at
home?</p>**

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
Iul.
<l>No no: but all this this did I know before</l>
<l>What saies he of our marriage? what of that?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
Nur.
<l>Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?</l>
<l>It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.</l>
<l>My backe a tother side: o my backe, my backe:</l>
<l>Beshrew your heart for sending me about</l>
<l>To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
Iul.
<l>Ifaith: I am sorrie that thou art so well.</l>
<l>Sweet sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my Loue?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
Nur.
<l>Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman,</l>
<l>And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,</l>
<l>And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
Iul.
<l>Where is my Mother?</l>
<l>Why she is within, where should she be?</l>

<l>How odly thou repli'st:</l>
 <l>Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman:</l>
 <l>Where is your Mother?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>O Gods Lady deare,</l>
 <l>Are you so hot? marrie come vp I trow,</l>
 <l>Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?</l>
 <l>Henceforward do your messages your selfe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Heere's such a coile, come what saies <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>I haue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>Then high you hence to Frier <hi
 rend="italic">Lawrence</hi> Cell,</l>
 <l>There staires a Husband to make you a wife:</l>
 <l>Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,</l>
 <l>Thei'le be in Scarlet straight at any newes:</l>
 <l>Hie you to Church, I must an other way,</l>
 <l>To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue</l>
 <l>Must climde a birds nest Soone when it is darke:</l>
 <l>I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:</l>
 <l>But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.</l>
 <l>Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Hie to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 6]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Frier and
 Romeo.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>

<l>So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,</l>
<l>That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<l>Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,</l>
<l>It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy</l>
<l>That one short minute giues me in her sight:</l>
<l>Do thou but close our hands with holy words,</l>
<l>Then Loue-deuouring death do what he dare,</l>
<l>It is inough. I may but call her mine.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
<l>These violent delights haue violent endes,</l>
<l>And in their triumph: die like fire and powder;</l>
<l>Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey</l>
<l>Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,</l>
<l>And in the taste confoundes the appetite.</l>
<l>Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth so,</l>
<l>Too swift arriues as tardie as too slow.</l>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iuliet.</stage>

<l>Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot</l>
<l>Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,</l>

<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">ff2</fw>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">A</fw>

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<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,</l>
<l>That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,</l>
<l>And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
<l>Good euen to my ghostly Confessor.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
<l>

<hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> shall thanke thee Daughter for vs

both.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
<l>As much to him, else in his thanks too much.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
<l>Ah <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>, if the measure of thy ioy</l>

<l>Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more</l>
<l>To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath</l>
<l>This neighbour ayre, and let rich musickes tongue,</l>
<l>Vnfold the imagin'd happinesse that both</l>
<l>Receiue in either, by this deere encounter.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-jul">

<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>

<l>Conceit more rich in matter then in words,</l>

<l>Braggs of his substance, not of Ornament:</l>

<l>They are but beggers that can count their worth,</l>

<l>But my true Loue is growne to such such excesse,</l>

<l>I cannot sum vp some of halfe my wealth.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">

<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>

<l>Come, come with me, & we will make short worke,</l>

<l>For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,</l>

<l>Till holy Church incorporate two in one.</l>

</sp>

</div>

</div>

<div type="act" n="3" rend="notPresent">

<div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Mercutio,

Benuolio, and men.</stage>

<sp who="#F-rom-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>

<l>I pray thee good <hi rend="italic">Mercutio</hi> lets

retire,</l>

<l>The day is hot, the <hi rend="italic">Capulets</hi>

abroad:</l>

<p>And if we meet, we shal not scape a brawle, for now these

<lb/>hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-mer">

<speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>

<p>Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he

<lb/>enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his Sword vpon

<lb/>the Table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and

by

<lb/>the operation of the second cup, draws him on the Draw-

<lb/>er, when indeed there is no need.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>

<p>Am I like such a Fellow?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-mer">

<speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <p>Come, come, thou art as hot a lacke in thy mood,
 <lb/>as any in <hi rend="italic">Italie</hi>: and assoone
 moued to be moodie, and as-
 <lb/>soone moodie to be mou'd.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>And what too?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <p>Nay, and there were two such, we should haue
 <lb/>none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou
 <lb/>wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire
 <lb/>lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a
 <lb/>man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but be-
 <lb/>cause thou hast hasell eyes: what eye, but such an eye,
 <lb/>would spie out such a quarrell? thy head is full of quar-
 <lb/>rels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin
 <lb/>beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: thou hast quar-
 <lb/>rel'd with a man for coffing in the street, because he hath
 <lb/>wakened thy Dog that hath laine asleepe in the Sun. Did'st
 <lb/>thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doub-
 <lb/>let before Easter? with another, for tying his new shooes
 <lb/>with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quar-
 <lb/>relling?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man
 <lb/>should buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a
 <lb/>quarter.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <p>The Fee-simple<c rend="italic">?</c> O simple.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Tybalt,
 Petruchio, and others.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>By my head here comes the Capulets.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <p>By my heele I care not.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-tyb">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tyb.</speaker>

<l>Follow me close, for I will speake to them.</l>
 <l>Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <p>And but one word with one of vs? couple it with
 <lb/>something, make it a word and a blow.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-tyb">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tib.</speaker>
 <p>You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you
 <lb/>will giue me occasion.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mercu.</speaker>
 <p>Could you not take some occasion without
 <lb/>giuing?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-tyb">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tib.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Mercutio</hi> thou consort'st with <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <p>Consort? what dost thou make vs Minstrels? &
 <lb/>thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but dis-
 <lb/>cords: heere's my fiddlesticke, heere's that shall make you
 <lb/>daunce. Come consort.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>We talke here in the publike haunt of men:</l>
 <l>Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,</l>
 <l>Or reason coldly of your greeuances:</l>
 <l>Or else depart, here all eies gaze on vs.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <l>Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.</l>
 <l>I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Romeo.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-tyb">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tib.</speaker>
 <l>Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">

<speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <l>But Ile be hang'd sir if he weare your Liuary:</l>
 <l>Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,</l>
 <l>Your worship in that sense, may call him man.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-tyb">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tib.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, the loue I beare thee, can affoord</l>
 <l>No better terme then this: Thou art a Villaine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Tibalt</hi>, the reason that I haue to loue thee,</l>
 <l>Doth much excuse the appertaining rage</l>
 <l>To such a greeting: Villaine am I none;</l>
 <l>Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-tyb">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tib.</speaker>
 <l>Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries</l>
 <l>That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>I do protest I neuer iniur'd thee,</l>
 <l>But lou'd thee better then thou can'st deuise:</l>
 <l>Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,</l>
 <l>And so good <hi rend="italic">Capulet</hi>, which name I
 tender</l>
 <l>As dearely as my owne, be satisfied.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <l>O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Alla stucatho</hi> carries it away.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi>, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-tyb">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tib.</speaker>
 <l>What wouldst thou haue with me?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <p>Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
 <lb/>liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall
 <lb/>vse me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you

<lb/>pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make
 <lb/>hast, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-tyb">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tib.</speaker>
 <p>I am for you.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <p>Gentle <hi rend="italic">Mercutio</hi>, put thy Rapier

vp.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <p>Come sir, your Passado.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Draw <hi rend="italic">Benuolio</hi>, beat downe their

weapons:</l>

<l>Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage,</l>
 <l>

<hi rend="italic">Tibalt, Mercutio</hi>, the Prince expresly hath</l>
 <l>Forbidden bandying in <hi rend="italic">Verona</hi>

streetes.</l>

<l>Hold <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi>, good <hi

rend="italic">Mercutio</hi>.</l>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Tybalt.</stage>

<sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <l>I am hurt.</l>
 <l>A plague a both the Houses, I am sped:</l>
 <l>Is he gone and hath nothing?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>What art thou hurt?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
 <l>I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis inough,</l>
 <l>Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>

pepper'd

<p>No: 'tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a
<lb/>Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill serue: aske for me to
<lb/>morrow, and you shall find me a graue man. I am

<lb/>I warrant, for this world: a plague a both your houses.
<lb/>What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to scratch a man to
<lb/>death: a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the
<lb/>booke of Arithmeticke, why the deu'le came you be-
<lb/>tweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">

<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>

<l>I thought all for the best.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-mer">

<speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>

<l>Helpe me into some house <hi

rend="italic">Benuolio</hi>,</l>

<l>Or I shall faint: a plague a both your houses.</l>

<l>They haue made wormes meat of me,</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0683-0.jpg" n="65"/>

<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>I haue it, and soundly to your Houses.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">

<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>

<l>This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,</l>

<l>My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt</l>

<l>In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd</l>

<l>With <hi rend="italic">Tibalts</hi> slaunder, <hi

rend="italic">Tybalt</hi> that an houre</l>

<l>Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet <hi

rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>,</l>

<l>Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,</l>

<l>And in my temper softned Valours steele.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter

Benuolio.</stage>

<sp who="#F-rom-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>

<l>O <hi rend="italic">Romeo, Romeo</hi>, braue <hi

rend="italic">Mercutio's</hi> is dead,</l>

<l>That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,</l>

<l>Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">

<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>

<|>This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doth depend,</|>
 <|>This but begins, the wo others must end.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Tybalt.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <|>Here comes the Furious <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi> backe
 againe.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <|>He gon in triumph, and <hi rend="italic">Mercutio</hi>
 slaine?</|>
 <|>Away to heauen respectiue Lenitie,</|>
 <|>And fire and Fury, be my conduct now.</|>
 <|>Now <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi> take the Villaine backe
 againe</|>
 <|>That late thou gau'st me, for <hi rend="italic">Mercutios</hi>
 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.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-tyb">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tib.</speaker>
 <|>Thou wretched Boy that didst consort him here,</|>
 <|>Shalt with him hence.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <|>This shall determine that.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They fight.
 Tybalt falles.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <|>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, away be gone:</|>
 <|>The Citizens are vp, and <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi>
 slaine,</|>
 <|>Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death</|>
 <|>If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <|>O! I am Fortunes foole.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <|>Why dost thou stay?</|>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Romeo.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Citizens.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cit">
 <speaker rend="italic">Citi.</speaker>
 <l>Which way ran he that kild <hi
 rend="italic">Mercutio</hi>?</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Tibalt</hi> that Murtherer, which way ran he?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>There lies that <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cit">
 <speaker rend="italic">Citi.</speaker>
 <l>Vp sir go with me:</l>
 <l>I charge thee in the Princes names obey.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prince, old
 Montague, Capulet, their
 <lb/>Wiues and all.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>O Noble Prince, I can discouer all</l>
 <l>The vnluckie Mannage of this fatall brall:</l>
 <l>There lies the man slaine by young <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo</hi>,</l>
 <l>That slew thy kinsman braue <hi
 rend="italic">Mercutio</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap. Wi.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi>, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,</l>
 <l>O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild</l>
 <l>Of my deare kinsman. Prince as thou art true,</l>
 <l>For bloud of ours, shed bloud of <hi
 rend="italic">Moutague</hi>.</l>
 <l>O Cozin, Cozin.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Benuolio</hi>, who began this Fray?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <|>
 <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi> here slaine, whom <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo's</hi> hand slay,</l>
 <|>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> that spoke him faire, bid him
 bethinke</l>
 <|>How nice the Quarrell was, and vrg'd withall</l>
 <|>Your high displeasure: all this vttered,</l>
 <|>With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd</l>
 <|>Could not take truce with the vnruely spleene</l>
 <|>Of <hi rend="italic">Tybalts</hi> deafe to peace, but that he
 Tilts</l>
 <|>With Peircing steele at bold <hi rend="italic">Mercutio's</hi>
 breast,</l>
 <|>Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,</l>
 <|>And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates</l>
 <|>Cold death aside, and with the other sends</l>
 <|>It back to <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi>, whose dexterity</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <|>Retorts it: <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> he cries aloud,</l>
 <|>Hold Friends, Friends part, and swifter then his tongue,</l>
 <|>His aged arme beats downe their fatall points,</l>
 <|>And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,</l>
 <|>An enuious thrust from <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi>, hit the
 life</l>
 <|>Of stout <hi rend="italic">Mercutio</hi>, and then <hi
 rend="italic">Tybalt</hi> fled.</l>
 <|>But by and by comes backe to <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo</hi>,</l>
 <|>Who had but newly entertained Reuenge,</l>
 <|>And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I</l>
 <|>Could draw to part them, was stout <hi
 rend="italic">Tybalt</hi> slaine:</l>
 <|>And as he fell, did <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> turne and
 flie:</l>
 <|>This is the truth, or let <hi rend="italic">Benuolio</hi>
 die.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap. Wi.</speaker>
 <|>He is a kinsman to the <hi rend="italic">Mountague</hi>,</l>
 <|>Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:</l>
 <|>Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,</l>
 <|>And all those twenty could but kill one life.</l>
 <|>I beg for Iustice, which thou Prince must giue:</l>
 <|>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> slew <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi>,&br/>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> must not liue.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> slew him, he slew <hi
 rend="italic">Mercutio</hi>,</l>
 <l>Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>Not <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> Prince, he was <hi
 rend="italic">Mercutios</hi> Friend,</l>
 <l>His fault concludes, but what the law should end,</l>
 <l>The life of <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>And for that offence,</l>
 <l>Immediately we doe exile him hence:</l>
 <l>I haue an interest in<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"
 resp="#ES"/>your hearts proceeding:</l>
 <l>My blood for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.</l>
 <l>But Ile Amerce you with so strong a fine,</l>
 <l>That you shall all repent the losse of mine.</l>
 <l>It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,</l>
 <l>Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.</l>
 <l>Therefore vse none, let <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> hence
 in hast,</l>
 <l>Else when he is found, that houre is his last.</l>
 <l>Beare hence his body, and attend our will:</l>
 <l>Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iuliet
 alone.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Gallop apace, you fiery footed <choice>
 <orig>fteedes</orig>
 <corr>steedes</corr>
 </choice>,</l>
 <l>Towards <hi rend="italic">Phæbus</hi> lodging, such a
 Wagoner</l>
 <l>As <hi rend="italic">Phaeton</hi> would whip you to the

west,</l>

<l>And bring in Cloudie night immediately.</l>
<l>Spred thy close Curtaine Loue-performing night,</l>
<l>That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and <hi

rend="italic">Romeo</hi>
</l>

<l>Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,</l>
<l>Louers can see to doe their Amorous rights,</l>
<l>And by their owne Beauties: or if Loue be blind,</l>
<l>It best agrees with night: come ciuill night,</l>
<l>Thou sober suted Matron all in blacke,</l>
<l>And learne me how to loose a winning match,</l>
<l>Plaid for a paire of stainesse Maidenhoods,</l>
<l>Hood my vnman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,</l>
<l>With thy Blacke mantle, till strange Loue grow bold,</l>
<l>Thinke true Loue acted simple modestie:</l>
<l>Come night, come <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, come thou

day in night,</l>

<l>For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night</l>
<l>Whiter then new Snow vpon a Rauens backe:</l>
<l>Come gentle night, come louing blackebrow'd night.</l>
<l>Giue me my <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, and when I shall

die,</l>

<l>Take him and cut him out in little starres,</l>
<l>And he will make the Face of heauen so fine,</l>
<l>That all the world will be in Loue with night,</l>
<l>And pay no worship to the Garish Sun.</l>
<l>O I haue bought the Mansion of a Loue,</l>
<l>But not possest it, and though I am sold,</l>
<l>Not yet enioy'd, so tedious is this day,</l>
<l>As is the night before some Festiuall,</l>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">ff3</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">To</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0684-0.jpg" n="66"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>
<l>To an impatient child that hath new robes</l>
<l>And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse:</l>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Nurse with

ords.</stage>

<l>And she brings newes and euery tongue that speaks</l>
<l>But <hi rend="italic">Romeos</hi>, name, speakes heauenly

eloquence<gap extent="1"

unit="chars"
reason="nonstandardCharacter"
agent="inkedSpacemaker"
resp="#ES"/>:</l>

<l>Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?</l>
<l>The Cords that <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> bid thee

fetch?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>I, I, the Cords.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iuli.</speaker>
 <l>Ay me, what newes?</l>
 <l>Whst thou wring thy hands.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>A welady, hee's dead, hee's dead,</l>
 <l>We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.</l>
 <l>Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Can heauen be so enuious?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> can,</l>
 <l>Though heauen cannot. O <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo</hi>,</l>
 <l>Who euer would haue thought it <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iuli.</speaker>
 <l>What diuell art thou,</l>
 <l>That dost torment me thus?</l>
 <l>This torture should be roar'd in dismall hell,</l>
 <l>Hath <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> slaine himselfe? say thou
 but I,</l>
 <l>And that bare vowell I shall poyson more</l>
 <l>Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,</l>
 <l>I am not I, if there be such an I.</l>
 <l>Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:</l>
 <l>If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.</l>
 <l>Briefe, sounds, determine of my weale or wo.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,</l>
 <l>God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,</l>
 <l>A pitteous Coarse, a bloody piteous Coarse:</l>
 <l>Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,</l>
 <l>All in gore blood, I sounded at the sight</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>O breake my heart,</l>
 <l>Poore Banckrout breake at once,</l>
 <l>To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.</l>
 <l>Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,</l>
 <l>And thou and <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> presse on heaue
beere.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>O <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi>, <hi
rend="italic">Tybalt</hi>, the best Friend I had:</l>
 <l>O curteous <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi> honest
Gentleman,</l>

<l>That euer I should liue to see thee dead.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?</l>
 <l>Is <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> slaughtred? and is <hi
rend="italic">Tybalt</hi> dead?</l>
 <l>My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord:</l>
 <l>Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome,</l>
 <l>For who is liuing, if those two are gone?</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi> is gone, and <hi
rend="italic">Romeo</hi> banished,</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> that kil'd him, he is banished.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>O God!</l>
 <l>Did <hi rend="italic">Rom'os</hi> hand shed <hi
rend="italic">Tybalts</hi> blood</l>
 <l>It did, it did, alas the day, it did.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>O Serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Did euer Dragon keepe so faire a Caue?</l>
 <l>Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall:</l>

<|>Rauenous Doue-feather'd Rauen,</|>
<|>Woluish-rauening Lambe,</|>
<|>Dispised substance of Diuineſt ſhow:</|>
<|>Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly 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.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-nur">

<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>

<|>There's no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men,</|>

<|>All periur'd, all forſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers,</|>

<cb n="2"/>

<|>Ah where's my man? giue me ſome Aqua-vitæ?</|>

<|>Theſe griefes, theſe woes, theſe ſorrowes make me old:</|>

<|>Shame come to <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-jul">

<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>

<|>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?</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-nur">

<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>

<|>Will you ſpeake well of him,</|>

<|>That kil'd your Cozen?</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-jul">

<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>

<|>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 <hi rend="italic">Tibalt</hi> would

haue ſlaine,</|>

<|>And <hi rend="italic">Tibalt</hi> dead that would haue
ſlaine my huſband:</|>

<|>All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?</|>

<|>Some words there was worser then <hi
 rend="italic">Tybalts</hi> death</l>
 <|>That murdered me, I would forget it feine,</l>
 <|>But oh, it presses to my memory,</l>
 <|>Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,</l>
 <|>
 <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi> is dead and <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo</hi> banished:</l>
 <|>That banished, that one word banished,</l>
 <|>Hath slaine ten thousand <hi rend="italic">Tibalts</hi>: <hi
 rend="italic">Tibalts</hi> death</l>
 <|>Was woe inough if it had ended there:</l>
 <|>Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,</l>
 <|>And needly will be rankt with other griefes,</l>
 <|>Why followed not when she said <hi
 rend="italic">Tibalts</hi> dead,</l>
 <|>Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,</l>
 <|>Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd.</l>
 <|>But which a rere-ward following <hi
 rend="italic">Tybalts</hi> death</l>
 <|>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> is banished to speake that word,</l>
 <|>Is Father, Mother, <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi>, <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>,</l>
 <|>All slaine, all dead: <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> is
 banished,</l>
 <|>There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,</l>
 <|>In that words death, no words can that woe sound.</l>
 <|>Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <|>Weeping and wailing ouer <hi rend="italic">Tybalts</hi>
 Coarse,</l>
 <|>Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iu.</speaker>
 <|>Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shal be spent</l>
 <|>When theirs are drie for <hi rend="italic">Romeo's</hi>
 banishment.</l>
 <|>Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,</l>
 <|>Both you and I for <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> is exild:</l>
 <|>He made you for a<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"
 resp="#ES"/>high-way to my bed,</l>
 <|>But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.</l>
 <|>Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,</l>

<l>And death not <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, take my
 Maiden head.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>Hie to your Chamber, Ile find <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>
 </l>
 <l>To comfort you, I wot well where he is:</l>
 <l>Harke ye your <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> will be heere at
 night,</l>
 <l>Ile to him, he is hid at <hi rend="italic">Lawrence</hi>
 Cell.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,</l>
 <l>And bid him come, to take his last farewell.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Frier and
 Romeo.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> come forth,</l>
 <l>Come forth thou fearfull man,</l>
 <l>Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:</l>
 <l>And thou art wedded to calamitie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Father what newes?</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">What</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0685-0.jpg" n="67"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>What is the Princes Doome<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 <l>What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,</l>
 <l>That I yet know not?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>Too familiar</l>
 <l>Is my deare Sonne with such sowre Company:</l>
 <l>I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<l>What lesse then Doomesday,</l>
<l>Is the Princes Doome?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
<l>A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,</l>
<l>Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<l>Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:</l>
<l>For exile hath more terror in his looke,</l>
<l>Much more then death: do not say banishment.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
<l>Here from <hi rend="italic">Verona</hi> art thou

banished:</l>

<l>Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<l>There is no world without <hi rend="italic">Verona</hi>

walles,</l>

<l>But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it selfe:</l>
<l>Hence banished, is banisht from the world,</l>
<l>And worlds exile is death. Then banished,</l>
<l>Is death, mistearm'd, calling death banished,</l>
<l>Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,</l>
<l>And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
<l>O deadly sin, O rude vnthankfulnessse!</l>
<l>Thy falt our Law calles death, but the kind Prince</l>
<l>Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the Law,</l>
<l>And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.</l>
<l>This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<l>'Tis Torture and not mercy, heauen is here</l>
<l>Where <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi> liues, and euery Cat and

Dog,</l>

<l>And little Mouse, euery vnworthy thing</l>
<l>Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her,</l>
<l>But <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> may not. More

Validitie,</l>

may seaze</l>
 hand,</l>
 banished.</l>

<l>More Honourable state, more Courtship liues</l>
 <l>In carrion Flies, then <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>: they
 <l>On the white wonder of deare <hi rend="italic">Iuliets</hi>
 <l>And steale immortall blessing from her lips,</l>
 <l>Who euen in pure and vestall modestie</l>
 <l>Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.</l>
 <l>This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,</l>
 <l>And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?</l>
 <l>But <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> may not, hee is
 <l>Hadst thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,</l>
 <l>No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,</l>
 <l>But banished to kill me? Banished?</l>
 <l>O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:</l>
 <l>Howlings attends it, how hast thou the hart</l>
 <l>Being a Diuine, a Ghostly Confessor,</l>
 <l>A Sin-Absoluer, and my Friend profest:</l>
 <l>To mangle me with that word, banished?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>Then fond Mad man, heare me speake.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,</l>
 <l>Aduersities sweete milke, Philosophie,</l>
 <l>To comfort thee, though thou art banished.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Yet banished<c rend="italic">?</c> hang vp Philosophie:</l>
 <l>Vnlesse <choice>
 <orig>Philosohpie</orig>
 <corr>Philosophie</corr>
 </choice> can make a <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>,</l>
 <l>Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes Doome,</l>
 <l>It helps not, it preuailles not, talke no more.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>O then I see, that Mad men haue no eares.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">

<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>How should they,</l>
 <l>When wisemen haue no eyes?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>Let me dispaire with thee of thy estate,</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Thou can'st not speake of that y<c rend="superscript">u</c>
 dost not feele,</l>
 <l>Wert thou as young as <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi> my
 Loue:</l>
 <l>An houre but married, <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi>
 murdered,</l>
 <l>Doting like me, and like me banished,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Then mightest thou speake,</l>
 <l>Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,</l>
 <l>And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,</l>
 <l>Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Nurse, and
 knockes.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Frier.</speaker>
 <l>Arise one knockes,</l>
 <l>Good <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> hide thy selfe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Not I,</l>
 <l>Vnlesse the breath of Hartsicke groanes</l>
 <l>Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Knocke</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>Harke how they knocke:</l>
 <l>(Who's there) <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> arise,</l>
 <l>Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp:</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
 type="business">Knocke.</stage>
 <l>Run to my study: by and by, Gods will</l>
 <l>What simplenesse is this: I come, I come.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
 type="business">Knocke.</stage>
 <l>Who knocks so hard<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>

<l>Whence come you? what's your will?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Nurse.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>Let me come in,</l>
 <l>And you shall know my errand:</l>
 <l>I come from Lady <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>Welcome then.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,</l>
 <l>Where's my Ladies Lord? where's <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>There on the ground,</l>
 <l>With his owne teares made drunke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>O he is euen in my Mistresse case,</l>
 <l>Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy:</l>
 <l>Pittious predicament, euen so lies she,</l>
 <l>Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,</l>
 <l>Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,</l>
 <l>For <hi rend="italic">Iuliets</hi> sake, for her sake rise and
 stand:</l>
 <l>Why should you fall into so deepe an O.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Nurse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Speak'st thou of <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>? how is it with
 her?</l>
 <l>Doth not she thinke me an old Murtherer,</l>
 <l>Now I haue stain'd the Childhood of our ioy,</l>
 <l>With blood remoued, but little from her owne?</l>

<l>Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes</l>
 <l>My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Loue?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,</l>
 <l>And now fals on her bed, and then starts vp,</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi> calls, and then on <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo</hi> cries,</l>
 <l>And then downe falls againe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ro.</speaker>
 <l>As if that name shot from the dead leuell of a Gun,</l>
 <l>Did murder her, as that names cursed hand</l>
 <l>Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,</l>
 <l>In what vile part of this Anatomie</l>
 <l>Doth my name lodge<c rend="italic">?</c> Tell me, that I
 may sacke</l>
 <l>The hatefull Mansion.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>Hold thy desperate hand:</l>
 <l>Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:</l>
 <l>Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote</l>
 <l>The vnreasonable Furie of a beast.</l>
 <l>Vnseemely woman, in a seeming man,</l>
 <l>And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,</l>
 <l>Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,</l>
 <l>I thought thy disposition better temper'd.</l>
 <l>Hast thou slaine <hi rend="italic">Tybalt?</hi> wilt thou slay
 thy selfe?</l>
 <l>And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,</l>
 <l>By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?</l>
 <l>Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Since</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0686-0.jpg" n="68"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three do meete</l>
 <l>In thee at once, which thou at once would'st loose.</l>
 <l>Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,</l>
 <l>Which like a Vsurer abound'st in all:</l>
 <l>And vsest none in that true vse indeed,</l>
 <l>Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:</l>
 <l>Thy Noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,</l>
 <l>Digressing from the Valour of a man,</l>
 <l>Thy deare Loue sworne but hollow periurie,</l>
 <l>Killing that Loue which thou hast vow'd to cherish.</l>

<|>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 <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi> is
 aliue,</|>
 <|>For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.</|>
 <|>There art thou happy. <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi> would
 kill thee,</|>
 <|>But thou slew'st <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi>, 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 <hi
 rend="italic">Mantua</hi>,</|>
 <|>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.</|>
 <|>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> is comming.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <|>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.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <|>Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <|>Heere sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir:</|>
 <|>Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late.</|>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>Go hence,</l>
 <l>Goodnight, and here stands all your state:</l>
 <l>Either be gone before the watch be set,</l>
 <l>Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence,</l>
 <l>Soiourne in <hi rend="italic">Mantua</hi>, Ile find out your
 man,</l>
 <l>And he shall signifie from time to time,</l>
 <l>Euery good hap to you, that chaunces heere:</l>
 <l>Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>But that a ioy past ioy, calls out on me,</l>
 <l>It were a griefe, so briefe to part with thee:</l>
 <l>Farewell.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 4]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter old Capulet,
 his Wife and Paris.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>Things haue falne out sir so vnluckily,</l>
 <l>That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:</l>
 <l>Looke you, she Lou'd her kinsman <hi
 rend="italic">Tybalt</hi> dearely,</l>
 <l>And so did I. Well, we were borne to die.</l>
 <l>'Tis very late, she'l not come downe to night:</l>
 <l>I promise you, but for your company,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-par">
 <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
 <l>These times of wo, affoord no times to wooe:</l>
 <l>Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
 <l>I will, and know her mind early to morrow,</l>
 <l>To night, she is mew'd vp to her heauinesse.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>, I will make a desperate
 tender</l>
 <l>Of my Childes loue: I thinke she will be rul'd</l>
 <l>In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.</l>
 <l>Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,</l>
 <l>Acquaint her here, of my Sonne <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>
 Loue,</l>
 <l>And bid her, marke you me, on Wendsday next,</l>
 <l>But soft, what day is this?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-par">
 <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
 <l>Monday my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>Monday, ha ha: well Wendsday is too soone,</l>
 <l>A Thursday let it be: a Thursday tell her,</l>
 <l>She shall be married to this Noble Earle:</l>
 <l>Will you be ready? do you like this hast<c
 rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 <l>Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,</l>
 <l>For harke you, <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi> being slaine so
 late,</l>
 <l>It may be thought we held him carelesly,</l>
 <l>Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:</l>
 <l>Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen Friends,</l>
 <l>And there an end. But what say you to Thursday<c
 rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-par">
 <speaker rend="italic">Paris.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord,</l>
 <l>I would that Thursday were to morrow.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:</l>
 <l>Go you to <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi> ere you go to bed,</l>
 <l>Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.</l>
 <l>Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,</l>
 <l>Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by,</l>
 <l>Goodnight.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>

```

<div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 5]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Romeo and
Iuliet aloft.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
    <l>Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:</l>
    <l>It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,</l>
    <l>That pier'st the fearefull hollow of thine eare,</l>
    <l>Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,</l>
    <l>Beleue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
    <l>It was the Larke the Herauld of the Morne:</l>
    <l>No Nightingale: looke Loue what enuious streakes</l>
    <l>Do lace the seuering Cloudes in yonder East:</l>
    <l>Nights Candles are burnt out, and Iocond day</l>
    <l>Stands tipto on the mistie Mountaines tops,</l>
    <l>I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
    <l>Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:</l>
    <l>It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,</l>
    <l>To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,</l>
    <l>And light thee on thy way to <hi
rend="italic">Mantua</hi>.</l>
    <l>Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not be gone,</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
    <l>Let me be tane, let me be put to death,</l>
    <l>I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.</l>
    <l>Ile say yon gray is not the mornings eye,</l>
    <l>'Tis but the pale reflexe of <hi rend="italic">Cinthias</hi>
brow.</l>
    <l>Nor that is not Larke whose noates do beate</l>
    <l>The vaulty heauen so high aboue our heads,</l>
    <l>I haue more care to stay, then will to go:</l>
    <l>Come death and welcome, <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi> wills
it so.</l>
    <l>How ist my soule, lets talke, it is not day.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iuli.</speaker>
    <l>It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:</l>
    <l>It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,</l>
    <l>Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.</l>
    <l>Some say the Larke makes sweete Diuision;</l>

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<l>This doth not so: for she diuideth vs.</l>
 <l>Some say, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,</l>
 <l>O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Since</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0687-0.jpg" n="69"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,</l>
 <l>Hunting thee hence, with Hunt s-vp to the day,</l>
 <l>O now be gone, more light and it light growes.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>More light & light, more darke & darke our
 woes.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Madam and
 Nurse.</stage>

<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>Madam.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Nurse.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,</l>
 <l>The day is broke, be wary, looke about.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Then window let day in, and let life out.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Art thou gone so? Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,</l>
 <l>I must heare from thee euey day in the houre,</l>
 <l>For in a minute there are many dayes,</l>
 <l>O by this count I shall be much in yeares,</l>
 <l>Ere I againe behold my <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Farewell:</l>

<l>I will omit no oportunitie,</l>
 <l>That may conuey my greetings Loue, to thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>O thinkest thou we shall euer meet againe?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue</l>
 <l>For sweet discourses in our time to come.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iuliet.</speaker>
 <l>O God! I haue an ill Diuining soule,</l>
 <l>Me thinks I see thee now, thou art so lowe,</l>
 <l>As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,</l>
 <l>Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look'st pale.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>And trust me Loue, in my eye so do you:</l>
 <l>Drie sorrow drinckes our blood. Adue, adue.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,</l>
 <l>If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him</l>
 <l>That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:</l>
 <l>For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,</l>
 <l>But send him backe.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Mother.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lad.</speaker>
 <l>Ho Daughter, are you vp?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul:</speaker>
 <l>Who ist that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.</l>
 <l>Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?</l>
 <l>What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lad.</speaker>
 <l>Why how now <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>

<l>Madam I am not well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-lac">
<speaker rend="italic">Lad.</speaker>
<l>Euermore weeping for your Cozins death<c
rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
<l>What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?</l>
<l>And if thou couldst, thou could'st not make him liue:</l>
<l>Therefore haue done, some grieffe shewes much of Loue,</l>
<l>But much of grieffe, shewes still some want of wit.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
<l>Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-lac">
<speaker rend="italic">Lad.</speaker>
<l>So shall you feele the losse, but not the Friend</l>
<l>Which you weepe for.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
<l>Feeling so the losse,</l>
<l>I cannot chuse but euer weepe the Friend.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-lac">
<speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
<l>Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,</l>
<l>As that the Villaine liues which slaughter'd him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
<l>What Villaine, Madam?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-lac">
<speaker rend="italic">Lad.</speaker>
<l>That same Villaine <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
<l>Villaine and he, be many Miles assunder:</l>
<l>God pardon, I doe with all my heart:</l>
<l>And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-lac">
<speaker rend="italic">Lad.</speaker>
<l>That is because the Traitor liues.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">

Iul.
<I>I Madam from the reach of these my hands:</I>
<I>Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.</I>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-lac">
<speaker rend="italic">Lad.</speaker>
<I>We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.</I>
<I>Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,</I>
<I>Where that same banisht Run-agate doth liue,</I>
<I>Shall giue him such an vnaccustom'd dram,</I>
<I>That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt*
company:</I>
<I>And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.</I>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
<I>Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied</I>
<I>With *Romeo*, till I behold him.
Dead</I>
<I>Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:</I>
<I>Madam, if you could find out but a man</I>
<I>To beare a poyson, I would temper it;</I>
<I>That *Romeo* should vpon receipt
thereof,</I>
<I>Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors</I>
<I>To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,</I>
<I>To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin,</I>
<I>Vpon his body that hath slaughter'd him.</I>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mon">
<speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
<I>Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man.</I>
<I>But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.</I>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
<I>And ioy comes well, in such a needy time,</I>
<I>What are they, beseech your Ladyship?</I>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mon">
<speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
<I>Well, well, thou hast a carefull Father Child?</I>
<I>One who to put thee from thy heauinesse,</I>
<I>Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,</I>
<I>That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.</I>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>

<l>Madam in happy time, what day is this?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
 <l>Marry my Child, early next Thursday morne,</l>
 <l>The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,</l>
 <l>The Countie <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> at Saint <hi
 rend="italic">Peters</hi> Church,</l>
 <l>Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Now by Sain<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="stain"
 resp="#ES"/>
 <hi rend="italic">Peters</hi> Church, and <hi
 rend="italic">Peter</hi> too,</l>
 <l>He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.</l>
 <l>I wonder at this hast, that I must wed</l>
 <l>Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe:</l>
 <l>I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,</l>
 <l>I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare</l>
 <l>It shallbe <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, whom you know I
 hate</l>
 <l>Rather then Paris. These are newes indeed.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
 <l>Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,</l>
 <l>And see how he will take it at your hands.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Capulet and
 Nurse.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizzle daew</l>
 <l>But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne,</l>
 <l>It rains downright.</l>
 <l>How now<c rend="italic">?</c> A Conduit Gyrle, what still
 in teares?</l>
 <l>Euermore showing in one little body?</l>
 <l>Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:</l>
 <l>For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,</l>
 <l>Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is</l>
 <l>Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,</l>
 <l>Who raging with the teares and they with them,</l>
 <l>Without a sudden calme will ouer set</l>
 <l>Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife?</l>

<l>Haue you deliuered to her our decree?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
 <l>I sir;</l>
 <l>But she will none, she giues you thanks,</l>
 <l>I would the foole were married to her graue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,</l>
 <l>How, will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?</l>
 <l>Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,</l>
 <l>Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought</l>
 <l>So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroom</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Not proud you haue,</l>
 <l>But thankfull that you haue:</l>
 <l>Proud can I neuer be of what I haue,</l>
 <l>But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>How now?</l>
 <l>How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?</l>
 <l>Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not.</l>
 <l>Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouids,</l>
 <l>But fettle your fine ioints 'gainst Thursday next,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">To</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0688-0.jpg" n="70"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>To go with <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> to Saint <hi
 rend="italic">Peters</hi> Church:</l>
 <l>Or I will drag thee on a Hurdle thither.</l>
 <l>Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,</l>
 <l>You tallow face.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
 <l>Fie, fie, what are you mad?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Good Father, I beseech you on my knees</l>
 <l>Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">

<speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
<|>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.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
<|>God in heauen blesse her,</|>
<|>You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-cap">
<speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
<|>And why my Lady wisdom? hold your tongue,</|>
<|>Good Prudence, smatter with your gossip, go.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
<|>I speak no treason,</|>
<|>Father, O Godigoden,</|>
<|>May not one speake?</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-cap">
<speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
<|>Peace you mumbling foole,</|>
<|>Vtter your grautie ore a Gossips bowles</|>
<|>For here we need it not.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-lac">
<speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
<|>You are too hot.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-cap">
<speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
<|>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 resp="#ES">Here the page begins to be torn, increasingly obscuring the first letters of each line.</note>

<|>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<gap extent="1"

unit="chars"

reason="absent"

agent="torn"

resp="#ES"/>ust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-rom-jul">

<speaker rend="italic">Iuli.</speaker>

<|>Is there no pittie sitting in the Cloudes,</|>

<|>That sees into the bottome of my grieffe?</|>

<|>

<gap extent="2"

unit="chars"

reason="absent"

agent="torn"

resp="#ES"/>sweet my Mother cast me not away,</|>

<|>

<gap extent="2"

unit="chars"

reason="absent"

agent="torn"

resp="#ES"/>lay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,</|>

<|>

<gap extent="1"

unit="words"

reason="absent"

agent="torn"

resp="#ES"/>if you do not, make the Bridall bed</|>

<|>

<gap extent="1"

unit="words"

reason="absent"

agent="torn"

resp="#ES"/> that dim Monument where <hi

rend="italic">Tybalt</hi> lies.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-mon">

<speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>

<|>Talke not to me, for Ile not speake a word,</l>
 <|>
 <gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="absent"
 agent="torn"
 resp="#ES"/>o as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <|>O God!</l>
 <|>O Nurse, how shall this be preuented?</l>
 <|>My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,</l>
 <|>How shall that faith returne againe to earth,</l>
 <|>Vnlesse that Husband send it me from heauen,</l>
 <|>By leauing earth? Comfort me, counsaile me:</l>
 <|>Hlacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagems</l>
 <|>Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.</l>
 <|>What faist thou? hast thou not a word of ioy?</l>
 <|>Some comfort Nurse.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <|>Faith here it is,</l>
 <|>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> is banished, and all the world to
 nothing,</l>
 <|>That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:</l>
 <|>Or if he do, it need must be by stealth.</l>
 <|>Then since the case so stands as now it doth,</l>
 <|>I thinke it best you married with the Countie,</l>
 <|>O hee's a Louely Gentleman:</l>
 <|>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeos</hi> a dish-clout to him: an Eagle
 Madam</l>
 <|>Hath not so Greene, so quicke, so faire an eye</l>
 <|>As <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> hath, beshrow my very
 heart,</l>
 <|>I thinke you are happy in this second match,</l>
 <|>For it excels your first: or if it did not,</l>
 <|>Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,</l>
 <|>As liuing here and you no vse of him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <|>Speakest thou from thy heart<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>

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<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
  <l>And from my soule too,</l>
  <l>Or else beshrew them both.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
  <l>Amen.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
  <l>What?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
  <l>Well, thou hast comforted me marue'lous much,</l>
  <l>Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,</l>
  <l>Hauing displeas'd my Father, to <hi
rend="italic">Lawrence</hi> Cell,</l>
  <l>To make confession, and to be absolu'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
  <l>Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
  <l>Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend!</l>
  <l>It is more sin to wish me thus forsworne,</l>
  <l>Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue</l>
  <l>Which she hath prais'd him with aboue compare,</l>
  <l>So many thousand times? Go Counsellor,</l>
  <l>Thou and my bosome henchforth shall be twaine:</l>
  <l>Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,</l>
  <l>If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="4" rend="notPresent">
  <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Frier and
Countie Paris.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
      <l>On Thursday sir? the time is very short.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-rom-par">
      <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>

```

<l>My Father <hi rend="italic">Capulet</hi> will haue it so,</l>
<l>And I am nothing slow to slack his hast.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
<l>You say you do not know the Ladies mind?</l>
<l>Vneuen is the course, I like it not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-par">
<speaker rend="italic">Pa.</speaker>
<l>Immoderately she weepes for <hi rend="italic">Tybalts</hi>
death,</l>
<l>And therefore haue I little talke of Loue,</l>
<l>For <hi rend="italic">Venus</hi> smiles not in a house of
teares.</l>
<l>Now sir, her Father counts it dangerous</l>
<l>That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway:</l>
<l>And in his wisdom, hasts our marriage,</l>
<l>To stop the inundation of her teares,</l>
<l>Which too much minded by her selfe alone,</l>
<l>May be put from her by societie.</l>
<l>Now doe you know the reason of this hast?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
<l>I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.</l>
<l>Looke sir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iuliet.</stage>
<sp who="#F-rom-par">
<speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
<l>Happily met, my Lady and my wife.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
<l>That may be sir, when I may be a wife.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-par">
<speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
<l>That may be, must be Loue, on Thursday next.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
<l>What must be shall be.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
<l>That's a certaine text.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-par">

Par.
<l>Come you to make confession to this Father?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 Iul.
 <l>To answere that, I should confesse to you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-par">
 Par.
 <l>Do not denie to him, that you Loue me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 Iul.
 <l>I will confesse to you that I Loue him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-par">
 Par.
 <l>So will ye, I am sure that you Loue me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 Iul.
 <l>If I do so, it will be of more price,</l>
 <l>Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-par">
 Par.
 <l>Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">Iuli</hi>. The</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0689-0.jpg" n="71"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 Iul.
 <l>The teares haue got small victorie by that:</l>
 <l>For it was bad inough before their spight.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-par">
 Pa.
 <l>Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 Iul.
 <l>That is no slaunder sir, which is a truth,</l>
 <l>And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-par">
 Par.
 <l>Thy face is mine, and thou hast slaundred it.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>It may be so, for it is not mine owne.</l>
 <l>Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,</l>
 <l>Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>My leisure serues me pensiuue daughter now.</l>
 <l>My Lord you must intreat the time alone.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-par">
 <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
 <l>Godsheild: I should disturbe Deuotion,</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,</l>
 <l>Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Paris.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,</l>
 <l>Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>O <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>, I alreadie know thy
 grieve,</l>
 <l>It streames me past the compasse of my wits:</l>
 <l>I heare thou must and nothing may prorogue it,</l>
 <l>On Thursday next be married to this Countie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this,</l>
 <l>Vnlesse thou tell me how I may preuent it:</l>
 <l>If in thy wisdom, thou canst giue no helpe,</l>
 <l>Do thou but call my resolution wise,</l>
 <l>And with' his knife, Ile helpe it presently.</l>
 <l>God ioynd my heart, and <hi rend="italic">Romeos</hi>,
 thou our hands,</l>
 <l>And ere this hand by thee to <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>
 seal'd:</l>
 <l>Shall be the Labell to another Deede,</l>
 <l>Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,</l>
 <l>Turne to another, this shall slay them both:</l>
 <l>Therefore out of thy long <choice>
 <orig>expetien'st</orig>
 <corr>experien'st</corr>

</choice> time,</l>

<l>Giue me some present counsell, or behold</l>
<l>Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife</l>
<l>Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,</l>
<l>Which the commission of thy yeares and art,</l>
<l>Could to no issue of true honour bring:</l>
<l>Be not so long to speak, I long to die,</l>
<l>If what thou speakst, speake not of remedy.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">

<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>

<l>Hold Daughter, I doe spie a kind of hope,</l>

<l>Which craues as desperate an execution,</l>

<l>As that is desperate which we would preuent.</l>

<l>If rather then to marrie Countie <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>

</l>

<l>Thou hast the strength of will to stay thy selfe,</l>

<l>Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake</l>

<l>A thing like death to chide away this shame,</l>

<l>That coap'st with death himselfe, to scape fro it:</l>

<l>And if thou dar'st, Ile giue thee remedie.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-jul">

<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>

<l>Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie <hi

rend="italic">Paris</hi>,</l>

<l>From of the Battlements of any Tower,</l>

<l>Or walke in theeuish waies, or bid me lurke</l>

<l>Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares</l>

<l>Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,</l>

<l>Orecovered quite with dead mens ratling bones,</l>

<l>With reckie shankes and yellow chappels skulls:</l>

<l>Or bid me go into a new made graue,</l>

<l>And hide me with a dead man in his graue,</l>

<l>Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,</l>

<l>And I will doe it without feare or doubt,</l>

<l>To liue an vnstained wife to my sweet Loue.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">

<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>

<l>Hold then: goe home, be merrie, giue consent,</l>

<l>To marrie <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>: wensday is to

morrow,</l>

<l>To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,</l>

<l>Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:</l>

<l>Take thou this Violl being then in bed,</l>

<l>And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,</l>

<l>When presently through all thy veines shall run,</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse</l>

<|>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 likenesse 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 <hi rend="italic">Capulets</hi>

lie,</|>

<|>In the meane time against thou shalt awake,</|>
<|>Shall <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> by my Letters know our

drift,</|>

<|>And hither shall he come, and that very night</|>
<|>Shall <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> beare thee hence to <hi
rend="italic">Mantua</hi>.</|>

<|>And this shall free thee from this present shame,</|>
<|>If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,</|>
<|>Abate thy valour in the acting it.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-jul">

<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>

<|>Giue me, giue me, O tell me not of care.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">

<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>

<|>Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous:</|>

<|>In this resolute, Ile send a Frier with speed</|>

<|>To <hi rend="italic">Mantua</hi> with my Letters to thy

Lord.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-jul">

<speaker rend="italic">Iu.</speaker>

<|>Loue giue me strength,</|>

<|>And strength shall helpe afford:</|>

<|>Farewell deare father.</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Father

Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and

```
<lb/>Seruing men, two or three.</stage>
<sp who="#F-rom-cap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
  <l>So many guests inuite as here are writ,</l>
  <l>Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <p>You shall haue none ill sir, for Ile trie if they can
    <lb/>licke their fingers.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-cap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
  <l>How canst thou trie them so?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <p>Marrie sir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his
    <lb/>owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers
    <lb/>goes not with me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-cap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
  <p>Go be gone, we shall be much vn furnisht for this
    <lb/>time: what is my Daughter gone to Frier <hi
rend="italic">Lawrence</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
  <l>I forsooth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-cap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
  <l>Well he may chance to do some good on her,</l>
  <l>A peeuish selfe-wild harlotry it is.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iuliet.</stage>
<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
  <l>See where she comes from shrift</l>
  <l>With merrie looke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-cap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
  <l>How now my headstrong,</l>
  <l>Where haue you bin gadding?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
```

<l>Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin</l>
 <l>Of disobedient opposition:</l>
 <l>To you and your behests, and am enioyn'd</l>
 <l>By holy <hi rend="italic">Lawrence</hi>, to fall prostrate
 here,</l>

<l>To beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you,</l>
 <l>Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,</l>
 <l>Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>I met the youthfull Lord at <hi rend="italic">Lawrence</hi>

Cell,</l>

<l>And gaue him what becomed Loue I might,</l>
 <l>Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">This</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0690-0.jpg" n="72"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>This is as't should be, let me see the County:</l>
 <l>I marrie go I say, and fetch him hither.</l>
 <l>Now afore God, this reueren'd holy Frier,</l>
 <l>All our whole Cittie is much bound to him.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Nurse will you goe with me into my Closet,</l>
 <l>To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,</l>
 <l>As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
 <l>No not till Thursday, there's time inough.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
 <l>Go Nurse, go with her,</l>
 <l>Weele to Church to morrow.</l>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt Iuliet and
 Nurse.</stage>

<sp who="#F-rom-mon">

<speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
 <l>We shall be short in our prouision,</l>
 <l>'Tis now neere night.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
 <l>Tush, I will stirre about,</l>
 <l>And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:</l>
 <l>Go thou to <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>, helpe to decke vp
 her,</l>
 <l>Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:</l>
 <l>Ile play the huswife for this once. What ho?</l>
 <l>They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe</l>
 <l>To Countie <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>, to prepare him
 vp</l>
 <l>Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,</l>
 <l>Since this same way-ward Gyrle is so reclaim'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt Father and
 Mother.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iuliet and
 Nurse.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse</l>
 <l>I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:</l>
 <l>For I haue need of many Orysons,</l>
 <l>To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,</l>
 <l>Which well thou know'st, is crosse and full of sin.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Mother.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
 <l>What are you busie ho? need you my help?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>No Madam, we haue cul'd such necessaries</l>
 <l>As are behouefull for our state to morrow:</l>
 <l>So please you, let me now be left alone;</l>
 <l>And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,</l>
 <l>For I am sure, you haue your hands full all,</l>
 <l>In this so sudden businesse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
 <l>Goodnight.</l>

<|>Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.</|>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
<speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
<|>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 <hi
rend="italic">Romeo</hi>?</|>
<|>I feare it is, and yet me thinks 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 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>
</|>
<|>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 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>
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,</|>
<cb n="2"/>
<|>Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones</|>
<|>Of all my buried Auncestors are packt,</|>
<|>Where bloody <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi>, 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 <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi> from
his shrow'd?</|>

<l>And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,</l>
 <l>As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines.</l>
 <l>O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,</l>
 <l>Seeking out <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> that did spit his
 body</l>
 <l>Vpon my Rapiers point: stay <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi>,
 stay;</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo, Romeo, Romeo</hi>, here's drinke: I drinke
 to thee.</l>
 </sp>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 4]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lady of the
 house, and Nurse.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
 <l>Hold,</l>
 <l>Take these keies, and fetch more spices Nurse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter old
 Capulet.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>Come, stir stir stir,</l>
 <l>The second Cocke hath Crow'd,</l>
 <l>The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:</l>
 <l>Looke to the bakte meates, good <hi
 rend="italic">Angelica</hi>,</l>
 <l>Spare not for cost.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>Go you Cot-queane, go,</l>
 <l>Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow</l>
 <l>For this nights watching.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>No not a whit: what? I haue watcht ere now</l>
 <l>All night for lesse cause, and nere beene sicke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
 <l>I you haue bin a Mouse-hunt in your time,</l>

<l>But I will watch you from such watching now.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Lady and
 Nurse.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>A iealous hood, a iealous hood,</l>
 <l>Now fellow, what there?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter three or foure
 with spits, and logs, and baskets.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fel.</speaker>
 <l>Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>Make hast, make hast, sirrah, fetch drier Logs.</l>
 <l>Call <hi rend="italic">Peter</hi>, he will shew thee where
 they are.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fel.</speaker>
 <l>I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,</l>
 <l>And neuer trouble <hi rend="italic">Peter</hi> for the
 matter.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,</l>
 <l>Thou shalt be loggerhead; good Father, 'tis day.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Play
 Musicke</stage>
 <l>The Countie will be here with Musicke straight,</l>
 <l>For so he said he would, I heare him neere,</l>
 <l>Nurse, wife, what ho? what Nurse I say?</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Nurse.</stage>
 <l>Go waken <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>, go and trim her
 vp,</l>
 <l>Ile go and chat with <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>: hie, make
 hast,</l>
 <l>Make hast, the Bridegroom, he is come already:</l>
 <l>Make hast I say.</l>
 </sp>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 5]</head>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>Mistris, what Mistris? <hi rend="italic">Iuliet?</hi> Fast I

warrant her she.</l>
 sluggabed,</l>
 why Bride?</l>
 rest,</l>

<l>Why Lambe, why Lady<c rend="inverted"?</c> fie you
 <l>Why Loue I say<c rend="italic"?</c> Madam, sweet heart:
 <l>What not a word? You take your peniworths now.</l>
 <l>Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant</l>
 <l>The Countie <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> hath set vp his
 <l>That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me:</l>
 <l>Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe?</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0691-0.jpg" n="73"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,</l>
 <l>I, let the Countie take you in your bed,</l>
 <l>Heele fright you vp yfaith. Will it not be?</l>
 <l>What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?</l>
 <l>I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?</l>
 <l>Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead,</l>
 <l>Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,</l>
 <l>Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
 <l>What noise is heere?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Mother.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>O lamentable day.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
 <l>What is the matter?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>Looke, looke, oh heauie day.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
 <l>O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:</l>
 <l>Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:</l>
 <l>Helpe, helpe, call helpe.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Father.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>

is come.</l> <l>For shame bring <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi> forth, her Lord

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-nur">

<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>

<l>Shee's dead: deceast, shee's dead: alacke the day.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-mus.1">

<speaker rend="italic">M.</speaker>

<l>Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-cap">

<speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>

<l>Ha? Let me see her: out alas shee's cold,</l>

<l>Her blood is setled and her ioynts are stiffe:</l>

<l>Life and these lips haue long bene sep erated:</l>

<l>Death lies on her like an vntimely frost</l>

<l>Vpon the swetest flower of all the field.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-nur">

<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>

<l>O Lamentable day!</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-mon">

<speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>

<l>O wofull time.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-cap">

<speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>

<l>Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,</l>

<l>Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Frier and the Countie.</stage>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">

<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>

<l>Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-cap">

<speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>

<l>Ready to go, but neuer to returne.</l>

<l>O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,</l>

<l>Hath death laine with thy wife: there she lies,</l>

<l>Flower as she was, deflowred by him.</l>

<l>Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,</l>

<l>My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,</l>

<l>And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-par">

<speaker rend="italic">Pa.</speaker>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-mon">

<speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>

<l>Accur'st, vnhappy, wretched hatefull day</l>

<l>Most miserable houre, that ere time saw</l>

<l>In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage.</l>

<l>But one, poore one, one poore and louing Child,</l>

<l>But one thing to reioyce and solace in,</l>

<l>And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-nur">

<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>

<l>O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day</l>

<l>Most lamentable day, most wofull day,</l>

<l>That euer, euer, I did yet behold.</l>

<l>O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,</l>

<l>Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this:</l>

<l>O wofull day, O wofull day.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-par">

<speaker rend="italic">Pa.</speaker>

<l>Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,</l>

<l>Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,</l>

<l>By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne:</l>

<l>O loue, O life; not life, but loue in death.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-cap">

<speaker rend="italic">Fat.</speaker>

<l>Despis'd, distressed, hated, martir'd, kil'd,</l>

<l>Vncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now</l>

<l>To murder, murder our solemnitie?</l>

<l>O Child, O Child; my soule, and not my Child,</l>

<l>Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead,</l>

<l>And with my Child, my ioyes are buried.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">

<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>

<l>Peace ho for shame, confusions: Care liues not</l>

<l>In these confusions, heauen and your selfe</l>

<l>Had part in this faire Maid, now heauen hath all,</l>

<l>And all the better is it for the Maid:</l>

<l>Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>But heauen keepes his part in eternall life:</l>

<l>The most you sought was her promotion,</l>

<l>For 'twas your heauen, she shouldst be aduan'st,</l>

<l>And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduan'st</l>

<l>Aboue the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it selfe?</l>

<l>O in this loue, you loue your Child so ill,</l>
<l>That you run mad, seeing that she is well:</l>
<l>Shee's not well married, that liues married long,</l>
<l>But shee's best married, that dies married yong.</l>
<l>Drie vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie</l>
<l>On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,</l>
<l>And in her best array beare her to Church:</l>
<l>For though some Nature bids all vs lament,</l>
<l>Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-cap">

<speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">

<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>

<l>Sir go you in; and Madam, go with him,</l>
<l>And go sir <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>, euery one

prepare</l>

<l>To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:</l>
<l>The heauens do lowre vpon you, for some ill:</l>
<l>Moue them no more, by crossing their high will.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>

<sp who="#F-rom-mus">

<speaker rend="italic">Mu.</speaker>

<l>Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-nur">

<speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-mus">

<speaker rend="italic">Mu.</speaker>

<l>I by my troth, the case may be amended.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Peter.</stage>

<sp who="#F-rom-pet">

<speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>

<l>Musitions, oh Musitions,</l>
<l>Hearts ease, hearts ease,</l>
<l>O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-mus">
<speaker rend="italic">Mu.</speaker>
<l>Why hearts ease;</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-pet">
<speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
<l>O Musitions,</l>
<l>Because my heart it selfe plaies, my heart is full.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mus">
<speaker rend="italic">Mu.</speaker>
<l>Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-pet">
<speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
<l>You will not then?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mus">
<speaker rend="italic">Mu.</speaker>
<l>No.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-pet">
<speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
<l>I will then giue it you soundly.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mus">
<speaker rend="italic">Mu.</speaker>
<l>What will you giue vs?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-pet">
<speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
<l>No money on my faith, but the gleeke.</l>
<l>I will giue you the Minstrell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mus">
<speaker rend="italic">Mu.</speaker>
<l>Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-pet">
<speaker rend="italic">Peter.</speaker>
<p>Then will I lay the seruing Creatures Dagger
<lb/>on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa
<lb/>you, do you note me?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mus">
<speaker rend="italic">Mu.</speaker>
<l>And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-mon.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. M.</speaker>

<l>Pray you put vp your Dagger,</l>
 <l>And put out your wit.</l>
 <l>Then haue at you with my wit.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-pet">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peter.</speaker>
 <l>I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,</l>
 <l>And put vp my yron Dagger.</l>
 <l>Answer me like men.</l>
 <l>When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Mu-
 <lb/>sicke with her siluer sound.</l>
 <p>Why siluer sound? why Musicke with her siluer sound?
 <lb/>what say you <hi rend="italic">Simon Catling?</hi>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mus">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mu.</speaker>
 <l>Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-pet">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
 <l>Pratest, what say you <hi rend="italic">Hugh
 Rebicke</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mon.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. M.</speaker>
 <l>I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for sil-
 <lb rend="turnunder"/>
 <pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>uer</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-pet">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
 <l>Pratest to, what say you <hi rend="italic">Iames
 Sound-Post</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mus.3">
 <speaker rend="italic">3. Mu.</speaker>
 <l>Faith I know not what to say.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-pet">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
 <l>O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.</l>
 <l>I will say for you; it is Musicke with her siluer sound,</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">gg</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Be-</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0692-0.jpg" n="74"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:</l>
 <l>Then Musicke with her siluer sound, with speedy helpe</l>

<l>doth lend redresse.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mus">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mu.</speaker>
 <l>What a pestilent knaue is this same?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mus.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">M. 2.</speaker>
 <p>Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarrie for
 <lb/>the Mourners, and stay dinner.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="5" rend="notPresent">
 <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Romeo.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,</l>
 <l>My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand:</l>
 <l>My bosomes <choice>
 <abbr>L.</abbr>
 <expan>Lord</expan>
 </choice> sits lightly in his throne:</l>
 <l>And all thisan day an vnaccustom'd spirit,</l>
 <l>Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.</l>
 <l>I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,</l>
 <l>(Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)</l>
 <l>And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,</l>
 <l>That I reuiud and was an Emperour.</l>
 <l>Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possest,</l>
 <l>When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Romeo's
 man.</stage>
 <l>Newes from <hi rend="italic">Verona</hi>, how now <hi
 rend="italic">Balthazer</hi>?</l>
 <l>Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?</l>
 <l>How doth my Lady? Is my Father well<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 <l>How doth my Lady <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>? that I aske
 againe,</l>
 <l>For nothing can be ill, is she be well.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-bal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
 <l>Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.</l>
 <l>Her body sleeps in <hi rend="italic">Capels</hi>

Monument,</l>

<l>And her immortall part with Angels liue,</l>
<l>I saw her laid low in her kindreds Vault,</l>
<l>And presently tooke Poste to tell it you:</l>
<l>O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,</l>
<l>Since you did leaue it for my office Sir.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">

<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>

<l>Is it euen so?</l>

<l>Then I denie you Starres.</l>

<l>Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,</l>

<l>And hire Post-Horses, I will hence to night.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-bal">

<speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>

<l>I do beseech you sir, haue patience:</l>

<l>Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import</l>

<l>Some misaduenture.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">

<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>

<l>Tush, thou art deceiu'd,</l>

<l>Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.</l>

<l>Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-bal">

<speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>

<l>No my good Lord.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Man.</stage>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">

<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>

<l>No matter: Get thee gone,</l>

<l>And hyre those Horses, Ile be with thee straight.</l>

<l>Well <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>, I will lie with thee to

night:</l>

<l>Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift,</l>

<l>To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:</l>

<l>I do remember an Appothecarie,</l>

<l>And here abouts dwells, which late I noted</l>

<l>In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,</l>

<l>Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,</l>

<l>Sharp miserie had worne him to the bones:</l>

<l>And in his needie shop a Tortoyrs hung,</l>

<l>An Allegater stuf, and other skins</l>

<l>Of ill shap'd fishes, and about his shelues,</l>

<l>A beggerly account of emptie boxes,</l>

<l>Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and mustie seedes,</l>

<l>Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses</l>

<l>Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.</l>
 <l>Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,</l>
 <l>An if a man did need a poyson now,</l>
 <l>Whose sale is persent death in <hi

Mantua</hi>,</l>
 <l>Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.</l>
 <l>O this same thought did but fore-run my need,</l>
 <l>And this same needie man must sell it me.</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>As I remember, this should be the house,</l>
 <l>Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.</l>
 <l>What ho? Appothecarie?</l>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Appothecarie.</stage>

<sp who="#F-rom-apo">
 <speaker rend="italic">App.</speaker>
 <l>Who call's so low'd?</l>

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

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-apo">
 <speaker rend="italic">App.</speaker>
 <l>Such mortall drugs I haue, but <hi

Mantuas</hi> law</l>
 <l>Is death to any he, that vtters them.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,</l>
 <l>And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,</l>
 <l>Need and opression starueth in thy eyes,</l>
 <l>Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe i</l>
 <l>The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:</l>
 <l>The world affords no law to make thee rich.</l>
 <l>Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-apo">
 <speaker rend="italic">App.</speaker>
 <l>My pouerty, but not my will consents.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>I pray thy pouerty, and not thy will.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-apo">
 <speaker rend="italic">App.</speaker>
 <l>Put this in any liquid thing you will</l>
 <l>And drinke it off, and if you had the strength</l>
 <l>Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>There's thy Gold,</l>
 <l>Worse poyson to mens soules,</l>
 <l>Doing more murther in this loathsome world,</l>
 <l>Then these poore compounds that thou maiest not sell.</l>
 <l>I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,</l>
 <l>Farewell, buy food, and get thy selfe in flesh.</l>
 <l>Come Cordiall, and not poyson, go with me</l>
 <l>To <hi rend="italic">Iuliets</hi> graue, for there must I vse
 thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Frier Iohn to
 Frier Lawrence.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fjo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Holy <hi rend="italic">Franciscan</hi> Frier, Brother,
 ho?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Frier
 Lawrence.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">Law.</speaker>
 <l>This same should be the voice of Frier <hi
 rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.</l>
 <l>Welcome from <hi rend="italic">Mantua</hi>, what says
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>?</l>
 <l>Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fjo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,</l>
 <l>One of our order to associate me,</l>
 <l>Here in this Citie visiting the sick,</l>
 <l>And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne</l>
 <l>Suspecting that we both were in a house</l>

staid.</l>
<l>Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,</l>
<l>Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,</l>
<l>So that my speed to <hi rend="italic">Mantua</hi> there was

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-lac">
<speaker rend="italic">Law.</speaker>
<l>Who bare my Letter then to <hi
rend="italic">Romeo</hi>?</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-fjo">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<l>I could not send it, here it is againe,</l>
<l>Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,</l>
<l>So fearefull were they of infection.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-lac">
<speaker rend="italic">Law.</speaker>
<l>Vnhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood</l>
<l>The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,</l>
<l>Of deare import, and the neglecting it</l>
<l>May do much danger: Frier <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> go

hence,</l>
<l>Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight</l>
<l>Vnto my Cell.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-fjo">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<l>Brother Ile go and bring it thee.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-rom-lac">
<speaker rend="italic">Law.</speaker>
<l>Now must I to the Monument alone,</l>
<l>Within this three houres will faire <hi
rend="italic">Iuliet</hi> wake,</l>

<l>Shee will beshrew me much that <hi
rend="italic">Romeo</hi>
</l>

<l>Hath had no notice of these accidents:</l>
<l>But I will write againe to <hi rend="italic">Mantua</hi>,</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0693-0.jpg" n="75"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>And keepe her at my Cell till <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>
come,</l>

<l>Poore liuing Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

```

</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Paris and his
Page.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-rom-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
    <l>Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloft,</l>
    <l>Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:</l>
    <l>Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,</l>
    <l>Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,</l>
    <l>So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,</l>
    <l>Being loose, vnfirm with digging vp of Graues,</l>
    <l>But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me,</l>
    <l>As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,</l>
    <l>Giue me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-rom-pag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
    <l>I am almost afraid to stand alone</l>
    <l>Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aduenture.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-rom-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pa.</speaker>
    <l>Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew:</l>
    <l>O woe, thy Canopie is dust and stones,</l>
    <l>Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,</l>
    <l>Or wanting that, with teares destil'd by mones;</l>
    <l>The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,</l>
    <l>Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue, and weepe.</l>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Whistle
Boy.</stage>
    <l>The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,</l>
    <l>What cursed foot wanders this wayes to night,</l>
    <l>To crosse my obsequies, and true loues right
rend="italic">?</c>
    </l>
    <l>What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Romeo, and
Peter.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
    <l>Giue me that Mattocke, & the wrenching Iron,</l>
    <l>Hold take this Letter, early in the morning</l>
    <l>See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,</l>
    <l>Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,</l>
    <l>What ere thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloofe,</l>
    <l>And do not interrupt me in my course.</l>
    <l>Why I descend into this bed of death,</l>

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<l>Is partly to behold my Ladies face:</l>
 <l>But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,</l>
 <l>A precious Ring, a Ring that I must vse,</l>
 <l>In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:</l>
 <l>But if thou ieaalous dost returne to prie</l>
 <l>In what I further shall intend to do,</l>
 <l>By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,</l>
 <l>And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:</l>
 <l>The time, and my intents are sauage wilde:</l>
 <l>More fierce and more inexorable farre,</l>
 <l>Them emptie Tygers, or the roaring Sea.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-pet">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
 <l>I will be gone sir, and not trouble you</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ro.</speaker>
 <l>So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,</l>
 <l>Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-pet">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
 <l>For all this same, Ile hide me here about,</l>
 <l>His looks I feare, and his intents I doubt.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,</l>
 <l>Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:</l>
 <l>Thus I enforce thy rotten lawes to open,</l>
 <l>And in despight, Ile cram thee with more food.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-par">
 <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
 <l>This is that banisht haughtie <hi
 rend="italic">Mountague</hi>,</l>
 <l>That murdred my Loues Cozin; with which grieffe,</l>
 <l>It is supposed the faire Creature died,</l>
 <l>And here is come to do some villanous shame</l>
 <l>To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.</l>
 <l>Stop thy vnhalloved toyle, vile <hi
 rend="italic">Mountague:</hi>

</l>
 <l>Can vengeance be pursued further then death<c
 rend="italic">?</c>

</l>
 <l>Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee.</l>
 <l>Obey and go with me, for thou must die,</l>

</sp>

<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>I must indeed, and therefore came I hither:</l>
 <l>Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,</l>
 <l>Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon those gone,</l>
 <l>Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,</l>
 <l>Put not an other sin vpon my head,</l>
 <l>By vrging me to furie. O be gone,</l>
 <l>By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,</l>
 <l>For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:</l>
 <l>Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,</l>
 <l>A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-par">
 <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
 <l>I do defie thy commisseration,</l>
 <l>And apprehend thee for a Fellow here.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ro.</speaker>
 <l>Wilt thou prouoke me? Then haue at thee Boy.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-pet">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
 <l>O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-par">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pa.</speaker>
 <l>O I am slaine, if tho<c rend="inverted">u</c> be

mercifull,</l>

<l>Open the Tombe, lay me with <hi
rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
 <l>In faith I will, let me peruse this face:</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Mercutius</hi> kinsman, Noble Countie <hi
rend="italic">Paris</hi>,</l>
 <l>What said my man, when my betossed soule</l>
 <l>Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke</l>
 <l>He told me <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> should haue married
<hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>.</l>
 <l>Said he not so? Or did I dreame it so?</l>
 <l>Or am I mad, hearing him talke of <hi
rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>,</l>
 <l>To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,</l>
 <l>One, writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke.</l>
 <l>Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.</l>

<|>A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:</|>
 <|>For here lies <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>, 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<c rend="italic">?</c> 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.</|>
 <|>
 <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi>, 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 <hi
 rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>:</|>
 <|>Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleue<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="inkBlot"
 resp="#ES"/>,</|>
 <|>Shall I beleeeue, that vnsuubstantiall 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:</|>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">gg2</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Thy</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0694-0.jpg" n="76"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Frier with a
 Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>
 <choice>
 <abbr>St.</abbr>
 <expan>Saint</expan>
 </choice> Francis be my speed, how oft to night</l>
 <l>Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Who's there?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-bal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
 <l>Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend</l>
 <l>What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light</l>
 <l>To grubs, and eyelesse Sculles? As I discern, </l>
 <l>It burneth in the <hi rend="italic">Capels</hi>
 Monument.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-bal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
 <l>It doth so holy sir,</l>
 <l>And there's my Master, one that you loue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>Who is it?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-bal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>How long hath he bin there?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-bal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
 <l>Full halfe an houre.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>Go with me to the Vault.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-bal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
 <l>I dare not Sir.</l>
 <l>My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,</l>
 <l>And fearefully did menace me with death,</l>
 <l>If I did stay to looke on his entents.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me.</l>
 <l>O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-bal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
 <l>As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,</l>
 <l>I dreamt my maister and another fought,</l>
 <l>And that my Maister slew him.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>.</l>
 <l>Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which staines</l>
 <l>The stony entrance of this Sepulcher?</l>
 <l>What meane these Masterlesse, and goarie Swords</l>
 <l>To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, oh pale: who else? what <hi
 rend="italic">Paris</hi> too?</l>
 <l>And steept in blood? Ah what an vn knd houre</l>
 <l>Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?</l>
 <l>The Lady stirs.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?</l>
 <l>I do remember well where I should be:</l>
 <l>And there I am, where is my <hi rend="italic">Romeo?</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest</l>
 <l>Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,</l>
 <l>A greater power then we can contradict</l>
 <l>Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,</l>

<l>Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> too: come Ile dispose of
 thee,</l>
 <l>Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:</l>
 <l>Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.</l>
 <l>Come, go good <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>, I dare no longer
 stay.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Go get thee hence, for I will <choice>
 <orig>notuaway</orig>
 <corr>not away</corr>
 </choice>,</l>
 <l>What's here? A cup clos'd in my true <choice>
 <orig>lo:es</orig>
 <corr>loues</corr>
 </choice> hand?</l>
 <l>Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end</l>
 <l>O churle, drinke all? and left no friendly drop,</l>
 <l>To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,</l>
 <l>Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them,</l>
 <l>To make me die with a restoratiue.</l>
 <l>Thy lips are warme.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Boy and
 Watch.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-wat">
 <speaker rend="italic">
 <c rend="inverted">W</c>atch.</speaker>
 <l>Lead Boy, which way?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-jul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
 <l>Yea noise?</l>
 <l>Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.</l>
 <l>'Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Kils
 herselfe.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-pag">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>This is the place,</l>
 <l>There where the Torch doth burne</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-wat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Watch.</speaker>
 <l>The ground is bloody,</l>
 <l>Search about the Churchyard.</l>

<|>Go some of you, who ere you find attach.</|>
 <|>Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie slaine,</|>
 <|>And <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi> bleeding, warme and newly
 dead</|>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <|>Who here hath laine these two dayes buried.</|>
 <|>Go tell the Prince, runne to the <hi
 rend="italic">Capulets</hi>,</|>
 <|>Raise vp the <hi rend="italic">Mountagues</hi>, 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.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Romeo<gap
 extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"
 resp="#ES"/>s man.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-wat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Watch.</speaker>
 <|>Here's <hi rend="italic">
 <choice>
 <orig>Romeo'r</orig>
 <corr>Romeo's</corr>
 </choice>
 </hi> man,</|>
 <|>We found him in the Churchyard.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-wat.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <|>Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Frier, and another
 Watchman.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-wat.3">
 <speaker rend="italic">3. Wat.</speaker>
 <|>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.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-wat.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <|>A great suspicion, stay the Frier too.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the
 Prince.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<l>What misadventure is so earely vp,</l>
 <l>That calls our person from our mornings rest?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Capulet and his
 Wife.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>What should it be that they so shrike abroad?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-lac">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
 <l>O the people in the streete crie <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo</hi>.</l>
 <l>Some <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>, and some <hi
 rend="italic">Paris</hi>, and all runne</l>
 <l>With open outcry toward <choice>
 <orig>out</orig>
 <corr>our</corr>
 </choice> Monument.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pri.</speaker>
 <l>What feare is this which startles in your eares?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-wat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wat.</speaker>
 <l>Soueraigne, here lies the Countie <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>
 slaine,</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> dead, and <hi
 rend="italic">Iuliet</hi> dead before,</l>
 <l>Warne and new kil'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Search,</l>
 <l>Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-wat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wat.</speaker>
 <l>Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd <hi
 rend="italic">Romeos</hi> man,</l>
 <l>With Instruments vpon them fit to open</l>
 <l>These dead mens Tombes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>O heauen!</l>
 <l>O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!</l>
 <l>This Dagger hath mistaine, for loe his house</l>
 <l>Is empty on the backe of <hi

Mountague,
 And is misheathed in my Daughters bosome.
 Wife.
 O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
 That wa<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#ES"/>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,
 Grieffe 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 suspition.
 Fri.
 I am the greatest, able to doe least,
 Yet most suspected as the time and place
 Doth make against me of this direfull murder:

<l>And heere I stand both to impeach and purge</l>
 <l>My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Then say at once, what thou dost know in this?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-fla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>I will be briefe, for my short date of breath</l>
 <l>Is not so long as is a tedious tale.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> there dead, was husband to that <hi
 rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>,</l>
 <l>And she there dead, that's <hi rend="italic">Romeos</hi>
 faithfull wife:</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0695-0.jpg" n="79"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>I married them; and their stolne marriage day</l>
 <l>Was <hi rend="italic">Tybalts</hi> Doomesday: whose
 vntimely death</l>
 <l>Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:</l>
 <l>For whom (and not for <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi>) <hi
 rend="italic">Iuliet</hi> pinde.</l>
 <l>You, to remoue that siege of Greefe from her,</l>
 <l>Betroth'd, and would haue married her perforce</l>
 <l>To Countie <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>. Then comes she to
 me,</l>
 <l>And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuse some meanes</l>
 <l>To rid her from this second Marriage,</l>
 <l>Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.</l>
 <l>Then gaue I her (so Tutor'd by my Art)</l>
 <l>A sleeping Potion, which so tooke effect</l>
 <l>As I intended, for it wrought on her</l>
 <l>The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo</hi>,</l>
 <l>That he should hither come, as this dyre night,</l>
 <l>To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,</l>
 <l>Being the time the Potions force should cease.</l>
 <l>But he which bore my Letter, Frier <hi
 rend="italic">Iohn</hi>,</l>
 <l>Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight</l>
 <l>Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,</l>
 <l>At the prefixed houre of her waking,</l>
 <l>Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,</l>
 <l>Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,</l>
 <l>Till I conueniently could send to <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo</hi>.</l>

<|>But when I came (some Minute ere the time</|>
<|>Of her awaking) heere vntimely lay</|>
<|>The Noble <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>, and true <hi
rend="italic">Romeo</hi> 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.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<|>We still haue knowne thee for a Holy man.</|>
<|>Where's <hi rend="italic">Romeo's</hi> man? What can he
say to this?</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-bal">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<|>I brought my Master newes of <hi rend="italic">Iuliets</hi>
death,</|>
<cb n="2"/>
<|>And then in poste he came from <hi
rend="italic">Mantua</hi>
</|>
<|>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.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<|>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?</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-pag">
<speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
<|>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.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-rom-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<|>This Letter doth make good the Friers words,</|>

<l>Their course of Loue, the tydings of her death:</l>
 <l>And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyson</l>
 <l>Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall</l>
 <l>Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with <hi
 rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>.</l>

<l>Where be these Enemies? <hi rend="italic">Capulet</hi>, <hi
 rend="italic">Mountague</hi>,</l>

<l>See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate,</l>
 <l>That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue;</l>
 <l>And I, for winking at your discords too,</l>
 <l>Haue lost a brace of Kinsmen: All are punish'd.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>O Brother <hi rend="italic">Mountague</hi>, giue me thy
 hand,</l>

<l>This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more</l>
 <l>Can I demand.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Moun.</speaker>
 <l>But I can giue thee more:</l>
 <l>For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,</l>
 <l>That whiles <hi rend="italic">Verona</hi> by that name is
 knowne,</l>

<l>There shall no figure at that Rate be set,</l>
 <l>As that of True and Faithfull <hi
 rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>As rich shall <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> by his Lady
 ly,</l>

<l>Poore sacrifices of our enmyty.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-rom-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>A glooming peace this morning with it brings,</l>
 <l>The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head;</l>
 <l>Go hence, to haue more talke of these sad things,</l>
 <l>Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.</l>
 <l>For neuer was a Storie of more Wo,</l>
 <l>Then this of <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>, and her <hi
 rend="italic">Romeo</hi>.</l>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt
 omnes</stage>

<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Gg</fw>

</div>
 </div>


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<trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
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