The Tragedy of Romeo and Iuliet from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, tragedies.
Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. W William Shakespeares comedies, histories, tragedies

Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7
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Condell, Henry, -1627

Droeshout, Martin, 1601

Jaggard, Isaac, -1627

Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632

Jaggard, William, 1569-1623

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Source Description:

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Author: Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.
Title: Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, tragedies.
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Greg, III, p. 1109-12
Pforzheimer, 905
STC (2nd ed.), 22273

Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30


The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: \( \pi A^6 (\pi A1+1) \) 2C² a-g⁸ χg⁶ h-v⁶ x⁴ χ1.2 [para.-]2[para.]6 3[para.]1 aa-ff⁶ hh⁶ kk-bbb⁶; 2. West: \( \pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2A-2B^6 2C^2 a-\ 'gg3.4' (±'gg3') [para.-]2[para.]6 3[para.]1 2a-2f⁶ 2g⁶ 2G⁶ 2h⁶ 2k-2v⁶ x⁶ 2y-3b⁶. Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"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.

Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.

Predominantly printed in double columns.

Text within simple lined frame.


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

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.


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.

Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose<persName> on 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>.

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 (Oxford, 1905).

For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.
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Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers, of the House of Capulet.

Greg. A my word wee'lt not carry coales.

Samp. No, for then we should be Colliars.

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

Samp. I strike quickly, being mou'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mou'd to strike.

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

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

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

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

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

Greg. The heads of the Maids? Take it in what sence thou wilt.

Samp. Me they shal feele while I am able to stand: And 'tis knowne I am a pretty piece of flesh.
had'st beene poore Iohn. Draw thy Toole, here comes of

Mountagues.</p></sp>

Enter two other Seruingmen.</stage>

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

How? Turne thy backe, and run.

Feare me not.

No marry: I feare thee.

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

I wil frown as I passe by, \& let <choice>

which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it.

Do you bite your Thumbe at vs sir?

Do you bite your Thumb at vs, sir?
Sam.

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

Gre.

No.

Sam.

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

Greg.

Do you quarrell sir?

Abra.

Quarrell sir? no sir.

Sam.

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

Abra.

No better?

Samp.

Well sir.

Enter Benuolio.

Gr.

Say better: here comes one of my masters kinsmen.

Samp.

Yes, better.

Abra.

You Lye.
Samp. Draw if you be men. Gregory,

remember thy washing blow.

They Fight.

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

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

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

What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all Mountagues, and thee:

Haue at thee Coward.

Clubs, Bils, and Partisons, strike, beat them down.

Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.

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

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.

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

to know our Fathers pleasure in this case:

To old Free-towne, our common judgement place:

Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

To old Free-towne, our common judgement place:

Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?

Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began:

Heere were the servuants of your aduersarie,

And yours close fighting ere I did approach,

I drew to part them, in the instant came

The fiery Tibalt, with his sword prepar'd,

Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,

He swong about his head, and cut the windes,

Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne.

While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,

Came more and more, and fought on part and part,

Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

O where is Romeo, saw you him to day?

Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun peer'd forth the golden window of the East,

A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,

Where vnderneath the grove of Sycamour,

That West-ward rooteth from this City side:

So earely walking did I see your Sonne:

Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,

And stole into the couert of the wood,

Measuring his affections by my owne,

Which then most sought, wher most might not be found:

Being one too many by my weary selfe,

Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his

And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.
Mount.

Many a morning hath he there beene seene,

With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deaw,

Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,

But all so soone as the all-cheering Sunne,

Should in the farthest East begin to draw

The shadie Curtaines from Auroras bed,

Away from light steales home my heauy Sonne,

And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,

And makes himselfe an artificiall night:

Blacke and portendous must this humour proue,

Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

Ben. My Noble Vncle doe you know the cause?

I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Both by my selfe and many other Friends,

But he his owne affections counseller,

Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)

But to himselfe so secret and so close,

So farre from sounding and discouery,

Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,

Or dedicate his beauty to the same.

Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,

We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, so please you step aside,

Ile know his greuance, or be much denide.

I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,

To heare true shrift. Come Madam let's away.
Exeunt.

Good morrow Cousin.

Is the day so young?

But new strooke nine.

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

Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short In loue.

Out.

Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

Of loue.
Alas that love so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proofe.

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

No Coze, I rather weepe.

At thy good hearts oppression.

Why such is love's transgression.
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,
With more of thine, this love that thou hast shoune,
Doth add more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Loue, is a smoake made with the fume of sighes,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in louers eyes,
Being vext, a Sea nourisht with loving teares,
What is it else? a madnesse, most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet:
Farewell my Coze.

Soft I will goe along.
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Tut I have lost my selfe, I am not here,

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

A sick man in sadness makes his will:

A right good marksman, and she's fair I love

A right fair mark, faire Cozin, is soonest hit.

Well in that hit you miss, sheel not be hit

And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd:

From loves weak childish Bow, she lies vncharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving termes,

Nor open her lap to Saint-seducing Gold:

O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,
That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.

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

She hath, and in that sparing make huge wast?

For beauty steru'd with her seuerity,
Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.

She is too faire, too
To merit blisse by making me dispaire:
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.

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

By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties,
'Tis the way to cal hers (exquisit) in question more,
These happy masks that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:
Shew me a Mistresse that is passing faire,
Where I may read who past that passing faire.
Farewell thou can'st not teach me to forget,
Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Exeunt.

Countie Paris, and the Clowne.

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.

Capu.

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

Par.

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

Capu.

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

Par.

Younger then she, are happy mothers made.

Capu.

And too soone mar'd are those so early made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She's the hopefull Lady of my earth,
But wooe her gentle Paris, get her heart.

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

Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.
Exit.

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

Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.

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

Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.

For what I pray thee?
For your broken shin.

Why art thou mad?

I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Perhaps you haue learnt it without booke:

I, if I know the Letters and the Language.

Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

Stay fellow, I can read.

He reades the Letter.

S

eigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: County An-

cle and his louely Neeces: Mercutio and his brother Valentine: mine unCLE Capulet his wife and
daughters: my faire Neece Rosaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio, 

Cosen Tybalt: Lucio and the liuely Helena.
A faire assembly, whither should they come?

Ser. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

Rom. Indeed I should haue askt you that before.

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

Exit.

Ben. At this same auncient Feast of Capulets I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

Exit.

Ben. At this same auncient Feast of Capulets I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

Exit.

Ben. At this same auncient Feast of Capulets I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.
When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falsehood, then turne tears to fire:
And these who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my love: the all-seeing Sun
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

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

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

Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeare old
I bad her come, what Lamb: what Ladi-bird, God forbid,
Where's this Girle? what <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>?
Madam I am here, what is your will?

This is the matter: Nurse give me leave awhile, we must talk in secret. Nurse come back againe, I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

Faith I can tell her age unto an houre. I have but foure, she's not fourteene. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, And yet to my teene be it spoken. I haue but foure, she's not fourteene. How long is it now to Lammas tide? Eue at night shall she be fourteene. Susan & she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shine upon that day: for I haue then laid Worme-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sunne vnder
the Douehouse wall, my Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it did tast the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue-house, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a eleuen yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th' roode she could haue runne, & wadled all about: for the day before she broke her brow, & then my husband God be with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch lefte crying, & said I: to see now how a Iest shall come about. I warrant, & I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not Iulet quoth he? and pretty foole it stinted: and said I.

Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

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

And stint thou too, I pray thee Iule? It & say I.

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-lac">
  <speaker rend="italic">Old La.</speaker>
  &gt; Marry that marry is the very theame
</sp>

&lt;hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>&gt;&lt;/l&gt;

  &gt; How stands your disposition to be Married?&lt;/l&gt;

</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
  &gt; An houre, were I not thine onely Nurse, I would
</sp>

&lt;lb&gt;say thou had'st suckt wisedome from thy teat.&lt;/p&gt;

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-lac">
  <speaker rend="italic">Old La.</speaker>
  &gt; Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you
</sp>

&lt;l&gt;Heere in &lt;hi rend="italic">Verona</hi&gt;, Ladies of esteme,&lt;/l&gt;

  &gt; Are made already Mothers. By my count
</l&gt;

  &gt; I was your Mother, much vpon these yeares
</l&gt;

  &gt; That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe:
</l&gt;

  &gt; The valiant &lt;hi rend="italic">Paris</hi&gt; seekes you for his loue.
</l&gt;

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>
  &gt; A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all
</sp>

&lt;lb&gt;the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.&lt;/p&gt;

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-lac">
  <speaker rend="italic">Old La.</speaker>
</sp>

&lt;hi rend="italic">Veronas</hi&gt; Summer hath not such a flower.&lt;/l&gt;

</sp>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-lac">
  <speaker rend="italic">Old La.</speaker>
</sp>

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</sp>

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</sp>

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</sp>

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</sp>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-lac">
  <speaker rend="italic">Old La.</speaker>
</sp>

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</sp>

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

&lt;hi rend="italic">Veronas</hi&gt; Summer hath not such a flower.&lt;/l&gt;

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</sp>

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  <speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>
  &gt; Nay hee's a flower, infaith a very flower.
</sp>

</sp>

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

Nurse.
No lesse, nay bigger: women grow by men.
Speake briefly, can you like of Paris
Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your consent giues strength to make flye.

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

Exit.
We follow thee, Juliet, the Countie staies.
Goe Gyrle, seeke happye nights to happy daies.
<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 4]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or sixe</div>
  <lb/>
  other Maskers, Torch-bearers.</stage>

<br/>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
  <l>What shall this speech 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 heavy 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>, we must haue you wings,</l>
  <l>And soare with them aboue 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 aboue dull woe,</l>
  <l>Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.</l>
</div>
Hora.

This speech is conventionally attributed to Mercutio.

And to sinke in it should you burthen loue,

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,

Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.

If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue,

Pricke loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,

Give me a Case to put my visage in,

A Visor for a Visor, what care I

What curious eye doth quote deformities:

Here are the Beetle-browes shall blush for me.

Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,

But euery man betake him to his legs.

A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart

Tickle the senselesse rushes with their heeles:

For I am prouerb'd with a Grandsier Phrase,

Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on,

The game was nere so faire, and I am done.

Tut, duns the Mouse, the Constables owne word,

If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire.

Or saue your reverence loue, wherein thou stickest

Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.

Nay that's not so.
<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 Judgement 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, &amp; she comes in shape no
        big-<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
</lb>
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: &amp; in this state she galleys 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 &gt; Mab with blisters plagues, because their breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose, &amp; then dreames he of smelling out a sute: &amp; somtime comes she with Tith pigs tale, tickling a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames of another Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore a Souldiers necke, &amp; then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats, of Breaches, Ambuscados, Spanish Blades: Of Healths fiue Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which he startes and wakes; and being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or two &amp; sleepe againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of Horses in the night: &amp; bakes the Elk-locks in foule sluttish haires, which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes,

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

Rom.

Peace, peace, Mercutio peace,

Thou talk'zt of nothing.

True, I talke of dreames:

Which are the children of an idle braine,

Begot of nothing, but vaine phantasie,

Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,

And more inconstant then the wind, who wooes

Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:

And being anger'd, pusses away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew dropping South.<l>
</l>
<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>

Stage, and Seruingmen come forth

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth

<lb/>with their napkins.<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 helpes not to take away?</p>
</sp>

<lb/>He shift a Trencher? he scrape a Trencher?<p>
</p>
<sp who="#F-rom-cap.1">
  <speaker>l.</speaker>
  <p>When good manners, shall lie in one or two mens 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 Ioynstoolees, remoue the Court-cubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, saue mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou louest me, let the Porter let in <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>
2. Boy readie.

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

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

Exeunt. Enter all the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. Welcome Gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes Vnplagu'd with Cornes, will walke about with you: Ah my Mistresses, which of you all Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,

Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day That I haue worne a Visor, and could tell A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare: Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone, You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musitians play: Musicke plaies: and the dance.

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

Berlady thirty yeares.

She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now? Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day That I haue worne a Visor, and could tell A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare: Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone, You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musitians play: Musicke plaies: and the dance.
1. Capu.

What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,

'Tis since the Nuptiall of Lucentio,

Come Pentycost as quickely as it will,

Some fiue and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt.

2. Cap.

'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder sir:

His Sonne is thirty.

3. Cap.

Will you tell me that?

His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.

Rom.

What Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand

Of yonder Knight?

Ser.

I know not sir.

Rom.

O she doth teach the Torches to burne bright:

It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,

As a rich Iewel in an Æthiops eare:

Beauty too rich for vse, for earth too deare:

So shewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crowes,

As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes;

The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,

And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did

The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

Did my heart loue till now, forsweare it sight,

For I neuer saw true Beauty till this night.

Tib.

This by his voice, should be a Mountague

Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the slaue

Come hither couer'd with an antique face,

To fleere and scorne at our Solemnitie?

Now by the stocke and Honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Why how now kinsman,

Wherefore storme you so?

Why how now kinsman,

Wherefore storme you so? the foe:

A Villaine that is hither come in spight,

To scorn at our Solemnitie this night.

Young Romeo is it?

'Tis he, that Villaine Romeo.

Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,

A beares him like a portly Gentleman:

And to say truth, Verona brags of him,

To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:

I would not for the wealth of all the towne,

Here in my house do him disparagement:

It is my will, the which if thou respect,

Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,

An ill beseeming semblance for a Feast.

It suits when such a Villaine is a guest,

Ile not endure him.

He shall be endur'd.

Ile not endure him, God shall mend my soule,

Youle make a Mutinie among the Guests:

You will set cocke a hoope, youle be the man.
<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>
Saints do not move, though grant for prayers sake.

Then move not while my prayers effect I take: thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purged.

Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly vrg'd: giue me my sin againe.

You kisse by'th'booke.

Madam your Mother craues a word with you.

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

Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.
I so I feare, the more is my vnrest.

Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,

We haue a trifling foolish Banquet towards:

Is it e'ne so? why then I thanke you all.

I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night:

Ah sirrah, by my faie it waxes late,

I to my rest.

Come hither Nurse,

What is yond Gentleman:

Marrie that I thinke be young

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

I know not.

I know not.

I Go aske his name: if he be married,

My graue is like to be my wedded bed.
Nur. His name is Romeo, and a Mountague.
The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.

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

Nur. What's this? whats this?
A rime, I learne euen now
Of one I dan'st withall.

Exeunt.

Chorus. Now old desire doth in his death b
ed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his Hei
That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,
With tender Iuliet matcht, is now not faire.

Now Romeo is beloued, and Loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charm of lookes:
But to his foe suppose'd he must complaine,
And she steale Loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue accesse:
To breath such vowels as Louers vse to sweare,
And she as much in Loue, her meanes much lesse,
To meete her new Beloued any where:
But passion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,
Temp'ring extremities with extreame sweete.

Enter Romeo alone.

Can I goe forward when my heart is here?

Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio with Mercutio.

Romeo, my Cozen Romeo, Romeo.

He is wise,

And on my life hath stolne him home to bed.

He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call good Mercutio:

Nay, Ile conjure too.

Romeo, Humours, Madman, Passion, Louer,

Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,

Speake but one rime, and I am satisfied:

Cry me but ay me, Prouant, but Loue and day,

Speake to my goship Venus one faire word,

One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,

Young Abraham Cupid he that shot so...
When King <hi rend="italic">Cophetua</hi> lou'd the begger Maid,

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,

The Ape is dead, I must coniure him,

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

By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,

By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quivering thigh,

And the Demeanes, that there Adjacent lie,

That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

who = "#F-rom-ben"

Ben.</speaker>

And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

who = "#F-rom-mer"

Mer.</speaker>

This cannot anger him, t'would anger him

To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,

Of some strange nature, letting it stand

Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe,

That were some spight.

My inuocation is faire and honest, & in his Mistris name,

I coniure onely but to raise vp him.

who = "#F-rom-ben"

Ben.</speaker>

Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees

To be consorted with the Humerous night:

Blind is his Loue, and best befits the darke.

who = "#F-rom-mer"

Mer.</speaker>

If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke,

Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,

And wish his Mistresse were that kind of Fruite,

As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,

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

An open, or thou a Poprin Peare,

Romeo</hi> goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed,

This Field bed is to cold for me to sleepe,

Come shall we go?

who = "#F-rom-ben"

Ben.</speaker>

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

Exeunt.

It is the East, and Juliet is the Sunne,

Arise faire Sun and kill the envious Moone,

Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,

That thou her Maid art far more faire then she:

Be not her Maid since she is envious.

Her Vestal liuery is but sicke and greene,

And none but foole 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 answe 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:

O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand,

That I might touch that cheeke.

Ay me.

Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art

As glorious to this night being ore my head,

As is a winged messenger of heauen

Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes

Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,

When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes.
And sailes vpon the bosome of the ayre.

O Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? Denie thy Father and refuse thy name: Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Loue, and Ile no longer be a Capulet. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this? 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy: Thou art thy selfe, though not a Mountague, What's Mountague? it is nor hand nor foote, By any other word would smell as sweete, So Romeos Retaine that deare perfection which he owes, Without that title Romeos, doffe thy name, And for thy name which is no part of thee, Take all my selfe.

I take thee at thy word: Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd, Hence foorth I neuer will be Romeo. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night So stumblest on my counsell? Romeo cal'd, Retaine that deare perfection which he owes, Without that title Romeo, doffe thy name, And for thy name which is no part of thee, Take all my selfe.

What's Romeo cal'd, would, were he not Romeo, doffe thy name, And for thy name which is no part of thee, Take all my selfe.
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
How cam'st thou hither.
Tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here,
With Loues light wings Did I ore-perch these Walls,
For stony limits cannot hold Loue out,
And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
If they do see thee, they will murther thee.
If they do see thee, they will murther thee.
Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enmity.
I would not for the world they saw thee here.
I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy Loue.

Iul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By Loue that first did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes,
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast-shore-washet with the farthest Sea,
I should aduenture for such Marchandise.

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

Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit tree tops.

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

What shall I sweare by?

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

If my hearts deare love.

Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnauid, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be:
Ere, one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:
May prove a beauteous Flower when next we meete:
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied?

What satisfaction can'st thou haue to night?

Th' exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine.

I gaue thee mine before thou did'st request it.
And yet I would it were to give again.

Would'st thou withdraw it, for what purpose Love?

But to be frank and give it thee again,
And yet I wish but for the thing I have,
My bounty is as boundless as the Sea,
My Love as deep, the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are Infinite:
I hear some noise within dear Love advance:

Anon good Nurse, sweet Romeo be true:

Stay but a little, I will come again.

O blessed blessed night, I am afraid
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Three words dear Romeo, and goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of Love be Honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that I procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy foot I lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee:

Within: Madam.

I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee:

Within: Madam.

(By and by I come)

To cease thy strife, and leave me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.
So thriue my soule.

A thousand times goodnight.

Exit.

Enter Iuliet againe.

Hist: O for a Falkners voice,

To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,

Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,

And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then

With repetition of my Romeo.

It is my soule that calls vpon my name.

How siluer sweet, sound Louers tongues by night,

Like softest Musick to attending eares.

My Neece.
Iul. What a clock to morrow
Iul. Shall I send to thee?
Rom. By the houre of nine.
Iul. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,
Iul. I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Iul. I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there,
Iul. Remembring how I Loue thy company.
Rom. And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,
Rom. Forgetting any other home but this.
Iul. 'Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
Iul. And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
Iul. That let's it hop a little from his hand,
Iul. Like a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyues,
Iul. And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,
Iul. So louing Jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy Bird.
Iul. Sweet so would I,
Iul. Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Iul. Good night, good night.
Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.

Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy brest.

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

The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Cloudes with streakes of light:
And fleckled darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and Titans wheeles.
Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must vpfill this Osier Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious Iuiced flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,
What is her burying graue that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kind
We sucking on her naturall bosome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, Hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue.
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birt
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied.
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

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

Good morrow Father.

Benedecite.
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young Sonne, it argues a distempered head,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbrused youth with vnstuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there, golden sleepe doth raigne;
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art vprous'd with some distemprature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right.
Our Romeo hath not beene in bed to night.

That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

God pardon sin: wast thou with Rosaline?
Or if not, then here I hit it right.

Our Romeo hath not beene in bed to night.

God pardon sin: wast thou with Rosaline?

No,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.
Fri. That's my good Son, but wher hast thou bin then?

Fri.

Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:

I haue beene feasting with mine enemie,

Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,

That's by me wounded: both our remedies

Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:

I beare no hatred, blessed man: for loe

My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift,

Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.

Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is set,

On the faire daughter of rich Capulet:

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;

And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine

By holy marriage: when and where, and how,

We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:

Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,

That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is heere?

Is Rosaline that thou didst Loue so deare

So soone forsaken? young mens Loue then lies

Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine

Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for Rosaline?

How much salt water throwne away in wast,

To season Loue that of it doth not tast.

The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares,

Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient cares:

Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old tear that is not washt off yet.

If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes, were all for Rosaline.

And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then.

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Thou chid'st me oft for louing Rosaline.

For doting, not for louing pupill mine.

And bad'st me bury Loue.

Not in a graue,

To lay one in, another out to have.

I pray thee chide me not, her I Loue now

Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow:

The other did not so.

O she knew well,

Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not spell:

But come young wauerer, come goe with me,

In one respect, Ile thy assistant be:

For this alliance may so happy proue,

To turne your houshould rancor to pure Loue.

O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast.

Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.
Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deu came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-harted wench, that torment him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Nay, he will answere the Letters Maister how he dares, being dared.
Alas poor Romeo, he is already dead stab'd with 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?

Why what is Tibalt?

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

The what?

The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies: these fashion Mongers, these par-don-me'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.

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.
Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. O flesh,

flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers

that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his Lady, was a kitchen

wench, marrie she had a better Loue to berime her: Dido

da dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipsie, Hero, Hellen and Hero,
hildings Thisbie a gray eie or

so, but not to the purpose.

Signior Romeo, there's a French salutation to your

French slop: you gaue vs the counterfait fairly last

night.</p>

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

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

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

strains a man to bow in the hams.

Meaning to cursie.

Thou hast most kindly hit it.

such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

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

strains a man to bow in the hams.

Meaning to cursie.

Thou hast most kindly hit it.
A most curteous exposition.

Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Pinke for flower.

Right.

Why then is my Pump well flowr'd.

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

Come betweene vs good Benuolio, my wits faints.

Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match.

Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I with you there for the Goose?
Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when thou wast not there for the Goose.

I will bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Nay, good Goose bite not.

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

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

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

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

Stop there, stop there.

Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the haire.
<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,
     or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant
     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. 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>My Fan Peter?</p>
</sp>

<hi rend="italic">Peter</hi>?</p>

<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 Peter?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-mer">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
  <p>Good Peter to hide her face? 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>
</sp>
"Tis no lesse I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now vpon the pricke of Noone.

Out vpon you: what a man ar be older when you haue found him, then he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

You say well.

Yea is the worst well,

If you be he sir,

She will endite him to some Supper.

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

What hast thou found?

No Hare sir, vnlesse a Hare sir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.

An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent,

Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner.

I will follow you.

Farewell auncient Lady:

Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.

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

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

And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, & a were lustier then he is, and twentie such lacks:

and if I cannot, Ile finde those that shall: scuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand by too and suffer euery knaue to use me at his pleasure.
I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly haue beene out, I warrant you, I dare draw assoone as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side.

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

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

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

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

No truly sir not a penny.

No go too, I say you shall.

This afternoone sir? well she shall be there.

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

Now God in heauen blesse thee: harke you sir,

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

Warrant thee my man is true as steele.

Well sir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord,
Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in Towne one Paris, that would faine lay knife a-board: but she good soule had as leue a see Toade, a very Toade as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I say so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world. Doth not Rosemarie and Romeo begin both with a letter? I Nurse, what of that? Both with an R. is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it would do you good to heare it. I Nurse, me to thy Lady. A mocker that's the dogs name. Peter? I a thousand times. Before and apace. Exit Nurse and Peter.
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him: that's not so:
Oh she is lame, Loues Herauld should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hils.
Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doues draw Loue,
And therefore hath the wind-swift <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.

Enter Nurse.
O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.
I am a weary, giue me leaue awhile,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?
I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy newes:
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?
I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.
Iesu what hast? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?
Dost thou see that I am out of breath?
"Iul.

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breth?

To say to me, that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that.

Say either, and Ile stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?

Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know not how to chuse a man:

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

Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?

It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.

My backe a tother side: o my backe, my backe:

Beshrew your heart for sending me about to catch my death with iaunting vp and downe.

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

Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?

Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?

Where is my Mother?

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

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

Hee re's such a coile, come what saies Romeo?

Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?
I haue.
Then high you hence to Frier Lawrence Cell,
There staies a Husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Thei'le be in Scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Hie to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.
So smile the heavens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide us not.

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

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

Enter Iuliet.
Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot
Will nere weare out the everlasting flint,
A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

Good euen to my ghostly Confessor.

Romeo shall thanke thee Daughter for vs both.

Good euen to my ghostly Confessor.

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

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

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

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

Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his Sword vp on the Table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, drawes him on the Draw-
er, when indeed there is no need.

Am I like such a Fellow?

Benuolio, and men.
Iul.
Fri.
Ben.
Mercutio
Ben.
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<ci rend="italic">?</ci>O simple.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Tybalt, Petruochio, 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>
</sp>
Follow me close, for I will speake to them.

Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

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

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

Could you not take some occasion without giuing?

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

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

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

Enter Romeo.

Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man.
<speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>

But Ile be hang'd sir if he weare your Liuery:

Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,

Your worship in that sense, may call him man.

Tib.<hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi>, the loue I beare thee, can affoord

No better terme then this: Thou art a Villaine.

Tibalt</hi>, the reason that I haue to loue thee,

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting: Villaine am I none;

Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries

That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.

I do protest I neuer iniur'd thee,

But lou'd thee better then thou can'st deuise:

Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,

And so good <hi rend="italic">Capulet</hi>, which name I
tender

As dearely as my owne, be satisfied.

O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:

Alla stucatho</hi> carries it away.

Tybalt</hi>, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

What wouldest thou haue with me?

Mer.</speaker>

O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:

Alla stucatho</hi> carries it away.

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

Tib.</p>

I am for you.</p>

Rom.</p>

Gentle, put thy Rapier vp.</p>

Come sir, your Passado.</p>

Benuolio</p>

Draw Benvolio, beat downe their weapons:

Hold Tybalt, good Mercutio.</p>

Exit Tybalt.</p>

I am hurt.</p>

A plague a both the Houses, I am sped:

Is he gone and hath nothing?</p>

What art thou hurt?</p>

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

Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.</p>

Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.</p>

Mercutio</p>

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

Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.
No: 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a Church door, but 'tis inough, 'twill serve: ask me to morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd I warrant, for this world: a plague a both your houses. What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to scratch a man to death: a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmeticke, why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

I thought all for the best.

They have made wormes meat of me, I...

The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

I have it, and soundly to your Houses.

This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie, My very Friend hath got his mortal hurt In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd With Tibalts slander, O Sweet Cozin: O Sweet Beauty hath made me Effeminate, And in my temper softned Valours steele.

Enter Benuolio.

O Romeo, Romeo, braue Mercutio: is dead, That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes, Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Enter Benuolio.

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

Enter Tybalt.

Ben.

Here comes the Furious Tybalt backe againe.

Ben.

He gon in triumph, and Mercutio slaine?

Away to heauen respectiue Lenitie,
And fire and Fury, be my conduct now.

Now Tybalt take the Villaine backe againe
That late thou gau'st me, for Mercutios soule
Is but a little way aboue our heads.
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

This shall determine that.

They fight.

Tib.

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

This shall determine that.

They fight.

Ben.

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

O! I am Fortunes foole.

Why dost thou stay?
Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Which way ran he that kild Mercutio?

Tybalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?

There lies that Tybalt.

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

Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wives and all.

Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?

O Noble Prince, I can discover all The vnluckie Manna of this fatall brall: There lies the man slaine by young Romeo, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child, O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild Of my deare kinsman. Prince as thou art true; For bloud of ours, shed bloud of Romeo

O Cozin, Cozin.

O Cozin, Cozin.

Benuolio, who began this Fray?
Tybalt here slain, whom Romeo's hand slay,

Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke

How nice the Quarrell was, and vrg'd withall

Your high displeasure: all this vttred,

With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd

Could not take truce with the vnruy spleene

Of Tybalt deafe to peace, but that he Tilts

With Peircing steele at bold Mercutio's breast,

Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,

Cold death aside, and with the other sends

It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,

Hold Friends, Friends part, and swifter then his tongue,

His aged arme beats downe their fatall points,

And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,

An enuious thrust from Tybalt, hit the life

Of stout Mercutio, and then Romeo

Who had but newly entertained Reuenge,

And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I could draw to part them, was stout

Tybalt slaine:

And as he fell, did Romeo turne and flie:

This is the truth, or let Benuolio die.

He is a kinsman to the Mountague,

Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:

Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,

And all those twenty could but kill one life.

I beg for Iustice, which thou Prince must giue:

Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not liue.
Who = "#F-rom-pri"

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio

Who = "#F-rom-cap"

Cap. Not Romeo Prince, he was Mercutio Friend,

Who = "#F-rom-pri"

Prin. And for that offence, Immediately we doe exile him hence:

My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.

But Ile Amerce you with so strong a fine,

That you shall all repent the losse of mine.

It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,

Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.

Therefore vse none, let Romeo hence in hast,

Else when he is found, that houre is his last.

Beare hence his body, and attend our will;

Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill.

stage = "italic rightJustified" type = "exit" Exeunt. 

Enter Iuliet alone.

Gallop apace, you fiery footed steedes,

Towards Phæbus lodging, such a Wagoner

As Phaeton would whip you to the
west,

And bring in Cloudie night immediately.

Spred thy close Curtaine Loue-performing night,

That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and

Romeo

Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,

Louers can see to doe their Amorous rights,

And by their owne Beauties: or if Loue be blind,

It best agrees with night: come ciuill night,

Thou sober suted Matron all in blacke,

And leaerne me how to loose a winning match,

Plaid for a paire of stainlesse Maidenhoods,

Hood my vnman’d blood bayting in my Cheeckes,

With thy Blacke mantle, till strange Loue grow bold,

Thinke true Loue acted simple modestie:

Come night, come Romeo, come thou
day in night,

For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night

Whiter then new Snow vpon a Rauens backe:

Come gentle night, come louing blackebrow’d night.

Giue me my Romeo, and when I shall
die,

Take him and cut him out in little starres,

And he will make the Face of heauen so fine,

That all the world will be in Loue with night,

And pay no worship to the Garish Sun.

O I haue bought the Mansion of a Loue,

But not possest it, and though I am sold,

Not yet enioy’d, so tedious is this day,

As is the night before some Festiuall,

to an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse:

Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?

The Cords that Romeo bid thee

cords.

And she brings newes and euery tongue that speaks

But Romeo, name, speakes heauenly eloquence

cord??
I, I, the Cords. Ay me, what newes? Whst thou wring thy hands.

I, I, the Cords. We are vndone Lady, we are vndone. Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead. Can heauen be so enuious?

Romeo can, Though heauen cannot. O Who euer would haue thought it

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes, God saue the marke, here on his manly brest, A pitteous Coarse, a bloody piteous Coarse: Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,

And that bare vowell I shall poysnon more

Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,

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

Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:

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

Briefe, sounds, determine of my weale or wo.

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

God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,

A pitteous Coarse, a bloody piteous Coarse:

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
Iul. O breake my heart, 
Poore Banckrout breake at once, 
To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie, 
Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here, 
And thou and Romeo presse on heauie beere.

Nur. O Tybalt, the best Friend I had: 
O curteous Tybalt honest Gentleman, 
That euer I should liue to see thee dead.

My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord: 
Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome, 
For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

O Serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.

Did euer Dragon keepe so faire a Caue?
Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall:
Rauenous Doue-feather'd Rauen, Woluis wrauening Lambe,
Dispised substance of Diuinest show:
Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,
A dimne Saint, an Honourable Villaine:
O Nature! what had'st thou to doe in hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was euer booke containing such vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Pallace.

There's no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
All periur'd, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,
Ah where's my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ?
These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old:
Shame come to Romeo.

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 throne where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the vniuersall earth:
O what a beast was I to chide him?

Will you speake well of him,
That kil'd your Cozen?
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 natuie spring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy;
My husband liues that Tibalt would haue slaine,
And Tibalt dead that would haue slaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
Some words there was worser then Tybalt's death
That murdered me, I would forget it feine,
But oh, it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,
Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished:
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand Tybalt's death;
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
Why followed not when she said Tybalt's dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd.
But which a rere ward following Romeo is banished to speake that word,
Is Father, Mother, Romeo, Iuliet,
All slaine, all dead:
Romeo is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?
Weeping and wailing ouer Tybalt's coarse,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shal be spent
When theirs are drie for Romeo's banishment.
Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I for Romeo's is exild:
He made you for a reason="nonstandardCharacter"
unit="chars"
agent="inkedSpacemaker"
resp="#ES"/="high-way to my bed",
But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.
Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not Romeo, take my Maiden head.

Hie to your Chamber, Ile find Romeo will be heere at night.

Ile to him, he is hid at Lawrence Cell.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Father what newes?

What The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

What is the Princes Doome?

What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,

That I yet know not?

Too familiar

Is my deare Sonne with such sowre Company?

I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.
What lesse then Doomesday, Is the Princes Doome?

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

Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:

Here from Verona art thou banished:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

There is no world without Verona walles,

But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it selfe:

And worlds exile is death. Then banished,

Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe, And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

O deadly sin, O rude vthankefulnesse!

Thy faul our Law calles death, but the kind Prince

Taking thy part, hath rusht asid e the Law, And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.

This is deare mercy, and thou seeest it not.

O deadly sin, O rude vthankefulnesse!

Thy falt our Law calles death, but the kind Prince

Taking thy part, hath rusht asid e the Law, And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.

This is deare mercy, and thou seeest it not.

Tis Torture and not mercy, heauen is here Where Iuliet lies, and euery Cat and Dog,

And little Mouse, euery vnworthy thing

Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her,

But Romeo may not. More Validitie,
More Honourable state, more Courtship liues

In carrion Flies, then Romeo: they may seaze

On the white wonder of deare Iuliets hand,

And steale immortall blessing from her lips,

Who euen in pure and vestall modestie

Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin,

This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,

And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?

But Romeo may not, hee is banished.

Hadst thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,

No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,

But banished to kill me? Banished?

O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:

Howlings attends it, how hast thou the hart

Being a Diuine, a Ghostly Confessor,

A Sin·Absoluer, and my Friend profest:

To mangle me with that word, banished?

Then fond Mad man, heare me speake.

Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,

Aduersties sweete milke, Philosophie,

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Yet banished?

hang vp Philosophie:

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

O then I see, that Mad men haue no eares.
Rom. How should they, When wisemen haue no eyes?

Rom. dost not feele,

Loue: Wert thou as young as Juliet my Loue: An houre but married, Tybalt murdered,

Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightest thou speake, Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,

And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,

Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Enter Nurse, and knockes.

Arise one knockes, Good Romeo hide thy selfe.

(Who's there) Romeo arise, Thou wilt be taken, stand vp:

Run to my study: by and by, Gods will

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

Enter Nurse.

Let me come in.

And you shall know my errand:

I come from Lady Juliet.

Welcome then.

O holy Friar, O tell me holy Friar,

Where's my Ladies Lord? where's Romeo?

There on the ground,

With his owne teares made drunke.

O he is euen in my Mistresse case,

Just in her case. O wofull sympathy:

Pittious predicament, euen so lies she,

Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,

Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,

Why should you fall into so deepe an O.

Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth not she thinke me an old Murtherer,

Now I haue stain'd the Childhood of our ioy,

With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Loue?

Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,

And now fals on her bed, and then starts vp,

And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,

And then downe falls againe.

As if that name shot from the dead leuell of a Gun,

Did murder her, as that names cursed hand

Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,

In what vile part of this Anatomie

Doth my name lodge?

Tell me, that I may sacke

The hatefull Mansion.

Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:

Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote

The vnreasonable Furie of a beast.

Vnseemely woman, in a seeming man,

And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,

Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

Hast thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou slay thy selfe?

And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,

By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?

Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?

Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three do meete

In thee at once, which thou at once would'st loose.

Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,

Which like a Vsurer abound'st in all:

And vsest none in that true vse indeed,

Thy Noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,

Digressing from the Valour of a man,

Thy deare Loue sworne but hollow periurie,

Killing that Loue which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Loue,
Mishapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skillesse Souldiers flaske,
Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowse thee man, thy Iuliet is aliue,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy.
Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt, there art thou happy.
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,
Thou puttest vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to Mantua,
Where thou shalt liue till we can finde a time.
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thousand times more ioy
Then thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.
Romeo is coming.
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.
Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.
Heere sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir:
Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late.
<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
  <l>How well my comfort is requi'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>Sojourne in <hi rend="italic">Mantua</hi>, Ile find out your man, </l>
  <l>And he shall signifie from time to time, </l>
  <l>Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.</l>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-rom-cap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
  <l>Things haue falne out sir so unluckily, </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> dearly, </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>
  <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 mewed vp to her heauinesse. </l>
</sp>
tender

Sir  <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>, I will make a desperate tender

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

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

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

Acquaint her here, of my Sonne <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>

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

But soft, what day is this?

Monday my Lord.

Monday, ha ha: well Wendsday is too soone,

A Thursday let it be: a Thursday tell her,

She shall be married to this Noble Earle:

Will you be ready? do you like this hast?

Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,

For harke you, <hi rend="italic">Tybalt</hi> being slaine so late;

It may be thought we held him carelesly,

Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:

Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen Friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

My Lord,

I would that Thursday were to morrow.

I would that Thursday were to morrow.

Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:

Go you to <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi> ere you go to bed,

Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.

Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,

Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by,

Goodnight.

Exeunt.
Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.

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

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

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

Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
Ile say yon gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of Cinthias brow.
Nor that is not Larke whose noates do beate
The vaulty heauen so high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to stay, then will to go:
Come death and welcome, Iuliet wills it so.

How ist my soule, lets talke, it is not day.

Iul. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say the Larke makes sweete Diuision.
This doth not so: for she diuideth vs.

Some say, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,

O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:

Since armes from armes that voyce doth vs affray,

Hunting thee hence, with Hunt s vp to the day,

O now be gone, more light and it light growes.

Since

The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,

Hunting thee hence, with Hunt s vp to the day,

O now be gone, more light and it light growes.

Rom.

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

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nurse.

Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,

The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Then window let day in, and let life out.

Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

Art thou gone so? Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,

I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,

For in a minute there are many dayes,

Ere I againe behold my Romeo.

Farewell:

Farewell:

Art thou gone so? Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,

I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,

For in a minute there are many dayes,

O by this count I shall be much in yeares,

Ere I againe behold my Romeo.

Farewell:
I will omit no opportunity, That may convey my greetings Love, to thee.

O thinkest thou we shall ever meet again? I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve For sweet discourses in our time to come.

O God! I have an ill dividing soul, Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so low, As one dead in the bottom of a tomb, Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look'st pale.

And trust me Love, in my eye so do you: Drie sorrow drinkes our blood. Adieu, adieu.

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

Who is that calls? Is it my Lady Mother. Is she not down so late, or up so early? What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Why how now Jule? What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?
Madam I am not well.

Lad. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?

What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?

And if thou couldst, thou could'st not make him liue:

Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of Loue,

But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.

Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.

Feeling so the losse,

I cannot chuse but euer weepe the Friend.

Villaine and he, be many Miles assunder:

God pardon, I doe with all my heart:

And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

That same Villaine.

Villaine and he, be many Miles assunder:

God pardon, I doe with all my heart:

That is because the Traitor liues.
Iul. Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.

Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in Mantua, Where that same banisht Runagate doth liue,
That he shall soone keepe Tybalt company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

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

Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man.
But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.
And ioy comes well, in such a needy time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?

Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man.
But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.
And ioy comes well, in such a needy time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?

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

Iul.
Madam in happy time, what day is this?

Marry my Child, early next Thursday morn.

The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,

The Countie Paris at Saint Peter's Church,

Shall happily make thee a joyfull Bride.

Now by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyfull Bride.

I wonder at this hast, that I must wed

Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe:

I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,

I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare

It shallbe Romeo, whom you know I hate

Rather then Paris. These are newes indeed.

Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizzle daew

But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne,

It raines downright.

How now? A Conduit Gyrle, what still

Euermore showring in one little body?

Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,

Do ebbbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is

Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,

Who raging with the teares and they with them,

Without a sudden calme will ouer set

Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife?
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?

I sir; But she will none, she giues you thankes,

Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,

Not proud you haue, But thankfull that you haue:

How now? Chopt Logick? what is this?

To go with Paris to Saint Peters Church:

Or I will drag thee on a Hurdle thither.

Out you greene sickness carrion, out you baggage,

You tallow face.

Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Good Father, I beseech you on my knees

Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.

To the Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.
<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.

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

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

Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtt ver your grauitie ore a Gossips bowles
For here we need it not.

You are too hot.

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.

Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,

And you be mine, Ile giue you to my Frien:

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:

ust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne

Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,

And you be mine, Ile giue you to my Frien:

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:

ust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne

Exit.

Iuli.

Is there no pittie sitting in the Cloudes,

That sees into the bottome of my griefe?

sweet my Mother cast me not away,

lay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,

if you do not, make the Bridall bed

that dim Monument where Tybalt lies.
Talke not to me, for Ile not speake a word,

o as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Exit.

Iul.

O God!

O Nurse, how shall this be preuented?

My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,

How shall that faith returne againe to earth,

Vnlesse that Husband send it me from heauen,

By leauing earth? Comfort me, counsaile me:

Hlacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagems

Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.

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

Some comfort Nurse.

Faith here it is,

Romeo is bani shed, and all the world to nothing,

That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:

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

Then since the case so stands as now it doth,

I thinke it best you married with the Countie,

O hee's a Louely Gentleman:

Romeos a dish-clout to him: an Eagle

Madam

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

As Paris hath, beshrow my very heart.

I think you are happy in this second match,

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

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

As liuing here and you no use of him.

Iul.

Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my soul too, or else beshrew them both.

Iul. Amen.

Nur. What?

Iul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much, go in, and tell my lady I am gone, having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence Cell.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

Iul. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend! It is more sin to wish me thus forsworne, or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue which she hath prais'd him with above compare, so many thousand times? Go Counsellor, Ile to the Frier to know his remedie, if all else faile, my self haue power to die.

Exeunt.
My Father Capulet will have it so, and I am nothing slow to slack his hast.

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

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

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death, and therefore have I little talk of love.

Now sir, her Father counts it dangerous that she doth give her sorrow so much sway:

Now sir, her Father counts it dangerous that she doth give her sorrow so much sway:

Happily met, my Lady and my wife.

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

What must be shall be.

That's a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

Iul. To answere that, I should confesse to you.

Par. Do not denie to him, that you loue me.

Iul. I will confesse to you that I loue him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure that you loue me.

Iul. If I do so, it will be of more price, being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

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

The teares haue got small victorie by that: For it was bad inough before their spight.

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

Iul. That is no slander sir, which is a truth, and what I spake, I spake it to thy face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slaundred it.
Iul. <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>

Fri. <l>My leisure serues me pensiue daughter now.</l> <l>My Lord you must intreat the time alone.</l>

Par. <l>Godsheild: I should disturbe Deuotion,</l> <l>Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse.</l>

Exeunt Paris.

Iul. <l>O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,</l> <l>Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.</l>

Fri. <l>O <hi>Romeo</hi>, I alreadie know thy griefe,</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>

Iul. <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 wisedome, 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> 

God ioyn'd my heart, and <hi>Romeos</hi>, thou our hands,

<orig>expetien'st</orig> <corr>experien'st</corr>

Shall be the Labell to another Deede, 
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt, 
Turne to another, this shall slay them both: 
Therefore out of thy long <choice>
<orig>expetien'st</orig> <corr>experien'st</corr>
Giue me some present counsell, or behold
twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the vmpere, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not so long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speakest, speake not of remedy.

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

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

Hold then: goe home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie: wensday is to
to morrow,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,
A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his natiue progresse, but surcease: No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest, The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade. Each part depriv'd of supple gouernment, Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death, And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunked 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 uncouer'd on the Beere, Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue: Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault, Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie, In the meane time against thou shalt awake, Shall Romeo by my Letters know our drift, And hither shall he come, and that very night Shall Romeo beare thee hence to Mantua, And this shall free thee from this present shame, If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare, Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Iul. Give me, giue me, O tell me not of care.

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

Iu. Loue giue me strength, And strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father.
Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and
Seruing men, two or three. <stage>

<lb>Seruing men, two or three.</stage>

<sp who="#F-rom-cap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>You shall haue none ill sir, for Ile trie if they can lick their fingers.</p>

<sp who="#F-rom-cap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>How canst thou trie them so?</p>

<sp who="#F-rom-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-rom-cap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
</sp>

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

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

<p>See where she comes from shrift With merrie looke.</p>

<sp who="#F-rom-cap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>How now my headstrong, Where haue you bin gadding?</p>

<sp who="#F-rom-jul">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
</sp>
Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition:
To you and your behests, and am enioyn'd here,
By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate
To beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you.

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

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

Cap.
Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,
This The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

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

Mo.
No not till Thursday, there's time inough.

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

Exeunt Iuliet and Nurse.
We shall be short in our provision, 'Tis now neere night.

Ile not to bed to night, let me alone: Ile play the huswife for this once. What ho? Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light, Since this same way-ward Gyrle is so reclaim'd.

Enter Iuliet and Nurse. Enter Mo.ther.

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Iul.

Farewell:

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

I almost freezes up the heat of fire:

I call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse, what should she do here?

My dismal scene, I needs must act alone:

Come Viall, what if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?

No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,

What if it be a poison which the Friar

Subtly hath ministred to have me dead,

Least in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is, and yet me thinkes it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

How, if when I am laid into the Tombe,

I wake before the time that Romeo comes.

Or if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

As in a Vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred years the bones of all my buried Ancestors are packt,

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies festring in his shroud, where as they say,

At some hours in the night, Spirits resort.

Alack, alacke, is it not like that I?

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrikes like Mandrakes torn out of the earth,

That living mortals hearing them, run mad.

O if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

Inuironed with all these hideous fears,

And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?

And plucke the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,
As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out Romeo that did spit his
Vpon my Rapiers point: stay Tybalt,
here's drinke: I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house, and Nurse.

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

They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.

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

Spare not for cost.

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

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

I you haue bin a Mouse-hunt in your time,
<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 jealous hood, a jealous hood,</l>
  <l>Now fellow, what there?</l>
</sp>

<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>
  <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 Bridegrome, he is come already;</l>
  <l>Make hast I say.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-nur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
  <l>Mistris, what Mistris? <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi> Fast I
warrant her she.

Why Lambe, why Lady<cf rend="inverted">?</cf> fie you sluggabed.

Why Loue I say<cf rend="italic">?</cf> Madam, sweet heart:

What not a word? You take your peniworths now.

The Countie<cf rend="italic">Paris</cf> hath set vp his rest,

That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me:

I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,

I, let the Countie take you in your bed,

Heele fright you vp yfaith. Will it not be?

What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?

I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?

Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead,

Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,

Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady?

What noise is heere?

Enter Mother.

Looke, looke, oh heauie day.

O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:

Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:

Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:

Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:

Helpe, helpe, call helpe.
For shame bring Iuliet forth, her Lord is come.

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

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

Ha? Let me see her: out alas shee's cold,
Life and these lips haue long bene separeted:
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Vpon the swetest flower of all the field.

O Lamentable day!

O wofull time.

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

Enter Frier and the Countie.

Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Exeunt

Mu. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.
Honest goodfellowes: Ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull case.
I by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.
Musitions, oh Musitions,
Hearts ease, hearts ease,
O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease.
Mu. Why hearts ease;

Pet. O Musitions,

Mu. Because my heart it selfe plaies, my heart is full.

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

Mu. You will not then?

Pet. I will giue it you soundly.

Mu. What will you giue vs?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.

I will giue you the Minstrell.

Mu. Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.

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

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

2. M.
Pray you put vp your Dagger,
And put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit.

I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,
And put vp my yron Dagger.
Answere me like men:

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

Why siluer sound? why Musicke with her siluer sound?

Rebicke?

I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for siluer hath a sweet sound.

Pratest to, what say you Iames Sound-Post?

Faith I know not what to say.

O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will say for you; it is Musicke with her siluer sound.

Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:
Then Musicke with her siluer sound, with speedy helpe
doth lend redresse.

Exit.

Mu. What a pestilent knaue is this same?

M. 2. Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarrie for the Mourners, and stay dinner.

Exit.

[Act 5, Scene 1]

Enter Romeo.

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

Enter Romeo's man.

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

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill. Her body sleepes in Capels.
Monument,

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

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
  <l>Is it euen so?</l>
  Then I denie you Starres.
  Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
  And hire Post-Horses, I will hence to night.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-bal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
  I do beseech you sir, haue patience:
  Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
  Some misaduenture.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
  Tush, thou art deceiu'd,
  Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
  Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-bal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
  No my good Lord.
</sp>

Exit Man.

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

<sp who="#F-rom-rom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
  No matter: Get thee gone,
  And hyre those Horses, Ile be with thee straight.
</sp>

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

Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I do remember an Appotheccarie,
And here abouts dwells, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharp miserie had wore him to the bones:
And in his needie shop a Tortoyrs hung,
An Allegater stuft, and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes, and about his shelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and mustie seedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.

Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,

An if a man did need a poyson now,

Whose sale is persent death in Mantua,

Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.

O this same thought did but fore-run my need,

And this same needie man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house,

Here is for tie Duckets, let me haue a dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,

As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,

That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,

And that the Trunke may be discharg'd of breath,

Doth hurry from the fatall Cansons wombe.

Such mortall drugs I haue, but Mantuas law is death to any he, that utters them.

Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,

And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,

Need and opression starueth in thy eyes,

Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe i

The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:

Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.

My pouerty, but not my will consents.
Rom. I pray thy poverty, and not thy will.

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

Iohn. Holy Franciscan Frier, Brother, ho?

Law. This same should be the voice of Frier Iohn.

Iohn. Welcome from Mantua, what sayes Romeo? Or if his mind be writ, give me his Letter.

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

Who bare my Letter then to Rome?
I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.

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

Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire Iuliet wake,
Shee will beshrew me much that Romeo Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to Mantua,
And
And keepe her at my Cell till Romeo come,

Poore liuuing Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,
Enter Paris and his Page.

Par.

Give me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloft,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen:
Under yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the Churchyard tread,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hearest some thing approach,
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page.

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

Pa.

Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridal bed I strew:
O woe, thy Canopie is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with tears distilled by moons;
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weep.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy gives warning, something doth approach,
What cursed foot wanders this ways to night,
To cross my obsequies, and trouble loving right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Rom.

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

I will be gone sir, and not trouble you
So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.
For all this same, Ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.
This is that banisht haughtie Mountague,
That murdred my Loues Cozin; with which griefe,
It is supposed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle, vile
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?

Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou must die,
I must indeed, and therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flie hence and leave me, thinke vpon those gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By urging me to furie. O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.

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

Wilt thou prouoke me? Then haue at thee Boy.

Open the Tombe, lay me with Iuliet.

In faith I will, let me peruse this face:
Mercutius kinsman, Noble Countie
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I think me
He told me Paris should haue married
Said he not so? Or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:
For here lies Iuliet, and her beautie
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they beene merrie?
Which their
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloudy sheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To sunder his that was thy enemie?
Forgiue me Cozen. Ah deare Iuliet:
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeu
Shall I beleu, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred Monster keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,
And neuer from this Pallace of dym night
Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,
Heere's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,
With Wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here
Will I set vp my everlasting 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:
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Enter Frier with a Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.

Fri.

St.

Fri.

Man.

Fri.

Man.

Fri.

Man.

Fri.

Romeo.

Fri.

Romeo.

Fri.

Man.
Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not Sir.

Fri. My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,

Fri. If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me.

Fri. O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,

Man. I dreamt my maister and another fought,

Man. And that my Maister slew him.

Fri. Rome. Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which staines

Fri. The stony entrance of this Sepulcher?

Fri. What meane these Masterlesse, and goarie Swords to lie discolour'd by this place of peace?


Iul. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?

Iul. I do remember well where I should be:

Iul. And steept in blood? Ah what an vn knid hour.

Iul. Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?

Iul. The Lady stirs.

Fri. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest

Fri. Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,

Fri. A greater power then we can contradict

Fri. Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead:

And Paris too: come Ile dispose of thee,

Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:

Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.

Come, go good Iuliet, I dare no longer stay.

Exit.

Iul.

Yea noise?

Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.

'Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die

Kils herselfe.

Boy.

This is the place,

There where the Torch doth burne

Watch.

The ground is bloody,

Search about the Churchyard.
Go some of you, who ere you find attach.

Prithee, sight, here lies the Countie slaine,

And *Juliet* bleeding, warme and newly dead

Who here hath laine these two dayes buried.

Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,

Raise vp the *Mountagues*, some others search,

We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,

But the true ground of all these piteous woes,

We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeo

Watch.

Here's *Romeo's* man,

We found him in the Churchyard.

Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

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.

A great suspition, stay the Frier too.

Enter the Prince.
What misadventure is so earely vp,
That calls our person from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

What should it be that they so shrike abroad?

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

What feare is this which startles in your eares?

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

And Romeo dead, and Iuliet dead before,
Warmke and new kil'd.

Search, and know how, this foule murder comes.
Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With Instruments vpon them fit to open These dead mens Tombes.

O heauen!
O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dagger hath mistaine, for loe his house Is empty on the backe of
Mountague</hi>,

<l>And is misheathed in my Daughters bosome.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
  <l>O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell</l>
</sp>

<l>That wa</l>
<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="partiallyInkedType"
resp="#ES"/>
nes my old age to a Sepulcher.</l>

</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-rom-pri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pri.</speaker>
  <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Mountague</hi>, for thou art ear</l>
</sp>

vp</l>

<l>To see thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Moun.</speaker>
  <l>Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,</l>
</sp>

<l>Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath stopt her breath:</l>

<l>What further woe conspires against my age?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-pri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <l>Looke: and thou shalt see.</l>
</sp>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Moun.</speaker>
  <l>O thou vntaught, what manners in is this,</l>
</sp>

<l>To presse before thy Father to a graue?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-pri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <l>Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,</l>
</sp>

<l>Till we can cleare these ambiguities,</l>

<l>And know their spring, their head, their true descent,</l>

<l>And then I will be generall of your woes,</l>

<l>And lead you euen to death?meane time forbeare,</l>

<l>And let mischance be slaue to patience,</l>

<l>Bring forth the parties of suspition.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-rom-fla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
  <l>I am the greatest, able to doe least,</l>
</sp>

<l>Yet most suspected as the time and place</l>

<l>Doth make against me of this direfull murther:</l>
And heere I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.

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

I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo there dead, was husband to that Iuliet,
And she there dead, that's Romeos faithfull wife:
Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:
For whom (and not for Tybalt) Iuliet pinde.
You, to remoue that siege of Greefe from her,
Betroth'd, and would haue married her perforce
To Countie Paris. Then comes she to me,
And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuise some meanes
To rid her from this second Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gaue I her (so Tutor'd by my Art)
A sleeping Potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her the forme of death. Meane time, I writ to
That he should hither come, as this dyre night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the Potions force should cease.
But he which bore my Letter, Frier Iohn
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her waking.
Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could send to
That she there dead, that's Romeos faithfull wife:
Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:
For whom (and not for Tybalt) Iuliet pinde.
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Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could send to
But when I came (some Minute ere the time)

Of her awaking) here untimely lay

The Noble <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>, and true <hi rend="italic">Romeo</hi> dead.

She wakes, and I intreated her come forth,

And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience:

But then, a noyse did scare me from the Tombe,

And she (too desperate) would not go with me,

But (as it seems) 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,

Unto the rigour of seuerest Law.

We still have known thee for a Holy man.

Where's <hi rend="italic">Romeo's</hi> man? What can he say to this?

I brought my Master newes of <hi rend="italic">Iuliets</hi> death,

And then in poste 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 threatened me with death, going in the Vault,

If I departed not, and left him there.

This Letter doth make good the Friers words,

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?

He came with flowers to strew his Ladies grave,

And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did:

Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,

And by and by my Master drew on him,

And then I ran away to call the Watch.

This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of Loue, the tydings of her death:
And heere he writes, that he did buy a poysom
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with Iuliet.
Where be these Enemies? Capulet,
See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate,
That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue;
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Haue lost a brace of Kinsmen: All are punish'd.
O Brother Mountague, giue me thy hand,
This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more Can I demand.
But I can giue thee more:
For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,
That whiles Verona by that name is knowne,
As rich shall Romeo by his Lady ly,
Poore sacrifices of our enmity.
A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head;
Go hence, to haue more talke of these sad things,
For neuer was a Storie of more Wo,
Then this of Iuliet, and her Romeo.
Exeunt omnes
<trailer>FINIS.</trailer>