THE TRAGEDIE

OF

ROMEO AND JULIET.

By

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

The Text from the Folio of 1623;
with Notices of the known Editions previously issued.

LONDON.
Printed for L. Booth, 307 Regent Street, W. 1864.
THE TRAGEDIE OF

ROMEO AND IVLIERET.

The Editions described below are those, as far as known, which preceded the Folio of 1623.

THE foundation of this play was "The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet, written in verse, in Italian, by Bandell, and now in English by Ar. Br. Lond. by Rich. Tottill." 1562. Small 4to.

An excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet. As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunfdon his Servants. Lond. Printed by John Danter, 1597. 4to. 39 leaves.

The last page is signature K 4. Signature A has three leaves.

THE most excellent and lamentable Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended: As it hath bene sundrie times publiquely acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Lond. Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be fold at his shop neare the Exchange. 1599. 4to. 46 leaves.

The last page is fig. M 2.

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* * * By the courteous permission of J. O. Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S. &c., and H. G. Bohn,
Esq., the above details have been obtained from the "Skeleton Hand-list of the Early Quarto
Editions of the Plays of Shakespeare," and from Bohn's "Bibliographical Account of the Works
of Shakespeare," 1864.
Enter Sampfon and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers, of the House of Capulet.

Sampson.

Gregory: A word of use will not carry coales.
Greg. No, for then we should be Collars.
Samp. I mean, if ever be in question, we'll draw.
Greg. I, while you draw, 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 the house of Montague, moves me.
Greg. To move is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runnest away.
Samp. A dogge of that house shall moue me to stand.
I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of Mountagues.
Greg. That sweeth thee as weake as a weake, for the weake goes to the wall.
Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker Vessels, are ever 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
Samp. 'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant when I have fought with the men, I will bee ciuill with the Maid, and cut off their heads.
Greg. The heads of the Maids?
Sam. I, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads, Take it in what fence thou wilt.
Greg. They must take it fence, that feele it.
Samp. Ye they shall feel while I am able to stand:
And 'tis knowne I am a pretty piece of flesh.
Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fieh: If thou had'st, thou had't beene poore John. Draw thy Tooole, here comes of the House of Mountague.

Enter two other Serving-men.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee
Sam. Fear me not.
Gre. No merry: I feare thee.
Sam. Let vs take the Law of our sides: let them begin.
Gre. I will draw as I passe by, & let the take it as they lift Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my Thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.
Gre. Do you bite your Thumb at vs fir?
Samp. I do bite my Thumbe, fir.
Gre. Do you bite your Thumbe at vs fir?
Sam. Is the Law of our side, if I say I? Gre. No.

Sam. No fir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you fir: but I bite my Thumbe fir.
Gre. Do you quarrell fir?
ABRA. Quarrell fir? no fir.
Sam. If you do fir, I am for you, I ferue as good a man
ABRA. No better?
Samp. Well fir.

Enter Benvolio.

Gre. Say better here comes one of my masters kinsmen.
Samp. Yes, better.
ABRA. You Lye.

They Fight.

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

Enter Tibalt.

Tyl. What art thou drawne, amonge these heartleffe Hindes? Turne thee Benvolio, looke vp thy death.
Ben. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy Sword, Or manage it to part thse men with me.
Tyl. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the world As I hate hell, all Mountagues, and thee:
Haue at thee Coward.

Fight.

Enter three or fourre Citizens with Clubs.

Offi. Clubs, Bills, and Partition, strike, beat them downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long Sword ho.
Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?
Cap. My Sword I say: Old Mountague is come, And flourishes his Blade in spight of me.

Enter old Mountague, & his wife.

Moun. Thou villaine Capulet. Hold me not, let me go.
Wife. Thou shalt not fir a foote to feke a Foe.

Enter Prince & his traine, with his Traine.

Prince. Rebellious Subjectts, Enemies to peace, Prophaners of this Neighbor-faine Steele,
Will they not heare? What ho, you Men, you Beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage, With purple Fountaines issue from your Veines: On paine of Torture, from those bloody hands Throw your miftempered Weapons to the ground, And heare the Sentence of your moued Prince.

Three ciuill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word, By thee old Capulet and Mountague,
Haue thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets, And made Verona's ancient Citizens
Cait by their Graue befeeming Ornaments,
To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If ever you disturb our streets again
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You Capulet shall goe along with me,
And Montague come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this cafe:
To old Free-towne, our common judgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.  Exeunt.


dedicate he Diem.

To hear true shriift. Come Madam let's away.  Exeunt.

Ben. Good morrow Coufn.
Rom. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new brooke nine.
Rom. Aye me, sad hours fee me long:
Was that my Father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was; what sadnes lengthsens Rome's hours?
Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short
Ben. In loue.
Romes. Out.
Ben. Of loue.
Rom. Out of her favoure where I am in loue.
Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooff.
Rom. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, fee path-wayes to his will:
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Here's much to do with hate, but more with loue:
Why then, O bawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing, of nothing first created:
O heauie lightneffe, ferioue vanity,
Mifhapen Chaos of woleefing formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, fickle health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this.
Doest thou not laugh?
Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good hearts oppreffion.
Rom. Why such is loues tranfeg reffion.
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it prefent
With more of thine, this loue that thou haft fowne,
Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Loure, is a fmoake made with the fume of fighes,
Being purg'd, a fire fparkling in Louers eyes,
Being vext, a Sea nourifh with louing teares,
What is it elle? a madneffe, moft difcreeet,
A choking gall, and a preferring sweet:
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft I will goe along.
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut I haue loft my felle, I am not here,
This is not Rome, hee's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in fadneffe, who is that you loue?
Rom. What hall I groane and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no: but fadly tell me who.
Rom. A ficke man in fadneffe makes his will:
A word ill vrg'd to one that is fo ill:
In fadneffe Cozin, I do loue a woman.
Ben. I aym'd fo near, when I fuppof'd you lou'd.
Rom. A right good marke man, and shee's faire I loue
Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is foonest hit.
Rom. Well in that hit you miffe, theel not be hit
With Cupids arrow, the hath Diano wit:
And in strong prooffe of chaftity well arm'd:
From loues weake childifh Bow, the liues vnchar'd.
Shee will not flaye the fieg of louing tearmes,
Nor bid th'incounter of affailing eyes.
Nor open her lap to Saint-feduing Gold:
O fhe is rich in beaute, oneely poore,
That when she dies, with beaute dies her flore.
Ben. Then fhe hath owrne, that she will flill flie chaft?
Rom. Shee hath, and in that fparing make huge waft?
For beauty fteue'd with her feuerity,
Cuts beauty off from all pottertie.

Shee
She is too faire, too wifewi: fely too faire,  
To merit bliffe by making me difpare:  
She hath forborne to loue, and in that vow  
Do I live dead, that lye to tell it now.  
_Ben._ Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.  
_Rom._ O teach me how I should forget to thinke.  
_Ben._ By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,  
Examine other beauties,  
_Ro._ 'Tis the way to cal hers (exquisit) in question more,  
These happy maskes that kille faire Ladies browes,  
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:  
He that is Stroken blind, cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eye-light loft:  
Shew me a Mistreff that is paffing faire,  
What doth her beauty ferue but as a note,  
Where I may read who paft that paffing faire.  
Farewell thou can't not teach me to forget,  
_Ben._ Ie pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. _Exeunt_  
Enter Capulet, Countie Parar, and the Clowne.  
_Capu._ Mountague is bound as well as I,  
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,  
For men so old as we, to keepe the peace.  
_Par._ Of Honourable reckoning are you both,  
And pittie 'tis you live at ods so long;  
But now my Lord, what say you to my fute?  
_Capu._ But saying ore what I have faid before,  
My Child is yet a stranger in the world,  
Shee hath not beene the change of fourteen 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 foone mar'd are those so early made:  
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,  
Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:  
But woe her gentle Parian get her heart,  
My will to her confent, is but a part,  
And shee agree, within her scope of choife,  
Lyes my confent, and faire according voice:  
This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,  
Whereeto I haue invited many a Guest,  
Such as I love, and you among the store,  
One more, most welcome makes my number more:  
At my poore houfe, looke to behold this night,  
Earth-treading flares, that make darke heauen light,  
Such comfort as do lustie young men feele,  
When well apparell'd April on the heele  
Oflimping Winter treads, euin fuch delight  
Among freth Fennell buds shall you this night  
Inherit at my houfe: heare all, all fee:  
And like her moff, whose merite most shall be:  
Which one more seue, of many, mine being one,  
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.  
Come, goe with me: goe firrath trudge about,  
Through faire Verona, find those perfons out,  
Whole names are written there, and to them say,  
My houfe and welcome, on their pleafure stay. _Exit._  
_Ser._ Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the Shoemaker should meddle with his Yard, and the Tayler with his Laff, the Fisher with his Penfill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am fent to find those perfons whose names are writ; & can never find what names the writing perfon hath here writ[i](I mutt to the learned) in good time.  
_Enter Benedil, and Romeo._  
_Ben._ Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,  
One paine is lefned by anothers anguifh:  
Turne giddle, and be holpe by backward turning;  
One delarate greefe, cures with anothers anguiſh:  
Take thou some new infection to the eye,  
And the rank propensity of the old wilt die,  
_Rom._ Your Plantain leaf is excellent for that.  
_Ben._ For what I pray thee?  
_Rom._ For your broken shin.  
_Ben._ Why Romeo art thou mad?  
_Rom._ Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:  
Shut vp-in prison, kept without my foode,  
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,  
_Ser._ Godgigoden, I pray fir can you read?  
_Rom._ I mine owne fortune in my miferie.  
_Ser._ Perhaps you have learn'd it without booke:  
But I pray can you read any thing you fee?  
_Rom._ If I know the Letters and the Language.  
_Ser._ Ye fay honestly, rest you merry.  
_Rom._ Stay fellow, I can read.  
He reads the Letter._  
_S.eigneur Martin_ , and his wife and daughter: County Anfelme, and his admirable sitters: the Lady widow of Utruiu, Seigneur Placento, and his lovely Necees: Mercutio and his brother Valentine: mine uncle Capulet his wife and daughters: my fai're Nece Rosaline, Luia Seigneur Valenti, and his Cofen Tybalt: Lucio and the lively Helena.  
A faire assembly, whither should they come?  
_Ser._ Vp.  
_Rom._ Whither? to supper?  
_Ser._ To our houfe.  
_Rom._ Whafe houfe?  
_Ser._ My Maifters.  
_Rom._ Indeed I should haue askt you that before.  
_Ser._ Now Ile tell you without asking. My maifter is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the houfe of Mountague I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Reft you merry.  
_Ben._ At this fame auncient Feast of Capuletts  
Sups the faire Rosaline, whom thou fo loues:  
With all the admired Beauties of Verona,  
Go thither and with vnattainted eye,  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.  
_Rom._ When the devout religion of mine eye  
Maintaines such faifhood, then turne teares to fire:  
And thefe who often drown'd could never die,  
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.  
One fairer then my loue: the all-feeing Sun  
Nere saw her match, since firft the world begun.  
_Ben._ Tut, you faw her faire, none elfe being by,  
Herelesse poift'd with herelesse in either eye:  
But in that Christall scales, let there be swaid,  
Your Ladies looze against some other Maid  
That I will show you, thining at this Feast,  
And the feue cant shall, well, that now fheues beft.  
_Rom._ Ile goe along, no fuch flight to be fhowne,  
But to rejoyce in splendor of mine owne.  
_Enter Capulet's Wife and Nurse._  
_Wife_ Nurfe wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.  
_Nurfe._ Now by my Maidenhead, at twelve yeares old  
I bad her come, what Lamb: what Ladi-bird, God forbid,  
Where's this Girl? what Juliet? _Enter Juliet._  
_Juliet._ How now, who calls?  
_Nur._ Your Mother.  
_Juliet._ Madam I am heere, what is your will?  
_Wife._ This is the matter: Nurfe give leaque awhile, we

_A_ 2

muft
must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou'st heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

Wife. She'se's not fourteen.

Nurse. Ile lay fourteen of my teeth,

And yet to my teene be it spoken,

I haue but foure, thee's not fourteen.

How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and oddy daies.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all daies in the yeare come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen. Saffan & the, God rest all Chriftian soules, were of an age. Well Saffan is with God, she was too good for me.But as I said, on Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen, that shall the ma-rie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleven yeares, and she was wear'd I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dog sitting in the Sunne vnder the Douse-house wall, my Lord and you were then at Mantine, say I doe beeare a braine. But as I said, when it did taft the Worme-wood on the niple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachable, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue-houfe, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a euen yeare, for then she cou'd stand alone, say by'th' roode she could have runne, & walled all about: for euen the day before she brake her brow, & then my Husband God be with his foule, was a merrie man, tooke vp the Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vp vnpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou haue more wit, wilt thou not Iule? And by my holy-dam, the prettie wretch lefte crying, & said I: to see now how a leaft shall come about. I warrant, & I shal lisse a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not Iule quoth he? and pretty foole it finted, and said I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam,yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it shoulde leave crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had vp it brow, a bunage as big as a young Cockrels stone! A perillous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall vt on thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not Iule? It finted:and said I.

Iule. And finte thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nur. Peace I haue done: God marke theo too: heer grace thou waft the prettiest Babe that ere I nurt, and I might liue to see thee married once, I haue my wife.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter Iuleet, How stands your disposition to be Married?

Iule. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nur. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst made wastome from thy text.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now,yonger then you Heere in Verona, Ladies of esteeme,

Are made already Mothers. By my count

I was your Mother, much vpon these yeares

That you are now a Maid,thus then in briefe : The valiant Paris feakes you for his loue.

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

Old La. Verona Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, infaite a very flower.

Old La: What say you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our Feast,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Mer. Tut, duns the Moufe, the Contablies owne word, If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire, Or faue thy reverence loue, wherien thou fliekeft Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho. 
Rom. Nay that’s not fo.
Mer. I meane fir I delay, We wait our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day; Take our good meaning, for our Judgement fits Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits. 
Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske, But ’tis no wit to go, 
Mer. Why may one aske? 
Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night. 
Mer. And fo did I. 
Rom. Well what was yours? 
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Rg. In bed a sleepe while they do dreame things true.
Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you: She is the Fairies Midwife, & the comes in shape no bigger Then Agat-fone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little Atomeys, ouer mens nozes as they lie a sleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners legs: the Courier of the wings of Graffhoppers, her Traces of the smallest Spiders web, her coulers of the Moonshines wary Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone, the Laff Philome, her Waggoner, asmall gray-coated Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little Worme, prickt from the Lazie-finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie Haselnut, made by the Joyners Squirrel or old Grub, time out a mind, the Faries Coach-makers: & in this flate the gallops night by night, through Louers brains: & then they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curles ftrait: ore Lawyers fingers, who ftrait dreamt on Fees, ore Ladies lips, who frait on kiffer dreame, which oft the angry Mab with blisters plaques, because their breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime the fleeme ore a Courtiers nofe, & then dreames he of smelling out aumte: & fometime comes she with Tith pigs tale, tickling a Parfons nofe as a lies a sleepe, then he dreames of another Benefice. Sometime the drieueth ore a Soildiers necke, & then dreames he of cutting Forraigne throats, of Breaches, Ambuscados, Spanish Blades: Of Healths fue Fadome deeppe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which he startes and wakes; and being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or two & fleepe against:this is that very Mab that plats the manes of Horles in the night: & bakes the Elklocks in foule fluttis haires, which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes, This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs, That preffes them, and leames them frift to beare, Making them women of good carriage: 
This is she.
Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio peace, Thou talk’t of nothing.
Mer. True, I talke of dreames: Which are the children of an idle braine, Begot of nothing, but vaine phantasie, Which is as thin of substance as the ayre, And more inconstat then the wind, who woces Even now the frozen boforme of the North: And being anger’d, puffs away from thence, Turning his fue to the dew dropping South.
Ben. This wind you talke of blowes vs from our felues, Supper is done, and we shal too late, 
Rom. I feare too early, for my mind migues, Some conseqence yet hanging in the starses,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date With this nights reuels, and expire the tearme Of a defpied life clos’d in my brust: By some vile forte of vntimely death. But he that hath the frrage of my courfe, To thine true love, on Dublins Gentlemen. 
Ben. Strike Drum.

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

Enter Servant.
Ser. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? 
May I a Trencher? he scrape a Trencher?
1. When good manners, shall lie in one or two mens hands, and they vnwaftt too, ’tis a foule thing. 
Ser. Away with the Joynstoole, remove the Court-cubbd, looke to the Plate: good thou, faue mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou loue me, let the Porter let in Sufile Grundfite, and Nell, Anthony and Potpan.
2. I Boy readie.
Ser. You are lookt for, and cal’d for, ask’d for, and fought for, in the great Chamber.
1 We cannot be here and there too, clearely Boyes, Be brisk awhile, and the longer luer take all.

Enter all the Guests and Gentlemens to the Maskers.

1. Capu. Welcome Gentlemen, 
Ladies that have their toes 
Vnplag’d with Cornes, will walke about with you: 
Ah my Miftrefles, which of you all 
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty, 
She Ile swear hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now? 
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue feeene the day 
That I haue wore a Vifor, and could tell 
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies care: 
Such as would pleafe: ’tis gone, ’tis gone, ’tis gone, 
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Mufitians play: 
Mufitke plates and the dance. 

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

2. Capu. Berlady thirty yeares.
1. Capu. Wbat man: ’tis not fo much, ’tis not fo much, 
’Tis since the Nuptiall of Lucentio, 
Come Pencyffolt as quickly as it will, 
Some huy and twenty yeares, and then we Maske. 
2. Cap. ’Tis more, ’tis more, his Sonne is elder fir: 
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 fir.
Rom. O the doth teach the Torches to burne bright: 
It feemes the hang vs upon the cheekes of night, 
As a rich Jewell in an /Ethiops ear: 
Beauty too rich for vie, for earth too deare: 
So thewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crowes, 
As yonder Ladie ore her fellows showes: 
The meaue done, Ile watch her place of hand, 
And touching hers, make blest my rude hand.

Did
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

Did my heart loue till now, farwearer it light,
For I neuer saw true Beauty till this night.

Tib. This by his voice, should be a Moutague.
Fetch me my Rapier Bay, what dares the flawe
Come hither couer'd with an antique face,
To fleere and scorne at our Solemitie?
Now by the flocke and Honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a fin.

Cap. Why nowkinman,
Wherefore scorne you so?

Tib. Vaile this is a Moutague, our foe:
A Vaileine that is hither come in fipght,
To scorne at our Solemitie this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tib. Tis he, that Vaileine Romeo.

Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to fay 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 howe do him difparagement:
Therfore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou refpeft,
Shew a faire prefence, and put off thofe frownes,
An ill befominge fembleance for a Feath.

Tib. It fits when fuch a Vaileine is a guest,
Ile not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endu'rd.
What goodman boy, I fay he shall, go too,
Am I the Malter here or you? I go too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my foule,
Youle make a Mutinie among the Guest:
You will let cocke a hoope, youle be the man.

Tib. Why Uncle, 'tis a flame.

Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a fawey Boy, 'twas fo indeed?
This tricke may chance to fcare you, I know what,
You muff contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well fayd my hearts, you are a Princos, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
Ile make you quiet. What, chessely my hearts.

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

Rom. If I prophanne with my vnworthie hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle fin is this,
My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kiffe.

Iul. Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much.
Which mannerly defeoune fhowes in this,
For Saints have hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kiffe.

Rom. Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

Iul. I Pilgrime, lips that they must vfe in prayer.

Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray [grant thou] leat faith turne to dispaire.

Iul. Saints do not moue,
Though grant for prayers fake.

Rom. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my fin is purgd.

Iul. Then haue my lips the fin that they haue tooke.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trefpaft sweettly vrg'd:
Give me my fin again.

Iul. You kiffe by th'booke.

Nur. Madam your Mother craues a word with you.

Rom. What is her Mother?

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

Rom. Is fie a Cadelet?

O deare account! My life is my foes debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the beft.

Rom. I fo I feare, the more is my vnreft.

Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish Banquet towards:
Is it ne fo? why then I thanke you all,
I thank you honest Gentlemen, good night:
More Torches here come on, then let's to bed.
Ah frrah, by my faiie it waxes late,
Ile to my ref.

Iul. Come hither Nurfe,
What is yond Gentleman:

Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old Tyberio,
Iul. What's he that now is going out of doore?

Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young Petruchio.

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

Nur. I know not.

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

Nur. His name is Romeo, and a Moutague,
The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.

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

Nur. What's this? what's this?

Iul. A rime, I learn the euuen now
Of one I don't withall.

Nur. Anon, anon:
Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old defire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affection gaps to his Heire,
That faire, for which Loue groan'd for and would die,
With tender Iuliet matcht, is now not faire.

Now Romeo is beloued, and Loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
And she steale Loues sweete bait from fearfull hookes:

Being held a foe, he may not haue acceffe
To breath such vowes as Louers vfe to swear,
And she as much in Loue, her meanes much leffe,
To meehe her new Beloued any where:
But passion lends them Power, time, meanes to meehe,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweete.

Enter Romeo alone.

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

Enter Denuilio, with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my Cozen Romeo, Romeo.

Mer. He is wife,
And on my life hath stole him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call good Mercutio:

Nay, Ile conjure too.
Exeunt.

Till you in the likeness of a fish,
Speake but one rime, and I am satisfied:
Cry me but ay me, Prouant, but Loue and day,
Speake to my goliop Penus one faire word,
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
Young Abraham Cupid he that shot so true,
When King Craguetou lie the beggar Maid,
He hearth not, he flyrith not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, I must conjure him,
I conjure thee by Reafalines fair eyes,
By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quieter thigh,
And the Demeanes, that there Adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to vs.

Ben. And if he hearst hee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, 't would anger him
To raise a Spirit in his Miftrrfe circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it stand
Till she had laid it, and conjured it downe,
That were some fright.

My invocation is faire and honest, & in his Miftrres name,
I conjure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath bid himselfe among these Trees
To be comforted with the Humorous night:
Blind is his Loue, and best befits the dark.

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

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

Exeunt.

Rom. He leaves at Scarres that never felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the Sunne,
Ariell faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already sickle and pale with griefe,
That thou her Maid art far more faire then she:
Be not her Maid since she is enuious,
Her Veil of Iubery is but sickle and greene,
And none but fools 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 fayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answeare it:
I am too bold 'tis not to me she speakes:
Two of the fairest flares in all the Heaven,
Hauling some benefice do entreat her eyes,
To twinkel in their Spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those flares,
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie Region streame fo bright,
That Birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
See how she leaes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a Glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Ist. Ay me.

Rom. She speakes.

Oh speake againe bright Angel, 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 befrides the lizie puffing Cloudes,
And fallses vpon the boosome of the ayre.

Ist. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but tworue my Loue,
And Ie no longer be a Capiet.

Rom. Shall I here more, or shall I speake at this?

Ist. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a Montague,
What's Montague? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.

What in a names that which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So Romeo were, were he not Romeo cal'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title Romeo, doe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and Ie be new baptiz'd,
Hence forth I never will be Romea.

Ist. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumbeles on my counfell?

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

Ist. My eares have yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vtering, yet I know the found.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike.

Ist. How canst thou hither.
Tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to clime,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinmen find thee here,

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

Ist. If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

Rom. Alacke there lies more peril in thine eye,
Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prove against their enimy.

Ist. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

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

Ist. By whose direction found'rt thou out this place?

Rom. By Loue that first did promt me to enquire,
He lent me couenell, and I lent him eyes,
I am no Pylot, yet vert thou as far
As that vaft-shore-waftet with the farthest Sea,
I should adventure for such Marchandise.

Ist. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
Elle would a Maiden blush be paint my cheeke,
For that which thou haft heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, dine
What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,
Doeft thou Loue? I know thou wilt say I,
Within. 'Tis faine as Loues passion, and Loues faithfull vow, That Loue be true, And Loue faire. Ie prowe more true, Than thou of Loue thou haue not; And Loue be true, That Loue be true, And thou haue cloyne to be strange, I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse, But thou ouer heard't ere I was ware. 

Rom. Lady, by yonder Moore I vow, 

That tips with fliuer all thefe Fruite tree tops. 

Iul. O fware not by the Moore, th'inconfant Moore, That monteithly changes in her circled Orbe, Leaf that thy Loue prowe likewise variable. 

Rom. What shall I fware by? 

Iul. Do not fware at all: 

Or if thou wilt fware by thy gratious felfe, Which is the God of my Idolatry, 

And Ile beleue thee. 

Rom. If my hearts deare loue. 

Iul. Well do not fware, although I joy in thee: 

I have no joy of this contracd to night, 

It is too rath, too vnaduif'd, too fudden, Too like the lightning which doth cafe to be Ere, one can fay, it lightens,Sweete good night: This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath, May proue a beautifull Flower when next we meete: Goodnight,goodnight, as fweise repofe and ref, Come to thy heart,as that within my bref. 

Rom. O wilt thou leave me fo vnatisfied? 

Iul. What fatisfacon can't thou haue to night? 

Ro. Th'exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine. 

Iul. I gaue thee mine before thou didt requet it: 

And yet I would it were to give againe. 

Rom. Would'th thou withdraw, 

For what purpose Loue? 

Iul. But to be franke and give it thee againe, And yet I wish but for the thing I haue, My bounty is as boundlffe as the Sea, My Loue as deep, the more I gleue to thee The more I haue, for both are Infinite: I heare fome noyfe within deare Loue adue: 

Anon good Nurfe, sweet Mountague be true: 

Stay but alittle, I will come againe. 

Rom. O bleffed bleffed night, I am afear'd Being in night, all this is but a dreame, Too flattering fweet to be fubftantiall. 

Iul. Three words deare Romo, 

And goodnight indeed, 

If that thy bent of Loue be Honourable, Thy purpose marriage, fend me word to morrow, By one that Ile procure to come to thee, Where and what time thou wilt performe the right, And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay, And follow thee my Lord throughout the world. 

I come, anon : but if thou meaneft not well, I do befeech thee

Cal's within. 

Anon good Nurfe, sweet Mountague be true: 
Stay but alittle, I will come againe. 

Rom. O bleffed bleffed night, I am afear'd Being in night, all this is but a dreame, Too flattering fweet to be fubftantiall. 

Iul. Three words deare Romo, 

And goodnight indeed, 

If that thy bent of Loue be Honourable, Thy purpose marriage, fend me word to morrow, By one that Ile procure to come to thee, Where and what time thou wilt performe the right, And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay, And follow thee my Lord throughout the world. 

I come, anon : but if thou meaneft not well, I do befeech thee

With in : Madam. 

( By and by I come) 

To ceafe thy strife, and leave me to my grieves, To morrow will I fend. 

Rom. So thriue my soule. 

Iul. A thousand times goodnight. 

Ex. 

Rome. A thousand times the worse to want thy light, Loue goes toward Loue as school-boys from thier books But Loue from Loue, towards schoole with beaule lookes.

Enter Juliet again. 

Iul. Hift Romeo hift:O for a Falkners voice, To lure this Taffell gentle backe againe, Bondage is hoarfe, and may not speake aloud, Ife would I teare the Caue where Echo lies, And make her ayrie tongue more hoarfe,then With repetition of my Romeo. 

Rom. It is my soule that calls upon my name. How fliuer sweet, found Louers tongues by night, Like softeft Musick to attending eares.

Iul. Rome. 

Rom. My Niecee. 

Iul. What a clock to morrow 

Shall I fend to thee? 

Rom. By the hour of nine. 

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

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it. 

Iul. I fhall forget, to have thee still stand there, Remembering how I Loue thy company. 

Rom. And Ile still fay, to have thee still forget, Forgetting any other home but this. 

Iul. 'Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone, And yet no further then a wantons Bird, That let's it hop a little from his hand, Like a poore prifoner in his twifted Gyues, 

Rom. And with a filken thred plucks it backe againe, So louing Iealous of his liberty. 

Rom. I would I were thy Bird.

Iul. Sweet fo would I, 

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

Rom. Parting is fuch fweete sorrow, 

That I shall fay goodnight, till it be morrow. 

Iul. Slepeel dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy bref. 

Rom. Would I were fleep and peace fo fweet to ref, The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night, Checkring the Earthen Cloudes with ftreakes of light, And darkneffe fleckeld like a drunkard reeles, From forth dayes pathway, made by Titans wheeles. 

Hence will I to my ghosly Fries clofe Cell, His help to craue, and my deare hap to tell. 

Enter Friar alone with a basket. 

Fri. The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night, Checkring the Earthen Cloudes with ftreakes of light: And fleckled darkneffe like a drunkard reeles, 

From forth daies path, and Titans burning wheeles: Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye, The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry, I muft fill this Ofer Cage of ours, 

With balefull weedes, and precious juiced 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
We fucking on her naturall boosome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
Omickle is the powerful grace that lies
In Plants, Hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth lie,
But to the earth some speciale good doth glue:
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,
Resultts from true birth, slumbering on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being milapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.
Within the infant rin'd of this weake flower,
Poyfon hath refidence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt, with that part cheares each part,
Being tailed layes all fences with the heart.
Two fuch oppposed Kings encame them fill,
In man as well as Hearbes, grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Cancer death eates vp that Plant.

Rom. Good morrow Father.
Fri. Benedicte.
What early tongue so sweet filuteh me?
Young Sonne, it argues a distempered head,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;
Care keepe his watch in every old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, sleepe will never lye:
But where vnbruised youth with vnfruit braine
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleepe doth raigne;
Therefore thy earlineffe doth me affure,
Thou art vprotr'd with some distemperate;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right.

Our Romeo hath not bene in bed to night.

Rom. That laft is true, the sweeter reft was mine.
Fri. God pardon min:waft thou with Rofaline?
Rom. With Rofaline, my ghostly Father? No,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.
Fri. That's my good Son, but wher haft thou bin then?
Rom. Ile tell thee ere thou ask me it agen:
I haue bene festvling with mine enemie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy philicke lies:
I beare no hatred, blessed manfor loe
My interceffion likewise steades my foe.
Fri. Be plaine good Son, reft homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeffion, findes but ridling thrift.
Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is set.
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all comb'd, faue what thou must combine
By holy mariage: 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 confent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. Francis, what a change is heere?
Is Rofaline that thou didst Loue so deare
So soone forfaken? young mens Loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Iefu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath wafted thy fallow cheekes for Rofaline?
How much salt water throwne away in waft,
To seafon Loue that of it doth not taff.
The Sun not yet thy lighe, from heaven cleares,
Thy old grones yet ringer in my auncient ears:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the flaine doth fit,
Of an old teare that is not waft off yet.
If ere thou waft thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for Rofaline.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou child't me oft for louing Rofaline.
Fri. For doting,not for louing pupill mine.
Rom. And bad it me bury Loue.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to haue.
Rom. I pray thee childe me not, her I Loue now
Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow:
The other did not so.
Fri. O theknew well,
Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not spell:
But come young wauerer, come goe with me,
In one respect, I lie thy affillant be:
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turne your houthould rancer to pure Loue.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on fulden haft.
Fri. Wifely and low, they stumble that run faft.


Exeunt
Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deu le shoulde this Romeo be? came he not home to night?

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

Mer. Why that fame pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline tormentes him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the kinman to old Capulet, hath sent a Letter to his Fathers house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anfwere it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may anfwere a Letter.

Ben. Nay, he will anfwere the Letters Maifter how he dares, being daren.

Mer. Alas poore Romeo, he is already dead stab'd with a white wenches blacle eye, runne through the care with a Loue song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blind Bowe-boys but-shaft, and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why what is Tibalt?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Couragiouse Captain of Complements: he fights as you fing prickfong, keeps time, diance, and proportion, he reft his minum, one, two, and the third in your bofom: the very butcher of a filk burton, a Dulifl, a Dulifl: a Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second caufe: ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerfo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of fuch antique lying affenting phantasies, these new tunes of accent: Ielfu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandfire, that we shold be thus affiliated with thefhe strange flies: these fathion Mongers, these pardon-mee's, who stant so much on the new form, that they cannot fit at eafe on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Rome, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his Roel, like a dried Hering. O fleth, fleth, how art thou filhified? Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his Lady, was a kitchen wench, married she had a better Loue to be tyme her: Dido a bowdy, Cleopatra a Gipfle, Helen and Hero, hildnings and Harlots; Thibie a gray eie or fo, but not to the purpose.

Signior Romeo, Bon Iour, there's a French salutation to your French
French flop: you gau vs the the counterfeit fairely laft
night.

Rome. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit
did I guie you?

Mer. The flip fir, the flip, can you not conceive?

Rom. Fardon Mercutio, my buinesse was great, and in
such a cafe as mine, a man may drain curtefe.

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

Rom. Meaning to curfe.

Mer. Thou haft moft kindly hit it.

Rom. A moft curteous expedition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pincke of curtefe.

Rom. Peace for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flow'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this leaf, now till thou haft
worne out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is
worne, the leaf may remaine after the wearing, sole-
fingular.

Rom. O single fol'd leaf,
Soly singular for the singleneffe.

Mer. Come betwene vs good Benewlio, my wits fants.

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

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

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

Mer. I will bite thee by the care for that leaf.

Rom. Nay, good Goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very Bitter-sweeting,
It is a moft sharpe fawce.

Rom. And is it not well feru'd into a Sweet-Goose?

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

Rom. I strech it out for that word, broad, which added
to the Goose, proves thee farre and wide, abroad Goose.

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

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou defir'lt me to stop in my tale against the
Ben. Thou wilt elfe haue made thy tale large (haine)
Mer. O thou art decei'd, I would have made it short,
or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant
indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Rom. Here's goodly geare.

A fayle, a fayle.

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smockey.

Nur. Peter?

 Петр. Anon.

Nur. My Fan Peter?

Mer. Good Peter to hide her face?

For her Fans the fairer face?


Mer. God ye goodon faire Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it goodon?

Mer. 'Tis no lefe I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the
Dyall is now wpn the pricke of Noone.

Nur. Out upon you: what a man are you?

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

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

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

Nur. You lay well.

Mer. Ye is the worst well,
Very well tooke: I faith, wifely, wifely.

Nur. If you be he fir,
I defer some confidence with you?

Ben. She will enlire him to some Supper.

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

Rom. What haft thou found?

Mer. No Hare fir, yntelle a Hare fir 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,
Romewill you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner
thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady:
Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Benewlio.

Nur. I pray you fir, what sawtie Merchant was this
that was so full of his roperie?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurce, that loues to hear himselfe
talk, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand
to in a Moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him
downe, & a were lufter then he is, and twente such Jacks:
and if I cannot, Ile finde thofe thall: fcurie knaue, I
am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates,
and thou must stand by and too fuffer every knaue to vfe
me at his pleasure.

Pet. I faw no man vfe you at his pleasure: if I had, my
weapon should quickly haue beene out, I warrant you, I
dare draw affoone as another man, if I see occaion in a
good quarrell, and the law on my fide.

Nur. Now afore God, I am fo vext, that evry part about
me quieres, skuruy knaue: pray you fir a word: and as I
told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what
the bid me fay, I will keepe to my felfe: but firft let me
tell ye, if ye fhoold leade her in a fooles paradise, as they
fay, it were a very groffe kind of behauiour, as they fay:
for the Gentlewoman is young: & therefore, if you should
deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be of-
fered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Nur. Nurfe commend me to thy Lady and Miftrrefs, I
protest vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much:
Lord, Lord the will be a loafyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurfe? thou doest not
make me?

Nur. I will tell her fir, that you do proto, which as I
take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.

(afternoone,
Rom. Bid her deifie some meanes to come to shrift this
And there she fell at Fier Lawrence Cell
Befhriu'd and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly fir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I fay you shall.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Nur. This afternoone sir? why thee shall be there.
Rg. And fly thou good Nurfe behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee Cordes made like a tackled flaire,
Which to the high top gallant of my joy,
Must be my conwy in the secret night.

Farewell, be trustie and Ile quite thy paines:
Farewell, commend me to thy Mistref.
Nur. Now God in heauen bleffe thee,harke ye sir, 
Rom. What faith thou my deare Nurfe?

Nurfe. Is your man secret, did you there heare say two
may keepe counsell putting one away.
Ro. Warrant thee my man as true as steele.

Nur. Well sir, my Mistref is the sweeteest Lady, Lord,
Lord, when 'twas a little playing time. O there is a No-
ble man in Towne one Paris, that would faie lay knife a-
board: but she feele foule had as leewe a Toade, a very
Toade as fee him: I anger her sometymes, and tell her that
Paris is the proper man, but Ile warrant you, when I lay
fo, thee lookes as pale as any clout in the verwall world.
Doth not Rosmarie and Romeo begin both with a letter?
Rom. I Nurfe, what of that? Both with an R

Nur. A mockers that's the dogsname. R. is for the no,
I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the
prettest fententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it
would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.
Nur. I a thousand times. Peter?


Iul. The clocke stook nine, when I did send the Nurfe,
In halfe an houre the promisef to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him:that's not so :
Oh she is lame, Loues Herauld shoulde be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driuing backe shadowes over lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble Pionion'd Dous draw Loue,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings:
Now is the Sun vp on the hightost hill
Of this daies journey, and from nine till twelve,
I three long houres,yet she is not come.
Had the 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 faie as they were dead,
Vnewield,flow, heawy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurfe.
O God she comes, O hony Nurfe what newes?
Halt thou met with him? fend thy man away.

Nur. Peter fly at the gate.
Iul. Nay now good sweet Nurfe:
O Lord, why lookeft thou fad?
Though newes, be fad, yet tell them merrily,
If good thou than't the mufickes of sweet newes,
By playing it to me, with fo floura a face.

Nur. I am a weary, give me leave awhile,
Sie howe my bones ake, what a lant it haue I had?
Iul. I would thou had't of my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good sweet Nurfe speake.

Nur. Ilefu what hau?can you not fly a while?
Do you not fee that I am out of breath?
Iul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haft breth
To fay to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excufe that thou dost make in this delay,
A Louer may bestride the Goffamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, fo light is vanitie.

Iul. Good even to my ghostly Confessor.
Fri. Romeo shall thank thee Daughter for vs both.
Iul. As much to him, else in his thanks too much.
Fri. Ah Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heart like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musickes tongue,
Unfold the imagin’d happinesse that both
Receive in either, by this deere encounter.

Iul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his subtance,not of ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Loue is growne to fuch fucceffe,
I cannot fum vp some halfe of my wealth.

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

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, & men.

Ben. I pray thee good Mercutio let’s retire,
The day is not, the Capulets abroad:
And if we meet, we shall not fcape a brawl, for now these
hot daies, is the mad blood flirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of thefe fellows, that when he
enters the confines of a Tauerne, clasps me his Sword vpon
the Table, and fayes, God fende me no need of thee: and by the operation of the fecond cup, draws him on the Draw-
er, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like fuch a Fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jacke in thy mood,
as any in Italye & affoone moued to be moodie, and affoone moodie to be mou’d.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two fuch, we should have
none shortly, for one would kill the other thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a hairre more, or a hairre
leffe in his beard, then thou haft: thou wilt quarrelle with a
man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reafon, but be-
cause thou haft haefell eyes: what eye, but fuch an eye, would fpie out fuch a quarrell? thy head is as full of quar-
rels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin
beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou haft quar-
rel’d with a man for coffing in the flreet, because he hath
wakened thy Dog that hath haue afleepe in the Sun.Did’nt
thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new fhoes
with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarr-
relling?

Ben. And I were fo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man
ould buy the Fee-fimpfe of my life, for an houre and a
quarter.

Mer. The Fee-simpfe? O simpfe!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, & others.

Ben. By my heele I care not.

Tyb. Follow me clofe,for I will speake to them.

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

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

Tib. You shall find me apt inough to that fir, and you
will give me occation.

Mer. Could you not take some occaion without
 giving?

Tib. Mercutio thou confort’th with Romeo.

Mer. Confort’s what doth thou make vs Minstrels? &
thy make Minstrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but dif-
cords sheere’s my fiddlelickfe, heere’s that I shall make ye
dOUNCE. Confort.

Ben. We talke here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto some private place,
Or reacon coldly of your greeuances:
Or elfe depart,here all elies gaze on vs.

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

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man.
Mer. But Ile be hang’d sir if he ware your Livery:
Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that fene, may call him man.

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

Rom. Tybalt, the reafon that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excufe the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell, I fee thou know’st me not.

Tib. Boy, this shall not excufe the injuries
That thou haft done me, therefore turne and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur’d thee,
But lou’d thee better then thou can’t deuife:
Till thou shalt know the reafon of my loue,
And to good Capulet, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, difhonourable, vile submiffion:

Alla Bucatko carries it away.

Tybalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Tib. What woulds thou haue with me?

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

Tib. I am for you,

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come sir, your Paffado.

Rom. Draw Benuolio, beat downe their weapons:

Gentlemen, for shame forbeare this outrage,

Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streetes.

Hold Tybalt, good Mercutio.

Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague a both the Hauſes, I am sped:
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry tis inough,

Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No! tis not to deep as a well, nor fo wide as a
Church doore, but tis inough, twill ferue: aske for me to
morrow, and you shall find me a graue man. I am pepper’d
I warrant, for this world: a plague a both your hauſes.
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 Arithmetick, why the deuile came you betweene
vs? I was hurt vnder your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the belt.

Mer. Helpe me into some hauſe Benuolio,
Or I shall faint, a plague a both your hauſes.
They haue made wormes meat of me,
I have it, and soundly to your House.He.
Rom. This Gentleman the Prince neere Alie,
My very Friend hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf, my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt that an hour
Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet Juliet,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my temper toone Valours fleete.

Enter Benewall.
Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's is dead,
That Gallant'spirit hath aspird the Cloudes,
Which too vn timely here did Eorne the earth.
Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins, the wothers must end.

Enter Tybalt.
Ben. Here comes the Furious Tybalt backe againe.
Rom. He gon in triumph, and Mercutio slaine?
Away to heaven repreeflue Lenteie,
And fire and Fury, be my condud now.
Now Tybalt take the Villaine backe againe
That late thou gau'ft me, for Mercutio's soule
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe withhim.

Tib. Thou wretched Boy that didst confort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This shall determine that.
They fight. Tybalt False.

Enter Citizens.
Cit. Which way ran he that kild Mercutio?
Tibalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
Cit. Vp fir go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes names obey.

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

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discouer all
The vnluckie Mannage of this fatall brall:
There lies the man slaine by young Romeo,
That flew thy kinman brave Mercutio.

Cap. Wi. Tybalt, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild
Of my deare kinman. Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, shed bloud of Montague.

O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. Benewall, who began this Fray?
Ben. Tybalt here slaine, whom Romeo's hand diuid,
Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the Quarrell was, and yrg'd withall
Your high displeasure: all this vttred,
With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the vnruly pleene
Of Tybals deafe to peace, but that he Tilt
With Percing fleete at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a Martall scorne, with one hand beats
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 twist them rythes, vnderneath whose arme,
An envious thrust from Tybalt, hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.
But by and by comes backe to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertained Renenge,
And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slaine:
And as he fell, did Rome turne and file:
This is the truth, or let Benewall die.

Cap. Wi. He is a kinman to the Montague,
Affection makes him falle, 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 Jutice, which thou Prince muft give:
Romeo swa Tybalt, Rome muft not live.

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

Cap. Not Romeo Prince, he was Mercutio's Friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I have an interett in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ile Amerce you with fo strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loffe of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, or prayers shall purchase our abufes.
Therefore vfe none, let Romeo hence in haft,
Elfe when he is found, that houre is his laft.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt.
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them, O here comes my Nurse:

Enter Nurse with cords.

And the brings newes and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo, name, speaks heavenly eloquence:
Now Nurse, what newes what hast thou there?
The Cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nur. 1, 1, the Cords.

Iul. Ay me, what newes?

Why doft thou wring thy hands.

Nur. A welady, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kill'd, he's dead.

Iul. Can heauen be so enuous?

Nur. Romeo can,

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

Iul. What diuell art thou,
That doft torment me thus?

This torture should be roa'd in dismfull hell,
Hath Romeo flaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that bare voyel I shall poyfon more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.

Or tho' eyes shot, that makes thee answer:

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

Brieue, founds, determine of my weale or wo.

Nur. I faw the wound, I faw it with mine eyes,
God faue the marke, here on his manly brest,
A piteous Coarfe, a bloody piteous Coarfe:
Pale, pale as athes, all bedaw'd in blood,
All in gore blood, I founded at the fight-

Iul. O breake me heart,
Poor Banckrout breake at once.

To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.

Vile earth to earth reginve, end motion here,
And thou and Romeo preffe on hausie beere.

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

Iul. What fowre is this that blowes so contrarie?
Is Rome art slaughter'd and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest Cozen, and my dearest Lord:
Then dreadfull Trumpet found the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

Nur. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished,
Romeo that kil'd him, he is banished.

Iul. O God!
Did Romo's hand shed Tybalt's blood
It did it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur. O Serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.

Iul. Did euer Dragon keepe to faire a Caue?

Beautiful Tyrant, fient Angelicall:
Rauensoue Doue-feather'd Rauen,
Woluishe-rueening Lambe,
Disipfed substance of Diuinesst shew:
Juft opposite to what thou Ivtilly seem't,
A dimme Saint, an Honourable Villaine:
O Nature! what had't thou to doe in hell,
When thou did't bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortall paradis of fuch sweet flesh?

Was euer booke containing fuch vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit shoulde dwell
In such a gorgeous Pallace.

Nur. There's no truf't, no faith, no honestie in men,
All periur'd, all forworne, all naught, all diffemblers,

Ah where's my man? give me some Aqua-vite?
These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old:
Shame come to Romeo.

Iul. Blifter'd be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:

Vpon his brow shame is afham'd to fit;

For 'tis a thranoe where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the vnierfull earth:
O what a beast was I to chide him?

Nur. Will you speake well of him,
That kil'd your Cozen?

Iul. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three hours evre have mangled it.
But wherefore Villaine did't thou kill my Cozin?
That Villaine Cozin would kil'd my husband:
Backe foolish tears, backe to your natue spring,
Your tributarie drops belong to wee,
Which you maltaking offer vp to joy:
My husband liues that Tibalt would haue flaine,
And Tibalt death that would have flaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
Some words there was worfer then Tybalts death:
That murdered me, I would forget it feine,
But oh, it preffes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,

Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished:

That banished, that one word banished,

Hath flaine ten thousand Tibalt: Tibalt death
Was woes enough if it had ended there:
Or if lower woes delights in fellowship,
And needy will be rankt with other griefes,
Why followed not when he said Tibalt dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd.

But which a ree-ward following Tybalt's death
Romeo is banished to speake that word,
Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet.
All flaine, all dead: Romeo is banished,
There is no end, no limit, mesure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe found.

Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's Coarfe,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Iul. Wath they his wounds with teares: mine shal be spent
When theirs are drie for Romeo's banishment.

Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I for Romeo is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.

Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not Romeo, take my Maiden head.

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

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

Enter Friar and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo come forth,
Come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:
And thou art weded to calamity:
Romeo. Father what newes?
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

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

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

Rom. What leafe then Doome's day,
Is the Princes Doome?

Fri. A gentler judgement vanifh't from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banifhment.

Rom. Ha! banifhment? be mercifull, fay death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death: do not fay banifhment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banifh'd:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walles,
But Purgatorio, Torture, hell it felle:
Hence banifh'd, is banifh'd from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banifh'd,
Is death, miftearm'd, calling death banifh'd,
Thou cut't my head off with a golden Axe,
And finifh'd upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly fin, O rude vthankefullneffe!
Thy falt our Law calles death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath raft the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death, to banifhment.

This is deare mercy, and thou feeft it not.

Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heauen is here
Where Iuliet liues, and every Cat and Dog,
And little Mufte, euer vnworthy thing
Lie here in heauen and may looke on her,
But Rome may not.More Validite,
More Honourable flate, more Courtthip liues
In carrion Flies, then Romeo they may feaze
On the white wonder of deare Iuliet hand,
And feale immortal bleeding from her lips,
Who euen in pure and vefhall modeifie
Still blufhes thinking their owne kifles fin.
This may Flies do, when I from this muft flie,
And faif thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Rome may not, hee is banifh'd.
Had't thou no poyfon mixt, no harpe ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere fo meane,
But banifh'd to kill me? Banifh'd?
O Fri, the damned vfe that word in hell:
Howlings attends it, how haft thou the hart
Being a Duiue, a Ghoftly Confessor,
A Sin-Ablouler, and my friend profelt:
To mangle me with that word, banifh'd?

Fri. Then fond Mad man, hear me speake.

Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banifhment.

Fri. Ie guee thee Armour to keepe off that word,
Auderities sweete milke, Philofophie,
To comfort thee, though thou art banifh'd.

Rom. Ye banifh'd? hang vp Philofophie:
Vnleffe Philofophie can make an Iuliet,
Dilplant a Towne, reveure a Princes Doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fri. O then I fee, that Mad men haue no cares.

Rom. How fhould they,
When widemen haue no eyes?

Fri. Let me dilpare with thee of thy estate,
Rom. Thou can't not speake of that y do not feele,
Wert thou as young as Iuliet my Loue:
An houre but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banifh'd,

Then mighteft thou speake,
Then mighteft thou tearre thy hayre,
And fall upon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the meafeare of an vnmade graue.

Enter Nurfe, and knockes.

Fri. Arie one knockes,
Good Romeo hide thy felfe.

Rom. Not I,
Vnleffe the breath of Hartfiche groanes
Mift-like infolde me from the fearch of eyes.

Knocke.

Fri. Harke how they knocke:
(Who's there ) Romeo arike,
Thou wilt be taken, if you a while, and fpand vp:

Knocke.

Knocke.

Run to my fudyby and by. Gods will
What vimpillenefe is this: I come, I come.

Who knockes fo hard?
Whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurfe.

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

Fri. Welcome then.

Nur. O holy Friere, o tell me holy Friere,
Where's my Ladies Lord? where's Rome?

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

Nur. O he is euen in my Miftres cafe,
Just in her cafe. O wofull Sympathie:
Pittious predicament, euen fo lies she,
Blubbringe and weeping, weeping and blubbringe,
Stand vp, ftrand vp, and you be a man,
For Iuliette fake, for her fake rife and ftrand:
Why fhould you fall into fo deep an O.

Rom. Nurfe.

Nur. Ah fi, ah fir, deaths the end of all.
Rom. Speak'st thou of Iuliet? how is it with her?
Doth not the thineke me an old Murtherer,
Now I haue flain'd the Childhood of our joy,
With blood removed, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what fayes
My conceale Lady to our conceale Loue?

Nur. Oh the fayes nothing fir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then farts vp,
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,
And then downe falls again.

Re.As if that name shot from the dead leuell of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names curved hand
Murdered her kinflman. Oh tell me Friere, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may fake
The hateful Manion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womanifh, thy wild acts denote
The vnreaonable Furie of a beaffe.

Vnfeemeely woman, in a feeming man,
And ill befeeming beaffe in feeming both,
Thou haft amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſiſion better temper'd.
Haft thou flaine Tybalt? wilt thou flay thy felfe?
And flay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing dammed hate vpon thy felfe?

Why ray'l'lt thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meete
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loose
For whose dare fake thou wait but lately dead
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou flewst Tybalt, there art thou happy.
The law that threatened death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe or bleeding light upon thy backe,
Happineff flute thee in her belt array,
But like a mifhaped and fallen wench,
Thou puttest vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:
Tike heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hance and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be fet,
For then thou canst not passe to Mantua,
Where thou shalt live till we can finde a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With two hundred thousand times more joy
Then thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurfe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haften all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could have faid here all night,
To heare good counfel: oh what learning is!
My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.
Rom. Do fo, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.
Nur. Heere fir, a Ring shee bid me give you fir:
Hie you,make haft, for it growes very late.
Rom. How well my comfort is reuiud by this.
Fri. Go hence,
Goodnight, and here stands all your flate:
Either be gone before the watch be fet,
Or by the breake of day disqu'd from hence,
Soiourne in Mantua, Ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Every good hap to you, that chances heere:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.
Rom. But that a joy past joy, calls out on me,
It were a grieve, so brieve to part with thee:
Farewell.

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue faire out fir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:
Looke you, the Lou'd her kinman Tybalt dearly,
And fo did I. Well, we were borne to die,
'Tis very late, she'll not come downe to night:
I promife you, but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.
Par. These times of wo, afford no times to wood:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.
Lady. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night, she is mewed vp to her heauineffe.
Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my Childes loue: I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my Sonne Paris Loue,
And bid her, marke you me, on Wendesday next,
But soft, what day is this?
Par. Monday my Lady.
Cap. Monday, ha ha! well Wendesday is too soon,
A Thursday let it bee Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this Noble Earle :
Will you be ready? do you like this haft?
Weele keep no great adoe, a Friend or two,
For harke you, Tybalt being flaine fo late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kinman, if we reuell much:
Therefore wee haue some halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
Par. My Lord,
I would that Thursday were to morrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day,
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,
Afore me, it is fo late, that we may call ir early by and by,
Goodnight.

Enter Romeo and Juliet alseft.

Iul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierc'd the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly the fings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.
Rom. It was the Larke the Heraluid of the Morne:
No Nightingale: looke Loue what enuisous ftreakes
Do lace the feuering Cloudes in yonder Eaft:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and focond day
Stands tipo on the fmitie Mountains tops,
I muft be gone and lue, or fay and die.
Iul. Yond light is not day-light, 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 fay yet, thou need'st not to be gone,
Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, fo thou wilt have it fo.
Ile fay you gray is not the mornings ey,'
'Tis but the pale reflexe of Cintias brow.
Nor that is not Larke whose noates do beate
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads,
I have more care to fay, then will to go:
Come death and welcome, Juliet wills it fo.
How lift my foule, lets talke, it is not day.
Iuli. It is, it is, his hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that fings fo out of tune,
Straining harf Difcorde, and vnpleaing Sharpe.
Some fay the Larke makes sweete Dulion;
This doth not for: for the dulcetth vs.
Some fay, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Since armes from armes that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt f-vp to the day,
O now be gone, more light and litl ght growes.
Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.
          Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.
Jul. Then window let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kiffe and Ile descen.
Jul. Art thou gone so Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,
I must heare from thee euer day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my Romeo.
Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings Loue, to thee.
Jul. O thinkst thou we shall euer meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Juliet. O God! I have an ill Diuniung foule,
Me thinkest I fee thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-fight failes, or thou lookt' pale.
Rom. And trufts me Loue, in my eye fo do you:
Drie forrow drinks our blood. Adue, adue. Exit.
Jul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doft thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But fend him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?
Jul. Who lift that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.
Lad. Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?
What vnaccustom'd caufe procures her hither?
Lad. Why how now Juliet?
Jul. Madam I am not well.

Lad. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou wsh him from his graue with teares?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him liue:
Therefore haze done, fome grieue fweves much of Loue,
But much of grieue, fweves fill fome want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weeppe, for fuch a feeling loffe.
So thall you feele the loffe, but not the Friend
Which you weeppe for.
Jul. Feeling so the loffe,
I cannot chufe but euer wepe the Friend.
Lad. Well Girle, thou weep't not fo much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which death'd him.
Jul. What Villaine, Madam?
Lad. That fame Villaine Romeo.
Jul. Villaine and he, be many Miles affunder:
God pardon, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.
Lad. That is becaufe the Traitor liues.
Jul. I Madam from the reach of thee my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then wepe no more, Ile fend to one in Mantua,
Where that fame banished Run-agate doth liue,
Shall gie him such an vnaccustomed dram,
That he shall foon keepe Tyball company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
To go with Paris to Saint Peters Church:
Or I will drage thee, on a Hurtle thither.
Out you greene seckneffe carriion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

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

Fri. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or never after looke me in the face.

Speakes 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 have a curfe in hauing her:
Out on her Hilding.

Nur. God in heauen bleffe her,
You are too blamme my Lord to rate her so.

Fri. And why my Lady wifedome?hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, fmalter with your goffips, go.

Nur. I speake no treafon,
Father, O Godigoden,
May not one speake?

Fri. Peace you mumbles foole,
Vtter your graturie ore a Goffips bowles
For here we need it not.

La. You are too hot.

Fri. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, till my care hath bin
To have her matchet, and having now prouided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of faire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Stuft as they fay with Honourable parts,
Propotion'd as ones thought would with a man,
And then to have a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To anfwere, Ile not we'd, I cannot Loue:
I am too young. I pray you pardon me.
But, and you will not we'd, Ile pardon you.
Grave where you will, you shall not houfe with me:
Lookes too't, thinke on't, I do not vfe to ifiect.
Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduife,
And you be mine, lile you give to my Friend:
And you be not, hang, beg, straue, die in the streets,
For by my soule, Ile neere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:
Truft too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne
Exit.

Jul. Is there no pittie sitting in the Cloudes,
That fees into the bottome of my griefe?
O sweet my Mother caft me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a wecke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where Tybalt lies.

Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Jul. O God!

O Nurfe, how shall this be prevented?
My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnleffe that Husband fend it me from heauen,
By leaving earth? Comforte me, counfalle me:
Hlacke, alacke, that heauen should praftife fratagem
Vpon fo foft a fabieft as my felle.
What faith thou'haft thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort Nurfe.

Nur. Faith here it is,
Romeo is banifh'd, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs muft be by feath.
Then fince the cafe fo stands as now it doth,
I think it beft you married with the Countie,
O hee's a Louely Gentleman:

Romeo a difh-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not falgrene, fo quicke, fo faire an eye
As Paris hath, behrow my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your firft, if it did not,
Your firft is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As liuing here and you no vfe of him.

Jul. Speakeft thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my foule too,
Or else behrow them both.


Nur. What?

Jul. Well, thou haft comforted me marue'rous much,
Go, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeafe'd my Father, to Lawrence Cell,
To make confeffion, and to be abolu'd.

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

Jul. Auncient damnation, O moft wicked fiend!
It is more fin to with me thus forsworne,
Or to difpraise my Lord with that fame tongue
Which she hath prai'd him with above compare,
So many thousand times? Go Counfelor,
Thou and my boome henforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Friar to know his remedie,
If all else faile, my felle have power to die.

Enter Friar and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday the time is very short.

Par. My Father Capulet will hauie it fo,
And I am nothing low to fack his haft.

Fri. You fay you do not know the Ladies mind?

Vneuen is the courfe, I like it not.

Pa. Immoderately she weepes for Tybalt death,
And therefor haue I little talke of Loue,
For Venus smiles not in a house of teares.

Now fir, her Father counts it dangerous
That the doth gue her forrow fo much fway:
And in his wifedome, hafts our marriage,
To ftop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her felle alone,
May be put from her by societie.

Now doe you know the reafon of this haft?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be fow'd.

Looke fir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliет.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.

Jul. That may be fir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, muft be Loue, on Thursday next.

Jul. What muft be fhal be.

Fri. That's a certaine text.

Par. Come you to make confeffion to this Father?

Jul. To anfwere that, I fhould confeffe to you.

Par. Do not deffe to him, that you Loue me.

Jul. I will confeffe to you that I Loue him.

Par. So will ye, I am fure that you Loue me.

Jul. If I do fo, it will be of more price,
Benig fpoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poore foule, thy face is much abuf'd with teares.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Iul. The teares haue got small victorie by that:
For it was bad enough before their spight.
Pa. Thou wrong’t it more then teares with that report.
Iul. That is no sounder sir, which is a truth,
And what I speake, I speake it to thy face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haft flaudned it.
Iul. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at evening Maffe?
Fri. My leisure ferues me penfue daughter now.
My Lord you must intreat the time alone.
Par. Goodnight : I should disturb Deuotion.
Juliets, on Thursday early will I rowie yet,
Till then adue, and keep this holy kisse. Exit Paris.
Iul. O shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come wepe with me, paft hope, paft care, paft helpe.
Fri. O Juliet, I alreadie know thy griefe,
It freames me paft the compass of my wits :
I heare thou muft and nothing may progruote it,
On Thursday next be married to this Countie.
Iul. Tell me not Frier that thou heareft of this,
Vnleffe thou tell mehow I may prevent it :
If in thy wisedome, thou cant give no helpe,
Do thou but call my resolution wife,
And with’ his knife, Ile helpe it presently.
God ioynd my heart, and Romeo, thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee to Romeo feel’d :
Shall be the Labell to another Deede,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Tune to another, this shall flay them both : 
Therefore out of thy long expetien’t time,
Give me some preuent counsell, or behold
Twixt’my extremes and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commiision of thy yeares and art,
Could to no ifue of true honour bring :
Be not fo long to speake, I long to die,
If what thou speake’st, speake not of remedy.
Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe spee a kind of hope,
Which cran as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If,rather then to marrie Countie Paris,
Thou haft the strength of will to fay thy felfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thinglike death to chide away this flame,
That cop’it with death himfelfe, to escape fro it :
And if thou dar’ft, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iul. Oh bid meleeape, rather then marrie Paris,
From of the Battlemes of any Tower,
Or walke in theuiu wais, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are : chaime me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell houfe,
Orecouuerd quite with dead mens rating bones,
With reckie flankeus and yellow chappels scalus :
Or bid me go into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his grave,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will doe it without fare or doubt,
To lue an unwatcht wife to my sweet Loue.
Fri. Hold them : goe home, be merrie, giue conflent,
To marrie Paris : weniday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber :
Take thou this Viol being then in bed,
And this diñilling liquor drinke thou off,
When preñently through all thy veins shall run,

A cold and drowdie humour : for no pulse
Shall keepe his natue progresse, but furceafe:
No warmt, no breath shall tellifie thou liueth,
The Rofes in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
To many afhes, the eyes windowes fall
Like death when he shut vp the day of life :
Each part depreiu’d of fulle government,
Shall fliue and farke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of thruneke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake, as from a plesant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowes thee from thy bed, there art thou dead : 
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy bext Roses vncover’d on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue :
Thou shalt be borne to that fame 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 bither shall he come, and that very night
Shall Romeo beare thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this preuent flame,
If no incontinent toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Iul. Give me, giue me, O tell not me of care.
Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosprous :
In this resolue, Ie send a Frier with speed
To Mantua with my Letters to thy Lord.
J. Loue giue me strength,
And strenght shall helpe affoord :
Farewell deare father. Exit.

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

Cap. So many guesu inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookies.
Ser. You shall have none ill sir, for Ile trie if they can
lilce their fingers.
Cap. How canst thou trie them fo?
Ser. Marrie sir, ’tis an ill Cookie that cannot lilce his
owen fingers : therefore he that cannot lilce his fingers
goes not with me.
Cap. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnihsd for this
time : what is my Daughter gone to Frier Lawrence ?
Nur. I forfooth.
Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her,
A pueuiu felle-wild harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift
With merrie looke.
Cap. How now my headstrong,
Where haue you bin gadding?
Iul. Where I haue learnt me to repent the fin
Of disobedient opposition :
To you and your behalves, and am enioyn’d
By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon:pardon I befeech you,
Henceforwad I am euer ru’d by you.
Cap. Send for the Countie goe tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knipt vp to morrow morning.
Iul. I met the youthfull Lord at Lawrence Cell,
And gave him what became Loue I might,
Not depping ore the bounds of modestie.
Cap. Why I am glad on’t, this is well, stand vp,

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This
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

This is a tale should be, let me see the County:
I marrie go I say, and fetch him hither.
Now adore God, this reverence'd holy Friar,
All our whole Cittie is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse will you goe with me into my Clozet,
To helpe me fort such needfull ornaments,
As you think fit to furnish me to morrow?

Ms. No not till Thursay, there's time inough.

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

Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.

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

Fad. Tufh, I will flirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to _Juliet_, helpe to decke vp her,
I he not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huwife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie Paris, to prepare him vp.
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this fame way-ward Gyrle is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt Father and Mother.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. I those attires are beit, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leave me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many Orlyons,
To moue the heauen to smyle vpon my fste,
Which well thou know'st, it is croffe and full of fin.

Enter Mother.

Ms. What are you buifie ho? need you my help?

Jul. No Madam, we haue cull'd such neceffaries
As are behouefull for our fste to morrow:
So pleafe you, lett me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night fit vp with you,
For I am fure, you haue your hands full all,
In this fo fudden bufineffe.

Ms. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and ref, for thou haft need.

Enter Nurse.

God knowe when we shall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold fearre thrillis through my veins,
That almost freezes vp the heate of fire:
Ie call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what shalld the do here?
My disfmal Scene, I needs must fae alone:
Come Vial, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poifon which the Frier
Subtilly hath mingfled to haue me dead,
Leafe in this marriage he shalld be diifhonour'd,
Because he married me before to _Romeo_?
I feare it is, and yet me thinkes it shalld not,
For he hath falfe bene tried a holy man.
How, if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that _Romeo_
Come to redeeme me? There's a fearfull point:
Shall I not then be fittest in the Vault?
To whose foule mouth no healthome ayre breaths in,
And there die strangled ere my _Romeo_ comes.
Or if I lye, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte, an ancient receptacle,

Where for thefe many hundred yeares the bones
Of all my buried Anceftors are packt,
Where bloody _Tybalt_, yet but greene in earth,
Lies feeling in his throw'd, where as they say,
At some hours in the night, Spirits reftor:
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathfome fimels,
And shrinks like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That luing mortalls hearing them, run mad.
O if I walke, shall I not be diftraught,
Inuironed with all thefe hiddious fears,
And madly play with my forefathers ioyns?
And plucke the mangled _Tybalt_ from his throw'd?
And in this rage, with some great kinfmanes bone,
As (with a club) daffe out my desperate brains.
O looke, me thinks I fee my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out _Romeo_ that did fip his body
Vpon my Rapiers point: _Say Tybalt, say_,
_Romeo_, _Romeo_, before, here's drinke: I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house, and Nurse.

Lady. Hold,
Take thefe keies, and fetch more spices Nurse.

Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pafftrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, fit, fit, sit,
The fecond Cocke hath Crow'd,
The Curyphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
Lookke to the bake meate, good _Anglica_,
Spare not for coft.

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

Cap. No not a whit what I haue watcht ere now
All night for leffe caufe, and nere beene fickle.

La. I you have bin a Moule-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from fuch watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A jealous hood, a jealous hood,
Now fellow, what there?

Enter three or faire with ffit, and logs, and baskets.

Felt. Things for the Cooke fir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haft, make haft, fir, make haft.

Log. Call _Peter_, he will shew thee where they are.

Felt. I have a head fir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble _Peter_ for the matter.

Cap. Make haft, and well fai'd, a merrie horfon, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead; good Father, 'tis day.

Play _Musick_.

The Countie will be here with _Musicke_ fraught,
For he faid he would, I heare him neere,
Nurse, wife, what ha? what Nurse I faie?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken _Juliet_, go and trim her vp,
Ie go and chat with _Paris_ he, make haft,
Make haft, the Bridegrome, he is come already:
Make haft I faie.

Nur. _Miftrefs_, what _Miftres_? _Juliet_? _Faft_ I warrant her he.

Lambe, why, Lady_dye_ you flaggged,
Why _Lowe_ I faie? Madam, sweet heart: why _Bride_?
What not a word? You take your penworths now,
Sleep for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie _Paris_ hath fet vp his rett,
That you shall refit but little, God forgive me:
_Marrie_ and _Amen_ : how found is the _sleepe_?
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Company take you in your bed,
Heele toght you vp yaffe. Will it not be?
What dreft, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladies dead,
Oh wela.dy, that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vite ho, my Lord, my Lady?

Ms. What noife is here?
Nur. O lamentable day.
Ms. What is the matter?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day.
Ms. O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:
Rescue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring Juliet forth, her Lord is come.
Nur. Shee's dead: deceas, thee's dead: alacke the day.
M. Alacke the day, thee's dead, thee's dead, thee's dead.
Fa. Ha? Let me fee herout alas thee's cold,
Her blood is fetted and her joynets are stifte:
As the lips have long bene sepurate:
Death lies on her like an untimely frost.
Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nur. O Lamentable day!
Ms. O wofull time.

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

Enter Friar and the Company.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.

O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife; there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,
My Daughter he hath wadded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.

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

Ms. Accur't, vnhaPPie, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable house, that ere time saw
In laeting labour of his Pilgrimage.
But one, poore 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 wo, wo, wo, wo, wo,
Molt lamentable day, molt wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was eene so blaccke a day as this:
O wofull day, O wofull day,

Pa. Beguild, divorced, wronged, spighted, staine,
Molt detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne:
O louse, O life, not life, but losse in death.

Far. Defsa'd, diuertred, hated, martir'd, kil'd,
Uncomfortable time, why can't thou now
To murther, murther our folemnitie?
O Child, O Child, my soule, and not my Child,
Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead,
And with my Child, my joyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusion: Care,luies not
In these confusion, heauen and your felte
Had part in this faire Maid, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,

But heauen keeps his part in eternall life:
The moft you fought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heauen, the shouldst be aduan't,
And wepe ye now, seeing she is aduan't
Above the Cloudes, as high as heauen it selfe?
O in this love, you loose your Child fo ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
Shee's not well married, that luies married long,
But thee's beft married, that dies married yong.
Drie vp your teares, and fickle your Rosemarie
On this faire Coare, and as the cuftome is,
And in her bed array beare her to Church:
For though some Nature bids all vs lament,
Yet Nature teares are Reaons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained Fethiall,
Tune from their office to blacke Funerall:
Our instrumets to melodiously Bells,
Our wedding cheare, to a pale burial Feat:
Our solemnne Hymnes, to fullen Dyrges change:
Our Bri dall flowers fere for a buried Coare:
And all things change them to the contrarie.

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

Exeunt

Ms. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.
Nur. Honest goodfellowes; Ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull cafe.

Ms. I by my troth, the cafe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Mufitions, oh Mufitions,
Hearts eafe, hearts eafe,
O, and you will haue me live, play hearts eafe.

Ms. Why hearts eafe;

Pet. O Mufitions,
Because my heart it selfe plaies, my heart is full.

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

Pet. You will not then?

Ms. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Ms. What will you give us?

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

I will give you the Minfrell.

Ms. Then will I give you the Sereuing creature.

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

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

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

Peter. I will drie-bate you with an yron wit,
And put vp my yron Dagger.

Anfwere me like men:
When griping grieves the heart doth wound, then Mufickewith her fliuer found.

Why fliuer found? why Muficke with her fliuer found?
what fay you Simon Cuttling?

Ms. May fir, because fliuer hath a sweet found.

Pet. Pratell, what fay you Hugh Rebcke?

2.M.I lay fliuer found, because Mufitions found for fliuer.

Pet. Pratell to, what fay you James Sound-Pef? (uer

3.Ms. Faith I know not what to fay.

Pet.O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will lay for you; it is Muficke with her fliuer found,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

Because Musitions have no gold for founding:
Then Musicke with her siluer found with speedy helpe
Doth lend redresse.

_Mu._ What a pestilent knave is this same?

_M.2._ Hang him Lacke, come weele in here, tarrie for
The Mourners, and day dinner.

Enter Romeo.

_Rom._ If I may truth the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreams prefage some joyfull newes at hand:
My bofomes Lifs lightely in his throne:
And all thinan day an vccustomd spirt,
Lifs me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that glues a dead man leaue to thinke,)
And breath'd such life with kissses in my lips,
That I receiued and was an Emperor.
Ah me, how sweet is love it selfe possest,
When but loues flaxdowes are fo rich in joy.

Enter _Romeo'_s man.

Newses from Verona, how now _Balbus_?
Doth thou not bring the Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady _Iuliet_? that I ask again,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

_Man._ Then the is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleepe in _Capelis_ Monument,
And her immortall part with Angels lieue,
I saw her laid low in her kindred Vault,
And prefently tooke Pofte to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leave it for my office Sir.

_Rom._ Is it even fo?
Then I denie you Starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire Poit-Horfe, I will hence to night.

_Man._ I do beleeue you sir, have patience:
Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
Some mifaduenture.

_Rom._ Thuh, thou art deceiued, sir
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Haft thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

_Man._ No my good Lord.

_Rom._ Mo matter: Get thee gone,
And hyre tho Horfe, Ile be with thee straight.
Well _Iuliet_, I will lie with thee to night:
Let see for meanes: O michiefe thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I do remember an Apothecarie,
And hereabouts dwellis, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miferie had worn him to the bones:
And in his needle top a Tortoys hung,
An Allegator fluff, and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes, and about his shelles,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and muffie seeds,
Remants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly flatterd, to make vp a fiew.
Notting this penury, to my felfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose fate is perfect death in _Mantua_,
Here liues a Caifife wretch would fell it him.
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needle man must fell it me.

As I remember, this shoulde be the howe,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho? Apothecarie?

_Enter Apothecarie._

_App._ Who call's fo low'd?

_Rom._ Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie Ducke, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such foone spreading gear,
As will dipter it felle through all the veins,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be dicharg'd of breath,
As violentely, as haffie powder fier'd
Doth hurry from the fatal Canons wobme.

_App._ Such mortall drugs I haue, but _Mantua_ law
Is death to any he, that vitters them.

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

_App._ My pouerty, but not my will contains.

_Rom._ I pray thy pouerty, and not thy will.

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

_Rom._ There's thy Gold,
Worke poyson to men foules,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Then these pouer compounds that thou maieft not fell.
I fell thee poyson, thou haft fold me none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy felfe in fleth.
Come Cordiall, and not poyson, go with me
To _Iuliet's_ grave, for there must I vfe thee.

_Enter Frier _Iohn_ to _Frier_ Lawrence.

_John._ Holy _Francis_ Frier, Brother, ho?

_Enter Frier Lawrence._

_Law._ This same shoule be the voice of Frier _Iohn_.
Welcome from _Mantua_, what fayes _Rome_?
Or if his mind be writ, give me his Letter.

_John._ Going to find a bare-fotte Brother out,
One of our order to affociate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a howe
Where the infectious pellissement did rainge,
Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to _Mantua_ there was flaid.

_Law._ Who bare my Letter then to _Rome_?

_John._ I could not fend it, here it is again,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearfull were they of infection.

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

_John._ Brother _Ile_ goe and bring it thee.

_Law._ Now muft I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire _Iuliet_ wake,
She will befrue me much that at _Rome_
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to _Mantua_,

And
Enter Par à and his Page.

Par. Give me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloof,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen:  
Vnder yond young trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy care close to the hollow ground,  
So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, vnfirm with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it: whittle then to me,
As signall that thou hearrest some thing approach,
Give me thefe 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 Bridall bed I strew;
O wee, thy Canopie is dulc and rones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares deftil'd by mone;
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue, and wepe.

Whistle Boy.
The Boy gives warning, something doth approach,
What curtled foot wanders this wayes to night,
To croffe my obsequies, and true loyes right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo, and Peter.

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; vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I defend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:  
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must vse,
In deare employment, therfore hence be gone:
But if thou jealous doft returne to prie
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven I will thee joynt by joynt,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:  
The time, and my intents are fauge wile:
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then empte Tygers or the roaring Sea.

Pet. I will be gone sir, and not troubled you.
Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,
Lieu and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this fame, Ile hide me here about,
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

Rom. Thou detestable mawe, thou wosome of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morrell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten lawes to open,
And in defpite, Ile cram thee with more food.

Pet. This is that banilith haughtie Mountague,
That murdered my Loues Cozin; with which grieve,
It is suppos'd the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous shame.
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle, vile Mountague:
Can vengeance be pursu'd further then death?
Condemned vallaine, I do apprehend thee,
Obey and go with me, for thou must die,

Rom. I must indeed, and therefor came I hither:
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flie hence and leave me, thinkke vpon thofe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beleech thee Youth,
Put not on another vis vpon my head,
By virging me to furie.  O be gone,
By heaven I love thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do defe thy commirolleration,
And apprehend thee for a Felon here.

Ro. Wilt thou proouke me? Then haue at thee Boy.
Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Pa. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with Iuliet.

Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face:
Merciutus kinsman, Noble Countie Paris,
What said my man, when my betooffe foule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me Paris should have married Iuliet.
Said he not so? Or did I dreamt it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of Iuliet,
To thinke it was so? O gue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in some misfortunes booke:
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.

A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:  
For here lies Iuliet, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feasting preence full of light,
Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they beene merrie? Which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
Death that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy Beautie:
Thou art not conquer'd: Beauties enigne yet
Is Crymsn in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flagis not advanced there.

Tybal, ly'ft thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To funder his that was thy enemy?
Forgivme Cozen. Ah deare Iuliet:
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleue,
Shall I beleue, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous,
And that the leane abhorred Monfer keepest
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that, I still will blye with thee,
And neuer from this Pallace of dym night
Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,
Here's to thy health, where ere thou tumleft in.
O true Apothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I die.
Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,
With Wormes that are thy Chambermaids: O here
Will I fet vp my everlaeting reft:
And shakke the yoke of inaplevisione farres
From this world-wearied flesh: Eyes looke your laft,
Armes take your laft embrasse: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, feale with a righteous kiffe
A datelesse bargain to ingroiling death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnfaoury guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The daunting Rocks, thy Sea-ficke wearie Barke:
Here's to my Loue. O true Apothecarie:

Thy
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

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

Enter Frier with Lantborne, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Who's there?
Man. Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.
Fri. Bliffe be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs, and eyeleffe Sculles? As I dicerne,
It burneth in the Capels Monument.

Man. It doth fo holy fir,
And there's my Mafter, one that you loue.
Fri. Who is it?
Man. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he bin there?
Man. Full halfe an houre.
Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

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

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

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my mafter and another fought,
And that my Mafter flew him.

Fri. Romeo.

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which flaines
The fomy entrance of this Sepulcher?
What meane thefe Mafterlefe, and goarie Swords
To Ile difcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who else? what Paris too?
And fleep't in blood? Ah what an vnkn'd houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?

The Lady flirs.

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

Fri. I heare some noyfe Lady, come from that neft
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradic't
Hath tilwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bofome there lies dead:
And Paris too: come Ile dispose of thee,
Among a Siferhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.
Come, go good Iuliet, I dare no longer stay.  
Exit.

Iul. Go get thee hence, for I will notawaye,
What's here? A cup clo'd in my true lo: es hand?
Poyfon I fee hath bin his timelefe end
O churlie,drinke all? and left no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kiffe thy lips,
Happle some poyfon yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a reftoratue.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Attech. Lead Boy, which way?

Iul. Yea noife?

Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.
'Tis in thy sheath, there ruff and let me die Kils herelfe.

Boy. This is the place,
There where the Torch doth burne

Watch. The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard.
Go some of you, where you find attach.
Pittifull fight, here lies the Countie flaine,
And Iuliet bleeding, warme and newly dead

Who here hath laine these two dayes buried.
Go tell the Prince, rumme to the Capulets,
Raffe vp the Montagues, some others search,
We fee the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance defcry.

Enter Romeo's man.

Watch. Here's Romeo's man,
We found him in the Churchyard.

Con. Hold him in safesty, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. Wat. Here is a Frier that trembles, fighes, and weepes.
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comimg from this Church-yard fide.

Con. A great fulpification, fay the Frier too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misaduenture is fo barely vp,
That calls our perfson from our mornings ref?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Cap. What should it be that they fo hrike abroad?

Wife. O the people in the stretce crye Romeo
Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all runne
With open outery toward out Monument.

Pri. What feare is this which startles in your eares?

Wat. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie Paris flaine,

And Romeo dead, and Iuliet dead before,

Warmes and new kil'd.

Prin. Search,

Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes.

Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd Romeo man,

With Instrumens vpone them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.

Cap. O heauen!

O wise looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dagger hath mislaine, for loe his house
Is empty on the backe of Montague,

And is misneathed in my Daughters bofome.

Wife. O me, this figh of death, is as a Bell
That warns my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Montague.

Pri. Come Montague, for thou art early vp
To fee thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe,

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath flopt her breath:
What further woe confires againft my age?

Prin. Lookes, and thou shalt fee.

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

Prin. Seale vp the mouth of oura ge for a while,

Till we can cleare these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent,
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you eu'n to death?meane time forbear,
And let mishance be flau to patience,
Bring forth the parties of fuposition.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe leafe,
Yet moft suspected as the time and place
Doth make againft me of this direfull mutther:
And heere I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.

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

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

Romeo there dead, was husband to that Iuliet,
And the there dead, that's Romeo faithfull wife:
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

I married them; and their ftilone marriage day  
Was Tybalt's Doomesday: whose vntimely death  
Banifh'd the new-made Bridergroome from this Citie:  
For whom (and not for Tybalt) Iuliet pined.  
You, to remoue that fleie of Greefe from her,  
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce  
To Countie Paris. Then comes she to me,  
And (with wide lookes) bid me deuife some means  
To rid her from this second Marriage,  
Or in my Cell there would she kill her felfe.  
Then gave I her (to Tutor'd by my Art)  
A sleeping Potion, which tooke eftect  
As I intended, for it wrought on her  
The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to Romeo,  
That he should hither come, as this dyre night,  
To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,  
Being the time the Potions force should ceafe.  
But he which bore my Letter, Frier John,  
Was slay'd by accident; and yefternight  
Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,  
At the prefixed hour of her wakings,  
Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,  
Meaning to keepe her clofely at my Cell,  
Till I conueniently could send to Romeo.  
But when I came (some Minute ere the time  
Of her awakings) heere vntimely lay  
The Noble Paris, and true Romeo dead.  
Shee 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 semes) did violence on her felfe.  
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurfe is priye:  
And if ought in this miscaried by my fault,  
Let my old life be facrific'd, some hour before the time,  
Vnto the rigour of feuerest Law.  

Prin. We fill haue knowne thee for a Holy man.  
Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?  
Boy. I brought my Master newes of Iuliet's death,  
And then in pofte he came from Mantua  
To this fame place, to this fame Monument.  
This Letter he early bid me give his Father,  
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,  
If I departed not, and left him there.  

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

Page. He came with flowres to floor his Ladies graue,  
And bid me fland aloofe, and fo I did:  
Anon comes one with light to open the Tombe,  
And by and by my Master drew on him,  
And then I ran away to call the Watch.  

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

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

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

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his Lady ly,  
Poore Sacrifices of our enmity.  

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,  
The Sunne for forrow will not flew his head;  
Go hence, to have more talke of these sad things,  
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.  
For never was a Storie of more Wo,  
Then this of Iuliet, and her Romeo.  

Exeunt omnes

FINIS.