THE MOST EXCELLENT
And Lamentable Tragedie,
of ROMEO and JULIET.
As it hath beene sundrie times publickely Acted,
by the KING'S MAIESTIES SERVANTS
at the GLOBE.
Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.
 Newly Corrected, augmented, and amended.

LONDON,
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Saint Dunstan's Church-yard, in Fleetstreete
under the Dyall.
The Prologue.

Chorus.

Two households both alike in dignity,
(\textit{In faire Verona where we lay our Scene})
From ancient grudge, break to new mutiny.
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean:
From forth the fatal loyues of these two foes,
A pair of Starre-crost lovers take their life:
Whose misadventur'd pittious overthrowes,
Doth with their Death bury their Parents strife.
The fearefull passage of their Death-markt love,
And the continuance of their Parents rage,
Which but their childrens end, nought could remove:
Is now the two hours tsaricque of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here shall misse, our toyle shall strive to mend.
Enter Sampson and Gregorie, with Swords and Bucklers, of the House of Capulet.

Samp. Gregorie, on my word weele not carie Coles.
Greg. No, for then we should be Collyers.
Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.
Greg. I while you liue, drawe your Necke out of the Coller.
Samp. I strike quickly being moued.
Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to strike.
Samp. A dogge of the house of Mountague moues me.
Greg. To moue is to stirre, and to be valiant, is to stand.
Therefore if thou art moued thou run'ft away,
Samp. A dog of that house shall moue me to stand.
I will take the wall of any Man or Maide of Mountagues.
Greg. That shewes thee a weake slauie, for the weakest goes to the wall.
Samp. Tis 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 betwenee our masters, & vs their men.
Samp. Tis all one I will shew my selfe a tyrant, when I haue fought with the men, I will be cruel with the Maides, I will cut off their Heads.
Greg. The heads of the Maides.
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Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what fence thou wilt.

Grego. They must take it in sense, that seele it.

Samp. Me they shall seele, while I am able to stand, and tis knowne I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Grego. Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst beene poore John: draw thy toole here comes of the house of Montagues.

Enter two other servingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarrell, I will back thee

Greg. How, turne thy back and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Gre. No marrye, I feare thee.

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

Gre. I will frowne as I passe by, & let them take it as they list.

Samp. Nay as they dare, I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they bear it.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at vs sir?

Samp. I doe bite my thumb sir.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at vs sir?

Samp. Is the Law of our side if I say I?

Gre. No.

Samp. No sir, I doe not bite my thumb at you sir, but I bite my thumb sir.

Gre. Doe you quarrell sir?

Abra. Quarrell sir, no sir.

Samp. But if you doe sir, I am for you, I serve as good a man as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well sir. Enter Benoniio.

Gre. Say better, here comes one of my Masters kinsmen.

Samp. Yes better sir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, Gregorio, remember thy swashing blowe.

Benu. Part fooles, put vp your swords, you know not what you doe.

Enter
Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What art thou drawn among these heartless hinds: turne thee Benwoholio, looke vpon thy death.

Ben. I doe but keepe the peace, put vp thy sword; or manmage it to part these men with me.

Tib. What drawn and talke of peace? I hate the word, as I hate hell, all Mountagues and thee: Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with clubs or partysons.

Off. Clubs, Billes and Partysons, strike, beate them downe, Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet in his gowne, and his wife.

Capu. What noyse is this? give me my long sword hoe, Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword I say, old Mountague is come, And florishes his blade in spight of me.

Enter old Mountague and his Wife.

Moun. Thou villain Capulet, hold me not, let me goe.

M. Wife. 2. Thou shalt not stir one scote to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, with his traine.

Prince. Rebellious subiects enemies to peace, Prophaners of this neighbour-stained steele, Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious rage, With purple fountaines issuing from your veines: On paine of torture, from those bloudy hands, Throw your mislemerped weapons to the ground, And heare the sentence of your moued Prince, Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word, By thee old Capulet and Mountague, Haue thrice disturbde the quiet of our streets, And made Veronas auncient Citizens, Cast by their graue beseeiming ornaments, To wield old partizans, in hands as old, Cancred with peace, to party our cancred hate; If ever you disturb our streets againe, Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
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For this time all the rest depart away:
You Cepulest shall goe along with me,
And Mountague come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common judgment place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Mount. Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?

Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversaries
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fie ky Tibalt, with his sword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hisf him in scorne:
While we were enterechanging thrust and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

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

Ben. Madam. an houre before the worship't Sunne.

Peerd forth the Golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drew mee to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the grove of Syramour,
That Westward rooweth from this City side:
So early walking did I see your sonne,
Towards him I made, but hee was ware of mee,
And fled into the covert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found:
Being one to many by my weary selfe,
Pursued my humour, not pursu'ng his,
And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.

Mount. Many a morning hath he there beene scene,
With teares augmenting the irish mornings dew,
Adding to cloudes, more clouds with his deepe sighes,
But all so soone as the all cheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw,
The shadie curtaines from Aurora's bed;
Away from light steales home my heavy Sunne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night,
Blacke and pretendous mutt this humour prove,
Vnlesse good Counsell may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble vncele doe you know the cause?
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes?
Moun. Both by my selfe and many other friends,
But hee his owne affections Counsellor,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and disouery.
As is the bud bit with an eunuious worme,
Ere hee can spread his sweete leaves to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benu. See where hee comes, so please you step aside,
Ile know his greeuance or bee much denide.
Moun. I would thou were so happy by thy stay,
To heare true shrift, come Madam lets away.

Benuel. Good morrow Couin.
Romeo. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new strooke nine.
Romeo. Ay me sad houres seeme long:
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was; what sadnesse lengthens Romeo's houres?
Rom. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short.
Ben. In loue.
Romeo. Our.
Ben. Of loue.
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Rom. Out of her favour where I am in loue.
      Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
            Should bee so tyrannous and rough in profe.
      Romeo. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
            Should without eyes, see path-waies to his wil:
      Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was here?
      Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
      Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue:
      Why then O brawling loue, O louing hate,
            O any thing of nothing first created:
            O heauie lightnesse, serious vanity,
            Mischapen Chaos of welseeming formes,
            Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fier, sicke health,
            Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is.
      This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
            Does thou not laugh?
      Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.
      Rom. Good heart at what?
      Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.
      Romeo. Why such is loues transgression.
      Griefes of my owne lie heavy in my brest,
          Which thou wilt propagate to haue it prett,
          With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,
      Doth ad more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
      Loue is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,
          Being purg’d, a fire sparkling in louers eyes,
          Being vex’t, a sea nourisht with louing teares,
          What is it else? a madnesse most discreet,
          A choking gall, and a preservering sweet:
          Farewell my Coze.
      Ben. Soft, I will goe along.
      And if you leaue me so, you doe me wrong.
      Rom. Tut, I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,
            This is not Romeo; hees some other where.
      Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?
      Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee?
      Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who:
Romeo and Juliet.

Romeo. Bid a sicke man in sadnesse make his will:
A word ill vrgd to one that is so ill:
In sadnesse Couzen, I doe loue a woman.

Ben. I aymd so neare, when I suppos'd you lou'd.

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

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

Romeo. Well, in that hit you miss, sheel not be hit.
With Cupids arrow, she hath Diams wit:
And in strong proofe of chastitie well armd,
From loues weake childish Bow she liues vncharmd.
Shee will not tay the siege of louing teaines,
Nor bide th' incounter of assailing eyes.
Nor ope her lap to Saint- seducing gold,
O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,
That when dyes, with beautie dyes her flore.

Ben. Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chaff?

Romeo. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waft:
For beautie steru'd with her seueritie,
Cuts beautie off from all posteritie.
She is to faire, too wise, wisely too faire,
To merit blisse, by making me despaire:
She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow,
Doe I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.

Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.

Romeo. O teach me how I should forget to thinke.

Ben. By givng liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties.

Romeo. This is the way to call hers (exquisite) in question more,
These happie Maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes;
Being blacke, puts vs in minde they hide the faire:
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight loft,
Shew me a Misfris that is passing faire,
What doth her beautie serue but as a note;
Where I may reade who past that passing faire:
Farewell thoue canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else dye in debt. Exeunt.
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Enter Capulett, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.

Cap. And Montague 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 liu'd at odds so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my fute?

Cap. But saying ore:what I haue said before,
My child is yet a stranger in the World,
She hath not scene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

Par. Younger then she,are happie Mothers made.

Cap. And too soone mard are those so early made:
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But woe her gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And she agree, within her scope of choife,
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold, an old accustomd Feast,
Whereeto I have inuited many a guest,
Such as loue, and you among the store,
One more (most welcome) makes my number more:
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earth treading starrs, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as doe lustie yong men feele:
When well appareld April on the heele
Of limping winter treads, euen such delight
Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see;
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which on more view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come goe with me, goe sirrah trudge about,
Through faire Verona, and those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

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 Pensill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the Learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is lesned by anothers anguish:
Turne giddie, and beholpe by backward turning:
One desperate griefe, cures with anothers languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will dye.

Romeo. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why Romeo art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in Prifon, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,

Ser. Godd-goden, I pray sir can you reade?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miferie.

Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
But I pray can you reade any thing you see?

Rom. If I know the Letters and the Language.

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can reade.

He reads the Letter.

Seigneur Martino, and his wife and daughters: County Anfelme
and his beauteous sisters: the Lady widdow of Veruuiio, Seigneur
Placentio, and his lonely Necees: Mercutio and his brother Valen-
tine: mine Uncle Capulet his wife and daughters: my faire Nece
Rosaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio, and his Cofen Tybalt: Lucio
and the lively Helena.

A faire Assembly, whither should they come?
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Ser Vp. 
Ro. Whither to supper.
Ser. To our house.
Ro. Whose house?
Ser. My Maisters.
Ro. Indeede I should have asked you that before.
Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My Maister is the great rich Capulet, & if you be not of the house of Mountague, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

Ben. At this same auncient feast of Capulets, Sups the faire Rosaline whom thou so loues:
With all the admired beauties of Verona,
Goe thither and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro. When the devout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire:
And these who often drownd, could never die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue? the all seeing Sun
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe posysde with her selfe in eyther eye:
But in that Christall scales let there be waid,
Your Ladies loue against some other maid,
That I will shew you shewing at this feast,
And she shall seant shew well, that now shewes best.

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

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nurse, Now by my maidenhead, at twelve yeares old I had her,
Some, what Lamb, what Lady-bird, God for bid,
Wheres this Girl? what Juliet.

Enter Juliet.

Juliet. How now who calls?
Nur. Your mother.
Iuli. Madam I am here; what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou fehe our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Fai:h I can tell her Age unto an houre.

Wife. Shees not fourteene.

Nurse. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, & yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shees not fourteene.

How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all daies in the yeere come Lammas Eue at night shal she be fourteene. Susan and she, God rest all Christian souls, were of an age. Well Susan is with God, shee was to good for me. But as I said on Lammas Eue at night shal she bee fourteene, then shal she marry, I remember it well. This since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was waend I never shal forget it, of all the daies of the yeare upon that day: for I had then laid worme-wood to my dug sittting in the Sunne under the Doue house wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it did tast the worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty soole, to see it teachte and fall out with the Dug, Shake quoth the Doue-house, twas no neede I trrow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a leuen yeares, for then shee could stand alone, nay bithroode she could haue runne and wadled all about: for even the daye before she broke her brow, and then my Husband, God be with his soule, a was a merry man, tooke up the child, yea quoth bee, doest thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? And by my hodydam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a leafl shall come about. I warrant, and I shal live a thousand yeares, I never should forget it: wilt thou not Iule quoth he? and pretty soole it stinte, and said I.

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

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, and say I: and yet I warrant it had upon it brow, a bompe as big as a young Cockrel's stone: a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst upon thy face, thou wilt fall backward.
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backward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not Iule? It stinted; and said.

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

Nurse. Peace I have done: God marke thee too his grace, thou wast the prettiest Babe that e'er I nurs'd, and I might live to see thee married once. I haue my wish.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very Theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter Iuliet,
How stands your dispositions to be married?

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

Nurse. An houre, were not I onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst suckt thy wisdome from thy teat.

Old La. Well thinke of Marriage now, yonger then you
Here in Verona, Ladies of esteeme,
Are made already mothers by my count,
I was your mother, much vpon these yeares
That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant Paris seeke you for his Loue.

Nurse. A man yong Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world.

Why hees a man of waxe.

Old La. Veronas Summer hath not such a flower,

Nurse. Nay,hees a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our Feast,
Read ore the volume of yong Paris face,
And find delight, writ there with beauties Pen,
Examine euery feuerall liniament,
And see how one an other lends content:
And what obscure in this faire Volume lyes,
Find written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer,
To beautifie him, onely lackes a Couer.
The fift liues in the Sea, and tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That Booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie,
That in gold clapes, locks in the golden store:
So shall you share all that he doth posseffe,

By
By having him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger women grow by men.

Old.La. Speake briefly can you like of Paris loue?

Jul. Ie looke to like, if looking liking moue.

But no more decepe will I endart myne eye
Then your consent giues strength to make it flye. Enter servant.

Servant. Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cald, my yong Lady, askt for, the Nurse curst in the Pantrie, and every thing in extreme: I must hence to waite, I beseech you follow straignt.

Mo. We follow thee, Juliet the Countie Stayes.

Nurse. Goe gyre, seekke happy nights to happy dayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercurio, Benuolio, with five or six other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Romeo. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no Cupid, hood-wincckt with a Skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of Lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a mesure and be gone.

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

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

Ro. Not I beleue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead.
So stakes me to the ground I cannot moue.

Merc. You are a Louer, borrow Cupids wings,
And soore with them aboue a common bound.

Romeo. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soare with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauie burthen doe I finke.

Mercu. And to finke in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Romeo. Is love a tender thing? it is too rude,
Too rude, too boistrous, and it pricks like thornes.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love.
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love downe.
Give me a case to put my visage in;
A visor for a visor, what care I?

What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the beetle browses shall blush for me.

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

Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart;
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heele:
For I am prouerb'd with a granfire Phrase,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on;
The game was nere so faire, and I am dun.

Mer. Tut, duns the mouse, the Constables owne word
If thou art dun, weeke draw thee from the mire.
Or saue you reverence love, wherein thou stickelt:
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.

Rom. Thats not so.

Mer. I meane sir in delay,
We waste our lights in vaine, Lights Lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our Judgements fits,
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But tis no wit to goe.

Mer. Why may one aske?

Rom. I dreampt a Dreame to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Ro. In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things true.

Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you:
Shee is the Fairis midwife, and shee comes in shape no bigger
then an Agat stone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne
with a teeme of little atomies, ouer mens noses as they lie a-
sleepe; her waggon spokes made of long spinners legs; the couer
of Romeon and Julliet.
of the wings of graffe-hoppers, her traces of the smallest Spider web, her collers of the moon-shines watry beames, her whip of Crickets bone, the lash of Philome, her waggoner, a small gray coated Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little worme, pricke from the lazie finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie Hasell nut, made by the Ioyner squirell or old Grub, time out a mind, the Faries Coach-makers: and in this state he gallops night by night, through lovers brains, and then they drome of love. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Cursies strait, ore Lawyers fingers who strait dreame on fees, ore Ladies lips who strait on kisses dreame, which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their breath with sweet meates tainted are. Sometime shee gallops ore a Courtiers nose, and then dreams he of smel-ling out a sute: and somtime comes shee with a tith-pigs tale, tickling a Parsons nose as a lies a sleepe, then he dreams of an-other Benefice. Sometime shee driueth ore a Souldiers necke, and then dreams hee of cutting forraigne throats, of breaches, ambuscados, Spanishe blades: Of healths fiue fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eare, at which hee startes and wakes, and being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or two, and sleepeas againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the night: and bakes the Eillocks in foule fluttish haires, which once untanged, much misfortune bodes. This is the Hag, when Maids lie on their backs, That presses them, and learnes them firt to beare, Making them women of good carriage: This is shee.

Romeo. Peace, peace, Mersuto peace,
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Merc. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie:
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more inconstant then the wind, who wooes
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:
And being angered pusses away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew dropping South.
The most Lamentable Tragedie

Ben. This wind you talk of, blowes vs from our celue, Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Ro. I feare too early, for my mind misgives, Some consequence yet hanging in the starres, Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date With this nights scruels, and expire the terme Of a despis'd life close in my breast By some vile forfeit of untimely death. But he that hath the flirrage of my course, Direct my lite; on Justie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike Drum. They march about the Stage, and Servingmen come forth with Napkins. Enter Romeo.

Ser. Where is Potpan that he helps not to take away? He shift a Trencher, he scrape a Trencher?

1. When good manners shall lye all in one or two mens hands, and they vnwash't to, 'tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the ioyn-stooles, remove the Court-cubber, looke to the Plate, good thou, saue mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou loues me, let the Porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell, Anthony and Potpan.

2. I Boy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for, and call'd for, askt for, and fought for in the great Chamber.

3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes, Be brisk awhile, and the longer liuer take all.

Enter all the guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. Capt. Welcome Gentlemen, Ladies that have their toes Unplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you: Ah my Mistresses, which of you all Will now deny to dance, she that makes daintie, She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare you now? Welcome Gentlemen, I have seene the day That I have worne a Vior and could tell
A whispering Tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would please: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musickes play:
Musickes playes, and they dance.
A hall, a hall, give roome, and sooth it girles,
More light you knaues, and turne the Tables vp:
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah sirrah, this unlookt for sport comes well:
Nay sir, nay sir, good Cozin Capulett,
For you and I are past our dancing dayes:
How long it now since last your selfe and I
Were in a Maske?


1. Capu. What man tis not so much, tis not so much,
Tis since the Nuptiall of Luccntio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

2. Capu. Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder sir:
His sonne is thirtie.

1. Capu. Will you tell me that?
His sonne was but a Ward two yeares a goe.
Ro. What Ladie is that which doth in rich the hand?
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not sir.
Ro. O she doth teach the Torches to burne bright:
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewell in an Etheyops eare,
Beautie too rich for vs, for earth too deare:
So shewes a snowe Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellows showes:
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now, forswreare it right,
For I nere saw true beautie till this night.

Tib. This by his voyce, should be a Mountague.
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the slawe.
Come hether couerd with an antique face,
The most Lamentable Tragedie

To flee and scorne at our solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Capu. Why how now kinsman wherefore storne you so?
Tib. Uncle this a Mountague our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our solemnitie this night.

Capu. Yong Romeo is it.
Tib. Tis he, that Villaine Romeo.

Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouernd youth,
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my house doe him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseming semblance for a Feast.

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

Capu. He shall be endured.
What goodman Boy, I say he shall, goe too,
Am I the Master here or you? goe too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Youle make a mutinie among my guests,
You will set a Cock a hoope, youle be the man.

Tib. Why Uncle, tis a shame.

Capu. Goe too, goe too.
You are a sawcy Boy, if so indeed?
This tricke may chance to sath you I know what,
You must contrary me, marry tis time,
Well said my hearts, you are a Prince, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.

Tis. Patience perforce, with willfull choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:

I will
I will withdraw but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.  

Exit.

Ro. If I prophan with my vnworthieest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sinne is this,
My lips two blushing Pilgrims did readie stand,
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kisse.

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

Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?

In. I Pilgrime, lips that they must use in Prayer.

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

In. Saints doe not moue, though grant for Prayers sake.

Ro. Then moue not while my Prayers effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd,

In. Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

Ro. Sin from my lips, O trespasser sweetly vrgd:

Give me my sin againe.

In. You kisse bith booke.

Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nur. Marrie Batcheler,

Her mother is the Ladie of the house,
And a good Ladie, and a wise and vertuous,
I nourised her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O deare account! my life is my foes debt.

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

Rom. I so I lere, the more is my vnrest.

Capu. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish Banquet towards:
Is it ene so? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night.
The most Lamentable Tragedie

More Torches here, come on, then lets to bed.  
Ah sirrah, by my say it waxes late,  
Ile to my rest.  

Iuli. Come hither Nurse, what is yond Gentleman?  
Nurs. The sonne and heire of old Tyberio.  
Iuli. What he that now is going out of the doore?  
Nurs. Marrie that I thinke be yong Petruchio.  
Iuli. What he that followes here that would not dance?  
Nurs. I know not.  
Iuli. Goe aske his name, if he be marryed,  
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.  

Nurs. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,  
The onely sonne of your great Enemie.  
Iuli. My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,  
Too early scene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,  
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,  
That I must loue a lothed Enemie.  
Nurs. Whats tis? what tis?  

Iuli. A Rime I learnt euen now  
Of one I danst withall.  

One calls within Iuliet.  

Nurs. Anon, anon:  
Come lets away, the strangers are all gone.  

Exeunt.  

Chorus.  

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lye,  
And yong affection gapes to be his heire,  
That faire for which loue gron'de for and would dye,  
With tender Iuliet marcht, is now not faire.  
Now Romeo is beloved, and loues againe,  
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:  
But to his foe suppos'de he must complaine,  
And she steale loues sweet bait from scarefull hookes:  
Being held a foe, he may not haue access:  
To breath such vowes as Louers vse to sweare,  
And she as much in loue, her meanes much lette,  
To meete her new beloued any where:
But passion lends them Power, time means to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreme sweete.

Enter Romeo alone

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

Enter Benuolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my Cozen Romeo, Romeo.

Mer. He is wise, & on my life hath holne him home to bed.

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

Call good Mercutio:

Mer. Nay Ile coniure too.

Romeo. humours, madam, passion, lover.

Appeare thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speake but one rime and I am satisfied:
Cry but ay me, pronounce but loue and die,
Speake to my Gospil Venus one faire word,
One nickname for her pur-blind sonne and heire

Yong Abraham Cupid: he that shot so true,
When King Cophetnou'd the Begger-maide.
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
The ape is dead, and I must coniure him;
I coniure thee by Rosalines bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foote, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeanes, that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appeare to vs.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, 't would anger him.

To raise a spirit in his mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till shee had laide it, and coniured it downe,
That were some spight.

My invocation is faire and honest, and in his mistresse name,
I coniure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees.

To be comforted with the humerus night:
Blind is his loue, and best befitting the darke.


**Mer.** If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke;
Now will he fit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his mistresse were that kind of fruite,
As maides call Medless when they laugh alone,
O Romeo that shee were, O that shee were
Anopen & catera, and thou a Poperin Peare.

**Romeo.**

**Romeo.**

Good-night Ile to my Truelle-bed,
This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we goe?

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

**Ro.** He ieats at Scarres that never felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breakes?
It is the East, and **Juliet** is the Sunne.

Aris faire Sunne and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her maide at farre more faire then shee:
Be not her maide since shee is enuious,
Her vestall liuerie is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my loue, O that shee knew shee were,
Shee speaks yet shee sayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it:
I am to bold tis not to me shee speaks:
Two of the fairest Starres in all the heauen,
Hauing some busines, doe entreat her eyes,
To twinkle in their spheres till they returne,
What if her eyes were there, they in her head;
The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those Starres,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
See how shee leanes her cheeke vpon her hand,
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

**Jul.** Ayme

**Rom.** Shee speaks.
Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged Mesenger of Heauen
Vnto the white vp-turned wondering eyes,
Of Mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And sayles vp on the bosome of the Ayre.

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

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

Jul. Tis but thy name that is my Enemie:
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's in a name? that which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweet,
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retayne that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title, Romeo doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Hence-forth I neuer will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreend in night
So stumblest on my counsell?

Ro. 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.

Jul. My eares have yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vittering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither faire Maide, if either thee dislike.
In. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, considering who thou art
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rome. With loues light wings did I ore-perch these walls,
For fony limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doe, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kin men are no stop to me.

In. If they doe see thee, they will murther thee.

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

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

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

In. By whose direction soundedst thou out this place?

Rome. By loue that first did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as farre
As that vaft shore waftt with the farthest sea,
I should aduenture for such marchandise

In. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepait my cheeke,
For that which thou haft heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farewell complement.

Doest thou loue me? I know thou wilt say I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swearst,
Thou maieft proue false; at louers peruries
They say loue laughs, oh gentle Romeo,
If thou dost loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but else not for the world.
In truth faire Mountague I am too fond:
And therefore thou maieft thinke my behauior light,
But trust me Gentleman, Ile prowe more true,
Then those that haue more coying to be strange,
I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouer heardst ere I was ware
My true loue passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath so discovered.

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

Lu. O sweare not by the Moone th'inconstant Moone,
That monthly changes in her circled orbe,
Leaft that thy loue proue likewise variable.

Rome. What shall I sweare by?

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

Rome. If my hearts deare loue.

Lu. Well doe not sweare, although I joy in thee:
I haue no joy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduisde, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,
Ere, one can say, it lightens, sweet good night:
This bud of loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautious flower when next wee meete,
Goodnight, goodsight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

Rome. O wilt thou leaue me so vnatisfied?

Lu. What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?

Rome. Th'exchage of thy loues faithfull vow for mine.

Lu. I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.

Rome. Wouldst thou withdraw it, for what purpose loue?

Lu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundlesse as the sea,
The most Lamentable Tragedie

My love as deep, the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite:
I hear some noise within, deare Loue adue:
Anon good Nurse, sweet Mountague be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.

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

In. Three words deare Romeo, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose Marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the rights
And all my fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Loue throughout the World. Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I doe beseech thee (by and by I come). Madam.
To ceaze thy sute, and leave me to my griefe,

Ro. So thrive my sole.

In. A thousand times good-night.

Ro. A thousand times the worse to want thy sight,
Loue goes toward Loue as Schoole-boyes from their Bookes,
But Loue from Loue, toward Schoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Juliet again.

In. Hift Romeo, hift, O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Taffell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may speake aloude,
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lyes,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then myne
With repetition of my Romeo.

Ro. It is my love that calls upon my name.
How siluer sweet, found Louers tongues by night,
Like softest Musicke to attending cares.

In. Romeo.

Rom. My Deere.

In. What a clock to morrow

Shall
of Romeao and Julliet.

Shall I send to thee?

Ro. By the houre of nine.

Juli. I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then,
I have forgot why I did call thee backe.

Ro. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Juli. I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there;
Remembring how I love thy company.

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

Juli. Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons Bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like poore Prifoner in his twissted gyues.
And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,
So loving Iealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy Bird.

Juli. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing;
Good night, good night.
Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night, till it be morrow.

Ro. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes,peace in thy brest.
Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest.
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Fryer alone with a Basker.

Fri. The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night:
Checkring the Easterne Cloudes with streakes of light:
And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes path, and Titans burning wheeles;
Now ere the Sunne advance his burning eye,
The day to cheere; and nights danke dew to dry,
I must vpfill this Osier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother in her Tombe,
What is her burying Graue, that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kind
We fucking on her naturall bosome finds:
Many for many vertures excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lyes
In Plants, Hearbs, Stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth glue:
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,
Revolts from true birth, tumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe-turnes vice being mis-applied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the Infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyson hath residence, and Medicine power!
For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part,
Being tastted flayes all fences with the heart.
Two fuch opposed Kings, encampe them still
In man, as well as hearbes, grace, and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full foon the Canker death eates vp that plant.

Ro. Good morrow father.
Fri. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Yong sonne, it argues a distempered head,
So foon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodges, sleepe will never lye:
But where vnbrufted youth with vnftuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raigne,
Therefore thy earlinessse doth me aflure,
Thou art vprovs'd with some distemrature:
Or if not fo, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not beene in bed to night,

Ro. That laft is true, the sweeter reft was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin, waft thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghastly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good sonne, but where haft thou beene then?

Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:

I haue beene feasting with mine enemie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me:
That's by me wounded, both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy physick lyes:
I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe
My interceffion likewise Heedes my foe,

Fri. Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,

Ridling Confession, finds but ridling Shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare loue is set

On the faire daughter of rich Capulet:

As mine on her, so hers is set on mine
And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine
By holy Marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. Francis what a change is here?

Is Rosaline that thou didst loue so deare,
So soone forsaken? yong mens loue then lyes
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy fallow cheekes for Rosaline?
How much salt water throne away in waste,
To seasion loue that of it doth not taste.
The Sun not yet thy fighes, from Heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ring in my ancient eares:
Lo here upon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou waft thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for Rosaline.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,

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

Ro. Thou chid'ft me oft for louing Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for louing Pupill mine.

Ro.
The most Lamentable Tragedie

Ro. And badst me bury love.
Fri. Not in a grave.
To lay one in, another out to have.
Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I love now.
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow.
The other did not so.
Fri. O she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, that could no spell:
But come yong Wauerer, come and goe with me,
In one respect Ile thy assistant be:
For this Alliance may so happie prove,
To turne your households rancor to pure love.
Rom. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden haft.
Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the Deu'le should this Romeo be? came hee not home to night?
Ben. Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.
Mer. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Ben. Tibalt, the Kinsman to old Capulet, hath sent a Letter to his fathers house.
Mer. A challenge on my life.
Ben. Romeo will answere it.
Mer. Any man that can write may answere a Letter.
Ben, Nay, he will answere the Letters Master, how he dares being dared.
Mer. Alas, poore Romeo, hee is alreadie dead, stab'd with a white Wenches blacke Eye, run through the eare with a Love-
Song, the very Pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde Bow-
boyes But-shaft, and is he a man to encounter Tibalt?
Rom. Why, what is Tibalt?
Mer. More then Prince of Cats. O hee's the courageous Captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing Prick-song, keepes time, distance and proportion, hee refts his minum refts, one two and the third in your bosome: the very Butcher of a
of Romeo and Juliet.

like button, a dualist, a dualist, a Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause, sh the immortall Passado, the punto reverso, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lipping affecting phantasies, these new tuners of accent: by Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing grandsir, that wee should be thus afflicted with these strange flies: these fashion-mongers, these pardona-mees, who stand to much on the new forme, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his Rée, like a dried Hering, O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his Lady, was a kitchin wenches, marrie shee had a better love to besime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipzie, Helen and Hero, holdings and harlots: Thosbie a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo Bonsier, there's a French saluation to your frenchflop: you gave vs the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. the slip sir, the slip, can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon good Mercutio, my business was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtessie.

Mer. Thats as much as to say, such a case as yours constraines a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curtie.

Mer. Thou haft most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most curteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pincke of curtessie:

Rom. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow mee this least, now till thou haft worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is wore, the
The most Lamentable Tragedie

the ieaf may remaine after the wearing, soly singular.

Ro. O single folde ieaf, soly singular for the singlenesse.

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

Ro. Swits and spurs, swits and spurs, or Ile cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild goose chase, I am done:
For thou hast more of the wilde goose in one of thy wits, then
I am sure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for
the goose?

Ro. Thou wast never with mee for anything, when thou wast
not there for the goose.

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

Ro. Nay good goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweting, it is a most sharp sauce.

Ro. And is it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose?

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

Ro. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the
goose, proves thee farre and wide, a broad goose.

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

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desierst me to stop in my tale against the haire,

Ben. Thou would'st else haue made thy tale large.

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

Ro. Heres goodly geare. Enter Nurse and her man.

A sayle a sayle.

Mer. Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur. Peter:  
Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan Peter.

Mer. Good Peter to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face,

Nurse. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer.
Mer. God ye goodden faire Gentlewoman.
Nurse. Is it goodden?
Mer. Tis no lesse I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dyall
is now vpon the pricke of noone.
Nurse. Out vpon you, what a man are you?
Ro. One Gentlewoman, that God hath made himselfe to mar.
Nurse. By my troth it is well faide, for himselfe to marre
quath a: Gentlemen can any of you tell me where I may finde
the yong Romeo?
Ro. I can tell you, but young Romeo will be older when you
haue found him, then hee was when you sought him: I am the
youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.
Nurse. You say well.
Mer. Yea is the worst well, very well tooke, ifaith, wisely, 
wisely.
Nurse. If thou be he Sir, I desire some confidence with you.
Ben. Shee will endite him to some supper.
Mer. A baud, a baud, abaud, abaud. So ho.
Ro. What haft thou found?
Mer. No hare sir, vnlesse a hare sir in a Lenten-pie, that is
something stale and hoare ere it be spent.
An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meate
in Lent.
But a hare that is hore is too much for a score, when it hoares
ere it be spent.
Romeo, will you come to your fathers? weeke to dinner thither.
Ro. I will follow you.
Mer. Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.
Exeunt.
Nur. I pray you Sir, what sawcie merchant was this that was
so full of his roperie?
Romeo. A Gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe
talke, and will speake more in a minute, then hee will stand to
in a moneth.
Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him down,
and a were lustier then he is, and twentie such Jacks: and if I
cannot, Ile finde those that shall: scruie knaue, I am none
of his Gil-flurts, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must
And by too, and suffer every Knaue to vs mee at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man vs you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have beeone out, I warrant you, I dare draw asloone as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quiuers, skurtie. Knaue, pray you sir a word: and as I told you, my yong Ladie bid me enquire you out, what she bid mee say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a Fowles paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behaviour as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: and therefore, if you should deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and verie weake dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy Lady and Mistris, I protest unto thee.

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

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? thou dost not marke mee?

Nur. I will tell her sir, that you doe protest, which as I take it, is Gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her deuise some meanes to come to shrift this afternoone, And there she shall at Fryer Lawrence Cell Be shrived and married : here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly sir not a pennie.

Rom. Go too, I say you shall.

Nur. This afternoone sir, well she shall be there.

Rom. And stay good Nurse behind the Abbey wall, Within this houre my man shall be with thee, And bring thee Cords made like a tackled Haire, Which to the high top gallant of my joy, Must be my Conuoy in the secret night. Farewell be trustie, and Ile quite thy paines. Farewell, commend me to thy Mistris.
Now God in Heaven blest thee, hark ye sir.

Ro. What say'st thou my deare Nurse?

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

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as fteelen.

Nur. Well sir, my Mistrefse is the sweetest Ladie, Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing; O there is a Noble-man in Towne one Paris, that would faine lay Knife aboard: but she good soule had as leue see a Tode, a very Tode as see him: I angerer sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I lay so, she lookes as pale as any clout in the vsfall World, doth not Rosemarie and Romeo begin both with a Letter?

Ro. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an R.

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

Rom. Command me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times Peter?


Enter Iuliet.

In. The clocke strooke nine when I did send the Nurse, in halfe an houre she promised to returne,

Perchance she cannot meete him, thats not so:
Oh she is lame, loues Herauls should be thoughts, and while Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
Drining backe shadowes ouer lowring hils:
Therefore doe nimble pinion'd Doues draw love,
And therefore hath the winde swift Cupid wings:
Now is the Sunne upon the highmoit hill Of this dayes journey, and from nine till twelve,
Is three long houres, yet she is not come,
Had she affections and warme youthfull bloud,
Shee would be as swift in motion as a ball,
The most Lamentable Tragedie

My words would bandie her to my sweet Loue.
And his to me, but old folkes, many faine as they were dead,
Unweildie, slow, heauie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

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

Nur. Peter stay at the gate.

In. Now good sweet Nurse, O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily.
If good thou shan't the Musick of sweet newes,
By playing it to me, with so lower a face.

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue a while,
Fye how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?

In. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come, I pray thee speake, good, good Nurse speake.

Nur. Iesu what haft, can you not stay a while?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

In. How art thou out of breath, when thou haft breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou do'st make in this delay,
Is longer then the Tale thou do'st excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that;
Say either and Ie stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, ift good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know not
how to choose a man: Romeo no not he, though his face be bet-
ter then any mans, yet his legge excels all mens, and for a hand
and a foot and body, though they bee not to bee talkt on, yet
they are past compare: he is not the flower of curtesie, but Ile
warrant him as gentle as a Lambe: goe thy wayes Wench, serue God. What haue you dinde at home?

In. No, no, but all this did I know before
What sayes he of our Marriage, what of that?

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

Iu. If faith I am sorry that thou art not well.

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

Nur. Your Loue sayes like an honest Gentleman,
And a curteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?

Iu. Where is my mother, why, shee is within, where should she bee?

How odly thou repliest:

Your Loue sayes like an honest Gentleman,
Where is your Mother?

Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you so hot, marry come vp I traw,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones:
Hence-forward doe your Messages your selfe.

Iu. Here's such a coyle, come what sayes Romeo?

Nur. Haue you got leave to goe to shrift to day?

Iu. I haue.

Nur. Then high you hence to Fryer Lawrence Cell.

There sayes a Husband to make you a Wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
They'le be in Scarlet straignt at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I muft another way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Must clime a Birds-neaft soone when it is darke
I am the Drudge, and toyle in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Goe Ile to dinner, hye you to the Cell.

Iu. Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Fryer and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the Heauens vpon this holy Act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.

Ro. Amen, Amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Doe thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then
Then loue-deououring death doe what he dare,  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights haue violent ends,
And in their triumph dye like fire and powder;
Which as they kille consume. The sweetest honey
Is lothsomeesse in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so,
Too swift, arruues as tardie, as too slow.

Enter Juliet:
Here comes the Ladie, Oh so light afoot
Will nere weare out the everlasting flint,
A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,
That idles in the wanton Summer Ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

In. Good euen to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.

In. As much to him, else in his thankes too much.

Ro. Ah Juliet, is the measure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skil be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour Ayre, and let rich Musickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin’d happinesse that both
Receive in either, by this deare encounter.

In. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament;
They are but Beggers that can count their worth;
But my true Loue is growne to such exceffe,
I cannot summte vp some of halfe my wealth.

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

Enter Mercutio, Benuolion, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good Mercutio lets retire,
The day is hot, the Capuletts abroad:
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot
dayes, is the mad bloud stirring.
Merc. Thou art like one of these fellows, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps mee his sword upon the table, and sayes, God send mee no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Merc. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jacke in thy moode, as any in Italie: and assoone moued to bee moodie, and assoone moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Merc. Nay and there were two such, wee should have none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard, then thou haft: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, having no other reason, but because thou haft halfeil eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spie out such a quarrell? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egge is full of meare, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou haft quarreld with a man for coffing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath layne atleepe in the Sun. Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Easter: with another, for tying his new shooes with old riband, and yet thou wilt tutor mee from quarrelling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life, for an house and a quarter.

Merc. The fee-simple, O simple.

Enter Tibalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the Capulets.

Merc. By my heele I care not.

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

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

Ti. You shall find mee apt enoough to that sir, and you will giue mee occasion.

Merc. Could you not take some occasion without gi-
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Merc. thou consortest with Romeo.

Merc. Consort, what dost thou make vs Minstrels? and thou make Minstrels of vs, look to hear nothing but discords, here's my Fiddlesticke, here's that shall make you dance roundly.

Ben. We talke here in the publicke haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances:
Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

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

Enter Romeo.

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

Merc. But lie be hang'd sir, if he weare your Liuery:
Marry goe before to field, heele be your follower,
Your Worship in that sense may call him man.

Ti. Romeo, the love I beare thee, can afford
No better terme then this: thou art a Villaine.

Ro. Tiibalt, the reason that I haue to love thee,
Doth much excuse the appertayning rage
To such a-greeting: Villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell I see thou know'st me not.

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

Ro. I doe protest I never injured thee,
But love thee better then thou canst devise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love,
And so good Capulet, which name I render
As dearely as my owne, be satisfied.

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

Tiibalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Ti. What woulds thou haue with me?

Merc. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall
vse mee hereafter drie beate the rest of the eight. Will you
pluckle your Sword out of his Pilcher by the ears? make haste,
of Romeo and Iuliet.

least mine bee about your cares, ere it bee out.

Tri. I am for you.

Ro. Gentle Mercutio, put thy Rapiers vp.

Mer. Come sir your Passado.

Ro. Draw Benuolio, beate downe their weapons,

Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage,

Tibalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath

Forbid bandying in Verona streets.

Hold Tibalt, good Mercutio.

Away Tibalt.

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague a both houses, I am sped,

Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis enough,

Where is my Page? goe Villaine, fetch a Surgeon.

Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No 'tis not so deepe as a Well, nor so wide as a Church doore, but 'tis enough, it will serve; aske for me to morrow, and you shall finde mee a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this World, a plague a both your houses, founds a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat to scratch a man to death, a bragart, a rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmetick, why the deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnnder your arme.

Ro. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Helpe me into some house Benuolio.

Or I shall faint, a plague a both your housles.

They have made wormes meat of me,

I have it, and soundly to your houses——

Exit

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alle,

My very friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation staynd
With Tibals slander, Tibalt that an hour-

Hath beene my Cozin, O sweet Iuliet,

Thy beautie hath made me effeminate,

And in my temper softned valours Steele.
Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, braue Mercutio is dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspird the Cloudes;
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.
  Ro. This dayes blacke fate, on moe dayes doth depend,
This but begins, the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tibalt backe againe.
  Ro. He gon in triumph and Mercutio slaine,
Away to heauen respective lenitie,
And fire and furie, be my conduct now,
Now Tibalt take the villaine back againe,
That late thou gauest 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 with him.

Ti. Thou wretched boy that didst comfort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
  Ro. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tibalt falls.

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and Tibalt slaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince will doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence begone, away.
  Ro. O, I am fortunes foolse.

Ben. Why dost thou slay?

Exit. Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild Mercutio?

Tibalt, that murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lyes that Tibalt.

Citi. Vp, sir, goe with me:

I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capuler,

their wine 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 lyes the man slaine by young Romeo,
That flew thy kinsman, braue Mercutio.

Capi. Wi. Tibalt, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozin, husband, O the bloud is spild.
Of my deare kinsman, Prince, as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, shead bloud of Montague.
O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tibalt here slaine, whom Romeo's hand did slay,
Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
Your high displeasure all this yttered.
With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bowed.
Could not take truce with the vnruuly spleene
Of Tibalt deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With peircing fleele at bold Mercutio's breaste,
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall score, with one hand beates
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tibalt, whose dexteritie
Retorts it, Romeo he cryes aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and swifter then his tongue,
His agill arme beates downe their fatall points,
And twixt them rufhes, ynderneath whose arme,
An envious thrust from Tibalt, hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tibalt fled,
But by and by comes backe to Romeo,
Who had but newely entertaun'd reuenge,
And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tibalt slaine:
And as he fell, did Romeo turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

Ca. Wi. He is a kinsman to the Mountague,
Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twentie could but kill one life.
I beg for Justice, which thou, Prince, must give:
The most Lamentable Tragedie

Romeo slew Tibalt, Romeo must not live.

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

Monn. Not Romeo Prince, he was Mercutius friend,
His fault concludes, but what the Law should end,
The life of Tibalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I have an Interest in your hearts proceeding.
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore vs none, let Romeo hence in hast,
Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Enter Juliet alone.

Gallap apace, you fiery footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus lodging, such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudie night immediately.
Spread thy close curtaine loue-performing night,
That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and Romeo
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnscene,
Lovers can see to doe their amorous rights,
By their owne beauties, or of loue to blind,
It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou sober sueted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loose a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of stainlesse maiden-heads
Hood my unmarid bloud baiting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted simple modestie:
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night,
of Romeo and Juliet.

For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night,
Whiter then snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing black-browd night.
Give me my Romeo, and when hee shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little flarres,
And he will make the face of heauen so fine,
That all the world will be in loue with night,
And pay no worship to the garish Sun.
O I haue bought the mansion of a loue,
But not posleft it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enioyd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse:

Enter Nurse with cords.

And shee brings newes and euery tongue that speaks
But Romes name, speaks heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurse, what newes? what haft thou there,
The cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nur. I, I, the cords,

Juliet. Ay me, what newes? why doft thou wring thy hands:

Nur. A weladay, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
We are undone Lady, we are undone.
A lacke the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.

Iu. Can heauen be so enuius.

Nur. Romeo can.

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

Iu. What diuell art thou, that doft torment me thus?
This torture should be rored in dismall hell,
Hath Romeo slaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shal poison more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.
Or those eyes shott, that makes thee answere I:
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.
Briefe, sounds, determine my weale or wo,

Nur.
The most Lamentable Tragedie

**Nur.** I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God save the marke, he is on his manly breast,
A piteous coarse, a bloody piteous coarse,
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawde in blood,
All in gore blood, I sounded at the sight.

**In.** O breake my heart, poore banckrout breake at once,
To prison eyes, nere lookt on libertie.
Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,
And thou and Romeo preffe one heauie beere.

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

**In.** What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?
Is Romeo slauhtred? and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest Cozen, and my dearer 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 kild him he is banished.

**Juliet.** O God, did Romes hand shed Tibalts blood?
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

**Nur.** O serpent heart, hid with a flowing face.

**In.** Did euer dragon keepe so faire a Caue?

Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelicall:
Ravenous doue, feathred Rauen, woluih-rauening lambe,
Despised substance of divinest show:
Just opposite to what thou iustly seem'it,
A damned faire, an honourable villaine:
O Nature, what hadst thou to doe in hell,
When thou didst power the spirit of a fiend
In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was euer booke containing such vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Pallace.

**Nur.** Theres no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
All perjurde, all for-sworne, all naught, all dissemblers,
Ah wheres my man? giue me some Aqua-vite?

*These*
These griefes, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo.

If. Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crownd,
Sole Monarch of the universal earth.
O what a beast was I to chide at him?

Nur. Will you speake well of him that killed your cozyn?

If. 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 wife haue mangled it?
But wherefore villain didst thou kill my cozyn?
That villaine cozyn would haue killed my husband:
Backe foolish teares, backe to your native spring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer vp to joy.
My husband liues that Tibalt would have slaine,
And Tibalt's dead that would have slaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then:
Some words there was worse then Tibalt's death
That murdered me, I would forget it slaine,
But oh it presseth to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners minds.
Tibalt is dead and Romeo banished:
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand Tibalts: Tibalt's death,
Was woe enoue if it had ended there:
Or if lower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be wrackt with other griefes,
Why followed not when the said Tibalt's dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne Lamentation might have moved,
But with a reafeward following Tibalt's death,
Romeo is banished to speake that word,
Is father, mother, Tibalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slaine, all dead: Romeo is banished.
The most Lamentable Tragedie

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wailing ower Tibals's corse,
Will you goe to them: I will bring you thither.

In. Wash they his wounds with teares: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are drie, for Romeo's banishment.
Take vp those cords, poore ropes you are beguild,
Both you and I for Romeo is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widdowed.
Come cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not Romeo, take my maiden-head.

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

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

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo come forth, come forth thou saerefull man,
Affliction is enamord of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.

Ro. Father what newes? What is the Princes doome?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar.
Is my deare Sonne with such lowre companie?
I bring thee tydings of the Princes doome.

Ro. What lesse then Doomesday is the Princes doome?

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

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

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished.
of Romeo and Juliet.

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Ro. There is no world without Verona walls.

But purgatory, torture, hell it selfe;
Hence banished, is banish'd from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then banished
Is death missharm'd, calling death banish'd,
Thou cuttest my head off with a golden Axe.
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sinne, O rude unthankfulness,
Thy fault our Law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the Law,
And turn'd that blanke word death to banishment.
This is deare mercie, and thou seest it now.

Ro. 'Tis torture and not mercie, Heauen is here
Where Junet lives and every Cat and Dogge,
And little Mouse, every unworthy thing.
Live here in Heauen and may looke on her.
But Rome may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship lives.
In carrion flyes, then Rome: they may seize.
On the white wonder of deare Junetts hand,
And steals immortal blessing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and Vestall modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisles finne.
This may flyes doe, when I from this must flye:
And sayst thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Rome may not, he is banish'd.
Flyes may doe this, but I from this must flye:
They are freemen, but I am banish'd.
Hadst thou no poison mixt no sharpe ground Knife,
No suddan meane of death, though here so mean,
But banish'd to kill me: Banish'd?
O Fryer, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howling attends it, how hast thou the heart.
Being a Divine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sinne Obsoluer, and my Friend profest,
To mangle me with that word banish'd?
The most Eamentable Tragedie

Fri. Thou fond mad man, heare me a little speake.
Ro. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.
Fri. Ile geue thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersities sweet milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou art banished.
Ro. Yet banished? hang vp Philosophie;
Vnlefe Philosophie can make a Juliet;
Displant a Towne, reverse a Princes doome,
It helps not, it prevailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I see, that mad men haue no cares,
Ro. How should they, when wise men haue no eyes.
Fri. Let me di pure with thee of thy estate.
Ro. Thou canst not speake of that thou dost not seele;
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy louse,
An houre but married, Tibalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy haire,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Nurse knocke.

Fri. Arise, one knocks, good Romeo hide thy selfe,
Ro. Not I, vnlefe the breath of heart-ficke grones
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

Knocke.

Fri. Harke how they knocke (who's there) Romeo arise,
Thou wilt be taken (stay awhile) stand vp,

Knocke againe.

Run to my studie (by and by) Gods will,
What simplicenesse is this: I come, I come.

Knocke.

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

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in, and you shall know my errand:
I come from Lady Juliet.
Fri. Welcome then.

Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Where's my Ladies Lord, where's Romeo?
Fri. There on the ground, With his owne teares made drunke.

Nur. O, he is euen in my Mistresse case, Just in her case, O wofull sympathy: Pitious predicament, euen so lyes shee, Blubbrong and weeping, weeping and blubbrong, Stand vp, Stand vp, Stand and you be a man, For Iuliet's sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O:

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, death's the end of all,

Rom. Spake sthou of Iuliet? how is it with her? Doth not shee thinke me an old murtherer, Now I haue staund the child-hood of our joy, With blood remoued, but little from her owne? Where is shee? and how doth shee? and what sayes My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?

Nur. Oh, shee sayes nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps, And now falt on her bed, and then starts vp, And Tibalt calls, and then on Romeo cryes, And then downe falls againe.

Rom. As if that name shot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names cursed hand Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me, In what vile part of this Anatomie Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may facke The hatefull mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cryes out thou art: Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote, The unreasonable surie of a beast:
Unseemely woman in a seeming man, And ill be seeming beast in seeming both, Thou haft amaz'd me. By my holy Order, I thought thy disposition better temperd. Haft thou slaine Tibalt? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate upon thy selfe?
Why ray left thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three doe meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loose.
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which like a Vlurer aboundst in all:
And vsest none in that true vse indeed,
Which should be decke thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy noble shape is but a forme of waxe,
Disgressing from the valour of a man.
Thy deare love sworn, but hollow perjorie,
Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish,
Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and love,
Misse-shapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skill-lesse Souldiers flaske,
Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowse thee man, thy juliet is alive,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy, Tibalt would kill thee,
But thou flewest Tibalt, there art thou happy.
The Law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of blessings lights upon thy backe,
Happinesse courts thee in her best array,
But like a misbehau'd and sullen Wench,
Thou powts vpon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such dye miserable.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For than thou canst not passe to Mantua,
Where thou shalt liue till we can find a time.
To blaze your Marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
With twentie hundred thousand times more joy

Then
Then thou wentst forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haften all the house to bed,
Which heautie sorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could have stayd here all the night,
To heare good counsell, oh what Learning is:
My Lord, Ile tell my Lady you will come.

Ro. Doe so, and bid my Sweepe prepare to chide,
Nur. Here sir, a Ring she bids me giue you sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it growes very late.

Ro. How well my comfort is resu'ed by this.
Fri. Goe hence, goodnight, and here stand all your state.
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence,
Soiourne in Mantua, Ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Ro. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a griece, so briefe to part with thee:

Fri. Farewell.

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Ca. Things haue faile out sir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, she lou'd her Kinsman Tibalt dearly,
And so did I. Well we were borne to dye.
'Tis very late, shee'l not come downe to night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have beene a bed an hour age.

Paris. These times of wo, afford no times to wo;
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter:

La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow.
To night she is mewed vp to her heauinesse.

Ca. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my childes love: I thinke she will be ruled.
In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, goe you to her ere you goe to bed.
Acquaint her here of my sonne Paris love;
And bid her, marke you me, on wenseday next,
But soft, what day is this?

Ca. Monday, ha, ha, well wenseday is too soone, or on
A thursday let it be, a thursday tell her,
Shee shall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? doe you like this haste?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a friend or two,
For harke you, Tibalt being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kindman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele keepe some halfe a dozen friends,
And there an end, but what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow,
Capt. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then so.
Goe you to Juliet ere you goe to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell, my Lord, light to my chamber, ho,
Afore me, it is so very late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.

In. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierst the fearfull hollow of thine eare,
That nightly shee sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Believe me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herald of the morne,
No Nightingale, looke loue what envious stremes.
Doe lace the feuering clouds in yonder East,
Nights candles are burnt out, and second day
Stands tip-toe on the mistie Mountains tops,
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

In. Yond light is not day light, I know it. I ablaze what?
It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.

Romeo. Let me be tame, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
Ile say you gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of Cinthias brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whose notes doe beate
The vaulty heavens so high above our heads,
I haue more care to stay then will to goe:
Come death and welcome, Juliet wils it so.
How ist my soule, lets talke, it is not day.

Lu. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that sings to out of tune,
Strayning harsh Discords, and unpleasing Sharpes.
Some say the Larke makes sweet Division.
This doth not so: for she deuideth vs.
Some say the Larke and lothed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too.
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Huntsup to the day,
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.

Romeo. More light and light, more darke and darke
our woes.

Enter Madame and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Lu. Nurse.

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

Lu. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Romeo. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

Lu. Art thou gone so Loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,
I must heare from thee every 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.
Ro. Farewell.
I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings love to thee.

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

In. O God I have an ill-diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.

Rom. And trust me love, in my eye so doe you:
Dry sorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.

Exit.

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

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp?
In. Who it that calleth? it is my Lady Mother.
Is she not downe so late or vp so early?
What unaccustome'd cause procures her hither?

La. Why, how now Juliet.
In. Madam, I am not well.

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

In. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse,
La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.

In. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but ever weepe the friend.

La. Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which slaughtered him.
In. What Villaine Madam?

La. That same Villaine Romeo.

In. Villaine, and he be many miles a sunder:

God pardon him, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

La. That is because the Traytor liues.

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

La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.

Then wepe no more, Ile send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banisht Runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an accustom’d dram,
That he shall soone keepe Tibalt companie:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

In. Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart, so for a Kinsman next:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it;
That Romeo should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quieter. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam’d and cannot come to him.
To wreake the love I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughtere dhim.

Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man,
But now Ile tell thee joyfull tiding Girle.

In. And joy comes well in such a needy time,
What are they, I beseech your Ladiship?

Mo. Well, well, thou hast a carefull father childe.
One who to put thee from thy heauinesse,
Hath sorted out a suddent day of joy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.

In. Madam in happie time, what day is that?

Mo. Marrie my childe, early next Thursday morn.
The gallant, yong, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie Paris at Saint Peters Church,
Shall happily make thee there, ajoyfull Bride.
The most Lamentable Tragedie

In. Now by Saint Peters Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyfull Bride.
I wonder at this hast, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo;
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate
Rather then Paris, these are newes indeed.

M.r. Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe:
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Ca. When the Sun sets, the Ayre doth drifle deaw,
But for the Sun-set of my Brothers sonne,
It raines downe right.
How now a Conduit Girle, what still in teares.
Euermore showring: In one little body?
Thou counterseits, a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Doe ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this falt fifthd, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will over set
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wise,
Have you delivered to her our decrec?

La. Sir, but she will none, she giues you thankes.
I would the Poole were marryed to her Graue.

Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you Wife,
How will she none? doth she not giue vs thankes?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
(Unworthy as she is) that we have wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegrome?

In. Not proud, you haue, but thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankfull even for hate, that is meant loue.

Ca. How now, how now, chopp Lodgick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud: Mistris minion you?
Thankes me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
of Romeo and Juliet.

But settle your fine joynts against Thursday next,
To goe with Paris to Saint Peters Church:
Or I will dragge thee on a hurdle thither.
Out you greenesicknesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

La. Fie, fie, what are you madde?

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

Fa. Hang thee yong baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, replie not, doe not answere mee.
My fingers itch, wife, wee 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 wee haue a curse in hauing her:
Out on her hilding.

Nur. God in heauen bleffe her:
You are to blame my Lord to rate her so.

Fa. And why my Lady wifdome, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips, goe,

Nur. I speake no treason,

Fa. O Godigedon,

Nur. May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your graviitie ore a Gossips bowle,
For here wee need it not.

Wi. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes mee madde,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone, in companie, stille my care hath bin
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly allied,
Stuft (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportioned as ones thought would with a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole.
The most Lamentable Tragedie

A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Looke too't, thinke on't, I doe not vse to iest.
Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, begge, starue dye in the streets,
For by my soule, ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall euer doe thee good:
Truft too't, bethinke you, ile not be forsworne.

Juliet. Is there no pittie fitting in the cloudes,
That sees into the botomme of my grieue?
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you doe not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where Tibalt lies.

Mo. Talke not to me, for ile not speake a word,
Doe as thou wilt for I haue done with thee.

Juliet. O God. O Nurse; how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnlesse that husband send it me from heauen,
By leauing earth: comfort me, counfaile me:
A lacke, a lacke, that heauen should practice stratagems
Upon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
What saist thou, haft thou not a word of ioy?

Some comfort Nurse,

Nur. Faith here it is, Romeo is banished, and all the world to
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he doe, it needs must be my health:
Then since the case so stand as noow it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:
Romeos a dishclout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye.
As Paris hath, besfrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first, or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or were as good he were,
As living here and you no vse of him.

1. Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my soule too, or else besfrow them both.
1. Amen.
Nur. What?
1. Well, thou hast comforted me maruailous much,
Goe in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeased my Father, to Lawrence Cell,
To make confeffion, and to be abfolu'd.

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

1. Auncient damnation, O moft wicked fiend,
Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to displaife my Lord with that same tongue,
Which she hath praifde him with aboue compare,
So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,
Thou and my bosome henceforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all else faile, my self haue power to die.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday sir, the time is very short.
Pa. My father Capulet will haue it so,
And I am nothing slow to slacke his haft.

Fri. You say you doe not know the Ladies mind:
Vnueen is the courfe, I like it not.

Pa. Immoderately she weepes for Tibalts death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For Venus smiles not in a house of teares,
Now sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway:
And in his wisedome hafts our marriage,
To stoppe the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by societie.
Now doe you know the reason of this hate?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be flowed.

Lookes sir here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter. Juliet.

Par. Happily met my Lady and my wife.

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

Pa. That may be must be rune; on Thursday next.

In. What must be, shall be.

Fri. Thats a certayne text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

In. To answere that, I should confess to you.

Pa. Do not denie to him, that you love me.

In. I will confess to you that I love him.

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

In. If I doe so, it will bee of more price,

Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poore soule thy face is much abuid with teares.

In. The teares haue got small victorie by that,

For it was bad enough before their spight.

Pa. Thou wrong it more than teares with that report.

In. That is flander sir, which is a truth,

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

Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou hast haundred it.

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

Are you at leasure, holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at Evening Masse?

Fri. My leasure servers me, penliue Daughternow,

My Lord we must intreate the time alone.

Pa. Godsheld, I should disturbe devotion,

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,

Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse.

Exit.

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

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

Fri. O Iulie I already know thy griece,

I straines me past the compass of my wits,

I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this Countie.
Romeo and Juliet

Lu. **Tell me not Friar that thou hearest of this,**

   *Unlesse thou tell me how I may preuent it:*
   If in thy widsome thou canst giue no helpe,
   Doe thou but call my resolution wise,
   And with this Knife, Ile helpe it presently,
   God ioynd my heart, and Romeos thow our hands;
And ere this hand by thee to Romeos sould:
   Shall be the Labell to another deed;
   Or my true heart with trecherous revolt,
   Turne to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experien'ft time,
   Give me some present counsell, or behold
 Twixt my extremes and me, this bloody Knife
   Shall play the Vmpire, arbitrating that,
   Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
   Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not so long to speake, I long to dye,
   If what thou speake'ft, speake not of remedie.

Fri. **Hold daughter,** I doe spy a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marry Countie Paris
   Thou hast the strenght of will to slay thy selfe;
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
   A thing like death to chide away this shame;
That coop'ft with death himselfe, to scape from it.
   And if thou dareft, Ile giue thee remedie.

Lu. **Oh bid me leape,** rather then marry Paris,
   From of the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuish wayes, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
   Ore couered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie shankes and yellow chaplesse souls:
Or bid me goe into a new made graue,
   And hide me with a dead man in his shroud:
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble.
And I will doe it without feare or doubt;
To liue an vnstayn'd wife to my sweet Loue.

Fri. Hold then, goe home, be merry, giue consent,
To marrie París: wednesday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou liye alone,
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall runne,
A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his native progresse but surcease
No warmth, no breath shall testifye thou liuest;
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade.
Too paly ashes, the eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he shuts vp the day of life:
Each part depru'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death;
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunked death
Thou shalt continue two and forties houres,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.

Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our Countrie is,
In thy best Robes vncovered on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy Kindreds graue:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault;
Where all the Kindred of the Capulets lye,
In the mean time against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo beare thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant joy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

In. Give me, give me, O tell me not of feare.

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous.
In this resolute, I'll send a Frier with speed  
To Mantua with my Letters to thy Lord. 

To. Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford: 
Farewell dear Father.  

Exit. 

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and Servingmen, two or three. 

Ca. So many guests invite as here are writ,  
Sirrah, goe hire me twentie cunning Cookes. 

Ser. You shall have none ill sir, for Ile try if they can lick their fingers. 

Ca. How canst thou try them so? 

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

Ca. Goe be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this time: what is my daughter gone to Frier Lawrence? 

Nur. I forsooth, 

Ca. Well he may chance to doe some good on her, 
A peevish selfe-will'd Harlotry it is. 

Enter Juliet. 

Nur. See where she comes from thirft with merrie looke. 

Ca. How now my head-strong, where haue you beene gadding? 

To. Where I haue learnt to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition,  
To you and your benefits, and am enioyn'd  
By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here,  
To begge your pardon, pardon I beseech you, 
Henceforward I am even rul'd by you, 

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

To. I met the youthfull Lord at Lawrence Cell,  
And gaue him what becomm'd louse I might,  
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie. 

Ca. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,  
This is as' should be, let me see the County:  
I marrie, goe I say, and fetch him hither.
The most Damentable Tragedie

Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.

In. Nurse, will you goe with me into my Clofe?
To helpe me for such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

Mo. No not till Thursday, there is time enough.
Fa. Go Nurse, goe with her, weele to Church to morrow.

Exeunt.

Mo. We shall be short in our provifion,
Tis now neare night.

Fa. Tufli, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Goe thou to Iuliet, helpe to deck vp her,
Ile not ro bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie Paris, to prepare vp him
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this fame wayward Girle is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Iuliet and Nurse.

In. Ithose attyres are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many Orifons,
To moue the Heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou knoweft, is croffe and full of finne.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my helpe?
In. No Madam, we have culd such necessaries
As are behoofefull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night fit vp with you,
For I am sure, you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.

Mo. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and reft, for thou haft need.

Exeunt.
In. Farewell, God knowes when we shall meete againe,
I have a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should shee doe here?
My dismall Scene I needs must act alone.
Come Viall, what if this mixture doe not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it, lie thou there,
What if it be a poyson which the Friar?
Subtillly hath ministred, to haue me dead,
Least in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not,
For he hath still 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, theris a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?
To whose soule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Auncellors are packt,
Where bloody Tibalt yet but greene in earth,
Lies seestring in his shrowd, where as they say,
At some houres in the night, spirits resort:
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with leathsome smels,
And shrikes like mandrakes tornne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them runne mad.
Or if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
(Inuiored with all these hideous feares.)
And madly play with my forefathers ioynes?

of Romeo and Juliet.
And plucke the mangled Tibalt from his shrowde,
And in this rage, with some great kinmans bone,
As with a club dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking our Romeo that did spit his body
Upon a Rapiers point: stay Tibalt stay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo; heres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

La. Hold, take these keyes, and fetch more spices Nurse.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastric.

Ca. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second Cocke hath crowed,
The Curphew Bell hath round, tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good Angelica,
Spare not for cost.

Nur. Goe you Con-queane, goe,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.

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

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

Exit Lady and Nurle.

Ca. A jealous hood, a jealous hood, now fellow, what is there?
Enter three or foure with spits and logs and baskets.

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

Ca. Make haste, make haste sirrah, fetch drier Logs.

Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

Fel. I haue a head sir, that will find out Logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

Ca. Maffe and well said, a merrie hornson, ha,
Thou shalt be Loggerhead; good faith tis day.

Play Musike.

The Countie will beherewith musike straight,
For so he saied he would, I heare him neere.
Nurse, wife, what ho, what Nurse I say?

Enter Nurse.

Goe waken Juliet, goe and trim her vp,
He goe and chat with Paris, hie, make haste,
Make haste, the Bridegroom, he is come alreadie, make haste I say.

Nur. Mistris, what Mistris, Juliet, faft I warrant her she,
Why Lamme, why Ladie, fie you sluggabed,
Why Loue I say, Madam, sweet heart, why Bride:
What not a word, you take your penniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie Paris hath fet vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgive me.
Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe:
I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?
What dreft, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladie’s dead.
Oh weladay, that euery was borne,
Some Aqua-vita ho, my Lord, my Lady.

Mo. What noyse is heere?

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day.

Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life:
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will dye with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring Juliet forth, her Lord is come:

Nur. She’s dead: deceas’t, she’s dead, alacke the day,

Mo. A lack the day, she’s dead, she’s dead, she’s dead.

Fa. Hah, let me see her, oue alas she’s cold,

Her bloud is fetled and her ioynts are stiffe:
Life and these lips have long bee ne separated,
Death lyes on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field:

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. O woeful time.
Fa. Death that hath taken her hence to make me weep,
Tyes up my tongue and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the Countie, with the Musitians.

Fri. Come, is the Bride readie to goe to Church?

Fa. Ready to goe; but never to returne.

O sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife, there the lyes,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him,
Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will dye,
And leave him all, life, liuing, all is deaths.

Paris. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it give me such a light as this?

Mo. Accurst, vnhappy, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and loving child,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruel death hath catcht it from my sight.

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

Paris. Beguild, divorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguild,
By cruel, cruel thee, quite owerthrown,
O love, O life, not life, but love in death.

Fat. Despise, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kild,
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now,
To murther, murther our solemnitie?
O child, O child, my soule and not my child,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my joyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions, care liues not.
In these confusions, Heauen and your selfe.
Had part in this faire Maid, now Heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But Heauen keepes his part in eternall life:
The most you sough't was her promotion,
For 'twas your Heauen she should be aduanft,
And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduanft
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it selfe.
O in this loue, you loue your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well marryed, that liues marryed long,
But she's best marryed, that dyes marryed yong.
Dry vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
And in her best array beare her to Church:
For though some nature bids vs all lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment.

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

Fri. Sir goe you in; and Madam, goe with him,
And goe sir Paris every one prepare
To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:
The Heaucns doe lowre vpon you for some ill:
Moue them no more, by crossing their high will.

Exeunt manent Musici.

Mus. Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest good-fellowes, ah put vp, put vp.
For well you know, this is a pittifull case.

Fid. I by my troth, the case may be amended.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musitions, Oh Musitions, hatts case, harts case,
The most Lamentable Tragedie

O, and you will have me live, play hearts ease,

*Fidler Why hearts ease?*

*Peter. O Musitions, because my hart it selfe plaies, my hart is full of woe.*

O play me some merry dumpe to comfort me.

*Minstrels. Not a dumpe we, tis no time to play now.*

*Pet. You will not then?*

*Min. No.*

*Pet. I will then giue it you soundly.*

*Min. What will you giue vs?*

*Pet. No money on my faith, but the glecke.*

I will giue you the Minstrell.

*Min. Then will I giue you the seruing creature.*

*Pet. Then will I say the seruing creatures dagger on your pate.*

I will carrie no Crochets, ile Re you, ile Fa you do you note me?

*Min. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you note vs,*

2. *M. Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.*

*Peter. Then haue at you with my wit.*

I will drie-beate you with an yron wit, & put vp my yron dagger.

Answered me like men.

When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then musique, with her siluer sound.

Why siluer sound, why musicke with her siluer sound, wahr say you Simon Catling?

*Min. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound.*

*Pet. Pratee, what say you Hugh Rebick?*

2.*M. I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for siluer.*

*Pet. Pratee to, what say you James sound post?*

3.*M. Faith I know not what to say.*

*Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.*

I will say for you, it is Musicke with her siluer sound,

Because Musitions have no Gold for sounding:

Then Musicke with her siluer sound with speedy helpe doth lend redresse.

*Exit.*

*Min.*
of Romeo and Juliet.

Min. What a pestilent knave is this same?
M.2. Hang him Jacke, come weeke in here, carrie for the Mourners, and stay dinner.

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some joyfull newes at hand,
My bosomes Lord, sits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an vnaccustomed spirit,
Lifts me abouve the ground with chearefull thoughts.
I dreampt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreames that giues a dead man leaue to think,
And breathd such life with kisses in my lips.
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.
Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possesse,
When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romenos man Balthazer.

Newes from Verona, how how Balthazer?
Doft thou not bring me Letters from the Friar?
How doth my Lady, is my father well?
How doth my Lady Juliet? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill, if shee be well.

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleepe in Capels monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues,
I saw her laid low in her kindreds vault,
And presently tooke poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office Sir.

Ro. Is it euen so? then I denie you starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire post horses, I will hence to night.

Man. I doe beseech you Sir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wild, and doe import
Some misaduenture.

Ro. Tush thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and doe the thing I bid thee doe.
The most Lamentable Tragedie

Haft thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit.

Re. No matter, get thee gone,
And hyre those Horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well luitet, I will lye with thee to night:
Lets see for means, O mischiefe thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I doe remember an Appothecarie,
And here abouts a dwells, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with ouer-whelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had wore him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a Tortoys hung,
An Allegater butt, and other skinnes
Of ill shap’t fishes, and about his shelves,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie seeds,
Remnants of packthred, and old Cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew,
Noting this penury, to my selfe I laid,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would fell it him,
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needie man must fell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the Beggers shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie:

Appo. Who calles so loud?

Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
As will disperse it selfe through all the veins,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Truncke may be discharg’d of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fierd.

Doth
Doth hurry from the fatal Canons wombe.

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

_Ro._ Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fearest to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Neede and oppression starueth in thy eyes;
Contempt and beggary hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.

_Po._ My pouerty, but not my will consents.

_Ro._ I pay thy pouerty and not thy will.

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

_Ro._ There is thy Gold, worse poyson to mens souls,
Doing more murthers in this loathsome world,
Then these poore compounds that thou mai't not sell,
I fell thee poyson, thou haft sold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordiall and not poyson, goe with me
To _Julietts_ graue, for there must I vse thee.

_Exeunt_

_Enter Frier John to Frier Lawrence._

_Joh._ Holy Franciscan Frier, brother, ho.

_Enter Lawrence._

_Law._ This same should be the voice of Frier John,
Welcome from _Mantua_: what sayes _Romeo_?
Or if his mind be writ, give me his Letter.

_Joh._ Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sicke,
And finding him, the Searchers of the towne,
Suspecting that we both were in a house,
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that may speede to _Mantua_ there was staide.
The most Lamentable Tragedie

LAW. Who bare my Letter then to Romeo?  
JOHN. I cold not send it, here it is againe,  
Nor get a Messenger to bring it thee,  
So scarcefull were they of infection.  
LAW. Unhappy fortune, by my Brother-hood,  
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,  
Of deare import, and the neglecting it,  
May doe much danger: Fryer John goe hence,  
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it straight  
Unto my Cell.  

JOHN. Brother Ile goe and bring it thee.  
LAW. Now must I to the Monument alone,  
Within this three hours will faire Juliet wake,  
Shee will belshrew me much that Romeo  
Hath had no notice of these accidents:  
But I will write againe to Mantua,  
And keepe her at my Cell till Romeo come,  
Poore liuing Course, clos'd in a dead man's Tombe.  

Enter Paris and his Page.  
PAR. Give me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloofe,  
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:  
Vnder yond yong trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thy care close to the hollow ground,  
So shall no foot vp on the Churchyard tread,  
Being loose, vnfirm[e with digging vp of Graues,  
But thou shalt heare it, whistle then to me,  
As signall that thou hearest something approch,  
Give me those flowers, doe as I bid thee goe.  

PAG. I am almost afraid to stand alone  
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will adventure.  
PAR. Sweet Flower, with flowers thy Bridal bed I strew;  
O woe, thy Canapie is dust and Stones,  
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,  
Or wanting that, with teares distil'd by mones;  
The Obsequies that I for thee will keepe;  

Nightly
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weepe.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy gives warning, something doth approach,
What cursed foot wanders this way to night,
To cross my Obsequies and true Loves right?
What with a Torch? muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo and Balthazar his man.

Ro. Give me the Mattock and the wrenching Iron.

Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father,
Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hearest or seest, stand all aloof;
And doe not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must use,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou jealous dost returne to pry
In what I farther shall intend to doe,
By Heauen I will tear thee iojnt by iojnt,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limmes.
The time and my intents are savage wild,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

Balt. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you.

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

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

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

Pa. This is that banish't haughtie Mountague,
That murdred my Loues Cousin; with which griefe,
It is supposed the faire Creature dyed,
The most Lamentable Tragedie

And here is come to doe 

some villanous shame,
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,

Stop thy unhallowed toyle, vile Mountague:
Can vengeance be pursu'd further then death?

Condemned Villaine, I doe apprehend thee.
Obey and goe with me, for thou must dye.

Ro. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man.
Flye hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, Youth,
Put not another sinne vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, O be gone.

By Heauen I love thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercie bid thee runne away.

Par. I doe deifie thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.

Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee Boy.

Page O, Lord, they fight, I will goe call the watch.

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

Ro. In faith I will, let me perufe this face,

Mercutio's Kinsman, Noble Countie Paris,
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me Paris should haue marryed Juliet,
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of Juliet,
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in fowre misfortunes Booke.
Ile bury thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue; Ono, A Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:
For here lyes Juliet, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death lye thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Hauie they beene merrie? which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a Lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
Death that hath suckt the Honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vp on thy beautie:
Thou art not conquer'd, beauties ensigne yet
Is Crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flag is not advancd there.
Tibalt lyest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O what more fauour can I doe to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To funder his that was thine enemie?
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare Iuliet.
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleue,
Shall I beleuee, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred Monster keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dimme night:
And Depart againe; here, here will I remayne,
With Wormes that are thy Chambermaydes: O here
Will I set vp my everlastinge rest:
And shake the yoke of inauspicious flaires.
From this World-wearied flesh, eyes looke your last:
Armes take your latt embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kifte:
A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnfaouourie guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing Rockes, thy Sea-ficke weary Barke:
Here's to my Loue. O true Apothecary;
Thy Drugs are quicke. Thus with a kifte Idye.

Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crow and Spade.

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Hauie my old feet stumble at graues? Who's there?
The most Lamentable Tragedie

Balt. Heres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.

Fri. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my friend

What torch is yond that vainly lends his light

To grubs and eyelesse sculles, as I discerne,

It burneth in the Capels monument,

Balt. It doth so holy sir, and theres my master, one that you

love,

Fri. Who is it?

Balt. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Balt. Full halfe an houre.

Fri. Goe with me to the Vault.

Balt. I dare not Sir.

My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,

And fearfully did menace me with death,

If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Fri. Stay, then ile goe alone, feare comes vpon me.

O much I fear some ill vnuckie thing.

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

I dreampt my master and another fought,

And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo.

Alacke, alacke, what bloud is this which staines

The ftony entrance of this Sepulchre?

What meane these masterlesse and goarie swords.

To lie discouer'd by this place of peace?

Romeo, oh pale: who else, what Paris too?

And steept in bloud ah what an vnkind houre.

Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?

The Lady flirs.

Iuli. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?

I doe remember well where I should be:

And there I am, where is my Romeo?

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

Of death, contagion, and vnnatural sleepe;

A greater power then we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away.
Romeo and Juliet.

Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
And Paris too, come i'le dispose of thee,
Among a Sister-hood of holy Nunnnes:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming,
Come, goe good Juliet, I dare no longer stay.

Exit.

Jul. Goe get thee hence, for I will not away,
What's here? a cup closep in my true loues hand?
Poyfon I see hath beeene his timeallse end:
O churle, drinke all, and left no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kiffe thy lips,
Happily some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Leade boy, which way?
This is thy sheath, there rust and let me die.
Boy. This is the place, there where the torch doth burne.
Watch. The ground is bloody, search about the Churchyard.
Goe some of you, who ere you find, attach.
Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie flaine,
And Juliet bleeding, warme, and newly dead:
Who here hath laine these two dayes buried,
Goe tell the Prince, runne to the Capnlets.
Rais vp the Mountagues, some others search,
We see the ground whereon these woes doe lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descrey.

Enter Romeos man.

Watch. Heres Romeos man, we found him in the Churchyard.
Chief Watch. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3.Watch. Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes.
The most Lamentable Tragedie

We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Churchyard side.

Chiefewatch. A great suspition, stay the Frier too, too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misaduenture is so early vp,
That calls our person from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Ca. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?

Wife. O thepeople in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all runne
With open out-cry to ward our Monument.

Prin. What seare is this which startles in your eares?

Watch. Souereigne, here lyes the Countie Paris slaine,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet dead before,
Warme and new kild.

Prin. Search, seeke and know how this foule murder comes.

Watch. Here is a Frier, and slaughtred Romeos man,
With Instruments vpon themself to open
These dead mens Tombes.

Cap. O Heauen! O Wife! looke how our Daughter bleeds!
This Dagger hath mistane, for loe his house,
Is emptie on the backe of Mountague,
And is misheath'd in my Daughters bosome.

Wi. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Prin. Come Mountague, for thou art early vp
To see thy sonne and heire, now early downe.

Moun. Alas, my Liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath flopt her breath.
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.

Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a grave?

Prin. Seale vp the month of out-rage 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 even to death; mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

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

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

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

Romeo there dead, was Husband to that Iuliet,
And she there dead, that Romeo's faithfull wife:
I married them, and their stolne marriage day
Was Tibalt's doomesday, whose untimely death,
Banished the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie,
For whom, and not for Tibalt, Iuliet pin'd.

You, to remoue that siege of griefe from her,
Betroth'd and would haue married her perforce,
To Countie Paris. Then comes she to me,
And with wild lookes bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second Marriage:
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.

Then gaue I her (so tutterd by my art)
A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death, mean time I writ to Romeo
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potions force should cease.

But he which bore my Letter, Frier John,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Returned my Letter backe, then all alone
At the prefixed houre of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
The most Lamentable Tragedie

Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
But when I came some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay,
The noble Paris, and true Romeo dead.
She wakes, and I intreated her come forth
And beare this worke of Heauen with patience:
But then a noyse did scare me from the Tombe,
And she too desperate would not goe with me:
But as it seemes, did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the Mariage her Nurse is priuy:
And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd some houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of seuerest Law.

Prin. We still have knowne thee for a holy man,
Where's Romesos man? what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my Master newes of Julies death,
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place. To this same Monument
This letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatened me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Give me the Letter, I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the watch?
Sirrah what made your Master in this place?

Boy. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies graue,
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my 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 Love the tidings of her death,
And here he writes that he did buy a poysen
Of a poore Pothecarie, and there withall,
Came to this Vault, to dye and lye with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet, Mountague?
See what a scourge is laid vpon your hate?
That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with loue,

And
of Romeo and Julies.

And I for winking at your discords too,
Haue lost a brace of Kinsmen, all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Mountague, giue me thy hand,
This is my daughters ioyniture, for no more
Can I demand.

Moun. But I can giue thee more,
For I will rayse her statue in pure gold,
That whiles Verona by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithfull Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeos by his Ladies lie,
Poore Sacrifices of our enmitie.

Prim. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for sorrow will not shew his head:
Goe hence to haue more talke of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.
For neuer was a Storie of more woe,
Then this of Juliet and her Romeo.

FINIS.