



House of Falkland.

THE MOST
EXCELLENT
And Lamentable Tragedie
of ROMEO and
JULIET.

As it hath been sundry times publikely Acted
by the KINGs Majesties Servants
at the GLOBE.

Written by *W. Shake-speare.*

Newly corrected, augmented, and amended.



LONDON,
Printed by R. Young for John Smethwicke, and are to be sold at
his Shop in St. Dunstons Church-yard in Fleetstreet,
under the Dyall. 1637.

Fifth Edition. Perfect. Notes by George Steevens Esq.

THE MOST

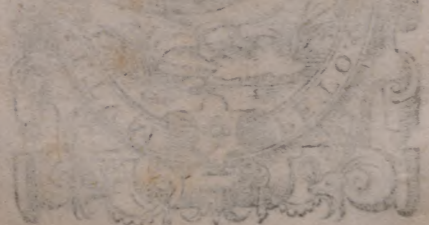
EXCELLENT

And I am not able to describe

The Prologue.

CHORUS.

Two households both alike in dignity,
(In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene)
From ancient grudge breake to new mutiny,
where civill blood makes civill hands uncleane.
From forth the fatall loines of these two foes
A paire of starre-croft lovers take their life,
whose misadventur'd piteous overthrowes
Doth with their death burie 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 houres trafficke of our Stage;
The which if you with patient eares attend,
what here shall misse, our toyle shall strive to mend.



LONDON
Printed by R. Young for John Smethwicke and as to be sold
his shop in St. Dunstons Church-yard in Fleetstreet
under the Diall 1623



THE MOST EXCEL-
LENT AND LAMENTABLE
Historie of ROMEO and
JULIET.

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



Amp. Gregorie, on my word wee'll not carrie
coales.

Greg. No, for then we should be Colliers.

Samp. I meane, and we be in choler wee'll draw.

Greg. I, while you live draw your necke out of the
collar.

Samp. I strike quickly being moved.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Samp. A dogge of the house of *Mountague* moves me.

Greg. To move is to stirre, and to be valiant is to stand.
Therefore if thou art moved thou runn'st away.

Samp. A dogge of that house shall move me to stand.
I will take the wall of any man or maide of *Mountagues*.

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

Samp. 'Tis true, and therefore women being the weaker ves-
sels are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push *Mounta-
gues* men from the wall, and thrust his maides to the wall.

Greg. The quarrell is between our Masters and us their men.

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a Tyrant, when I have
fought with the men I will be cruell with the maids, I will cut off
their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids!

A 2

Samp.

The most lamentable Tragedy

Samp. I, the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense that feele it.

Samp. Mee they shall feele while I am able to stand; and 'tis knowne I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst beene poore John: draw thy toole, here comes of the house of *Mountagues*.

Enter two other Servingmen.

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

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee!

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

Greg. I will frown 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 beare it.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at us sir?

Samp. I doe bite my thumb sir.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumbe at us sir?

Samp. Is the law on our side if I say I?

Greg. No.

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

Greg. 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 I as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well sir.

Enter Benvolio.

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

Samp. Yes better sir.

Abra. You lie.

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

They fight.

Ben. Part fooles, put up your swords, you know not what you doe.

Enter

of Romeo and Juliet.

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What? art thou drawne among these heart lesse hinders? Turne thee *Benvolio*, looke upon thy death.

Ben. I doe but keepe the peace, put up thy sword, Or mannage it to part these men with me.

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

Enter three or foure Citizens with clubs or partisans.

Offi. Clubs, bills, and partisans, strike, beat them downe Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagues*.

Enter old Capulet in his gowne, and his Wife.

Cap. What noise is this? give me my long sword hoe.

Wife. A crutch, a crutch, why call you for a sword?

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

Enter old Mountague and his Wife.

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*: hold me not, let me goe.

M. Wife. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, with his traine.

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained Steele.

Will they not heare? what hoe, you men, you beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

With purple fountaines issuing from your veines,

On paine of torture, from those bloody hands

Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,

And heare the sentence of your moved Prince.

Three civill brawles bred of an ayrie word,

By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,

And made *Verona's* ancient Citizens

Cast by their grave befeeming ornaments,

To wield old partisans in hands as old,

Cancer'd with peace, to part your cancer'd hate:

If ever you disturb our streets againe,

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

The most lamentable Tragedy

For this time all the rest depart away:
You *Capulet* shall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-Towne, our common judgement place.
Once more on paine of death all men depart.

Exeunt.

Mount. Who set this ancient quarrell new abroad?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?

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

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

Ben. Madam, an houre before the worshipt sunne
Peerd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled minde drave me to walke abroad,
Where underneath the grove of Sycamore
That Westward rooteth from this City side,
So early walking did I see your Sonne:
Tow'rds him I made; but he was ware of me,
And stole 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 too many by my weary selfe,
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mount. Many a morning hath he there been seene,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighes,

But

of Romeo and Juliet.

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 heavie sonne,
And private in his chamber pens himselfe,
Shuts up his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night.
Blacke and portendous must this humour prove,
Unlesse good counsell may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble unkle doe you know the cause?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any meanes?

Moun. Both by my selfe and many other friends,
But he 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 discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same:
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes; so please you step aside,
'He know his grievance or be much deni'd.

Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To heare true shrift: Come Madam lets away.

Exeunt.

Benvol. Good morrow Cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new strooke nine.

Rom. Ay me, sad houres seeme long:
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: what sadnesse lengthens *Romeos* houres?

Rom. Not having that, which having makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out.

Ben. Of love?

Rom.

The most lamentable Tragedy

Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.

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

Rom. Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathwayes to his will!

Where shall we dine? O me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all:

Here's much to doe with hate, but more with love:
Why then O brawling love, O loving hate,

O any thing of nothing first created,
O heavie lightnesse, serious vanity,

Mishapen Chaos of well seeming formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,

Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is.
This love feele I, that feele no love in this:

Dost thou not laugh?
Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.

Rom. Good heart at what?
Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.

Rom. Why such is loves transgression.
Griefes of my owne lye heavie in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate to have it prest
With more of thine: this love that thou hast showne,

Doth adde more griefe to too much of mine owne.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes;
Being vext, a sea nourisht with loving teares:

What is it else? a madnesse most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft, I will goe along,
And if you leave me so you doe me wrong.

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

Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you love?
Rom. What? shall I groane and tell thee?

Ben. Grone, why no, but sadly tell me who.
Rom.

of Romeo and Juliet.

Rom. Bid a sicke man in sadnesse make his will:
A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill:

In sadnesse cousin I doe love a woman.
Ben. I aym'd so neare when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marke-man: and shee's faire I love.
Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soone hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you misse; shee'll not be hit
With Cupids arrow, she hath Dians wit:

And in strong proofe of chastity well arm'd,
From loves weake childish bow shee lives uncharm'd:

She will not stay the siege of loving tearmes,
Nor bide th' incounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold:
O she is rich in beauty, onely poore,

That when she dyes, with beauty dyes her store.
Ben. Then she hath sworne that she will still live chaste.

Rom. Shee hath, and in that sparing makes huge wast,
For beauty sterv'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
Shee is too faire, too wise, wisely too faire,

To merit blisse by making me despaire:
She hath forsworne to love, and in that vow,

Doe I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to thinke
Ben. By giving libertie unto thine eyes,

Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way to call hers (exquisite) in question more:

These happy Maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, put us in minde they hide the faire:

He that is stricken blinde cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.

Shew me a Mistris that is passing faire,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,

Where I may read who past that passing faire?
Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else dye in debt.
B
Exeunt.
Enter

The most lamentable Tragedy

Enter Capulet, County Paris, and the Clowne.

Cap. And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard, I thinke,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pitie 'tis you liv'd at ods so long,
But now my Lord what say you to my suite?

Cap. But saying o're what I have said before:
My childe is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeeres:
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

Paris. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soone mar'd are those so early made:
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part:

And she agree, within her scope of choice
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love, and you among the store,
One more (most welcome) makes my number more:
At my poore house looke to behold this night,
Earth treading starres, that make darke heaven light:
Such comfort as doe lusty young men feele,
When well appareld *April* on the heele
Of limping winter treads; even such delight
Among fresh Fensell 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*, finde those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,

My

of Romeo and Juliet:

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

Exit.

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the shoo-maker should meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his Last, the fisher with his penfill, and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to finde 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 Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning.

One paine is lesned by anothers anguish:
Turne giddy, and be holpe by backward turning,
One desperate grieffe cures with anothers languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will dye.

Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is,
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you reade?

Rom. I, mine owne fortune in my misery.

Ser. Perhaps you have learned it without booke,
But I pray can you read any thing you see?

Rom. I, if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest ye merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

*S*aigneur Martino, and his wife & daughters; County Anselme
and his beauteous sisters; the Lady widdow of Utruvio, Seig-
neur Placentio, and his lovely Nieces; Mercutio and his brother
Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my faire
Niece Rosaline, Livia; Seigneur Valentio, and his cousin Tibalt;
Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A faire assembly, whither should they come?

B 2

Ser.

The most lamentable Tragedy

Ser. Up.

Rom. Whither? to supper?

Ser. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Ser. My Masters.

Rom. Indeed I should have askt you that before.

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

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulets, Sups the faire Rosaline whom thou so lovest, 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.

Rom. When the devout Religion of mine eye, Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire, And these who often drown'd could never dye, Transparent Heretickes be burnt for liars. One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing Sun Ne're saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her faire none else being by, Her selfe pois'd with her selfe in either eye: But in that Chrystall scales let there be waigh'd, Your Ladies love against some other maide That I will shew you shining at this feast, And she shall scant shew well that now shewes best.

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

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to mee.

Nurse. Now by my maiden-head at twelve yeeres old I had her: come, what Lamb, what Lady-bird, God forbid:

Where's this Girle? what Juliet.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now? who calls?

Nurse. Your Mother.

Jul. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife.

of Romeo and Juliet.

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse give leave a while, we must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I have remembered me, thou'lt heare our counsell. Thou know'lt my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age unto an houre:

Wife. Shee's not foureteene.

Nurse. Ile lay foureteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I have but foure, shee's not foureteene.

How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes:

Nurse. Even or odd, of all daies in the yeer come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen. Susan and she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well, Susan is with God, she was too good for me. But, as I said, on Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen, then shall shee marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earthquake now eleven yeeres; and she was wean'd, I never shall forget it, of all the dayes in the yeere upon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, sitting in the sun under the Dove-house wall: my Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I doe beare a braine. But, as I said, when it did taste the wormewood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty foole to see it teachie, and fall out with the dug: Shake quoth the dove-house, 'twas no need I trow to bid me trudge: and since that time it is eleven yeeres, for then she could stand alone, nay by th' rood shee could have run and waddled all about: for even the day before shee broke her brow, and then my husband, God be with his soule, a was a merry man, took up the child, yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Jule? and by my holidam the pretty wretch left crying and said, I: to see now how a jest shall come about. I warrant and I shall live a thousand yeeres, I never should forget it: wilt thou not Jule, quoth he? and pretty foole it stinted and said, I.

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

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leave crying and say, I, & yet I warrant it had on it brow a bump as big as a young cockrels stone, a perillous knock & it cried bitterly: yea, quoth my husband, fallst upon thy face, thou wilt fall

B 3

back:

The Edition of 1597. differs in whole sentences from all the other Copies, some examples are to be seen underneath

+ 1597. (the omitted) * Edition 1609. that. + of. 1609. † upon. 1609.
o 1597. stand high lone. 1597. that † of 1597. † 1597. dost thou fall forward
~ 1597. she could have waddled up and downe. ~ 1597. hee. Juliet? thou wilt fall backward
e 1597. (now Omitted) † 1597. if I should. ~ 1597. foole. when thou hast more wit: wilt
□ 1597. and by my troll shee stinted and cried I. shue a hundred yeere. ~ 1597. Quoth he omitted

The most lamentable Tragedy

backward when thou comest to age, wilt thou not Jule? It stin-
ted and said I.

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

Nurse. Peace, I have done: God marke thee to his grace: thou
wast the prettiest babe that ere I nurs't, and I might live to see
thee married once, I have my wish.

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

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

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

Old La. Well, thinke of Marriage now, younger than you
Here in Verona, Ladies of esteeme,
Are made already mothers by my count:
I was your mother much upon these yeares
That you are now a maide: thus then in briefe,
The valiant Paris seekes you for his love.

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

Old La. Verona's Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. What say you? can you love the Gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our Feast,
Read o're the volume of young Paris face,
And finde delight writ there with beauties pen,
Examine every severall lineament,
And see how one another lends content:
And what obscur'd in this faire Volume lyes,
Finde written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious booke of love, this unbound lover,
To beautifie him onely lackes a Cover.
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride,
For faire without the faire within to hide:
That booke in many eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold claspes lockes in the golden story:
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,

By

of Romeo and Juliet.

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 love?

Juli. I'le looke to like, if looking liking move.

But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it flye. Enter serving.

Serving. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you
call'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse curst in the Pantry,
and every thing in extremity: I must hence to wait, I beseech
you follow strait.

Mo. We follow thee: Juliet the Countie staves.

Nurse. Goe girl, seeke happy nights to happy dayes.

Exeunt.

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

Rom. What? shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity,
Wee'll have no Cupid hood-winkt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of Lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them measure us by what they will,
Wee'll measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom. Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling,
Being but heavie I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I believe me, you have dancing shooes
With nimble soles; I have a soule of lead
So stikes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a Lover, borrow Cupids wings,
And soare with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soare with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe,
Under loves heavie burthen doe I sinke.

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

Romeo,

The most lamentable Tragedy

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it prickes like thorne.

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-browes shall blush for me.

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

Rom. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senselesse rushes with their heeles;
For I am proverb'd with a graunfire phrase,
'Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was ne're so faire, and I am dun.

Mer. Tut, duns the mouse, the Constables owne word;
If thou art dun wee'll draw thee from the mire:
Or save you reverence love, wherein thou stickest
Up to the eares: come we burne day-light ho.

Rom. That's not so.

Mer. I meane fir in delay,
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our judgement fits,
Five times in that, e're once in our fine wits.

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

Mer. Why, may one aske?

Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Rom. In bed asleepe while they doe dreame things true.

Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath been with you:
Shee is the Fairies Midwife, and shee comes in shape no bigger
than an Agat stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawne
with a teeme of little atomies, over mens noses as they lye a-
sleep, her waggon spokes made of long spinners legges, the cover
of

of Romeo and Juliet:

of the wings of grasshoppers, her traces of the smallest spiders
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 prickt
from the lazie finger of a man, her chariot is an emptie Hasell
nut, made by the Joyner Squirrell or old Grub, time out of mind
the Fairies Coach-makers: and in this state shee gallops night
by night through lovers braines, and then they dreame of love:
on Courtiers knees, that dreame on Cursies strait; o're Lawyers
fingers, who strait dreame on fees; o're Ladies lips, who strait on
kisses dreame; which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
because their breath with sweet meates tainted are: sometimes
shee gallopso're a Courtiers nose, and then dreames he of smel-
ling out a suit; and sometime comes she with a tithe-pigs taile,
tickling a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames of an-
other Benefice; sometime shee driveth o're a souldiers necke,
and then dreames hee of cutting forraine throats, of breaches,
ambuscadoes, Spanish blades, of healths five fadome deep; and
then anon drums in his eare, at which hee starts and wakes, and
being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or two, and sleepes againe:
this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the night,
and bakes the Elflockes in foule fluxtiss haires, which once un-
rangled much misfortune bodes.

This is the hag, when maides ly on their backes,
That presses them, and learnes them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is shee.

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkst, of nothing.

Mer. True, I talke of dreames,
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie,
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more unconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosome of the North;
And being angred, puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew-dropping South.

C

Ben.

The most lamentable Tragedy

Ben. This wind you talke of blowes us from our selves,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I feare too early, for my mind misse-gives;
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date

With this nights revells, and expire the terme
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.

But he that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my fate: on lusty Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Serving men come
forth with Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Where's Potpan, that he helpe 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 unwasht too, 'tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the join-stooles, remove the Court-cupboard,
looke to the plate, good thou save me a piece of March-pane, and
as thou loves mee let the Porter let in Susan Grind-stone, and
Nell, Anthonie and Potpan.

2. I Boy ready.

Ser. You are lookt for and cald for, askt for and fought for in
the great chamber.

3. We cannot be here and there too, chearly boyes,
Be briske a while, and the longer liver take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the guests and Gentlewomen to
the Maskers.

1. Cap. 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 swear hath Cornes: am I come neare you now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I have seen the day
That I have worne a Visor, and could tell

of Romeo and Juliet.

A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
You are welcome Gentlemen: come Musicians play.

Musicke playes, and they dance.

A hall, a hall, give roome, and foot it girles,
More light you Knaves, and turne the tables up,
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot,
Ah sirrah, this unlookt for sport comes well,
Nay sit, nay sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing dayes:
How long ist now since last your selfe and I
Were in a Make?

2. Cap. Berlady thirty yeeres.

1. Cap. What man? 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,
'Tis since the Nuptiall of *Lucentio*:
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty yeeres, and then we maskt.

2. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more, his sonne is elder fir,
His sonne is thirty.

1. Cap. Will you tell me that?

His sonne was but a Ward two yeeres agoe.

Rom. What Lady is that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight.

Ser. I know not sir.

Rom. O she doth teach the torches to burne bright:
It seemes she hangs upon the cheek of night,
As a rich jewell in an Æthiops eare,
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too deare:
So shewes a snowie Dove trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady o're her fellowes shoves:
The measure done, 'Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand,
Did my heart love till now, forswear it fight,
For I ne're saw true beauty till this night.

Tib. This by his voice should be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what? dares the slave,
Come hither cover'd with an antique face,

The most lamentable Tragedy,

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

Cap. Why how now kinsman? wherefore storme you so?

Tib. Uncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
A villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo*, is it?

Tib. 'Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.

Cap. 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 govern'd 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 be seeming semblance for a feast.

Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a guest,
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured,
What? goodman boy, I say he shall, goe too,

Am I the Master here or you? goe too:

You'll not endure him, God shall mend my soule,

You'll make a mutiny among my guests,

You will set a cocke a hoope, you'll be the man.

Tib. Why Uncle 'tis a shame.

Cap. Goe too, goe too,

You are a saucy boy: is't so indeed?

This trick may chance to scath you I know what:

You must contrary me, marry 'tis time:

Well said my hearts: you are a Princ Cox, goe,

Be quiet, or (more light, more light for shame)

I'll make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.

Tib. Patience perforce with wilfull choler meeting,

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:

I will

of Romeo and Juliet.

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

Exit

Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sinne is this,
My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kisse.

Jul. Good Pilgrim, you doe wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shewes in this,
For Saints have hands that Pilgrims hands doe touch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kisse.

Rom. Have not Saints-lips, and holy Palmers too?

Jul. I Pilgrim, lips that they must use in Prayer.

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

Jul. Saints doe not move, though grant for prayers sake.

Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips by thine my sinne is purg'd.

Jul. Then have my lips the sinne that they have tooke.

Rom. Sin from my lips! O trespasse sweetly urg'd:
Give me my sinne againe.

Jul. You kisse bith booke.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marrie Batcheler,

Her mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wise and vertuous:

I nurse her daughter that you talkt withall:

I tell you he that can lay hold of her,

Shall have the chinckes.

Rom. Is she a *Capulet*?

O deare account! my life is my foes debt.

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

Rom. I, so I feare, the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards:

Is it e'en so? why then I thanke you all,

I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night.

More

The most lamentable Tragedy

More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.

Ah sirrah, by my fay it waxes late,

'Ile to my rest.

Jul. Come hither Nurse, what is yond Gentleman?

Nurs. The sonne and heire of old Tyberio.

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

Nurs. Marry that I thinke be young *Petrucheo*:

Jul. What's he that followes here, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Goe aske his name, if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurs. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely sonne of your great enemy.

Jul. My onely love sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene unknowne, and knowne too late:
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurs. What's tis? what's tis?

Jul. A Ryme I learnt even now
Of one I danc't withall.

One calls within Juliet:

Nurs. Anon, anon:

Come lets away, the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lye,
And young affection gapes to be his heire.
That faire for which love groned and would dye,
With tender *Juliet* matcht is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd and loves againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
And she steale loves sweet bait from fearefull hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have accesse
To breath such vowes as lovers use to sweare:
And she as much in love, her meanes much lesse,
To meet her new beloved any where.

But

of Romeo and Juliet.

But passion lends them power, time meanes to meet,
Tempring extremities with extreme sweet.

Enter Romeo alone.

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

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my Cousin *Romeo*, *Romeo*.

Mer. He is wise, and on my life hath stollen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this Orchard wall:
Call good *Mercutio*.

Mer. Nay I'le conjure too.

Romeo, humours, madam, passion, lover,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but one ryme and I am satisf'd;
Cry but ay me, pronounce but love and dye,
Speake to my Gossip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname to her purblind sonne and heire
Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lov'd the Begger-maid.
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not,
The Ape is dead, and I must conjure him:
I conjure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her skarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight legge, and quivering thigh,
And the demeanes that there adjacent lye,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to us.

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 she had layd it, and conjur'd it downe,
That were some spight.

My invocation is faire and honest, and in his Mistresse name,
I conjure onely but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees,
To be comforted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the darke.

Mer.

The most lamentable Tragedy

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the marke:
Now will he sit under a Medlar tree,
And wish his mistresse were that kinde of fruit,
As maides call Medlars when they laugh alone,
O Romeo that she were, *O* that she were
An open and catara, and thou a Poperin pear,
Romeo good night, I'le to my Trucle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we goe?

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

Rom. He jests at scarres that never felt a wound:
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sunne:
Arise faire sunne, and kill the envious moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with grieffe,
That thou her maide art farre more faire than she:
Be not her maide since she is envious,
Her vestall livery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, *O* it is my love, *O* that she knew she were:
She speakes, yet she sayes nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it:
I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speakes:
Two of the fairest starres in all the heaven,
Having some businesse, doe entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheares till they returne:
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lampe; her eye in heaven,
Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night.
See how she leanes her cheeke upon her hand,
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Jul. Ay me.

Rom. She speakes.

Oh

of Romeo and Juliet.

Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being o're my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white up-turned wondring eyes
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing clouds,
And sailes upon the bosome of the Aire.

Jul. *O Romeo, Romeo,* wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my love,
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 enemy:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*.
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand, nor foot,
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,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title: *Romeo* d'off thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Love, and 'Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence-forth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd 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 hateful to my selfe,
Because it is an enemy to thee:

Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Jul. My cares have yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues uttering, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Rom. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.

D

Jul.

The most lamentable Tragedy

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

Rom. With loves light wings did I ore-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can doe, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they doe see thee they will murther thee.

Rom. Alack, there lyes more perill in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords: looke thou but sweet,
And I am prooffe against their enmity.

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

Rom. I have nights cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me let them finde me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction foundst thou out this place?

Rom. By love that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot, yet wert thou as faire
As that vast shore washt with the farthest sea,
I should adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the maske of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night.
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine deny
What I have spoke; but farewell complement:
Doeft thou love me? I know thou wilt say I,

And I will take thy word; yet if thou swear'st,
Thou maist prove false: at lovers perjuries
They say *Jove* laughs. Oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but else not for the world.
In truth faire *Montague* I am too fond,

And

of Romeo and Juliet.

And therefore thou maist thinke my behavi'our light;
But trust me Gentleman I'le prove more true,
Than those that have more coying to be strange:
I should have beene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou overheardst ere I was ware
My true loves passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light love,
Which the darke night hath so discovered.

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

Jul. O swear not by the moone, th'inconstant moone,
That monthly changes in her circled orbe,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Doe not swear at all:

Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'le beleve thee.

Rom. If my hearts deare love.

Jul. Well, doe not swear, although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say it lightens: sweet good night:
This bud of love by summers ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweet repose and rest,
Come to thy heart as that within my breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to night?

Rom. Th'exchange of thy loves faithfull vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it,
And yet I would it were to give againe.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose love?

Jul. But to be franke and give it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundlesse as the sea;

The most lamentable Tragedy

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

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

Jul. Three words deare *Romeo*, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,

Thy purpose Marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the rites,

And all my fortunes at thy foot 'Ile lay,
And follow thee my Love throughout the world.

Madam.
I come anon: but if thou meanst not well,

Madam.
I doe beseech thee (by and by I come)
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soule.

Jul. A thousand times good-night.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

Love goes toward love as Schoole-boyes from their bookes,
But love from love toward Schoole with heavie lookes.

Enter Juliet againe.

Jul. Hift *Romeo*, hift: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassel gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud;
Else would I teare the cave where Echo lyes,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse than mine;
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name:
How silver sweet sound Lovers tongues by night?
Like softest Musicke to attending cares.

Jul. *Romeo*.

Rom. My Deere.

Jul. What a clocke to morrow

Shall

of Romeo and Juliet.

Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the houre of nine.

Jul. I will not faile, 'tis twentie yeeres till then:
I have forgot why I did call thee backe.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Remembring how I love thy company.

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

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone,
And yet no farther than a wantons bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a filken thred plucks it backe againe,
So loving jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. 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. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest.
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close Cell,
His helpe to crave, and my deere hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Frier alone with a Basket.

Fri. The grey ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Eastern clouds with streakes of light:
And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes path, and *Titans* burning wheelles,
Now ere the sunne advance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must upfill this Oser. Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds; and precious juiced flowers.
The earth that's natures mother in her Tombe;
What is her burying Grave, that is her wombe:

And

The most lamentable Tragedy

And from her wombe children of divers kind
We sucking on her naturall bosome find:
Many for many vertues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In plants, hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some speciall good doth give:
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being mis-appli'd,
And vice sometime by action dignifi'd.

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 tasted slayes all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed Kings encamp them still
In man as well as hearbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates up that plant.

Rom. Good morrow father.

Fri. Benedicite:
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young sonne it argués a distemper'd head,
So soone to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old mans eye,
And where care lodges sleepe will never lye:
But where unbruis'd youth with unstuff'd braine,
Doth couch his limbes, there golden sleepe doth reign,
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art uprous'd with some distemp'rature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin, wast thou with *Rosaline*?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father, no,

of Romeo and Juliet.

I have forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good sonne, but where hast thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:

I have been feasting with mine enemy,

Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,

That's by me wounded; both our remedies

Within thy helpe and holy Physicke lyes:

I beare no hatred blessed man; for loe,

My intercession likewise steads my foe.

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

Ridling confession findes but ridling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare love is set

On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:

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

And all combin'd, save what thou must combine

By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,

We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we passe: but this I pray,

That thou consent to marry us to day.

Fri. Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here!

Is *Rosaline*, whom thou didst love so deare,

So soone forsaken? young mens love then lyes

Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria! what a deale of brine

Hath washt thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?

How much salt water throwne away in waste,

To season love that of it doth not taste?

The sun not yet thy sighes from heaven cleares;

Thy old groanes yet ring in mine ancient eares;

Lo here upon thy cheek the staine doth sit,

Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.

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

Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*.

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

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

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, Pupill mine.

The most lamentable Tragedy

Rom. And badst me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. 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 not spell:
But come young Waverer, come and goe with me,
In one respect 'Ile thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turne your households rancor to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.
Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the Dev'll should this Romeo be? came he not
home to night?

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

Mer. Why that same pale hard-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 answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a Letter.

Ben. Nay he will answer the Letters Master, how hee dares,
being dared.

Mer. Alas poore Romeo, hee is already dead, stab'd with a
white wenchs blacke eye, runne through the eare with a Love-
song, the very pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde Bow-boies
but-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tibalt?

Rom. Why? what is Tibalt?

Mer. More than Prince of Cats: O hee's the courageous
Captaine of Complements: hee fights as you sing Pricke-song,
keepe time, distance, and proportion; he rests his *minum* rests,
one, two, and the third in your bosome: the very Butcher of a
filke

of Romeo and Juliet.

filke button, a Dualist, a Dualist, a Gentleman of the very first
house, of the first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the
punto reverso, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Poxe of such antique lipping affecting phantasies,
these new tuners of accents: by Jesu a very good blade, a very
tall man, a very good Whore. Why is not this a lamentable
thing Grand-sire, that wee should be thus afflicted with these
strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardona-meas, who
stand so 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 Roe, like a dri'd Herring: O flesh, flesh,
how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch*
flowed in. *Laura* to his Lady was a Kitchin wench, marrie she
had a better love to berime her; *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a
Gipsie, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots, *Thibby* a grey
eye or so, but not to the purpose. Seignior Romeo *Bon jour*, there's
a French salutation to your French sloop: you gave us the coun-
terfeit fairely last night.

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

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

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

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

Rom. Meaning to cursie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most curteous exposition.

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

Rom. Pincke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my pump well flowred.

Mercu. Sure wit, follow mee this jest now till thou hast
worne out thy pumpe, that when the single sole of it is worne,
E the

The most lamentable Tragedy

the jest may remaine after the wearing soly singular.

Rom. O single sol'd jest, soly singular for the singlenesse.

Mer. Come between us good *Benvolio*, my wits faint.

Rom. 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, than I am sure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that jest.

Rom. Nay good goose bite not.

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

Rom. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

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

Rom. 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 than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*, now art thou what thou art by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling up and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

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

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceived, I would have made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geare,
A faile, a faile.

Enter Nurse and her man.

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

Nurse. Peter.

Peter. Anon.

Nurs. My fan *Peter*.

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer.

of Romeo and Juliet.

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 upon the pricke of noone.

Nurse. Out upon you, what a man are you?

Ro. One Gentlewoman that God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nurse. By my troth it is well said, for himselfe to marre quoth a? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may finde the young *Romeo*?

Rom. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than 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. She will endite him to some supper.

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

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare sir, unlesse a hare sir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.

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

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

Romeo, will you come to your fathers? wee'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell ancient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exeunt.

Nur. I pray you sir what saucie Merchant was this that was so full of his roperie.

Re. A Gentleman Nurse that loves to heare himselfe talk, and will speake more in a minute than he will stand to in a moneth.

Nur. And aspeake any thing against me, I'll take him down, and a were lustier than hee is, and twenty such Jackes: and if I cannot, I'll finde those that shall: scurvie Knave, I am none of her Gil-flurts, I am none of his skaines mates: and thou must stand

The most lamentable Tragedy

stand by too, and suffer every Knave to use mee at his pleasure.

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

Nurse. Now afore God I am so vext, that every part about mee quivers: scurvie Knave: pray you sir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out: what she bid mee say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if yee should leade her in a Fooles Paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kinde of behaviour, as they say: for the Gentlewoman is young, and therefore if you should deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

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

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

Romeo. 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 a Gentlemanlike offer.

Romeo. Bid her devise some meanes to come to shrift this afternoone,

And there she shall at Frier *Laurence* Cell
Be shrived and married: here is for thy paines.

Nurse. No truly sir not a pennie.

Rom. Goe too, I say you shall.

Nurse. 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 tackling staire,

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy,

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell, be trusty, and Ile quite thy paines.

Farewell, commend me to thy Mistris.

Nurse.

of Romeo and Juliet.

Nurse. Now God in Heaven blesse thee: harke you sir.

Rom. What saist thou my deare Nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? did you ne're here say, two may keepe counsell putting one away?

Rom. Warrant thee my mans as true as Steele.

Nurse. Well sir, my Mistrisse is the sweetest Lady; Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Nobleman in Towne, one *Paris*, that would faine lay Knife aboard, but she good soule had as lieve see a Toade, a very Toade as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man: but Ile warrant you when I say so shee lookes as pale as any clout in the verfall world. Doth not *Rosemary* and *Romeo* begin both with a Letter?

Rom. 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 beginnes 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. Commend me to thy Lody.

Nurse. I a thousand times. *Peter.*

Pet. Anon.

Nurs. Before and apace.

Exit.

Enter Juliet.

Ju. The clock strook nine when I did send the Nurse,

In halfe an houre she promis'd to returne:

Perchance she cannot meet him; that's not so:

Oh she is lame, loves Heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glides than the suns beames,

Driving backe shadowes over lowring hills:

Therefore doe nimble pinion'd Doves draw love,

And therefore hath the winde-swift *Cupid* wings.

Now is the sunne upon the highmost 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 blood,

She would be as swift in motion as a ball.

My

The most lamentable Tragedy

My words would bandy her to my sweet Love,
And his to me, but old folkes many faine as they were dead,
Unweildy, slow, heavic, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

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

Nurse. Peter stay at the gate.

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

Nurse. I am weary, give me leave a while,
Fye how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?

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

Nurse. Jesu what haste? can you not stay a while?
Doe you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou do'st make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou do'st excuse.

Is thy newes good or bad? answer to that,
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance,
Let me be satisf'd, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice, you know not
how to choose a man: *Romeo*, no not he, though his face be bet-
ter than any mans, yet his legge excels all mens, and for a hand
and a foot and body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they
are past compare: hee is not the flower of curtesie, but Ile war-
rant him as gentle as a Lambe: goe thy waies wench, serve God.
What? have you din'd at home?

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

Nurse. Lord how my head akes, what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My backe a tother side, ah my backe, my backe,
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,

To

of *Romeo and Juliet*.

To catch my death with jaunting up and downe.

Jul. I faith I am sorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my Love?

Nurse. Your love sayes like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kinde, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous: where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? why she is within, where should
she be?

How odly thou repliest,
Your Love sayes like an honest Gentleman.

Where is your Mother?

Nurse. O Gods Lady deare,

Are you so hot? marry come up I trow,

Is this the poultis for my aking bones?

Hence-forward doe your messages your selfe.

Jul. Here's such a coile, come, what saies *Romeo*?

Nurse. Have you got leave to goe to shrift to day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Frier *Laurence* Cell,

There staves a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheekes,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any newes:

Hie you to Church, I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climbe a birds' nest soone when it is darke.

I am the drudge, and toile in your delight,

But you shall beare the burden soone at night.

Goe, Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and *Romeo*.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy Act,
That after houres with sorrow chide us not.

Rom. Amen, Amen: but come, what sorrow can,
It cannot countervaille the exchange of joy

That one short minute gives me in her sight:

Doe thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then

The most lamentable Tragedy

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

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph dye, like fire and powder,
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is lothsome in his owne delicioufnesse,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so,
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.
Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foot
Will never weare out the everlasting flint:
A Lover may bestride the Gossamours,
That idles in the wanton summer Ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee daughter for us both.

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

Rom. Ah *Juliet*, if the measure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich Musickes tongue,
Unfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receive in either by this deare encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament;
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true love is growne to such excesse,
I cannot summe up some of halfe my wealth.

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

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* let's retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad,
And if wee meet we shall not scape a braule, for now these hot
dayes is the mad blood stirring.

Mer.

of Romeo and Juliet.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows, that when hee en-
ters the confines of a Taverne, claps mee his sword upon the
Table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the o-
peration of the lecond cup draws him on the Drawer, when in-
deed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jacke in thy moode as
any in *Italy*, and as soone moved to bee moodie, and as soone
moodie to be moved.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. 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 than thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a man for
cracking Nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast
hasell 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 meat,
and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egge for quar-
relling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coffing in the street,
because he hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine asleep in the
Sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor, for wearing his new
doublet before Easter: with another, for tying his new shooes
with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling.

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

Mer. The fee-simple, O simple!

Enter Tibalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here come the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

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

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with some-
thing, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You shall finde me apt enough to that sir, and you shall
give me occasion.

Mercutio. Could you not take some occasion without gi-
ving?

F

Tib.

The most lamentable Tragedy

Tib. Mercutio thou consortest with *Romeo*.

Mer. Consort! what doest thou make us Minstrels? and thou make Minstrels of us, looke to heare nothing but discords; here's my Fiddle-sticke, here's that shall make you dance: zounds consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men,
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. 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.

Mer. But Ile be hang'd sir if he weare your Livery:
Marry goe before to field, hee'll be your follower,
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tib. Romeo, the love I beare thee can afford
No better tearme than this: thou art a Villaine.

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

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

Rom. I doe protest I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Tillthou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be satisfied.

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

Tibalt, you rat-catcher, will you walke?

Tib. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
lives, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall
use mee hereafter dry beare the rest of the eight. Will you
plucke your sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? make haste,
left

of Romeo and Juliet.

left mine be about your eares e're it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio* put thy Rapier up.

Mer. Come sir, your Passado.

Ro. Draw *Benvolio*, beat downe their weapons:
Gentlemen for shame forbear this outrage.

Tibalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressely hath
Forbid bandying in *Verona's* 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.

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deepe as a Well, nor so wide as a Church
doore, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve, aske for mee to morrow and
you shall finde mee a grave man. I am peppered I warrant for
this world, a plague a both your houses: 'zounds a dogge, a rat, a
mouse, a cat to scratch a man to death; a braggart, a rogue, a vil-
laine, that fights by the booke of Arithmeticke: why the dev'll
came you betweene us? I was hurt under your arme.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benvolio*,

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

They have made wormes meat of me,

I have it, and soundly to your houses——

Exit.

Rom. This Gentleman, the Princes neere ally,

My very friend, hath got his mortall hurt

In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd

With *Tibalts* slander, *Tibalt* that an houre

Hath beene my cousin. O sweet *Juliet*,

Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,

And in my temper softned valours steele.

The most lamentable Tragedy

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorne the earth.

Rom. This dayes blacke fate on more daies doth depend,
This but begins the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tibalt back again.

Rom. He gone in triumph, and Mercutio slaine,
Away to heaven respective lenity,
And fire and fury be my conduct now.

Now Tibalt take the villaine backe againe
That late thou gav'st me, for Mercutio's soule
Is but a little way above our heads,

Staying for thine to keepe him company:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

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

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tibalt falls.

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone,
The Citizens are up, and Tibalt slaine:
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O I am fortunes foole.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kil'd Mercutio?
Tibalt that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lyes that Tibalt.

Cit. Up sir, goe with me,
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capulet,
their wives, and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all
The unluckie mannage of this fatall brall.

There

of Romeo and Julier.

There lyes the man slaine by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman brave Mercutio.

Cap. Wi. Tibalt my cousin, O my brothers childe,
O Prince, O cousin, husband, O the blood is spild,
Of my deare kinsman: Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Mountague.
O cousin, cousin.

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tibalt here slaine, whom Romeo's hand did slay,

Romeo that spoke him faire, bad him bethinke

How nice the quarrell was, and urg'd withall

Your high displeasure: all this uttered

With gentle breath, calme look, knees humbly bowed,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleene

Of Tibalt deafe to peace, but that he tilts

With piercing steele at bold Mercutio's breast:

Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,

And with a martiall scorne with one hand beats

Cold death aside, and with the other fend s

It backe to Tibalt, whose dexterity

Retorts it: Romeo he cryes aloud,

Hold friends, friends part; and swifter than his tongue

His agill arme beats downe their fatall points,

And twixt them rushes: underneath 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 newly entertain'd revenge,

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 rutne and flie,

This is the truth, or let Benvolio dye.

Cap. Wi. He is a kinsman to the Mountagues,

Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:

Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,

And all those twenty could but kill one life.

I begge for justice, which thou Prince must give,

F 3

Romeo

The most lamentable Tragedy

Romeo slew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* must not live.

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

Mou. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutio's* 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 blood for your rude brawles doth lye a bleeding.

But Ile amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.

I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.

Therefore use none, let *Romeo* hence in haste,
Else when he is found, that houre is the last.

Bear hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercy but murders pardoning those that kill.

Exit.

Enter Juliet alone.

Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds,
Towards *Phæbus* lodging, such a waggoner

As *Phaeton* would whip you to the West,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.

Spread thy close curtaine love-performing night,
That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*

Leape to these armes, untalkt of and unseene:
Lovers can see to doe their amorous rights,

By their owne beauties, or of love too blind,
It best agrees with night: come civill night,

Thou sober suited matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to lose a winning match,

Plai'd for a paire of stainlesse maiden-heads:
Hood my unman'd blood baiting in my cheekes,

With thy blacke mantle: till strange love grow bold,
Thinke true love acted simple modesty:

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

For

of Romeo and Juliet.

For thou wilt lye upon the wings of night,
Whiter than snow upon a Ravens backe:

Come gentle night, come loving black-brow'd night,
Give me my *Romeo*, and when he shall dye,

Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,

That all the world shall be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sunne.

O I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess't it, and though I am sold,

Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festivall,

To an impatient childe that hath new robes,
And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurse,

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes, and every tongue that speaks
But *Romeo's* name, speaks heavenly eloquence.

Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nurse. I, I, the cords.

Jul. Ay me, what newes? why doest thou wring thy hands?

Nur. A weladay, hee's dead, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are undone Lady, we are undone:

Alack the day, hee's gone, hee's kill'd, hee's dead,
Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. *Romeo* can,
Though heaven cannot. O *Romeo, Romeo,*

Who ever would have thought it *Romeo*?

Jul. What divell art thou that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismall hell:

Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shall poyson more

Than the death-darting eye of Cockatrice:
I am not I if there be such an I,

Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answer I.
If he be slaine say I, or if not, No,
Briefe sounds determine of my weale or woe.

Nurse.

The most lamentable Tragedy

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God save the marke, here on his manly brest,
A piteous coarſe, a bloody piteous coarſe,
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedew'd in blood,
All in gore blood: I ſwouned at the ſight.

Jul. O breake my heart, poore bankrupt breake at once,
To priſon eyes, ne're looke on liberty,
Vile earth to earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe one heavie beere.

Nurse. O *Tibalt*, *Tibalt*, the beſt friend I had,
O courteous *Tibalt*, honeſt Gentleman,
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead.

Jul. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrary?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tibalt* dead?
My deareſt couſin, and my dearer Lord:
Then dreadfull trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is living if thoſe two are gone?

Nurse. *Tibalt* is gone, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kild him, he is baniſhed.

Jul. O God did *Romeo's* hand ſhed *Tibalts* blood?

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

Jul. O ſerpent heart hid with a flowring face!
Did ever dragon keepe ſo faire a cave?
Beautifully tyrant, fiend angelicall,
Ravenous dove, feathred raven, wolviſh-ravening lamb,
Deſpised ſubſtance of divineſt ſhew,
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeemeſt,
A damned Saint, an honourable villaine.
O nature, what hadſt thou to doe in hell,
When thou didſt poure the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortall paradife of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever booke containing ſo vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!

Nur. There's no truſt, no faith, no honeſty in men,
All perjur'd, all forſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers:
Ah, where's my man? give me ſome *Aqua vita*.

Theſe

of *Romeo and Juliet*.

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

Jul. Bliftered be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh: he was not borne to ſhame,
Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole Monarch of the univerſall earth.

O what a beaſt was I to chide at him?
Nur. Will you ſpeake well of him that kill'd your couſin?

Jul. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord! what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife have mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my couſin?
That villaine couſin would have kill'd my husband.
Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your native ſpring,
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you miſtaking offer up to joy.
My husband lives 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 were worſer than *Tibalts* death
That murdred me: I would forget it faire,
But oh, it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to finners mindes;
Tibalt is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed.

That baniſhed, that one word baniſhed,
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand *Tibalts*: *Tibalts* death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there.
Or if ſowre woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
Why follow'd not, when ſhe ſaid *Tibalt's* dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay' or both,
Which moderne lamentation might have mov'd:
But with a rereward following *Tibalts* death,
Romeo is baniſhed: to ſpeake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tibalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All ſlaine, all dead, *Romeo* is baniſhed.

G

There

The most lamentable Tragedy

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 over *Tibalts* corse:
Will you goe to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with teares, mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo's* banishment.

Take up those cords; poore ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I, for *Romeo* is exil'd;

He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a maide dye maiden widowed.

Come cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death, not *Romeo*, take my maidenhead.

Nurse. Hye to your chamber, Ile finde *Romeo*,
To comfort you: I wot well where he is,
Harke you, your *Romeo* will be here at night:
Ile to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.

Jul. O find him, give 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 fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

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

Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare sonne with such sowre company:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

Ro. What lesse than doomsday is the Princes doome?

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

Rom. Ha! banishment? be mercitull, say death,
For exile hath more terrour in his looke,
Much more than death: doe not say banishment.

Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:

Be...

of *Romeo and Juliet*:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell it selfe.

Hence banished is banisht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banished

Is death mis-tearm'd: calling death banished,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,

And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sinne! O rude unthankfulnesse!
Thy fault our Law calls death, but the kind Prince

Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,

And turn'd that blacke word death to banishment:
This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: Heaven is here
Where *Juliet* lives, and every cat and dogge,

And little mouse, every unworthy thing

Live here in heaven, and may looke on her,

But *Romeo* may not. More validity,

More honourable state, more Courtship lives

In carrion flies than *Romeo*: they may seize

On the white wonder of deare *Juliet's* hand,

And steale immortall blessing from her lips,

Who even in pure and Vestall modesty

Still blush, as thinking their owne kisse sinne:

This may flies doe, when I from this must flye,

And saist thou yet that exile is not death?

But *Romeo* may not, he is banished,

Flyes may doe this, but I from this must flye:

They are free men, but I am banished.

Hadst thou no poison mixt, no sharpe grownd knife,

No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,

But Banished to kill me? Banished!

O Frier, the damned use that word in hell,

Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,

Being a Divine, a ghostly Confessor,

A sinne Obsolver, and my Friend profest,

To mangle me with that word banished?

G 2

Fri.

The most lamentable Tragedy

Fri. Thou fond mad man, heare me a little speak.

Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

Fri. Ile give thee armour to keepe off that word,
Adversities sweet milke, Philosophy,
To comfort thee though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang up Philosophy,
Unlesse Philosophy 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 have no eares.

Rom. How should they, when wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speake of that thou do'st not feele.

Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An houre but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speake,
Then mightst thou reare thy haire,
And fall upon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Nurse knockes.

Fri. Arise, one knockes, good *Romeo* hide thy selfe.

Rom. Not I, unlesse the breath of heart-sicke 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 a while) stand up.

Knocke againe.

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

Knocke.

Who knockes 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

of Romeo and Juliet.

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

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

Nur. O, he is even in my Mistresse case,
Just in her case: O wofull simpathy!
Piteous predicament! even so lyes she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring:
Stand up, stand up, stand and you be a man,
For *Juliet*'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 is the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of *Juliet*? how ist with her?

Doth she not thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I have stain'd the child-head of our joy,
With blood remov'd but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes

My conceal'd Lady to our cancel'd love?

Nur. Oh, she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weepes,
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up
And *Tibalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.

Rom. As if that name shot from the deadly levell 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 Anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand.

Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art,
Thy teares are womanish, thy wilde acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemely woman in a seeming man,
And ill beseeeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me: By my holy Order
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slaine *Tibalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?

The most lamentable Tragedy

And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lyes,
By doing damned hate upon thy selfe?
Why rail'st thou on thy birch, the heaven, and earth,
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose?
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which like an Usurer aboundst in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy noble shape is but a forme of waxe,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy deare love sworne, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-lesse souldiers flaske,
Is set on 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 slewest *Tibalt*, there art thou happy.
The Law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe of blessings light upon thy backe,
Happinesse courts thee in her best array,
But like a misbehav'd and sullen wench
Thou poutst upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such dye miserable.
Goe get thee to thy love, as was decree'd,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy

Than

of Romeo and Juliet.

Than thou wentst forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavie sorrow makes them apt unto,
Romeo is comming.

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

Rom. Doe so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nur. Here sir, a ring she bids me give you sir,
Hie you, make haste, for it growes very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this.

Fri. Goe hence, good night, and here stands all your stare,
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourne in *Mantua*, Ile finde 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, good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grieffe so brieffe to part with thee.
Farewell,

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, his wife, and Paris.

Cap. Things have falne out sir so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Looke you, she lov'd her Kinsman *Tibalt* dearely,
And so did I: well, we were borne to dye.
'Tis very late, shee'll not come downe to night,
I promise you but for your company
I would have beene a bed an houre agoe.

Paris. These times of woe afford no times to wooe:
Madam good night, commend me to your daughter.

La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night she is mew'd up to her heavinesse.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my childe's love; I thinke she will be rul'd

In

The most lamentable Tragedy

In all respects by me : nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, goe you to her ere you goe to bed,
Acquaint her here with my sonne *Paris* love,
And bid her, marke you me, on wednesday next :
But soft, what day is this ?

Paris. Monday, my Lord.

Ca. Monday, ha, ha, well wednesday is too soone;
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 ?
Wee'll 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 kinsman, if we revell much :
Therefore wee'll have some halfe a dozen friends,
And there an end : But what say you to Thursday ?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a thursday be it then :
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.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet neare day :
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke,
That pearc't the fearefull hollow of thine eare ;
Nightly she sings on yond Pomegranate tree :
Beleeve me love it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke, the herald of the morne,
No Nightingale : looke love what envious streakes
Doe lace the severing clouds in yonder East :
Nights candles are burnt out, and jocond day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountaines tops :
I must be gone and live, or stay and dye.

Jul. Yond light is not day-light, I know it I :

It

of Romeo and Juliet.

It is some Meteor that the sunne exhale,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Therefore stay yet, thou needest not be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'n, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

Ile say yon gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthia's* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whose notes doe beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
I have more care to stay than will to goe,
Come death and welcome, *Juliet* wills it so.
How ist my soule ? let's talke, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone away ;
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straying harsh discords, and unpleasing sharpes.
Some say the Larke makes sweet division ;
This doth not so, for she divideth us.

Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voices too,
Since arme from arme that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntsup to the day.
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.

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

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nurs. Madam.

Jul. Nurse.

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

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

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

Jul. Art thou gone so love, 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 yeeres,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.

H

Rom.

The most lamentable Tragedy

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

Jul. O thinkst thou we shall ever meet againe?

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

Jul. O God, I have an ill divining soule,
Me thinks I see thee now thou art so low
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe;
Either my eye-sight failes or thou lookst pale.

Rom. And trust me love in my eye so doe you,
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.

Exit.

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

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who ist that calls? it is my Lady mother.
Is she not downe so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

La. Why how now Juliet?

Jul. Madam I am not well.

La. Evermore weeping for your cousins death?
What wilt thou wash him from his grave with teares?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore have done, some griefe shewes much of love,
But much of griefe shewes still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weepe for such a feeling losse.

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

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

La. Well Girle, thou weepst not so much for his death,
As that the villaine lives which slaughtered him.

Jul.

of Romeo and Juliet

Jul. What villaine Madam?

La. That same villaine Romeo.

Jul. Villaine and he be many miles asunder,
God pardon him, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. That is because the Traitor lives.

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

La. We will have vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weep no more, Ile send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banisht runnagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soone keepe Tibalts company,
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfi'd.

Jul. Indeed I never shall be satisfi'd
With Romeo till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart, so for a kinsman vext.
Madam, if you could finde out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it,
That Romeo should upon receipt thereof
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhorres
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the love I bore my cousin,
Upon his body that hath slaughtred him.

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

Jul. 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 heavinesse,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.

Jul. Madam in happy time, what day is that?

Mo. Marry my childe early next thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and noble Gentleman,
The County Paris at Saint Peters Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyfull Bride.

H 2

Jul.

The most lamentable Tragedy

Jul. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a joyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that must be husband comes to wooe:
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 than *Paris*. These are newes indeed.

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

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the aire doth drisle dew,
But for the Sun-set of my brothers sonne,
It raines downe right.
How now, a Conduit Girl? what still in teares?
Evermore showring? In one little body
Thou counterfeitst a Barke, a Sea, a winde:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Doe ebbe and flow with teares; the Bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; 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 wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?

La. I sir, but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the foole were married to her grave.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife.
How? will she none? doth she not she give us thanks?
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 Bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud you have, but thankfull that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankfull even for hate that's meant in love.

Cap. How now? how now? chopt logick? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud: Mistris minion, you,
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But

of Romeo and Juliet.

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
Or I will dragge thee on a hurdle thither.
Out you Greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

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

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or never after looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, doe not answere me,
My fingers itch: Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this onely childe,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her hilding.

Nur. God in heaven bleffe her,
You are to blame my Lord to rate her so.

Fa. And why my Lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence smatter with your goffips, goe.

Nurse. I speake no treason.

Fa. O Godigeden.

Nurse. May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Utter your gravitie o're a Goffips bowle,
For here we need it not.

Wife. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath bin
To have her matcht, and having now provided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull, and nobly alli'd,
Stuft (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched piling foole,

H 3

A

The most lamentable Tragedy

A whining mammet in her fortunes tender,
To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot love;
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 use to jest,
Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, advise,
And you be mine, Ile give you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, dye in the streets,
For by my soule Ile ne're acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall ever doe thee good.
Trust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne. *Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pittie sitting in the cloudes,
That sees into the bottome of my grieffe?
O sweet my mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a moneth, a weeke;
Or if you doe not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lyes.

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

Jul. O God, O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Unlesse that husband send it me from heaven,
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsell me.
Alacke, alacke, that heaven should practice stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as my selfe.
What saist thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort Nurse. *(nothing,*

Nur. Faith here it is. *Romeo* is banished, and all the world to
That he dares ne're come backe to challenge you:
Or if he doe, it needs must be by stealth:
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie.
O hee's a lovely Gentleman:
Romeo's a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quick, so faire an eye

As

of Romeo and Juliet.

As *Paris* hath: beshrew my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first; or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my soule too, or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nur. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Goe in and tell my Lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to *Laurence* Cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

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

Jul. Ancient damnation, O most wicked fiend,
Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue,
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,
Thou and my bosome henceforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedy,
If all else faile, my selfe have power to dye. *Exit.*

Enter Frier and County Paris.

Fri. On Thursday sir! the time is very short.

Pa. My father *Capulet* will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slacke his haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies minde,
Uneven is this course, I like it not.

Pa. Immoderately she weepes for *Tibalts* death,
And therefore have I little talkt of love:
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.
Now sir her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by society.

Now

The most lamentable Tragedy

Now doe you know the reason of this haste?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slowed:
Looke sir, here's comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met my Lady and my wife.

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

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

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certaine text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

Jul. To answer that I should confesse to you.

Par. Doe not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confesse to you that I love him.

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

Jul. If I doe so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, than to your face.

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

Jul. The teares have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spight.

Par. Thou wrongst it more than teares with that report.

Jul. That is no slander sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

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

Are you at leisure, holy father, now?

Or shall I come to you at evening Masse?

Fri. My leisure serves me, penfive daughter, now:
My Lord, we must intreat the time alone.

Pa. God shield I should disturbe devotion.

Juliet, on thursday early will I rowse ye,

Till then adieu, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit.*

Jul. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past helpe.

Fri. O *Juliet,* I already know thy grieffe,
It straines me past the compasse of my wits;
I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this County.

Jul.

of Romeo and Juliet.

Jul. Tell me not Frier that thou hear'st of this,
Unlesse thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no helpe,
Doe thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife Ile helpe it presently.
God join'd my heart and *Romeo's*, thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo's* seal'd,
Shall be the Labell to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turne to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore out of thy long experienc't time,
Give me some present counsell, or behold
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the Umpire, 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 speak'st speake not of remedy.

Fri. Hold daughter, I doe spy a kinde of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If rather than to marry Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coop'rt with death himselfe to scape from it:
And if thou dar'st, Ile give thee remedy.

Jul. Oh bid me leape, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of any Tower:
Or walke in theevish wayes, or bid me lurke
Where serpents are: chaine me with roring beares,
Or hide me night ly in a charnell house,
Ore covered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie shankes, and yellow chaplesse skuls:
Or bid me goe into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that to heare them told have made me tremble,

I

And

The most lamentable Tragedy

And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet Love.

Fri. Hold then, goe home, be merry, give consent
To marry *Paris*: wednesday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lye alone,
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this viall being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall runne
A cold and drowfie humour: for no pulse
Shall keep his native progresse, but surcease;
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liv'st.
The roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes windowes fall,
Like death when he shuts up the day of life:
Each part depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiffe and starke and cold appeare like death:
And in this borrow'd likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our countrey is,
In thy best robes, uncover'd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds grave:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lye:
In the meane 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.

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

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In

of Romeo and Juliet:

In this resolve: Ile send a Frier with speed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.

Jul. Love give me strength, and strength shall helpe afford.
Farewell deare father. *Exeunt.*

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

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ:
Sirrah, goe hire me twenty cunning Cookes.

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

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Ser. Marrie sir it is an ill Cooke that cannot licke his owne
fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with
me.

Cap. Goe begone, we shall be much unfurnisht for this time:
what? is my daughter gone to Frier *Laurence*?

Nur. I forsooth.

Cap. 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 shrift with merrie looke.

Cap. How now my head-strong, where have you beene gad-
ding?

Jul. Where I have learnt to repent the sinne
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am injoin'd
By holy *Laurence* to fall prostrate here,
To begge your pardon: pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, goe tell him of this,
Ile have this knot knit up to morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Laurence* Cell,
And gave him what becommed love I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is well, stand up,
This is as 't should be, let me see the County:
I marry, goe I say and fetch him hither.

I 2

Now

The most lamentable Tragedy

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

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

Mo. No, not till thursday; there is time enough.

Fa. Go Nurse, goe with her, we'll to Church to morrow.

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

Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Goe thou to *Juliet*, helpe to decke up her:
He not to bed to night, let me alone,

He play the huswife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth: well, I will walke my selfe
To County *Paris*, to prepare up him
Against to morrow; my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girle is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. I, those attires are best: but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leave me to my selfe to night,
For I have need of many Orisons,
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which well thou know'st is crosse and full of sinne.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my help?

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

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

Exeunt.

Jul.

of Romeo and Juliet.

Jul. Farewell, God knowes when we shall meet againe.

I have a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:

He call them backe againe to comfort me.

Nurse: what should she doe heare?

My dismall Scene I needs must act alone.

Come Vial: what if this mixture doe not worke at all?

Shall I be married then to morrow morning?

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

What if it be a poyson which the Frier

Subtilly hath ministred to have me dead,

Left 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 beene tryed an holy man.

How if when I am laid into the tombe,

I wake before the time that *Romeo*

Come to redeeme me? there's a fearfull point,

Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault,

To whose foule mouth no healthsome aire breaths in,

And there dye strangled ere my *Romeo* comes?

Or if I live, is it not very like

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

As in a Vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are packt;

Where bloody *Tibalt*, yet but greene in earth,

Lies festring in his shrowd; where, as they say,

At some houres in the night spirits resort:

Alacke, alacke, it is not like that I

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,

That living mortalls hearing them runne mad:

Or if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

(Invironed with all these hideous feares.)

And madly play with my forefathers joints?

I 3.

And

The most lamentable Tragedy

And plucke the mangled *Tibalt* from his shrowd,
And in this rage with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, methinkes I see my cousins ghost
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Upon a Rapiers point: stay *Tibalt* stay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drink 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 Pastry.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second cocke hath crowed,
The Curphew bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakt meats, good *Angelica*
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Goe you Cot-queane, goe,
Get you to bed, faith you'll be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.

Cap. No, not a whit, what? I have watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause, and nere been sicke.

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

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Cap. 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.

Cap. Make haste, make haste; sirrah fetch drier logges:
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

Fel. I have a head sir that will finde out logges,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. Masse and well said, a merry horson, ha,
Thou shalt be Loggerhead. Good faith 'tis day.

play Musicke.

The County will be here with Musicke straight,
For so he said he would: I heare him neare.

Nurse, wife, what ho, what *Nurse* I say.

Enter Nurse.

Goe waken *Juliet*, goe and trim her up,

Ilc

of Romeo and Juliet.

Ilc goe and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haste;
Make haste, the Bridegroome hee is come already, make haste
I say.

Nur. Mistris, what Mistris, *Juliet*: fast I warrant her she:
Why lambe, why Lady, fie you sluggabed;
Why Love I say, Madam, Sweet heart, why Bride:
What? not a word? you take your penniworth now,
Sleepe for a weeke; for the next night I warrant
The County *Paris* hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little: God forgive me,
Marry and Amen, how found is she asleepe:
I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam:
I, let the County take you in your bed,
Hee'll fright you up yfaith: will it not be?
What drest and in your clothes, and downe again?
I must needs wake you; Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladie's dead.
Oh weladay that ever I was borne:
Some *Aqua vita* ho, my Lord, my Lady.

Mo. What noise is here?

Nur. O lamentable day!

Mo. What is the matter?

Nur. Looke, looke, O heauey day!

Mo. O me, O me, my childe, my onely life!

Revive, looke up, or I will dye with thee:

Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

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

Nur. Shee's dead, deceas't, shee's dead, alacke the day.

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

Fa. Hah, let me see her: out alas shee's cold,

Her blood is setled, and her joints are stife:

Life and these lips have long beene separated,

Death lyes on her like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nur. O lamentable day!

Mo. O wofull time!

Fa.

The most lamentable Tragedy

Fa. Death that hath ta'ne her hence to make me waile,
Tyes up my tongue, and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the County, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready 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 she lyes,
Flower as she was, deflowred 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, living, all is deaths.

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

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

Nur. O woe, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That ever, ever I did yet behold:
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Never was seene so blacke a day as this.
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, flaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruell, cruell thee quite overthrowne,
O love, O life, not life, but love in death.

Fa. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kil'd:
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now,
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child, O child, my soule, and not my childe,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my childe my joyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions, care lives not
In these confusions: heaven and your selfe

Had

of Romeo and Juliet.

Had part in this faire Maide; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maide.
Your part in her you could not keepe from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternall life:
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc't,
And weepe ye now seeing she is advanc't
Above the clouds, as high as heaven himselfe?
O in this love you love your childe so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
Shee's not well married that lives married long,
But shee's best married that dyes married young.
Dry up your teares, and sticke your Rosemary
On this faire coarfe; and as the custome is,
And in her best array, beare her to Church:
For though some nature bids us all lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained festivall,
Turne from their office to blacke funerall:
Our instruments to melancholy Bels,
Our wedding cheare to a sad funerall feast,
Our solemne hymnes to fullen dyrges change,
Our bridall flowers serve for a buried coarfe,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, goe you in; and Madam goe with him,
And goe sir *Paris*, every one prepare
To follow this faire coarfe unto her grave.
The heavens doe lowre upon you for some ill,
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

Exeunt. Manent Musici.

Musi. Faith we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest good fellowes, ah put up, put up,
For well you know this is a pitifull case.

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

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Peter.

Pe. Musicians, oh Musicians, hearts ease, hearts ease,

K

The most lamentable Tragedy

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

Fid. Why hearts ease?

Pet. O Musicians, because my heart it selfe playes, my heart is full of woe.

O play me some merry dump to comfort me.

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

Pet. You will not then?

Min. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Min. What will you give us?

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

I will give you the Minstrell.

Min. Then will I give you the serving creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving creatures dagger on your pate.

I will carry no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa you:

Doe you note me?

Min. And you Re us and Fa us, you note us.

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

Pet. Then have at you with my wit.

I will dry beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger;
Answer me like men.

When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then musicke with
her silver sound.

Why silver sound? why musicke with her silver sound? what say
you Simon Catling?

Min. Marry sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pratee, what say you Hugh Rebicke?

2. *M.* I say silver sound, because Musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pratee too: 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 silver sound,

Because Musicians have no gold for sounding:

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

Exit.

Min.

of Romeo and Juliet.

Min. What a pestilent Knave is this?

M.2. Hang him Jacke, come wee'll in here, tarrie for the
Mourners, and stay dinner.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some joyfull newes at hand,
My bosomes Lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerfull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreams that give a dead man leave to think,
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how sweet is love it selfe possest,
When but loves shadowes are so rich in joy.

Enter Romeo's man Balthazer.

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

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleeps in Capels monument,
And her immortal part with Angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindreds vault,
And presently rooke poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leave it for my office sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I deny you starres:
Thou know'st my lodging; get me inke and paper,
And hire post horses, I will hence to night.

Man. I doe beseech you sir have patience,
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and doe import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and doe the thing I bid thee doe.

K 3

Hast

The most lamentable Tragedy

Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit.

Rem. No matter, get thee gone,
And hire those Horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Let's see for meanes. O mischief thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I doe remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwels, which late I noted
In tattered weeds, with over-whelming browes
Culling of simples; meager were his lookes,
Sharpe misery had worne him to the bones,
And in his needy shop a Tortoise hung,
An Allegator stuf, and other skinnes
Of ill shap't fishes, and about his shelves
A beggerly accompt of emprise boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders, and multie seeds,
Remnants of packthred, and old Cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make up a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
And if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him:
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy-day the beggers shop is shut:
What ho? Apothecary.

Apo. Who calls so loud?

Ro. Come hither man: I see that thou art poore;
Hold, there is forty Duckets, let me have
A dram of poyson, such soone spreading geare
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie taker may fall dead,
And that the truncke may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently as hasty powder fier'd

Doth

of Romeo and Juliet.

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.

Apo. Such mortall drugs I have, but *Mantua's* law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fear'ft to dye? famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggery hang upon thy back,
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.

Apo. My poverty but not my will consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Apo. 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 poison to mens soules,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou maist not sell;
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell, buy food, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordiall and not poyson, goe with me
To *Juliet's* grave, for there must I use thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier John to Frier Laurence.

Job. Holy Franciscan Frier, brother, ho.

Enter Laurence.

Lau. This same should be the voice of Frier *John*,
Welcome from *Mantua*: what sayes *Romeo*?
Or if his minde be writ, give me his Letter.

Job. Going to finde a barefoot brother out,
One of our Order, to associate me,
Here in the City 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,
Seal'd up the doores, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

K 3.

Lau.

The most lamentable Tragedy

Lau. Who bare my letter then to *Romeo*?

John. I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a Messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune, by my brotherhood
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import; and the neglecting it
May doe much danger. Frier *John* goe hence,
Get me an iron Crow, and bring it straight
Unto my Cell.

Exit.

John. Brother Ile goe and bring it thee.

Lau. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within these three houres will faire *Juliet* wake;
She will beshrew 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 living coarfe clos'd in a dead mans tombe.

Exit.

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Give me thy torch boy, hence, & stand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Under yond young trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirme, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me,
As signall that thou hearest something approach.
Give me those flowers, doe as I bid thee, goe.

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

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridall bed I strew:
O woe, thy Canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will new;
Or wanting that, with teares distill'd by mones,
The Obsequies that I for thee will keepe,

Nightly

of *Romeo and Juliet*.

Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy gives warning, something doth approach:
What cursed foot wanders this way to night,
To crosse my obsequies and true loves right?
What with a torch? night muffle me a while.

Enter Romeo and Balthazer his man.

Rom. Give me the mattocke 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 hear'st or see'st stand all aloofe,
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 heaven I will teare thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage wild,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Than empty Tigers, or the roaring sea.

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

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

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

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jawes to open,
And in despite Ile cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banisht haughty *Mountague*,
That mured my Loves cousin; with which griefe
It is supposed the faire creature died;

And

The most lamentable Tragedy

And here is come to doe some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

Stop thy unhallowed toyke vile *Mountague*;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villaine I doe apprehend thee,
Obey and goe with me, for thou must dye.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me, thinke upon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,
Put not another sinne upon my head
By urging me to fury: O be gone,
By heaven I love thee better than my selfe,
For I come hither armed against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bad thee run away.

Par. I doe desie thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a Felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have 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*.

Rom. In faith I will: let me peruse this face:
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County *Paris*!
What said my man when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should have married *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 give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke,
Ile bury thee in a triumphant grave:
A grave! O no, 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 interr'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,

Have

of Romeo and Juliet.

Have they beene merry, which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Love, my Wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd, beauties ensigne yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes:
And deaths pale flag is not advanced there.
Tibalt, lyeest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O what more favour can I doe to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me cousin. Ah deare *Juliet*,
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeve,
Shall I beleve that unsubstantiall death is amorous?
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart againe: here, here will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy chambermaides: O here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres
From this world-wearied flesh: eyes look your last,
Armes take your last embrace; and lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come unsavourie guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rockes thy sea-sicke weary barke:
Here's to my Love. O true Apothecary!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I dye.

Enter Frier, with Lanthorne, crow, and spade.

Fri. Saint *Francis* be my speed; how oft to night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?

L

Balt.

The most lamentable Tragedy

Balt. Here's one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.

Fri. Blisse be upon you: Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyelesse skulls: as I discern,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.

Balt. It doth so holy Sir, and there's 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 fir.

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

Fri. Stay then, Ile goe alone, feare comes upon me,
O much I feare some ill unlucky thing.

Balt. As I did sleep under this young tree here,
I dreamt my Master and another fought,
And that my Master slew him.

Fri. *Romeo.*

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulcher?
What meane these masterlesse and goarie swords,
To lye discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale! who else? what *Paris* too?
And steep in blood? ah what an unkinde houre
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.

Jul. 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 noise Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnaturall sleepe:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away,

Thy

of Romeo and Juliet.

Thy husband in thy bosome there lyes dead,
And *Paris* too: come, Ile dispose of thee
Among a sister-hood of holy Nunnes.
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 clos'd in my true loves hand?
Poyson I see hath been his timelesse end:
O churle! drinke all, and leave no friendly drop
To helpe me after: I will kisse thy lips,
Haply some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me dye with a restorative.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead boy, which way?

Jul. Yea noise? then Ile be briefe. O happy dagger,
This is thy sheath, there rust, and let me dye.

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.
Pitifull fight! here lyes the County slaine,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warme, and newly dead,
Who here hath laine these two daies buried.
Goe tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raife up 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 descry.

Enter Romeo's man.

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

Chiefe 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,

L 2

We

The most lamentable Tragedy

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

Chiefe W. A great suspicion, stay the Frier too.

Enter Prince.

Prin. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

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

Wife. O the people in the street cry *Romeo*,
Some *Juliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.

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

Watch. Sovereigne, here lyes the County *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* dead before,
Warmed and new kill'd.

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

Watch. Here is a Frier, and slaughtred *Romeo's* man,
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead mens tombes.

Cap. O heaven! O wife! looke how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'ne, for lo his house
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is misheathed 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 up,
To see thy sonne and heire now early downe.

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

Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.

Mou. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a grave?

Pri. Seale up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent,

And

of Romeo and Juliet.

And then will I be Generall of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meane 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
Doe make against me, of this direfull murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.

Pri. 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 *Juliet*,
And she there dead that *Romeo's* faithfull wife;
I married them, and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomesday; whose untimely death
Banisht the new made Bridegroome from this City,
For whom, and not for *Tibalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.

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

Then gave I her (so tuter'd by my Art)
A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended; for it wrought on her
The forme of death: meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he should hither come as this 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
Return'd my letter backe: then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her waking
Came I to take her from her kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,

Till

The most lamentable Tragedy

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 entreated her come forth,
And beare this worke of heaven with patience:
But then a noise 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 marriage the Nurse is privie:
And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd some hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Pri. We still have knowne thee for a holy man.
Where's *Romeo's* man? what can he say to this?

Bal. I brought my Master newes of *Juliet's* death,
And then in post he came from *Mantua*
To this same place, to this same monument:
This letter he earely bid me give his Father,
And threatned me with death going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

Pri. 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 grave,
And bid me stand aloofe; and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tombe,
And by and by my Master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Pri. 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 poyson
Of a poore Pothecary, and therewithall
Came to this vault, to dye and lye with *Juliet*.
Where be these enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*,
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven findes meanes to kill your joyes with love;

And

of Romeo and Juliet.

And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of Kinsmen: all are punisht.

Cap. O brother *Mountague*, give me thy hand;
This is my daughters jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

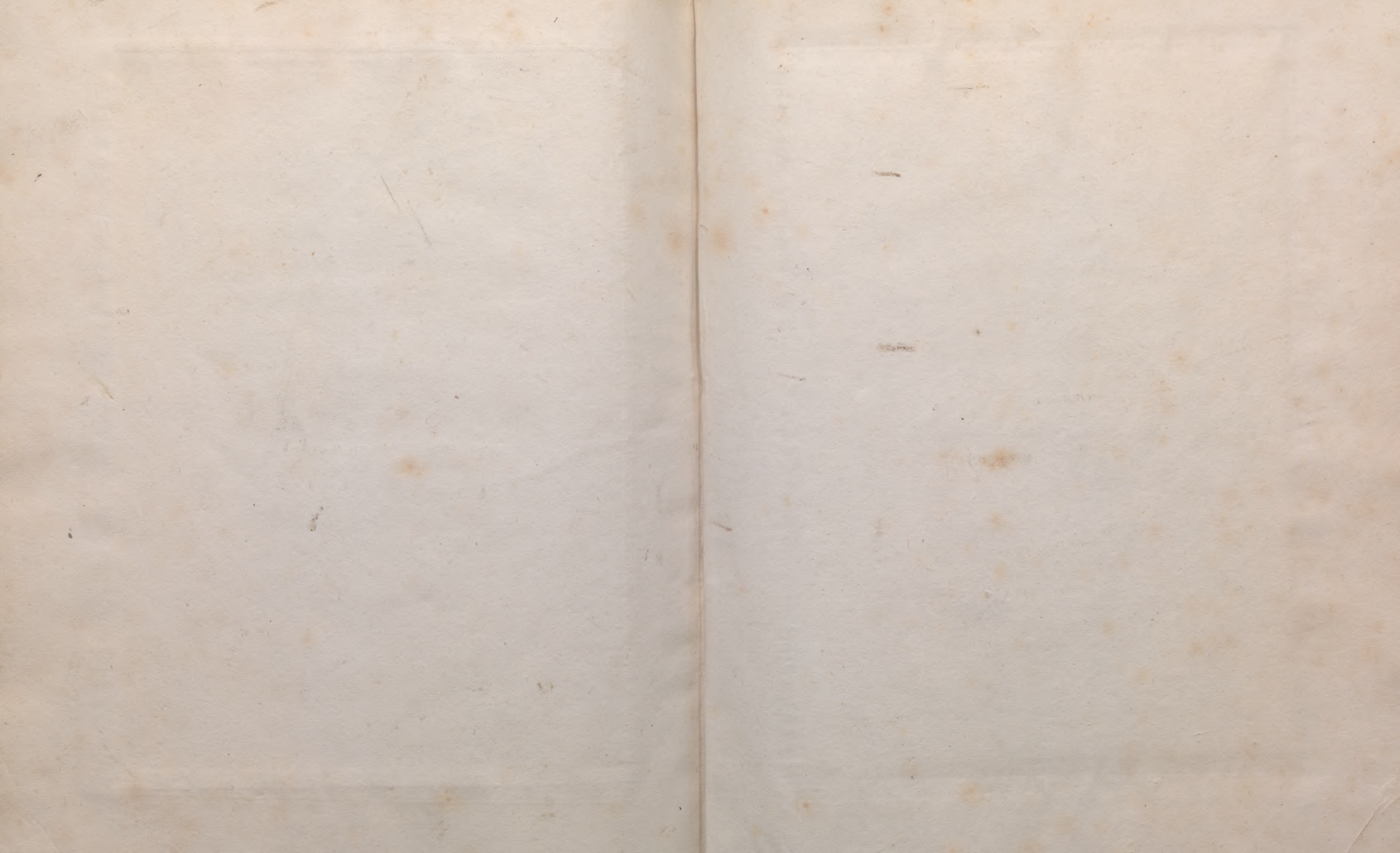
Moun. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithfull *Juliet*.

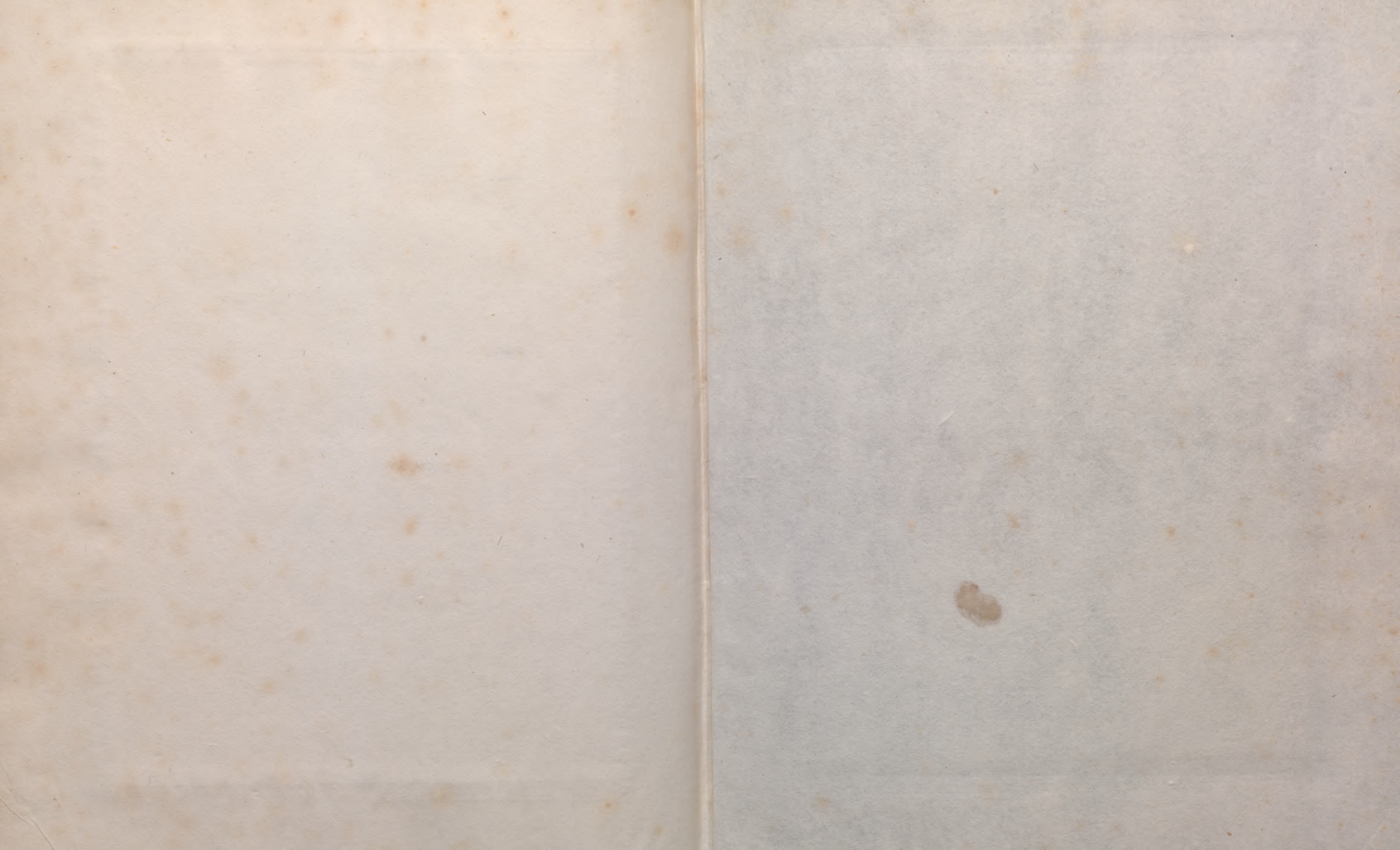
Cap. As rich shall *Romeo's* by his Ladies lye:
Poore sacrifices of our enmity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings:
The sun for sorrow will not shew his head.
Goe hence to have more talke of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.
For never was a Storie of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS.







NATIONAL LIBRARY
OF SCOTLAND

The Bute Collection
of English Plays

Purchased from
Major Michael Crichton-Stuart
of Falkland
3rd April 1956

*With the Help of the Pilgrim Trust
and the Friends of the
National Libraries*

Bute 516



NOME O



JULIET

5TH

EDIT.

W. M.

SHAKESPEARE



1537