# THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and JULIET.

*Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.*

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

*Sampson.*

***G****Regory* : A my word wee'l not carry coales.
*Greg.* No, for then we should be Colliars.
*Samp.* I mean, if we be in choller,wee'l draw.
*Greg.* I, While you live, draw your necke out o'th Collar.
*Samp.* I strike quickly, being mov'd.
*Greg.* But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.
*Samp.* A dog of the house of *Mountague,* moves me.
*Greg.* To move, is to stir: and to be valiant,is to stand: Therefore,if thou art mov'd, thou runst away.
*Samp.* A dogge of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Mountagues.*
*Greg.* That shewes thee a weake slave, for the weakest goes to the wall.
*Samp.* True, and therefore women being the weaker Vessels,are ever thrust to the wall : therefore I will push *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to the wall. (their men.
*Greg.* The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and us
*Samp.* 'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will bee civill with the Maids, and cut off their heads.
*Greg.* The heads of the Maids?
*Sam.* I, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads , Take it in what sence thou wilt.
*Greg.* They must take in sence, that feele it,
*Samp.* Me they shall feele while I am able to stand: And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.
*Greg.* 'Tis well thou art not Fish : If thou had'st, thou had'st beene poore John. Draw thy Toole,here comes of the House of the *Mountagues.*

*Enter two other Servingmen.*

*Sam.* My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee
*Gre.* How? Turne thy backe, and run.
*Sam.* Feare me not.
*Gre.* No marry : I feare thee.
*Sam.* Let us take the Law of our sides:let them begin.
*Gr.*I wil frown as I passe by, & let [thē] take it as they list
*Sam.* Nay,as they dare. I wil bite my Thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it.
*Abra.* Do you bite your Thumbe at us sir?
*Samp.* I do bite my Thumbe,sir.
*Abra.* Do you bite your Thumb at us, sir?
*Sam.* Is the Law of our side, if I say I? *Gre.* No.

*Sam.* No sir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you sir : but
I bite my Thumbe sir.
*Greg.* Do you quarrell sir?
*Abra.* Quarrell sir? no sir. (as you
*Sam*. If you do sir, I am for you,I serve as good a man
*Abra.* No better? *Samp*. Well sir.
*Enter Benvolio.*
*Gr.* Say better:here comes one of my masters kinsmen.
*Samp.* Yes, better.
*Abra.* You Lye.
*Samp.* Draw if you be men. *Gregory,* remember thy
washing blow. *They Fight.*
*Ben.* Part Fooles,put up your Swords ,you know not
what you do.
*Enter Tybalt.*
*Tyb.* What art thou drawne, among these heartlesse
Hindes? Turne thee *Benvolio,*looke upon thy death.
*Ben.* I do but keepe the peace, put up thy Sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.
*Tyb.* What draw, and talke of peace ? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Mountagues,*and thee:
Have at thee Coward. *Fight.*
*Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.*
*Offi.* Clubs, Bills, and Partisons, strike, beat them down
Downe with the *Capulets,* downe with the *Mountavues.*
*Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.*
*Cap.* What noise is this? Give me my long Sword ho:
*Wife.* A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?
*Cap.* My Sword I say : Old *Mountague* is come,
And flourishes his Blade in spight of me.
*Enter old Montague,& his wife.*
*Moun.* Thou villaine *Capulet.* Hold me not, let me go
*2.Wife.* Thou shalt not stir a foote to seeke a Foe.
*Enter Prince Eskales, with his Traine.*
*Prince.* Rebellious Subjects,Enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this Neighbor-stained Steele,
Will they not heare ? What hoe, you Men, you Beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernitious 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 mooved Prince.
Three civill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Montague,*
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made *Verona's* ancient Citizens
Cast by their Grave beseeming Ornaments,
To wield old Partzans, in hands as old,

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If ever you disturbe our streets againe,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away :
You *Capulet* shall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case :
To old Free-towne, our common judgement place :
Once more on pain of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.*
*Moun.* Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began:
*Ben*. Heere were the servants of your adversarie,
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery *Tibalt,* with his sword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He swong about his head, and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne.
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
*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 Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drave me to walke abroad,
Where underneath the grove of Sycamour,
That West-ward rooteth from this City side :
So earely walking did I see your Sonne:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most fought, where most might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary selfe,
Pursued my Honour,not pursuing his
And gladly shunn'd,who gladly fled from me.
*Mount.* Many a morning hath he there beene seene,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deaw,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,
But all so soone as the all-cheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw
The shadie Curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steales home my heavy Sonne,
And private in his Chamber pennes 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 Uncle 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 others Friends,
But he his owne affections counseller,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaves to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.
*Enter Romeo.*
*Ben.* See where he comes, so please you step aside,
Ile know his greevance, or be much denide.
*Mount.* I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To heare true shrift. Come Madam let's away. *Exeunt*

*Ben.* Good morrow Cousin.
*Rom.* Is the day so young?
*Ben.* But new strooke nine.
*Rom.* Aye me, sad houres seeme long:
Was that my Father that went hence so fast?
*Ben.* It was: what sadnes lengthens *Romeo's* houres?
*Ro.* Not having that, which having, makes them short
*Ben.* In love.
*Romeo.* Out.
*Ben.* Of love.
*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 path-wayes to his will :
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all:
Heere's much to do 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 welseeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoake, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This love feele I, that feele no love in this.
Doest thou not laugh?
*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 mine owne lie heavie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to have it preast
With more of thine, this love that thou hast showne,
Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Love, is a smoake 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 do 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 grone and tell thee?
*Ben.* Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who.
*Rom.* A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will:
A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill :
In sadnesse Cozin, I do 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 soonest hit.
*Rom.* Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit
With Cupids arrow, she hath *Dians* wit:
And in strong proofe of chastity well arm'd:
From loves weake childish Bow, she lives uncharm'd.
Shee will not stay the siege of loving tearmes,
Nor bid th'incounter of assailing eyes.
Nor open her lap to Sainct-seducing Gold:
O she is rich in beautie,onely poore,
That when she dies,with beautie dies her store.
*Ben.* Then she hath sworne,that she will still live chast ?
*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing make huge wast?
For beauty sterv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.

She

She is too faire,to wise [wi:sely] too faire,
To merit blisse by making me dispaire :
She hath forsworne to love,and in that vow
Do 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 liberty unto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties,
*Ro.* 'Tis the way to cal hers(exquisit)in question more,
These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke,puts us in minde they hide the faire:
He that is strooken blind,cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost :
Shew me a Mistresse that is Passing faire,
What doth her beauty serve but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing faire.
Farewell thou can'st not teach me to forget,
*Ben.* Ile pay that doctrine,or else die in debt. *Exeunt*
*Enter Capulet,Countie Paris, and the Clowne.*
*Capu.* *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as wee, to keep the peace.
*Par.* Of Honorable reckoning are you both,
And pittie 'tis you liv'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute ?
*Capu.* But saying ore what I have said before,
My Child is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.
*Pari.* Younger then she, are happy mothers made.
*Capu.* And too soone mar'd are those so early made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*,get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And shee agree, within her scope of choise,
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,
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 do lusty young men feele,
When well apparrel'd Aprill on the heele
Of limping Winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house: heare all, all see :
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, goe with me: goe sirra trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay. *Exit.*
*Ser.* Find them out whose names are written. Heere it is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his Yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his Pensill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to finde those persons whose names are writ,& 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 giddie, and be holpe by backward turning :
One desparate greefe, cures with anothers [lauguish] :
Take thou some new infection to the eye.
And the rank poyson of the old wil die.
*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 then a mad man is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented : and Godden god fellow,
*Ser.* Godgigoden,I pray sir can you read ?
*Rom.* I mine owne fortune in my miserie.
*Ser.* Perhaps you have learn'd 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 you merry.
*Rom.* Stay fellow ,I can read.
He reades the Letter.
***S****eigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: County Anselme and his beautious sisters : the Lady widdow of Vitruvio, Seigneur Placento, and his lovely Neeces : Mercutio and his brother Valentine: mine uncle Capulet his wife and daughters: my faire Neece Rosaline, Livia, Seignour Valentino, & his Cosen Tybalt: Lucio and the lively Helena.*
A faire assembly,whither should they come?
*Ser.* Up.
*Rom.* Whither? to supper?
*Ser.* To our house.
*Rom.* Whose house ?
*Ser.* My Maisters.
*Rom.* Indeed I should have askt you that before.
*Ser.* Now Ile tell you without asking. My maister is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues* I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. *Exit.*
*Ben.* At this same auncient Feast of *Capulets*
Sups the faire *Rosaline* ,whom thou so loves :
With all the admired Beauties of *Verona,*
Go thither and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.
*Rom.* When the devout religioon of mine eye
Maintaines such falshood,then turne teares to fire :
And these who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my love : the all-seeing Sun
Nere saw her match,since first the world begun.
*Ben.* Tut,you saw her faire, none else being by,
Herselfe poys'd with herselfe in either eye :
But in that Christall scales, let there be waid,
Your Ladies love against some other Maid
That I will show you, shining at this Feast,
And she shew scant shell, well, that now shewes best.
*Rom.* Ile goe along, no such sight to be showne,
But to rejoyce in splendor of mine owne.
*Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.*
*Wife* Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.
*Nurse* . Now by my Maidenhead, at twelve yeare old
I bad her come, what Lamb: what Ladi-bird, God forbid,
Where's this Girle ? what *Juliet* ?
*Enter Juliet.*
*Juliet.* How now, who calls?
*Nur.* Your Mother.
*Juliet.* Madam I am heere, what is your will?
*Wife.* This is the matter : Nurse give leave awhile, we must

must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I have remembred me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a prety age.

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

*Wife.* Shee's not fourteene.

*Nurse.* Ile lay fourteene of my teeth,
And yet to my teene be it spoken,
I have but foure, shee's not fourteene,
How long is it now to *Lammas* tide ?

*Wife.* A fortnight and odde dayes.

*Nurse.* Even or odde, of all daies in the yeare come *Lammas* Eve at night shall she be fourteene. *Susan* & 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 *Lamas* Eve at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she marie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleven yeares, and she was wean'd I never shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, upon that day : for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sunne under the Dovehouse well, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*,nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it did tast the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it techie, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Dove-house, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge : and since that time it is a eleven yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th' roode she could have runne,& wadled all about: for even the day before she broke her brow, & then my Husband God be with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke up the Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backeward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not *Jule*? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch lefte crying, & said I : to see now how a Jest shall come about. I warrant, & I shall live a thousand yeares, I never should forget it : wilt thou not *Julet* quoth he? and pretty foole it stinted, and said I.

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

*Nurse.* Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leave crying, & say I : and yet I warrant it had upon it brow , a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels stone? A perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commest to age : wilt thou not *Jule*? It stinted:and said I.

*Jule.* And stint thou too, I pray thee *Nurse,*say I.

*Nur.* Peace, I have done: God marke thee too his grace thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nurst, and I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

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

*Juli.* It is an [houre] that I dreame not of.

*Nur.* An [houre], were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou had'st suckt wisedome from thy teat.

*Old La.* Well thinke of marriage now,yonger then you
Heere in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme,
Are made already Mothers. By my count
I was your Mother, much 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.* *Veronas* Summer hath not such a flower.

*Nurse,* Nay hee's a flower,infaith a very flower.

*Old La:* What say you, can you love the Gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our Feast,

Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face,
And find delight writ there with Beauties pen:
Examine every severall liniament,
And see how one another lends content:
And what obscur'd in this faire volume lies,
Find written in the Margent of his eyes.
This precious Booke of Love, this unbound Lover,
To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Cover.
The fish lives in the Sea, and 'tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide :
That Booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie,
That in Gold claspes, Lockes in the Golden storie:
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
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.* Ile looke to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your consent gives strength to make flye.
*Enter a Serving man.*
*Ser.* Madam,the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cur'st in the Pantery, and every thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight. *Exit.*
*Mo.* We follow thee, *Juliet,* the Countie staies.
*Nurse.* Goe Gyrle, seeke happie nights to happy daies.
*Exeunt.*
*Enter Romeo,Mercutio,Benvolio,with five or sixe other Maskers, Torch-bearers.*
*Rom.* What shall this [speeh] be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apologie?
*Ben.* The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele 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,
Weele measure them a Measure, and be gone.
*Rom.* Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy I will beare the light.
*Mer.* Nay gentle *Romeo,* we must have you dance.
*Rom.* Not I beleeve me, you have dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I have a soale of Lead
So stakes 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 fore enpearced with his shaft,
To soare with his light feathers, and to bound:
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe,
Under loves heavy burthen doe I sinke.
*Hora.* And to sinke in it should you burthen love,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
*Rom.* Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boysterous,and it pricks like thorne.
*Mer.* If love be rough with you, be rough with love,
Pricke 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 knocke and enter, and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
*Rom.* A Torch for me,let wantons light of heart
Tickle the sencelesse rushes with their heeles :
For I am proverb'd with a Grandsier Prhase,
Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am done.
*Mer.* Tut,

*Mer.* Tut, duns the Mouse, the Constables owne word,
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire.
Or save your reverence love, where in thou stickest
Up to the eares,come we burne day-light ho.
*Rom.* Nay that's not so.
*Mer.* I meane sir I delay.
We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day;
Take our good meaning, for our Judgement sits
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
*Rom.* And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But 'tis no wit to go.
*Mer.* Why may one aske?
*Rom.* I dreampt a dreame to night.
*Mer.* And so did I.
*Rom.* Well what was yours?
*Mer.* That dreamers often lye.
*Ro.* In bed a sleepe while they do dreame things true.
*Mer.* O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you :
She is the Fairies Midwife, & she comes in shape no bigger than Agat-stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little Atomies,over mens noses as they lie asleepe : her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners legs :the Cover of the wings of Grashoppers, her Traces of the smallest Spiders web, her coullers of the Moonshines 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 Haselnut, made by the Joyner Squirrel or old Grub, time out a mind, the Faries Coach-makers: & in this state she gallops night by night, through Lovers braines: and then they dreame of Love. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Cursies strait: ore Lawyers fingers, who strait dreamt on Fees, ore Ladies lips, who strait on kisses dreame, which oft [athe] angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose, & then dreames he of smelling out a sute: & sometime comes she with Tith pigs tale, tickling a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames of another Benefice. Sometime she driveth ore a Souldiers necke, & then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats, of Breaches, Ambuscados, Spanish Blades : Of Healths five Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which he startes and wakes; and being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or two & sleepes againe:this is that very Mab that plats the manes of Horses in the night : & bakes the Elklocks in foule sluttish haires, which once untangled,much misfortune bodes,
This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learnes them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage :
This is she----------
*Rom.* Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talk'st 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 inconstant then the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosome of the North :
And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew dropping South.
*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 misgives,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,

Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights revels, and expire the tearme
Of a despised life clos'd in my brest:
By some vile forfeit of untimely death,
But he that hath the sturrage of my course,
Direct my sute : on lustie Gentlemen.
*Ben.* Strike Drum.
*They march about the Stage, and Servingmen come forth with their napkins.*
*Enter Servant.*
*Ser.* Where's *Potpan* ,that he helpes not to take away?
He shift a Trancher? he scrape a Trencher?
1. When good manners, shall lie in one or two mens
hands, and they unwasht too, 'tis a foule thing.
*Ser.* Away with the Joynstooles, remove the Court-
cubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, save mee a piece
of Marchpane, and as thou lovest me, let the Porter let in
*Susan Grindstone,* and *Nell, Anthonie* and *Potpan.*
*2.* I Boy readie.
*Ser.* You are lookt for, and cal'd for, askt for, & sought
for, in the great Chamber.
*1.* We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes,
Be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.
*Exeunt.*
*Enter all the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.*
*1. Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that have their toes
Unplagu'd with Cornes, will walke about with you :
Ah my Mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She Ile sweare hath Cornes :am I come neere ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I have seene the day
That I have worne a Visor, and could tell
A wispering talke in a faire Ladies eare :
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musitians play :
*Musicke plaies: and the dance.*
A Hall,Hall, give roome, and foote 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 Cozin *Capulet,*
For you and I are past our dauncing daies :
How long 'ist now since last your selfe and I
Were in a Maske ?
*2. Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.
*1. Capu.* What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,
'Tis since the Nuptiall of *Lucentio,*
Come Pentycost as quickely as it will,
Some five and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt.
*2. Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder sir :
His Sonne is thirty.
*3. Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.
*Rom.* What Ladie is that which [dothni rich] 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 cheeke of night,
As a rich Jewel in an Aethiops eare:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too deare:
So shewes a Snowy Dove trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes ;
The measure done,Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers,make blessed my rude hand.
Did

Did my heart love till now,forsweare it sight,
For I never 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,
To fleere and scorne at our Solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and Honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
*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 Solemnitie this night.
*Cap.* Young *Romeo* is it ?
*Tib.* 'Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo.*
*Cap.* Content the gentle Coz, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman :
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well govern'd youth :
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Here in my house do 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 beseeming semblance for a Feast.
*Tib.* It fits when such a Villaine is a guest,
Ile not endure him.
*Cap.* He shall be endu'rd.
What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the Maister here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Yould make a Mutinie among the Guests:
You will set cocke a hoope,youle be the man.
*Tib.* Why Uncle, 'tis a shame.
*Cap.* Go too, go too.
You are a sawcy Boy, 'ist so indeed?
This tricke may chance to scath you, I know what,
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well said my hearts, you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet,or more light, more light for shame,
Ile make you quiet. What,chearely my hearts.
*Tib.* Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting.
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting :
I will withdraw , but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. *Exit.*
*Rom.* If I prophane with my unworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kisse.
*Jul.* Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much.
Which mannerly devotion shewes in this,
For Saints have hands , that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
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 do what hands do,
They pray(grant thou)least faith turne to dispaire
*Jul.* Saints do not move,
Though grant for prayers sake.
*Rom.* Then move not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.
*Jul.* Then have my lips the sin that they have tooke.
*Rom.* Sin from my lips? O trespasse sweetly urg'd :
Give me my sin againe.
*Jul.* You kisse by th'booke.

*Nur.* Madam you Mother craves a word with you.
*Rom.* What is her Mother ?
*Nurf.* Marrie Batcheler,
Her Mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wife, and Vertuous,
I Nur'st her Daughter that you talkt withall :
I tell you,he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chincks.
*Rom.* Is she a *Capulet?*
O deare account ! My life is my foes debt.
*Ben.* Away, be gone,the sport is at the best.
*Rom.* I so I feare, the more is my unrest.
*Cap.* Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish Banquet towards:
Is it e'ne so ? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night :
More Torches here: come on, then let's to bed.
Ah sirrah,by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my rest.
*Juli.* Come hither Nurse,
What is yond Gentleman :
*Nur.* The Sonne and Heire of old *Tyberio.*
*Juli.* What's he that now is going out of doore?
*Nur.* Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio.*
*Jul.* What's he that follows here that would not dance?
*Nur.* I know not.
*Jul.* Go aske his name: if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedded bed.
*Nur.* His name is *Romeo,* and a *Mountague,*
The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.
*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 Enemie.
*Nur.* What's this ? what's this?
*Jul.* A rime, I learne even now
Of one I dan'st withall.
*One cals within, Juliet.*
*Nur.* Anon,anon :
Come let's away,the strangers all are gone.
*Exeunt.*
*Chorus.*
Now old desire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,
That faire,for which Love gron'd for and would die,
With tender *Juliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloved, and Loves againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes :
But to his foe suppos'e he must complaine,
And she steale Loves sweet bait From fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breath such vowes as Lovers use to sweare,
And she as much in Love, her meanes much lesse,
To meete her new Beloved any where:
But passion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,
Temp'ring extremities with extreame sweete.
*Enter Romeo alone.*
*Rom.* Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.
*Enter Benvolio,with Mercutio.*
*Ben. Romeo,* my Cozen *Romeo, Romeo.*
*Merc.* He is wise,
And on my life hath stolne him home to bed.
*Ben.* He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio:*
Nay, Ile conjure too.
*Mer.*

*Mer. Romeo,* Humours, Madman, Passion, Lover,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but one time, and I am satisfied:
Cry me but ay me, Provant, but Love and day,
Speake to my goship *Venus* one faire word,
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
Young *Abraham Cupid* he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lov'd the begger Maid,
He heareth not,he stirreth not,he [movethn ot],
The Ape is dead, I must conjure him,
I conjure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her Fine foote,Straight leg, and Quivering thigh,
And the Demeanes,that there Adjacent lie,
That in thy 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 stand
Till she had laid it, and conjured it downe,
That were some spight.
My invocation is faire and honest, & in his Mistris name,
I conjure onely but to raise up him.
*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees
To be conforted with the Humerous night :
Blind is his Love ,and best befits the darke.
*Mer.* If Love be blind, Love cannot hit the marke,
Now will he sit under a Medler tree,
And wish his Mistresse were that kind of Fruite,
As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare,
*Romeo* goodnight,Ile to my Truckle bed,
This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we go?
*Ben.* Go then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*
*Rom.* He jeasts 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 Sun and kill the envious Moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her Maid art far more faire then she :
Be not her Maid since she is envious
Her Vestal livery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles do 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 do entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their Spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres,
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in 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.
*Jui.* Ay me.
*Rom.* She speakes.
O speake againe bright Angell,for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white upturned wondring eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And sailes upon the bosome of the ayre.
*Jul.* O *Romeo,Romeo,* wherefore art thou *Romeo ?*
Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not,be but sworne my Love,
And Ile no longer be a *Capulet.*
*Rom.* Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?
*Ju.* 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy :
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague,*
What's *Mountague ?* it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.
What? in a names that which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cal'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title *Romeo,* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.
*Rom.* I take thee at thy word :
Call me but Love, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence foorth I never will be *Romeo.*
*Juli.* What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
so stumblest on my counsell?
*Rom.* By a name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.
*Juli.* My eares have yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo,* and a *Monatgue ?*
*Rom.* Neither faire Maid,if either thee dislike.
*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 find thee here,
*Rom.* With Loves light wings
Did I ore-perch these Walls,
For stony limits cannot hold Love out,
And what Love can do, that dares Love attempt :
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
*Jul.* If they do see thee, they will murther thee.
*Rom.* Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enmity.
*Jul.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.
*Rom.* I have nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou love me, let them finde e here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death [proroged] wanting of thy Love.
*Jul.* By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
*Rom.* By Love that first did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes,
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast-shore-washet with the farthest Sea,
I should adventure for such Marchandise.
*Jul.* Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I have spoke, but farewell Complement,
Doest thou Love ? I know thou wilt say I,

And

And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,
Thou maiest prove false:at Lovers perjuries
They say *Jove* laught, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost Love, pronounce it faithfully :
Or if thou thinkest 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 *Mountague* I am too fond :
And therefore thou maiest thinke my behaviour light,
But trust me Gentleman, Ile prove more true,
Then those that have coying to be strange,
I should have beene more strange,I must confesse,
But that thou over heard'st 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 Moone I vow,
That tips with silver all the Fruite tree tops.
*Jul.* O sweare not by the Moone,th'inconstant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Least that thy Love prove likewise variable.
*Rom.* What shall I sweare by?
*Jul.* Do not sweare at all :
Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gratious selfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleeve thee.
*Rom.* If my hearts deare love.
*Juli.* Well do not sweare, although I joy in thee:
I have no joy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too undadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere, one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:
This bud of Love by Summers ripening breath,
May prove a beautious Flower when next we meete:
Good night, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.
*Rom.* O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
*Juli.* What satisfaction can'st thou have to night?
*Ro.* Th'exchange of thy Loves faithfull vow for mine.
*Jul.* I gave thee mine before thou did'st request it :
And yet I would it were to give againe.
*Rom.* Would'st 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,
My Love as deepe,the more I give to thee
The more I have,for both are Infinite :
I heare some noyse within deare Love adue :
*Cals within.*
Anon good Nurse,sweet *Mountague* be true :
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
*Rom.* O blessed blessed night, I am afear'd
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.
*Jul.* Three words deare *Romeo,*
And goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of Love be Honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.
*Within* : Madam.
I come, anon : but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech [theee] *Within:* Madam.

(By and by I come)
To cease thy strife, and leave me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.
*Rom.* So thrive my soule.
*Ju.* A thousand times goodnight. *Exit.*
*Rome.* A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Love goes toward Love as schoolboyes frõ their books
But Love frõ Love, towards schoole with heavie lookes.

*Enter Juliet againe.*

*Jul.* Hist *Romeo* hist:O for a Falkners voice
To lure this Tassell gentle backe again,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
Else would I teare the Cave where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my *Romeo.*
*Rom.* It is my soule that calls upon my name.
How silver sweet, sound Lovers tongues by nught,
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.
*Jul. Romeo.*
*Rom.* My Neece.
*Jul.* What a clock to morrow
Shall I send to thee?
*Rom.* By the houre of nine.
*Jul.* I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares 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,
Remembering 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 further then a wantons Bird.
That let's it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyves,
And with a silken 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,
*Rom.* Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.
*Jul.* Sleepe dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy brest.
*Rom.* Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest,
The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,
And darknesse fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghostly Fries close Cell,
His helpe to crave,and my deare hap to tell. *Exit.*

*Enter Frier alone with a basket.*

*Fri.* The grey ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light:
And fleckled darkenesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles :
Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheere,and nights danke dew to dry,
I must upfill this Osier Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes,and precious Juiced flowers,
the earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,
What is her burying grave that his her wombe:
And from her wombe children of divers kind
We

We sucking on her naturall bosome find :
Many for many vertues excellent :
None but for some, and yet all different.
Omickle 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 misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

*Enter Romeo.*

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

*Rom.* Good morrow Father.

*Fri.* Benedecite.

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young Sonne,it argues a distempered head,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed ;
Care keepes his watch in every old mans eye.
And where Care lodges,sleepe will never lye :
But where unbrused youth with unstuft braine
Doth couch his lims,there,golden sleepe doth raigne;
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art uprous'd with some distemprature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right.
Our *Romeo* hath not beene 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,
I have forgot that name, and that names woe.

*Fri.* That's my good Son, but wher hast thou bin then?

*Rom.* Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen :
I have beene feasting with mine enemie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by my wounded: both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies :
I beare no hatred, blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Fri.* Be plaine good Son,rest 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 wooed, and made exchange of vow :
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie us to day.

*Fri.* Holy S. *Francis*, what a change is heere?
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst Love so deare
So soone fosaken ? young mens Love then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline ?*
How much salt water throwne away in wast,
To season Love that of it doth not tast.
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heaven cleares,
Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares :
Lo here upon thy cheeke 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 doting,nor for loving pupill mine.
*Rom.* And bad'st 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 goe with me,
In one respect, Ile thy assistant be :
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turne your houshould rancor to pure Love.
*Rom.* O let us hence, I stand on sudden hast.
*Fri.* Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.*

*Mer.* Where the [dev le] 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-harted wench, that *Rosaline* torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
*Ben.* *Tibalt* ,the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Letter to his Fathers house.
*Mer.* A challenge on my life.
*Ben.* *Romeo* will answere it.
*Mer.* Any man that can write,may answere a Letter.
*Ben.* Nay, he will answere the Letters Maister how he dares, being dared.
*Mer.* Alas poore *Romeo,* he is already dead stab'd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a Love song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blind Bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt?*
*Ben.* Why what is *Tibalt ?*
*Mer.* More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Couragious Captaine of Complements : he fights as you sing pricksong, keeps time, distance,and proportaion, he rests his minum, one two, and the third in your bosom :the very butcher of a silk button, a Dualist,a Dualist: a Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause: ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reverso, the Hay.
*Ben.* The what?
*Mer.* The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent : Jesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies :these fashion Mongers, these pardon-mee's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Ben.* Here comes *Romeo,* here comes *Romeo.*
*Mer.* Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified ? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchen wench, marrie she had a better Love to berime mer : *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero,* hildin[s]gs and Harlots: *Thisbie* a gray eie or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo, Bon jour,* there's a Franch salutation to your

French slop : you gave us the the counterfait fairely last night.

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

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

*Rom.* Pardon *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 constrains 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 pinck of curtesie.

*Rom.* Pinke for flower.

*Mer.* Right.

*Rom.* Why then is my Pump well flowr'd.

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

*Rom.* O single sol'd jeast,
Soly singular for the singlenesse.

*Mer.* Come betweene us good *Benvolio,* my wits faints.

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

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

*Rom.* thou was never with mee for any thing, when thou wast not there for the Goose.

*Mer.* I wil bite thee by the eare for that jest.

*Rom.* Nay, good Goofe bite not.

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

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

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

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

*Mar,* Why is not this beetter now, then groning 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 hid his bable in a hole.

*Ben.* Stop there, stop there.

*Mer* Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the

*Ben.* Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.(haire.

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

*Enter Nurse and her man.*

*Rom.* Here's a goodly geare.
A sayle, a sayle.

*Mer.* Two,two: a Shirt and a Smocke.

*Nur. Peter?*

*Peter.* Anon.

*Nur.* My Fan *Peter?*

*Mer.* Good *Peter* to hide her face?
For her Fans the fairer face?

*Nur.* God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

*Mer.* God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

*Nur.* Is is gooden?

*Mer.* 'Tis no lesse I tell you : for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now upon the pricke of Noone.

*Nur.* Out upon you: what a man are you?
*Rom.* One Gentlewoman,
That God hath made, himselfe to mar.
*Nur.* By my troth it is said , for himselfe to, [mar qua-
t ha]:Gentlemen, can any of you tel me where I may find
the young *Romeo.*
*Romeo.* I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older
when you have found him, then he was when you sought
him : I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.
*Nur.* You say well.
*Mer.* Yea is the worst well,
Very well tooke : Ifaith,wisely,wisely.
*Nur.* If you 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? Weele to dinner
thither.
*Rom.* I will follow you.
*Mer.* Farewell auncient Lady:
Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.
*Exit. Mercutio, Benvolio.*
*Nur.* I pray you sir, what sawcie Merchant was this
that was so full of his roperie?
*Rom.* A Gentleman Nurse, that loves to heare himselfe
talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand
to in a Moneth.
*Nur.* And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him
downe, & a were lustier then he is, and twenty such Jacks:
and if I cannot, Ile fine those that shall : scurvie knave, I
am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates,
and thou must stand by too and suffer every knave to use
me at his pleasure.
*Pet.* I saw no man use you at his pleasure : If I had, my
weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you, I
dare draw assoone as another man, if I see occasion in a
good quarrell, and the law on my side.
*Nur.* Now afore God, I am so vext, that every part about
me quivers, skurvy knave : pray you sir a word : and as I
told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what
she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe : but first let
me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they
say,it were a very grosse kind of behaviour, as they say:
for the Gentlewoman is yong : & therefore, if you should
deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be of-
fered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.
[*Nur.*] Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I
protest unto thee.
*Nur.* Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much:
Lord, Lord she will be a joyfull woman.
*Rom.* What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou doest not
marke me?
*Nur.* I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I
take it, is a Gentleman-like offer. (afternoone,
*Rom.* Bid her devise some meanes to come to shrift this
And there she shall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell
Be shriv'd and married: here is for thy paines.
*Nur.* No truly sir not a penny.
*Rom.* Go too, I say you shall.
*Nurse*

*Nur.* This afternoone sir? well she shall be there.
*Ro.* And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,
And brind the Cords made like a tackled staire,
Which to the high top gallant of my joy,
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell,be trustie and Ile quite thy paines:
Farewell, commend me to thy Mistresse.
*Nur.* Now god in heaven blesse thee:harke you sir,
*Rom.* What saist thou my deare Nurse?
*Nurse.* Is your man secret, did you nere heare say two may keepe counsell putting one away.
*Ro.* Warrant thee my man as true as steele.
*Nur.* Well sir,my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in Towne one *Paris* , that would faine lay knife aboard: but she good soule had as leeve to 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 versall world. Doth not Rosmarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?
*Rom.* I Nurse, what of that? Both with an *R.*
*Nur.* A mocker that's the [dogsname]. *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it would do you good to heare it.
*Rom.* Commend me to thy Lady.
*Nur.* I a thousand times. *Peter?*
*Pet.* Anon.
*Nur.* Before and apace. *Exit Nurse and Peter.*

*Enter Juliet.*

*Jul.* the clocke strook nine, when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him: that's not so :
Oh she is lame, Loves Herauld should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driving backe shadowes over lowring hils.
Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun upon the highmost hill
Of this daies journey, and from nine till twelve,
I three long houres, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warme youthfull blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweete Love,
And his to me, but old folkes,
Many faine as they were dead,
Unwieldie,slow,heavy ,and pale as lead.

*Enter Nurse.*

O God she comes,O hony Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.
*Nur. Peter* stay at the gate.
*Jul.* Now good sweet Nurse:
O Lord,why lookest thou sad?
Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily.
If good thou sham'st the musicke of sweete newes,
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.
*Nur.* I am a weary, give me leave awhile ,
Fie how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?
*Jul.* I would thou had'st my bones,and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake good good Nurse speake.
*Nur.* Jesu what hast?can you not stay a while?
DO you not see that I am out of breath?
*Jul.* How are thou out of breath, when thou-hast breth
To say to me,that thou are out of breath ?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad?answere to that,
Say either, and Ile stay the [circustance]:
Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?
*Nur.* Well you have made a simple choice, you know
not how to chuse a man:*Romeo*, no not he though his face
be better then any mans, yet his leg escels all mens, and
for a hand,and a foote,and a body, though they be not to
be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower
of curtesie,but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe :go thy
waies wench, serve God, What have you din'd at home?
*Jul.* No no:but all this this did I know before
What saies he of our marriage? what of that?
*Nur.* Lord how my head akes,what a head have I?
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.
My backe a tother side :o my backe,my backe:
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and downe.
*Jul.* Ifaith:I am sorrie that that thou art so well.
Sweet sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my Love?
*Nur.* Your Love saies like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, 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 repli'st:
Your Love saies like an honest Gentleman:
Where is your Mother?
*Nur.* O Gods Lady deare,
Are you so hot? marrie come up I trow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your messages your selfe.
*Jul.* Heere's such a coile, come what saies *Romeo*?
*Nur.* Have you got leave to go to shrive to day?
*Jul.* I have.
*Nur.*. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There staies a Husband to make you a wife :
Now comes the wanton blood up into your cheekes,
Thei'le be in Scarlet straight at any newes :
Hie you to Church,I must an other 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 burthen soone at night.
Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
*Jui.* 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 countervaile the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then Love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is inough. I may but call her mine.
*Fri.* These violent delights have violent endes,
And in their triumph: die like fire and powder;
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore Love moderately, long Love doth so,
Too swift arrives as tardie as too slow.

*Enter Juliet.*

Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot
Will nere weare out the everlasting flint,

A lover may bestride the Gossamours
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall,so light is vanitie.
*Jul.* Good even to my ghostly Confessor.
*Fri. Romeo* shall thanke thee Daughter for us both.
*Jul.* As much to him,else in his thanks too much.
*Fri.* Ah *Juliet,* if the measure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musickes tongue,
Unfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receive in either, by this deere encounter.
*Jul.* Conecit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his substance, not of Ornament :
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Love is growne to such such excesse,
I cannot sum up some of halfe my wealth.
*Fri.* Come, come with me, & we will make short worke,
For by your leaves,you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.
*Enter Mercutio,Benvolio,and men.*
*Ben.* I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad :
And if we meet, we shal not scape a brawle, for now these hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring.
*Mer.* Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Taverne, claps me his Sword upon the Table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.
*Ben.* Am I like such a Fellow?
*Mer.* Come,come,thou art as hot a Jacke in thy mood, as any in *Italie* : and [assoone] moved to be moodie, and assoone moodie to be mov'd.
*Ben.* And what too ?
*Mer.* Nay , and there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other:thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard, then thou 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 bin beaten as addle as an egger for quarreling: thou hast quarrel'd with a man for coffing in the street, because he hath wakened thy Dog that hath laine asleepe in the Sun. Did'st thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before Easter? with another for tying his new shooes with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from 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 Tybalt, Petruchio,and others.*
*Ben.* By my head here comes the *Capulets.*
*Mer.* By my heele I care not.
*Tyb.* 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 something, make it a word and a blow.
*Tib.* You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you will give me occasion.
*Mercu.* Could you not take some occasion without giving?
*Tib. Mercutio* thou consort'st with *Romeo.*

*Mer.* Consort?what dost thou make us Minstrels? & thou make Minstrels of us, looke to heare nothing but discords: heere's my fiddlesticke, heere's that shall make you daunce. Come confort.

*Ben.* We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your greevances:
Or else depart, here all eies 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.*

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

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

*Tib. Romeo*, the love I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then 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 am I 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 do protest I never injur'd thee,
But lov'd thee better then thou can'st devise:
Till thou 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.
*Tybalt,* you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

*Tib.* What woulds 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 me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make hast, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.

*Tib.* I am for you.

*Rom.* Gentle *Mercutio,* put thy Rapier up.

*Mer.* Come sir, your Passado.

*Rom.* Draw *Benvolio*, beat downe their weapons :
Gentlemen, so: shame forbeare this outrage,
*Tibalt ,Mercutio,* the Prince expresly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streetes.
Hold *Tybalt,* good *Mercutio.*

*Exit Tybalt.*

*Mer.* I am hurt.
A plague a both the Houses, I am sped:
Is he gone and hath nothing?

*Ben.* What art thou hurt?

*Mer.* I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis inough,
Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.

*Rom.* Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

*Mer.* No :'tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore,but 'tis inough, 'twill serve : aske for me to morrow, and you shall finde me a grave man. I am pepper'd I warrant, for this world: a plague a both your houses. What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse,a Cat to scratch a man to death : a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmeticke, why the dev'le 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 Alie,
My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd
With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet *Juliet,*
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my temper softned Valours steele.
*Enter Benvolio.*
*Ben.* O *Romeo, Romeo,* brave [*Mercutio's* is dead,]
That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,
Which too untimely here did scorne the earth.
*Rom.* This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins, the wo others must end.
*Enter Tybalt.*
*Ben.* Here comes the Furious *Tybalt* backe againe.
*Rom*. He gon in triumph, and *Mercutio* slaine?
Away to heaven respective Lenitie,
And fire and Fury, be my conduct now.
Now *Tybalt* take the Villaine backe againe
That late thou gav'st me, for *Mercutios* soule
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie :
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.
*Tib.* Thou wretched Boy that dids't cossort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
*Rom.* This shall determine that.
*They fight. Tybalt falles.*
*Ben.* *Romeo*, away be gone:
The Citizens are up, and *Tybalt* slaine,
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome 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.*
*Citi.* Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
*Tibalt* that Murtherer, which way ran he?
*Ben.* There lies that *Tybalt.*
*Citi.* Up sir go with me :
I charge thee in the Princes names obey.
*Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wives and all.*
*Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?
*Ren.* O Noble Prince, I can discover all
The unluckie Mannage of this fatall brall:
There lies the man slaine by young *Romeo,*
That slew thy kinsman brave *Mercutio.*
*Cap. Wi. Tybalt,*my Cozen? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cozin,Husband,O the blood is spild
Of my deare kinsman.Prince as thou art true,
for blood of ours,shed bloud of *Mountague.*
O Cozin, Cozin.
*Prin. Benvolio,* who began this Fray?
*Ben.* *Tybalt* here slaine, whom *Romeo's* hand did slay,
*Romeo* that spoke him faire,bid him bethinke
How nice the Quarrell was, and urg'd withall
Your high displeasure: all this uttered,
With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the unruly spleene
Of *Tybalts* deafe to peace,but that he Tilts
With Peircing steele at bold *Mercutio's* breast,
Who all as hot,turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
it back to *Tybalt,* whose dexterity

Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold Friends,Friends part, and swifter then his tongue,
His aged arme beats downe their fatall points,
And twixt them rushes, underneath whose arme,
An envious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained Revenge,
And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slaine :
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie:
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.
*Cap. Wi.* He is a kinsman to the *Mountague,*
Affection makes him false, he speakes not true :
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Justice,which thou Prince must give:
*Romeo* slew *Tybalt, Romeo* must not live.
*Prin. Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio,*
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.
*Cap.* Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* Friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
The life of *Tybalt.*
*Prine.* And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence :
I have an interest in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ile Amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.
Therefore use none, let *Romeo* hence in hast,
Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill.
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Juliet alone.*

*Jul.* Gallop apace, you fiery footed steedes,
Towards *Phoebus* lodging, such a Wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in Cloudie night immediately.
Spred 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,
And by their owne Beauties: or if Love be blind,
It best agrees with night: come civill night,
Thou sober suted Matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loose a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of stainlesse Maidenhoods,
Hood my unman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,
With thy Blacke mantle,till strange Love grow bold,
Thinke true Love acted simple modestie :
Come night, come *Romeo,* come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter then new Snow upon a Ravens backe:
Come gentle night, come loving blackebrow'd night.
Give me my *Romeo,* and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the Face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in Love with night,
And pay no worship to the Garish Sun.
O I have bought the Mansion of a Love,
But not bossest 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 child 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 *Romeos*, name, speakes heavenly eloquence:
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?
The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
*Nur.* I, I, the Cords.
*Juli.* Ay me,what newes ?
Why dost thou wring thy hands.
*Nur.* A welady, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are undone Lady, we are undone.
Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead.
*Jul.* Can heaven be so envious?
*Nur. Romeo* can,
Though heaven cannot. O *Romeo, Romeo,*
Who ever would have thought it *Romeo.*
*Juli.* 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
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.
Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.
Briefe, sounds, derermine of my weale or wo.
*Nur.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God save the marke, here on his manly brest,
A pitteous Coarse, a bloody piteous Coarse:
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood, I sounded at the sight-
*Jul.* O breake my heart,
Poore Bankrout breake at once,
To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* presse on heavie beere.
*Nur.* O *Tybalt, Tybalt,* the best Friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalt* honest Gentleman,
That ever I should live to see the dead.
*Jul.* What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?
Is *Romeo* slaughtered? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord:
Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome,
For who is living, if those two are gone?
*Nur. Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,
*Romeo* that kil'd him, he is banished.
*Juli.* O God!
[*Nur.*] Did *Rom'os* hand shed *Tybalts* blood
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
[*Nur*]. O Serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
*Juli.* Did ever Dragon keepe so faire a Cave?
Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall:
Ravenous Dove-feather'd Raven,
Wolvish-ravening Lambe,
Dispised substance of Divinest show :
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A dimne Saint, an Honourable Villaine :
O Nature ! what had'st thou to doe in hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever booke containing such vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Pallace.
*Nur.* There's no trust,no faith, no honestie in men,
All perjur'd, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,

Ah where's my man? give me some Aqua-vitae?
These griefes,these woes, these sorrowes make me old:
Shame come to *Romeo.*
*Jul.* Blister'd 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 throane where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the universall earth:
O what a beast was I to chide him?
*Nur.* Will you speake well of him,
That kil'd your Cozen?
*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 did'st thou kill my Cozin?
That Villaine Cozin would have kil'd my husband:
Backe foolish teares, backe to your native spring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer up to joy :
My husband lives that *Tibalt* would have slaine,
And *Tibalt* dead that would have slaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
Some words there was worser then *Tybalts* death
That murdered me, I would forget it feine,
But oh, it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,
*Tybalt* is dead and *Romeo* banished:
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand *Tibalts: Tibalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Of if sower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
Why followed not when she said *Tibalts* dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might have mov'd.
But which a rere-ward following *Tybalts* death
*Romeo* is banished to speake that word,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,*
All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?
*Nur.* Weeping and wailing over *Tybalts* Coarse,
Will you go to them ?I will bring you thither.
*Ju*. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shal be spent
When theirs are drie for *Romeo's* banishment.
Take up those Cordes,poore ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a Maid,die Maiden widowed.
Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my Maiden head.
*Nur.* Hie to your Chamber,Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you,I wot well where he is :
Harke ye your *Romeo* will be heere at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
*Jul.* O find him, give this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

*Exit.*

*Enter Friar, and Romeo.*

*Fri. Romeo* come forth,
Come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
*Rom.* Father what newes?

What

What is the Princes Doome ?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
*Fri.* Too familiar
Is my deare Sonne with such sowre Company :
I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.
*Rom.* What lesse then Doomesday,
Is the Princes Doome?
*Fri.* A gentler judgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
*Rom.* Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death :
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death: do not say banishment.
*Fri.* Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
*Rom.* there is no world without *Verona* walles,
But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it selfe :
Hence banished, is banish[:] from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, mistearm'd, calling death banished,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.
*Fri.* O deadly sin, O rude unthankefulnesse!
Thy falt our Law calles 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 Dog,
And little Mouse, every unworthy thing
Live here in Heaven and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More Validitie,
More Honourable state, more Courtship lives
In carrion Flies, then *Romeo:* they may seaze
On the white wonder of deare *Juliets* hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and vestall modestie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,
And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, hee is banished.
Had'st thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
But banished to kill me? Banished?
O Frier ,the damned use that word in hell :
Howlings attends it, how hast thou the hart
Being a Divine, a Ghostly Confessor,
A Sin-Absolver, and my Friend profest :
To mangle me with that word, banished?
*Fri.* Then fond Mad man, heare me speake.
*Rom.* O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.
*Fri.* Ile give thee Armour to keepe off that word,
Adversities sweete milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
*Rom.* Yet banished? hang up Philosophie:
Unlesse Philosophie can make a *Juliet,*
Displant a Towne, reverse a Princes Doome,
It helpes not[,] it prevailes not ,talke no more.
*Fri.* O then I see, that Mad men have no eares.
*Rom.* How should they,
When wisemen have no eyes?
*Fri.* Let me dispaire with thee of thy estate,
*Rom.* Thou can'st not speake of that y*[u]* dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as *Juliet* my Love:
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,
And fall upon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave,
*Enter Nurse, and knockes.*
*Frier.* Arise one knockes,
Good *Romeo* hide thy selfe.
*Rom.* Not I,
Unlesse the breath of Hartsicke groanes
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.*
Run to my study; by and by Gods will
What simplenesse is this: I come, I come.
*Knocke.*
Who knocks so hard?
Whence come you? what's your will?
*Enter Nurse.*
*Nur.* Let me come in,
And you shall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Juliet.*
*Fri.* Welcome then.
*Nur.* O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Where's my Ladies Lord? where's *Romeo*?
*Fri.* There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
*Nur.* O he is even in my Mistresse case,
Just in her case.O wofull simpathy:
Pittious predicament, even so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand up, stand up, stand and you be a man,
For *Juliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand :
Why should you fall into so deepe an O.
*Rom.* Nurse.
*Nur.* Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.
*Rom.* Speak'st thou of *Juliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not she thinke me an old Murtherer,
Now I have stain'd the Childhood of our joy,
With blood removed, but little from her owne?
Where is she ? and how doth she ? and what sayes
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Love?
*Nur.* Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now fals on her bed, and then starts up,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
and then downe falls againe.
*Ro.* As if that name shot from the dead levell of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names cursed hand
Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me ,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke
The hatefull Mansion.
*Fri.* Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art :
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable Furie of a beast.
Unseemely woman, in a seeming man,
And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady ,that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate upon thy selfe?
Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heaven and earth?
Since

Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meete
In thee at once, which thou at once would'st loose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit ,
Which like a Usurer abound'st 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 perjurie,
Killing that Love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Love,
Mishapen in the conduct of them both :
Like powder in a skillesse Souldiers flaske,
Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowse thee man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slew'st *Tybalt,* there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe o[r] blessing light upon thy backe,
Happinesse Courts thee in her best array,
But like a mishaped and sullen wench,
Thou puttest up thy Fortune and thy Love :
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Goe get thee to thy Love as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her :
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou can'st not passe to *Mantua,*
Where thou shalt live till we can fined a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Then thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
*Romeo* is comming.

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

*Rom*. Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.

*Nur.* Heere sir, a Ring she bid me give you sir :
Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late.

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

*Fri.* Go hence,
Goodnight, and here stands all your state :
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence,
Sojourne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Every good hap to you that chaunces heere :
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell,goodnight.

*Rom.* But that a joy past joy, calls out on me,
It were a griefe, so briefe to part with thee :
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

*Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.*

*Cap*. Things have falne our sir so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our Daughter :
Looke you, she Lov'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearely,
And so did I . Well, we were borne to die.
'Tis very late, she'll not come downe to night :
I promise you, but for your company,

I would have bin a bed an houre ago.
*Par.* These times of wo, affoord no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.
*Lady.* I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night, she is mewed 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 all respects by me : nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my Sonne *Paris* Love,
And bid her, marke you me, on Wendsday next,
But soft, what day is this?
*Par.* Monday my Lord.
*Cap.* Monday, ha ha: well Wendsday is too soone,
A Thursday let it be: a Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this Noble Earle :
Will you be ready ? do you like this hast?
Weele keepe no great adoe ,a Friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kinsman, if we revell much :
Therefore weele 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:
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,
Afore me, it is so 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 neere day :
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pier'st the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeve me Love, it was the Nightingale.
*Rom.* It was the Larke, the Herauld of the Morne:
No Nightingale :looke Love what envious streakes
Do lace the severing Cloudes in yonder East :
Nights Candles are burnt out, and Jocond day
Stands tipto on the mistie Mountaines tops,
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
*Jul.* Yond light is not daylight, I know it I :
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone,
*Rom.* Let me be tane, 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 *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not Larke whose noates do beate
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads,
I have more care to stay, then will to go :
Come death and welcome, *Juliet* wills it so.
How ist my soule, lets talke, it is not day.
*Juli.* It is, it is, hie hence be gone away :
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and unpleasing Sharpes.
Some say the Larke makes sweete 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 voyces too :
Since

Since arme from arme that voyce doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunts-up to the day,
O now be gone,more light and it light growes.
*Rom.* More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.
*Enter* [*Madam*] *and Nurse.*
*Nur.* Madam.
*Jul.* Nurse.
*Nu.* 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 yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo.*
*Rom.* Farewell :
I will omit no oportunitie,
That may convey my greetings Love, to thee.
*Jul.* O thinkest 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.
*Juliet.* O God! I have an ill Divining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look'st pale.
*Rom.* And trust me Love, in my eye so do you :
Drie sorrow drinkes our blood. Adue, adue. *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.*
*Lad.* Ho Daughter are you up ?
*Jul.* Who ist that calls ? Is it my Lady Mother.
Is she not downe so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither ?
*Lad.* Why how now *Juliet?*
*Jul.* Madam I am not well.
*Lad.* Evermore weeping for your Cozins death ?
What wilt thou wash him from his grave with teares ?
And if thou could'st, thou could'st 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.
*Lad.* 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 weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine lives which slaughter'd him.
*Jul.* What Villaine, Madam?
*Lad.* That same Villaine *Romeo.*
*Jul.* Villaine and he, be many Miles assunder :
God pardon, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieve my heart.
*Lad.* That is because the Traitor lives.
*Jul.* I Madam from the reach of these my hands :
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
*Lad.* We will have vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua,*
Where that same banisht Run-agate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt* company :
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

*Jul.* Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With *Romeo,* till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext :
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* should upon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the Love I bore my Cozin,
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him.
*Mo.* Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man.
But now Ile tell thee joyfull tidings Gyrle.
*Jul.* And joy comes well, in such a needy time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?
*Mo.* Well, well, thou hast a carefull Father Child?
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 this?
*Mo.* Marry my Child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant ,young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee a joyfull Bride.
*Jul.* Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a joyfull Bride.
I wonder at this hast, that I must wed
Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe :
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris.* These are newes indeed.
*Mo.* Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter Capulet and Nurse.*

*Cap.* When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizzle daew
But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne,
It raines downright.
How now? A Conduit Gyrle, what still in teares?
Evermore showring in one little body ?
Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind :
For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is
Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with the teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will over set
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?
*Lady.* I sir;
But she will none,she gives you thankes,
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 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 Bridegroome
*Jul.* Not proud you have,
But thankfull that you have :
Proud can I never be of what I have,
But thankfull even for hate, that is meant Love.
*Cap.* How no ?
How now ? Chopt Logicke ? what is this ?
Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not.
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To

To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church :
Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
*Lady*. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
*Jul.* Good Father, I beseech you on my knees
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.
*Fa.* Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell the what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or never after looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, do not answer me.
My fingers itch, wife: we scarce thought us blest,
That God had lent us but this onely Child,
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 bless her,
You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.
*Fa.* And why my Lady wisedome? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossip,go.
*Nur.* I speake no treason,
[Father], O Godigoden,
May not one speake ?
*Fa.* Peace you mumbling foole,
Utter your gravitie ore a Gossips bowles
For here we need it not.
*La.* You are too hot.
*Fa.* Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, still my care hath bin
To have her matcht,and having now provided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of faire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Stuft as they say with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a man,
And then to have a wretched puling foole,
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 do 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, [strave], die in the streets,
For by my soule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :
Trust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne *Exit.*
*Juli*. Is there no pittie sitting in the Cloudes,
That sees into the bottome of my griefe?
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridal bed
In that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lies.
*Mo.* Talke not to me, for Ile not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *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, counsaile me :
[Hlacke], 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.

*Nur.* Faith, here it is,
*Romeo* is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you :
Or if he do, 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 :
*Romeos* a dish-clout to him : an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very heart,
I 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 marve'lous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.
*Nur.* Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.
*Jul.* Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend!
It is more sin to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thousand times? Go Counsellor,
Thou and my bosome henchforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all else faile, my selfe have power to die. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Frier and Countie Paris.*

*Fri.* On Thursday sir? the time is very short.
*Par.* My Father *Capulet* will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his hast.
*Fri.* You say you do not know the Ladies mind?
Uneven is the course, I like it not.
*Par.* Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore have I little talke 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 wisedome, hasts our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by societie.
Now doe you know the reason of the hast?
*Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Looke sir, here 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.
*Par.* 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 answere that, I should confesse to you.
*Par.* Do 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 do so, it will be of more price
[Benig] spoke behind your backe, then to your face.
*Par.* Poore soule, thy face is much abas'd with teares.
*Juli.* The

*Jul.* The teares have got small victorie by that :
For it was bad inough before their spight.
*Pa.* Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report.
*Jul.* That is no slander sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.
*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slaundred it.
*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 pensive daughter now.
My Lord you must intreat the time alone.
*Par.* God sheild : I should disturbe Devotion,
*Juliet*, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit Paris.*
*Jul.* O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.
*Fri.* O *Juliet,* I alreadie know thy griefe,
It streames me past the compasse of my wits :
I heare thou must and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this Countie,
*Jul.* Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this,
Unlesse thou tell me how I may prevent it :
If in thy wisedome,thou canst give no helpe,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And [with' his] knife, Ile helpe it presently.
God joyn'd my heart, and *Romeos*, thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* seal'd :
Shall be the Labell to another Deede,
Or my true heart with trecherous revolt,
Turne to another, this shall slay them both :
Therefore out of thy long [expetien'st] time,
Give me some present counsell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the umpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring :
Be not so long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speak'st, speake not remedy.
*Fri.* Hold Daughter, I doe spie a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to [stay] thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coap'st with death himselfe, to scape fro it :
And if thou dar'st, Ile give thee remedie.
*Jul.* Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris,*
From of the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theevish waies, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are : chaine me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
Orecovered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reckie shankes and yellow chappels sculls :
Or bid me go into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his grave,
Things that to heare them told, have made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet Love.
*Fri.* Hold then: goe home, be [merrie,,] give consent,
To marrie *Paris* : wensday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber :
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,

A cold and drowsie humour : for no pulse
Shall keepe his native progresse, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou livest,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
To many ashes, the eyes windowes fall
Like death when he shut up the day of life :
Each part depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridgroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best Robes 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* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua.*
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
*Jul.* Give me, give me, O tell not me of care.
*Fri.* Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous:
In this resolve, Ile sent a Frier with speed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.
*Ju.* Love give me strength,
And strength shall helpe afford :
Farewell deare father. *Exit*

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

*Cap.* So many guests invite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
*Ser.* You shall have none ill sir, for Ile trie if they can licke their fingers.
*Cap.* How canst thou trie them so?
*Ser*. Marrie sir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his owne fingers : therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me.
*Cap.* Go be gone, we shall be much unfurnisht for this time : what is my Daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence?*
*Nur.* I forsooth.
*Cap.* Well he may chance to do some good on her,
A peevish selfe-wild harlotry it is.
*Enter Juliet.*
*Nur.* See where she comes from shrift
With merrie looke.
*Cap.* How now my headstrong,
Where have you bin gadding ?
*Jul.* Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition :
To you and your behests, and am enjoyn'd
By holy *Lawrence* , to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.
*Cap.* Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
Ile have this knot knit up to morrow morning.
*Jul.* I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gave him what becomed Love I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.
*Cap.* Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand up,
This

This is as't should be, let me see the County :
I marrie go I say, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God,this reveren'd holy Frier
All our whole Cittie 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's time inough.
*Fa.* Go Nurse, go with her,
Weele to Church to morrow.

*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*

*Mo.* We shall be short in our provision,
'Tis now neere night.
*Fa.* Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife :
Go thou to *Juliet* , helpe to [deckeup] her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie *Paris* to prepare him up
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward Gyrle is so reclaim'd.

*Exeunt Father and Mother.*

*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 Orysons,
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which well thou know'st, is crosse and full of sin.

*Enter Mother.*

*Mo.* What are you busie ho? need you my help?
*Jul.* No Madam, we have cul'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.* Farewell :
God knowes when we shall meete againe.
I have a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes up the heate of fire :
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should she do here?
My dismall Sceane, I needs must act alone:
Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poyson which the Frier
Subtilly hath ministred to have me dead,
Least in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo* ?
I feare it is, and yet me thinkes it should not,
For he hath still beene tried a holy man.
How, if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point :
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
And there die strangled ere my *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 Vaulte, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Auncestors are packt.
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but greene in earth,
Lies festring in his shrow'd, where as they say,
At some houres in the night, Spirits resort :
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smels,
And shrikes like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That living mortalls hearing them, run mad.
O if I walke, shall I not be distraught,
Invironed with all these hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers joynts?
And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrow'd?
And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,
As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines.
O looke,me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Upon [my] Rapiers point : stay *Tybalt*, stay;
*Romeo, Romeo, Romeo,* here's drinke: I drinke to thee.

*Enter Lady of the house, and Nurse.*

*Lady*. Hold,
Take these keies,and fetch more spices Nurse.
*Nur.* They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.
*Enter old Capulet.*
*Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir,
The second Cocke hath Crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke :
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica,*
Spare not for cost.
*Nur.* Go you Cot-queane,go,
Get you to bed, faith youle 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 beene sicke.
*La.* I you have bin 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 there?
*Enter three or foure with spits, and logs ,and baskets.*
*Fel.* Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.
*Cap.* Make hast, make hast, sirrah, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter,* he will shew thee where they are.
*Fel.* I have a head sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.
*Cap.* Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha.
Thou shalt be loggerhead; good [Father], 'tis day.
*Play Musicke*
The Countie will be here with Musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neere,
Nurse, wife, what ho? what Nurse I say?
*Enter Nurse.*
Go waken *Juliet,* go and trim her up,
Ile go and chat with *Paris:* hie, make hast,
Make hast, the Bridegroome, he is come already :
Make hast I say.
*Nur.* Mistris, what Mistris? *Juliet?* Fast I warrent her she.
Why Lambe, why Lady?fie you sluggabed,
Why Love I say?Madam, sweet heart: why Bride?
What not a word ? You taked your peniworths now.
Sleepe for a weeke ,for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgive me :
Marrie and Amen : how sound is she a sleepe ?



---

I must needs wake her : Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you up yfaith. Will it not be?
What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe ?
I must needs wake you : Lady, Lady, Lady ?
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead,
Oh weladay, that ever I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitae ho, my Lord, my Lady ?
*Mo.* What noise is heere? *Enter Mother.*
*Nur.* O lamentable day.
*Mo.* What is the matter ?
*Nur.* Looke, looke,oh heavy day.
*Mo.* O me, O me, my Child, my onely life :
Revive, looke up, or I will die with thee :
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.
*Enter Father.*
*Fa.* For shame bring *Juliet* forth, her Lord is come.
*Nur.* Shee's dead: deceast, shee's dead: alacke the day.
*M.* Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead.
*Fa*. Ha? Let me see her: out alas shee's cold.
Her blood is setled and her joynts are stiffe :
Life and these lips have long bene [sep erated:]
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the swetest flower of all the field.
*Nur.* O Lamentable day!
*Mo.* O wofull time.
*Fa.* Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speake.
*Enter Frier and the Countie.*
*Fri.* Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
*Fa.* Ready to go, but never to returne.
O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife : there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him.
Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,
My Daughter he hath wedded, I will die,
And 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.* Accur'st,unhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre, that ere time saw
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage.
But one, poore one, one poore and loving Child,
But one thing to rejoyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.
*Nar.* O wo, 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.
*Pa*. Beguild, divorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruell, cruell thee quite overthrowne:
O love, O life; not life, but love in death.
*Fat.* Despis'd, distressed hated, martir'd,kild,
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murther, murther our solemnitie ?
O Child, O Child; my soule, and not my Child,
Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead,
And with my Child, my joyes are buried.
*Fri.* Peace ho for shame, confusions : Care[,]lives not
In these confusions, heaven and your selfe
Had part in this faire Maid, now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid :
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,

But heaven keepes his part in eternall life :
The most you sought was her promotion,
For ‘twas your heaven, she shouldst be advan’st,
And weepe ye now, seeing she is advan’st
Above the Cloudes, as high as Heaven it selfe?
O in this love, you love your Child 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 dies married yong.
Drie up your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
And in her best array beare her to Church:
For though some Nature bids 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 Bells,
Our wedding cheare, to a sad buriall Feast :
Our solemne Hymnes, to sullen Dyrges change :
Our Bridall flowers serve for a buried Coarse:
And all things change them to the contrarie.
*Fri.* Sir go you in ; and Madam, go with him,
And so sir *Paris,* every one prepare
To follow this faire Coarse unto her grave:
The heavens do lowre upon you, for some ill:
Move them no more, by crossing their high will. *Exeunt*
*Mu.* Faith we may put up our Pipes and be gone.
*Nur.* Honest goodfellowes : Ah put up, put up,
For well you know, this is a pitifull case.
*Mu.* I by my troth, the case may be amended.
*Enter Peter.*
*Pet.* Musitions, oh Musitions,
Hearts ease, hearts ease,
O, and you will have me live,play hearts ease.
*Mu.* Why hearts ease?
*Pet.* O Musitions,
Because my heart it selfe plaies, my heart is full.
*Mu.* Not a dump we, ‘tis no time to play now.
*Pet.* You will not then?
*Mu.* No.
*Pet.* I will then give it you soundly.
*Mu.* What will you give us?
*Pet.* No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will give you the Minstrell.
*Mu.* Then will I give you the Serving creature.
*Peter.* Then will I lay the serving Creatures Dagger
on your pate. I will carrie no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa
you, do you note me?
*Mu.* And you Re us, and Fa us, you Note us.
2.*M.* Pray you put up your Dagger,
And put out your wit.
Then have at you with my wit.
*Peter.* I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,
And put up my yron Dagger.
Answere me like men:
When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Mu-
sicke with her silver sound.
Why silver sound? why Musicke with her silver sound?
what say you *Simon Catling ?*
*Mu.* Mary sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
*Pet.* Pratest, what say you *Hugh Rebicke*?
*2.M.* I say silver sound, because Musitions sound for sil-
*Pet.* Pratest to, what say you *James Sound-Post?* (ver
*3.Mu.* 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 Musitions have no gold for sounding,
Then Musicke with her silver sound, with speedy helpe
doth lend redresse. *Exit.*

*Mu.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

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

*Enter Romeo.*

*Rom.* If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some joyfull newes at hand :
My bosomes [L.] sits lightly in his throne :
And all [thisan day an uccustom'd] spirit,
Lifts me above the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that gives a dead man leave to thinke,)
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.*

News from *Verona,* how now *Balthazar?*
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 sleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall part with Angels live,
I saw her laid low in her kindreds Vault,
And presently tooke Poste to tell it you :
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leave it for my office Sir.

*Rom.* Is it even so ?
Then I denie you Starres.
Thou knowest my lidging, get me inke and paper,
And hire Post-Horses, I will hence to night.

*Man.* I do beseech you sir, have patience :
Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

*Rom.* Tush, thou art deceiv'd,
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

*Man.* No my good Lord.

*Exit Man.*

*Rom.* No matter : Get thee gone,
And hyre those Horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Juliet,* I will lie with thee to night :
Lets see for meanes: O mischiefe thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men :
I do remember an Appothecarie,
And here abouts dwells, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with overwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie shop a Tortyrs hung,
An Allegater stuft,and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes ,and about his shelves,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots,Bladders, and mustie seedes,
Remnants of packthread,and old cakes of Roses
Were thinky scattered, to make up a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is [persent] death in *Mantua,*
Here lives a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho? Appothecarie?

*Enter Appothecarie.*

*App.* Who call's so low'd?

*Rom.* Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me have
A dram of poyson,such suune speeding geare,
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fier'd
Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.

*App.* Such mortall drugs I have, but *Mantuas* law
Is death to any he, that utters them.

*Rom.* Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fear'st to die ? Famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and opression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery hangs upon thy backe!
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not [poor,ebut] breake it, and take this.

*App.* My poverty, but not my will consents.

*Rom.* I [pray] thy poverty, and not thy will.

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

*Rom.* There's thy Gold,
Worse poyson to mens soules,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Then these poore compounds that thou maiest not sell.
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewell,buy food,and get thy selfe in flesh.
Coe Cordiall,and not poyson,go with me
To *Juliet*s grave, for there must I use thee.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Frier John to Frier Lawrence.*

*John.* Holy *Franciscan* Frier, Brother, ho?

*Enter Frier Lawrence.*

*Law.* This same should be the voice of Frier *John.*
welcome from *Mantua,* what sayes *Romeo?*
Or if his mind be writ,give me his Letter.

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

*Law.* 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.

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

*John.* Brother Ile go and bring it thee. *Exit.*

*Law.* Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Juliet* wake,
Shee will beshrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua,*

And

And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore living Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,
*Exit.*

*Enter Paris and his Page.*

*Par.* Give me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloft,
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 some thing approach,
Give me those flowers, Do as I bid thee, go.
*Page.* I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will adventure.
*Pa.* Sweet Flower with flowers they Bridall bed I strew:
O woe,thy Canopie is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares defil'd by mones;
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weepe.
*Whistle Boy.*
The Boy gives warning,something doth approach,
What cursed foot wanders this wayes to night,
To crosse my obsequies, and true loves right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

*Enter Romeo, and Peter.*

*Rom.* Give me that Mattocke,& the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter,early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father,
Give me the light ; upon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hear'st or seest,stand all aloofe,
And do not intrerrupt 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 that Ring I must use,
In deare employment,therefore hence be gone:
But if thou jealous dost returne to prie
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven I will teare thee joynt by joynt,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time, and my intents are savage wilde:
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers,or the roaring Sea.
*Pet.* I will be gone sir, and not [troubl e] you
*Ro.* So shalt thou shew me friendship : take thou that,
Live and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.
*Pet.* For all this same, Ile hhide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.
*Rom.* Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Jawes to open,
And in despight, Ile cram thee with more food.
*Par.* This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague,*
That murdred my Loves Cozin ; with which griefe,
It is supposed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallowed toyle ,vile *Mountague :*
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned vallaine, I do apprehend thee
Obey and go with me, for thou must die,

*Rom.* I must indeed, and therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flie hence and leave me, thinke upon those gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,
Put not an other sin upon my head,
By urging me to furie. O be gone,
By heaven I love thee better then my selfe :
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.
*Par.* I do defie thy commisseration,
And apprehend the for a Fellon here.
*Ro.* Wilt thou provoke me ? Then have at thee Boy.
*Pet.* O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
*Pa.* O I am slaine, if tho[n] be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Juliet.*
*Rom.* In faith I will, let me peruse this face:
*Mercutius* kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris,*
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should 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 burie thee in a triumphant grave.
A Grave; O no, a Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:
For here lies *Juliet ,* and her beautie makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,
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 Beautie:
Thou are not conquer'd : Beauties ensigne yet
Is Crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flag is not advanced there.
*Tybalt,* ly'st thou there in thy bloudy sheet ?
O what more favour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To sunder his that was thy enemie?
Forgive me Cozen. Ah deare *Juliet*:
Why art thou yet so faire ? I will beleeve,
Shall I beleeve, that unsubstantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred Monster keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour ?
For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,
And never from this Pallace of dym night
Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,
Heere's to thy health,where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Appothecarie !
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Depart again; 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 looke your last :
Armes take your last embrace : And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righeous kisse
A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, Come unsavoury guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing Rocks,thy Sea-sicke wearie Barke :
Heere's to my Love. O true Appothecary:

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
*Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.*
*Fri.* St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves ? Who's there?
*Man.*Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.
*Fri.* Blisse be upon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs, and eyelesse Sculles? As I discerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* Monument.
*Man.* It doth so holy sir,
And there's my Master, one that you love.
*Fri.* Who is it?
*Man. Romeo.*
*Fri.* How long hath he bin there?
*Man.* Full halfe an houre.
*Fri.* Go with me to the Vault.
*Man.* I dare not Sir.
My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his entents.
*Fri.* Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comse upon me.
O much I feare some ill unluckie thing.
*Man.* As I did sleepe under this young tree here,
I dreamt my maister and another fought,
And that my Maister slew him.
*Fri. Romeo.*
Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which staines
The stony entrance of this Sepulcher ?
What meane these Masterlesse, and goarie Swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
*Romeo,* oh pale : who else? what *Paris* too ?
And steept in blood? Ah what an [unknd] houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.
*Jul.* O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be :
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?
*Fri.* I heare some noyse Lady , come from that nest
Of death, contagion,and unnaturall sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too: come Ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes :
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.
Come, go good *Juliet*, I dare no longer stay. *Exit.*
*Jul.* Go get thee hence,for I will [notuaway,]
What's here? A cup clos'd in my trye loves hand?
Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end
O churle, drinke all? and left no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me die 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,
'Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die. *Kils herselfe.*
*Boy.* This is the place,
There where the Torch doth burne
*Watch.* The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard,
Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie slaine,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warme and newly dead

Who here hath laine these two dayes buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets,*
Raise up the *Mountagues,* some others search,
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

*Enter Romeo's man.*

[*Watch.*] Here's [*Romeo'r*] man,
We found him in the Churchyard.
*Con.* Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

*Enter Frier, and another Watchman.*

*3.Wat.* Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard side.
*Con.* A great suspition, stay the Frier too,

*Enter the Prince.*

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

*Enter Capulet and his Wife.*

*Cap.* What should it be that they so shrike abroad?
*Wife.* O the people in the streete crie *Romeo.*
Some *Juliet,* and some *Paris,* and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.
*Pri.* What feare is this which startles in your eares?
*Wat.* Soveraigne,here lies the Countie *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead,and *Juliet* dead before,
Warme and new kil'd.
*Prin.* Search,
Seeke,and know how,this foule murder comes.
*Wat.* Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd *Romeos* man,
With Instruments upon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.
*Cap.* O heaven !
O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dagger hath mistaine,for loe his house
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague,*
And is misheathed in my Daughters bosome.
*Wife.* O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

*Enter Mountague.*

*Pri.* 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.
*Moun.* O thou untaught, what manners in is this,
To presse before thy Father to a grave ?
*Prin.* 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 then will I be generall of your woes,
And lead you even to death? meane time forbeare,
And let mischance be slave to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspition.
*Fri.* I am the greatest, able to doe least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murther :
And heere I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.
*Prin.* Then say at once, what[*:*] thou dost know in this?
*Fri.* I will be briefe ,for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
*Romeo* there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*,
And she there dead, that's *Romeos* faithfull wife:

I married them; and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tybalts* Doomesday : whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:
For whom (and not for *Tybalt*) *Juliet* pinde.
You, to remove that siege of Greefe from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To Countie *Paris.* Then comes she to me,
And (with wilde 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 Tutor'd by my Art)
A sleeping Potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to *Romeo,*
That he should hither come, as this dyre 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 stay'd by accident ; and yesternight
Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo.*
But when I came (some Minute ere the time
Of her awaking) heere untimely lay
The Noble *Paris,* and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I intreated her come foorth,
And beare this worke of Heaven, with patience:
But then, a noyse did scarre me from the Tombe,
And she (too desperate) would not go with me,
But (as it seemes) did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is privy:
And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd, some houre before the time,
Unto the rigour of severest Law.

*Prin.* We still have knowne the for a Holy man.
Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he say to this?

*Boy.* I brought my Master newes of *Juliets* death,

And then in poste he came from *Mantua*
To this same place, to this same Monument.
This Letter he early bid me give his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.
*Prin.* Give me the Letter,I will look on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirra, what made your Master in this place?
*Page.* He came with flowres 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 Maister drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.
*Prin.* This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of Love, the tydings of her death :
And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with *Juliet.*
Where be these Enemies? *Capulet, Mountague,*
See what a scourge is laide upon your hate,
That Heaven finds meanes to kill your joyes with Love ;
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of Kinsmen : All are punish'd.
*Cap.* O Brother *Mountague,* give me thy hand,
This is my Daughters joynture, 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* by his Lady ly,
Poore sacrifices of our enmity.
*Prin.* A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head;
Go hence, to have more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.
For never was a Storie of more Wo,
Then this of *Juliet,* and her *Romeo.* *Exeunt omnes*



F I N I S.