



The Prologue.

T*wo households hold friends alike in dignity,
(In fair Verona, where we lay our scene)
From civil brawles broke into enmitie,
Whose civil warre makes civill hands uncleane,
From forth the fatal loynes of these two foes,
A pair of starre-cross'd Lovers took their life:
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows,
(Through the continuing of their fathers strife,
And death-markt passage of their Parents rage)
Is now the two houses traffique of our Stage,
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want wee'll strive to amend.*

[A3r]

Editorial Statement and Permissions

Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* (1597)

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Folger Copy

This edition of *Romeo and Juliet* (1597) was created from

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An excellent conceived tragedie of *Romeo and Juliet*. : As it hath been often

(with great applauses) plaied publiquely, by the right Honourable the L. of

Hunsdon his Seruants.London: Printed by Iohn Danter [and Edward Allde],

1597. Signatures: [A]*(-[A]1) B-K*.

The Folger Hamnet catalogue indicates that this copy of *Romeo and Juliet*

(1597) is imperfect: "the title leaf, [A]3, H2.3, I4 and K1-3 are missing; [A]2.3,

I4 and K1-3 are supplied in facsimile; H2 and H3, not conjugate, are supplied

from another copy (?)." Some text has been provided in facsimile.

A manuscript note appears on the K4v.

Shakespeare in Sheets Editing

In the process of editing this playbook, catchwords and signatures that were

missing, cropped, or difficult to read have been replaced in a modern typeface

and placed in brackets; page H1v is exempt because the printer did not include

a catchword. The catchword on K2r is irregular. This edition uses a full sheet

for A1-A4, so leaf A1 remains blank except for the editorial insertion of

signatures in brackets to assist with folding.

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Dedicated to "Kitty"

[A1r]

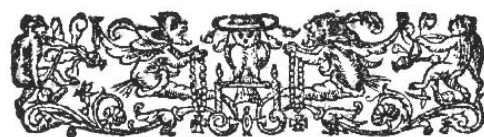
• *Prince*: Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,
On paine of torture,from those bloody handes
Throw your mitempered weapons to the ground.
Three Ciuell brawles bred;of an airie word,
By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets.
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,

Your

EXCELLENT
AN
 conceited Tragedie
 OF
 Romeo and Iuliet,
 As it hath been often (with great applause)
 paid publiquely, by the right Ho-
 nourable the L.^{of} *Hunsdon*
 his Seruants.



LONDON,
 Printed by Iohn Danter.
 1 5 9 7



The most excellent Tragedie of
Romeo and Iuliet.

Enter 2. Seruing-men of the Capolets.

G *Regorie*, of my word Ile carrie no coales.
 2 No, for if you doo, you should be a Collier.
 1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.
 2 Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the
 the collar.
 1 I strike quickly being moou'd.
 2 I, but you are not quickly moou'd to strike.
 1 A Dog of the house of the *Mountagues* mones me.
 2 To mooue is to stirre, and to bee valiant is to stand
 to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be mooud thou't
 runne away.
 1 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take
 the wall of.
 2 That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakest goes
 to the wall.
 1 Thats true, therefore Ile thrust the men from the
 wall, and thrust the maids to the walls: nay, thou shalt
 see I am a tall peece of flesh.
 2 Tis well thou art not fish, for if thou wert thou
 wouldst be but poore Iohn.
 1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile first begin with the maids, &
 off with their heads.
 2 The heads of the maids?

1 I.

B 3

and yet I knowe not who are written here: I must to the learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as the Taylor must muddle with his Lasse, the Shoemaker with his needie, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher with his Peasill, I must to the learned.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben: Tis man one fire burnes out another's burning, One paine is lesined with another's anguish: Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning. One desperate cure cures with another's languish. Take thou some new infection to thy eye, And the ranke poyson of the old will die.

Romeo: Your Planton leafe is excellent for that.

Ben: For what?

Romeo: For your broken shin.

Ben: Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom: Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is, Shure up in prison, kept without my foodde, Whipt and tomented, and Godden good fellow.

Ser: Goddigoden, I pray fir can you read,

Rom: I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser: Perhaps you have learned it without booke: but I pray can you read any thing you see?

Rom: If I know the letters and the language, *Ser:* Yes say honestly, tell you merrie.

Rom: Stay fellow I can read.

He reads the Letter.

Sigismur Martino and his wife and daughters, Countie Anselme and his beautiful sisters, the Ladie widow of Virtuio, *Seigneur* Placento, and his daughter *Neces*, Mercutio and his brother Valencino, mine uncle Capulet his wife and daughters, my faire Niece Rosaline and

Livia

B

Mount

And pittie is they live at odds so long:

Capulet: What should I say more than I said before, My daughter is a stranger in the world.

Shee hath not yet attained to fourtene yeares: Let two more summers wither in their pride, Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.

Paris: Younger than the happiest mothers made. But too soone made are these to early married:

But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart, My word to her consent is but a part.

This night I hold an old accustomed Feast, Whereto I have invited many a guest, Such as I love: yet you among the more, One more most welcome makes the number more.

At my poore house you shall behold this night, Earth treading stars, that make dark heaven light: Such comfort as doo just youngmen feelde, When well apparell'd April on the heelde Of knpping winter treads, euen such delights Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night Inherie at my house, heare all, all see, And like her most, whose merit most shall be; Such amongst view of many myne beeing one, May stand in number though in reckoning none.

Enter Servingman.

Where are you sir, goe trudge about
Through faire *Verona* streets, and seeke them out:
Whose names are written here and to them say,
My house and welcome at their pleasure lay.

Exeunt.

Ser: Seeke them out whose names are written here, and

The most excellent Tragedie,

to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Dunc-house twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and since that time it is a leaven yeare: for then could Iuliet stande high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could haue waded up and downe, for euen the day before shee brake her brow, and then my husband God be with his soule, hee was a merrie man: Dost thou fall forward Iuliet? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit: wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my hollidam, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see how a ieast shall come about, I warrant you if I should live a hundred yeare, I neuer should forget it, wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my troth she stinted and cried I.

Iuliet: And stint thou too, I prethee Nurce say I.

Nurce: Well goe thy waies, God marke thee for his grace, thou wert the prettiest Babe that ever I nursed, might I but live to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Wife: And that same marriage Nurce, is the Theame I meant to talke of: Tell me *Iuliet*, howe stand you affected to be married?

Iul: It is an honor that I dreame not off.

Nurce: An honor! were not I thy onely Nurce, I would say thou hadst suckt wisdom from thy Teat.

Wife: Well girle, the Noble Countie *Paris* seekes thee for his Wife.

Nurce: A man young Ladie, Ladie such a man as all the world, why he is a man of waxe.

Wife: *Veronaes* Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurce: Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.

Wife: Well *Iuliet*, how like you of *Paris* loue.

Iuliet: He looke to like, if looking liking moue, Gue no more deepe will I engage mine eye, Then your consent giues strength to make it flie.

Enter Clowne.

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Your liues shall pay the rancome of your fault:
For this time euery man depart in peace.
Come *Capulet* come you along with me,
And *Monutague*, come you this after noone,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old free Towne our common iudgement place,
Once more on paine of death each man depart.

Exeunt.

M: wife. Who set this auncient quarrel first abreach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?

Benuo: Here were the seruants of your aduersaries,
And yours close fighting ere I did approach.

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

Ben: Madame, an houre before the worshipfull sunne

Peep through the golden window of the East,

A troubled thought drew me from companie:

Where vnderneath the groue *Sicamore*,

That Westward rooteth from the Cities side,

So early walking might I see your sonne.

I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,

And drew into the thicket of the wood:

I noting his affections by mine owne,

That most are busied when th'are most alone,

Pursued my honor, not pursuing his.

Moun: Black and portentious must this honor proue,

Vnlesse good counsaile doo the cause remouue.

Ben: Why tell me Vncle do you know the cause?

Enter Romeo.

Moun: I neyther know it nor can learne of him.

Ben: See where he is, but stand you both aside

He know his griuance, or be much denied.

B

The most excellent Tragedie,
of Romeo and Iuliet.
 Livia, Seigneur Valerio and his Cousin Tibalt, Lucio
 and the Lincoln Hellenia.
 A faire assembly, whether should they come?
 Ser: Vp.
 Ro: Whether to supper?
 Ser: To our house.
 Ro: Whose house?
 Ser: My Masters.
 Ro: Indeed I should have askt thee that before.
 Ser: Now it'ert thou without asking. My Master is
 the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of
 Montagues, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Ruck
 you merrie.
 Ben: At this same ancient feast of Capulets,
 Sups the faire Rofaline whom thou lovest;
 With all the admir'd beauties of Verona,
 Goe wither and with unvarnished eye,
 Compare her face with some that I shall see,
 And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
 Ro: When the devout religion of mine eye
 Maintaines such falsehood, then turne to these to fire,
 And these who often drown'd could neuer die,
 Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
 One tawdrier than my love, the all seeing some
 Nere law her match, since first the world begun.
 Ben: Tut you saw her faire none els being by.
 Her selfe poyd with her selfe in either eye:
 But in that Christall scales let there be waid,
 Your Laddyes love against some other maide
 That I will shew you shining at this feast,
 And she shall see how well that new-learn'd befit.
 Rom: He goe along no such light to be shewn,
 But

The most excellent Tragedie,
of Romeo and Iuliet.
 Griefes of mine owne he heare at my hart,
 Which thou wouldst propagate to have them prest
 With more of thine, this griefe that thou hast shewn,
 Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne:
 Loue is a smoke raide with the fume of sighes
 Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes;
 Being vex'd, a sea raging with a lovers teares,
 What is it else? A madnes most difficult,
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. Farewell Cole.
 Ben: Nay he goe along.
 And if you hinder me you doo me wrong,
 Ro: Tut I have lost my selfe I am not here,
 This is not Romeo, hee's some other where.
 Ben: Tell me in sadness whom he is you loue?
 Ro: What shall I gonne and tell thee?
 Ben: Why no, but sadly tell me who.
 Ro: Bid a sickman in sadness make his will.
 Ah word ill vrg'd to one that is so ill.
 In sadness Coleen I doo loue a woman.
 Ben: I aime to right, when as you said you lou'd.
 Ro: A right good mark-man, and thees faire I loue.
 Ben: A right faire make faire Cole is soonest hit.
 Ro: But in that hit you miste, thee is not be hit
 With Cupids arrow, he hath Dianes wit,
 And in strong proofe of chastitie well arm'd;
 Gainst Cupids childish bow the lines unharmed,
 Shee is not abid the sledge of louing teares,
 Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold,
 Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore,
 That when she dies with beautie dies her lore.
 Enter Countess Paris, old Capulet.
 Of honorable reckoning are they both,
 B 2
 And

of Romeo and Iuliet.
 But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.
 Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.
 Wife: Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to
 mee.
 Nurce: Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I
 had her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid.
 VVher's this girle? what Iuliet. Enter Iuliet.
 Iuliet: How now who calst?
 Nurce: Your Mother.
 Iul: Madame I am here, what is your will?
 VV: This is the matter, Nurce giue leaue a while, we
 must talke in secret. Nurce come back again I haue re-
 memberd me, thou'lt heare our counsaile. Thou know
 est my daughters of a prettie age.
 Nurce: Faith I can tell her age vnto a houre.
 Wife: Shee's not fourteene.
 Nurce: Ple lay fourteens of my teeth, and yet to my
 teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene.
 How long is it now to Lammas-tide?
 Wife: A fortnight and odde dayes.
 Nurce: Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come
 Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene. Susan and she
 God rest all Christian soules were of an age. VVell Susan is
 with God, she was too good for me: But as I said on Lam-
 mas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she ema-
 rie I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake now e-
 leauen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it of
 all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid
 wormewood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Dowe-
 house wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I
 do beare a braine: But as I said, when it did tast the worme-
 wood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty fool'e
 to

of Romeo and Iuliet.
 Mount: I would thou wert so happie by thy stay
 To heare true shrift. Come Madame lets away.
 Benuo: Good morrow Cosen.
 Romeo: Is the day so young?
 Ben: But new stroke nine.
 Romeo: Ay me, sad hopes seeme long.
 Was that my Father that went hence so fast?
 Ben: It was, what sorrow lengthens Romeos houres?
 Rom: Not having that, which hauing makes them
 Ben: In loue. (short.
 Ro: Out.
 Ben: Of loue.
 Ro: Out of her fauor where I am in loue.
 Ben: Alas that loue so gentle in her view,
 Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooffe.
 Ro: Alas that loue whose view is muffled still,
 Should without lawes giue path-waies to our will:
 Where shall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
 Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,
 Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue.
 Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
 O anie thing, of nothing first create!
 O heauie lightnes serious vanitie!
 Misshapen Caos of best seeming thinges,
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
 Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
 This loue I feele I which feele no loue in this.
 Doeft thou not laugh?
 Ben: No Cole I rather weepe.
 Rom: Good hart at what?
 Ben: Anthy good hearts oppression
 Ro: Why such is loues transgression,
 Griefes

of Romeo and Iuliet.

The measure done, he watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it sight,
I never saw true beauty till this night.

Tib: This by his voice should be a *Mountain*,
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the slave
Come hither cover'd with an Antick face,
To scorn and iere at our solemnities?
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.
To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.
To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.

Ca: Why how now Colen, wherefore sicke me you lo.
Ti: Uncle this is a *Mountain* our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To mocke at our solemnities this night.

Ca: Young *Romeo*, is it not
Ti: It is that villain *Romeo*.
Ca: Let him alone, he bears him like a portly gentleman,
And to speak truth, *Vrona* brags of him,
As of a vertuous and well govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this townes,
Here in my house doo him disparagement:
Therefore be quiet taken note of him,
Bearing a faire pretence, and put off these rownes,
An ill becoming semblance for a fealt.

Ti: It fits when such a villain is a guest,
He not endure him.

Ca: He shall be indur'd, goe to I say, he shall,
Am I the Master of the house or you?
You'll make a mutenie amongst my guests,
You'll set Cocks a hooping, you'll be the man,
Ti: Uncle tis a shame,

The most excellent Tragedie,

Enter Romeo alone.

Ro: Shall I goe forward and my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio Mercutio.

Ben: *Romeo*, my colen *Romeo*.

Mer: Doeſt thou heare he is wife,
Vpon my life he hath stolne him home to bed.

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

Mer: Call, nay he coniure too.

Romeo, madman, humors, passion, liuer, appeare thou in
likenes of a sigh: speek but one rime & I am satisfied, cry
but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, speake to
my gossip *Venus* one faire word, one nickname for her
purblinde sonne and heire young *Abraham*: *Cupid* hee
that shot so trim when young King *Cophetua* loued the
begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniure thee by
Rosalindes bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lip, her
prettie foote, straight leg, and quivering thigh, and the
demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likeness
thou appeare to vs.

Ben: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer: Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one should
raise a spirit in his Mistress circle of some strange fashion,
making it there to stand till she had laid it, and coniurde
it downe, that were some spite. My inuocation is faire
and honest, and in his Mistress name I coniure onely but
to raise vp him.

Ben: Well he hath hid himselfe amongst those trees,
To be comforted with the humerous night.
Blinde in his loue, and best befits the darke.

Mer:

The

As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes shoves,
So shines a new-w-white Swan ouerpeeping with *Crowes*,
Beautie too rich for use, for earth too deare:
Like a rich iewel in an *Abishop* care,
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheek of night,
A burne bright
Of yonder Knight? O she doth teach the torches to
Rom: What Ladie is that that doth enrich the hand
Good youths I faith, Oh youths a jolly thing,
His sonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,
Cap: Will you tell me what it cannot be so,
Co: Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder far.
Some five and twentie yeares, and then we maske.
Come *Pentecost* as quicklie as it will,
Tis since the marriage of *Lucentio*,
Cap: Tis not so much, tis not so much.
Co: By Ladie tis thirtie yeares at least.
How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?
For you and I are past our flandering dayes,
May be, nay fir, good Colen *Capulet*:
Ah fir, this vniouer for sport comes well,
And quench the fire the roomes is growne too hot.
More lights you knowes, & turn the tables vp, (come,
Am I come nere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-
Shee that makes daintie, shee she weare haith *Corns*.
Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
Will haue about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,
Ladies that haue their toes vnplagued with *Corns*
Cap: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Enter old Capulet with the Ladies.
Directs my tale, on iustie Gentlemen.
But he that hath the fleece of my course
The most excellent Tragedie,

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Clowne: Maddam you are cald for, supper is readie,
the Nurse curst in the Pantrie, all things in extremitie,
make hast for I must be gone to waite.

Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.

Ro: What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apologie?

Benuoleo: The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid* hudwinckt with a Scarfe,
Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath,
Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper:
Nor no without booke Prologue faintly spoke
After the Prompter, for our entrance.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom: A torch for me I am not for this aumbling,
Beeing but heauie I will beare the light.

Mer: Beleene me *Romeo* I must haue you daunce.

Rom: Not I beleene me you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead
So stokes me to the ground I cannot stirre.

Mer: Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

Rom: Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart
Tickle the senceles rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a Grandfire phrase,
Hebe a candleholder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire and I am done.

Mer: Tut dun's the mouſe the Cunnstables old word,
If thou beeſt Dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Of this surreuerence loue where in thou stickst.
Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.

C

Rom: Nay

And then dreames he of smelling out a fire,
 And sometime comes the with a little pigge tale,
 Ticking a Parson's nose that lies aleepe,
 And then dreames he of another benches:
 Sometime the gallops ore a louders nose,
 And then dreames he of cutting forraine shroats,
 Of breaches ambidos, countermines,
 Of heathes fine fadome deepe, and then anon
 Dreames in his care: at which he laries and wakes,
 And sweares a Prayer or two and sleepes againe.
 This is that Mab that makes maids sic on their backs,
 And proves them women of good earriage. (the night,
 This is the verie Mab that plars the manes of Horses in
 And plars the Blacklocks in foule flutth haires,
 Which once vntangled much will forrune breedes.
Rom: Peace, peace, thou talkest of nothing.
Mer: True I talke of dreames,
 Which are the Children of an idle braine,
 Begot of nothing but vaine fantasie,
 Which is as thinne a subllance as the aire,
 And more inconstant than the winde,
 Which wooes euen now the froe bowels of the north,
 And being angered puffes away in haile,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. (selves.
Ben: Come, come, this winde doth blow vs from our
 Supper is done and we shall come too late.
Rom: I feare too earlie, for my middle wilgits
 Some consequence is hanging in the haire,
 Which bitterly begins his fearful date
 With this night-reuels, and expires the reme
 Or adspird life, eke in this breath,
 By some vntimelie foriet of vile death.

of Romeo and Iuliet.

The most excellent Tragedie,

Rom: Nay thats not so. *Mer*: I meane sir in delay,
 We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,
 Take our good meaning for our iudgement fits
 Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.

Rom: So we meane well by going to this maske:
 But tis no wit to goe,

Mer: Why *Romeo* may one aske?

Rom: I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer: And so did I. *Rom*: Why what was yours?

Mer: That dreamers often lie. (true,

Rom: In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things

Mer: Ah then I see Queene Mab hath bin with you.

Ben: Queene Mab whats she?

She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come
 In shap no bigger than an Aggat stone
 On the forefinger of a Burgomaster,
 Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,
 A thwart mens noses when they lie a sleepe.
 Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,
 The couer, of the winges of Grasshoppers,
 The traces are the Moone-shine watie beames,
 The collers crickets bones, the lash of filmes,
 Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie,
 Not halfe so big as is a little worrne,
 Pickt from the lasie finger of a maide,
 And in this sort she gallops vp and downe
 Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue:
 O're Courtiers knees: who strait on-curlies dreame
 O're Ladies lips, who dreame on kisses strait:
 Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breathes with sweet meats tainted are:
 Sometimes she gallops ore a Lawers lap,

And

The most excellent Tragedie,
of Romeo and Iuliet.
Ca: Goe too, you are a launcie knaue.
 This trick will leach you one day: I know what.
 Well said my hartes, Be quiet:
 More light I cke knaue, or I will make you quiet. (tag,
Iuliet: Patience perforce with wi fustoller mee:
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greccings:
 I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
 Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.
Rom: If I prophane with my myvourthe hand,
 This holie shrine, the gentle linne is this:
 My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready hand,
 To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kisse.
Iuliet: Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand and too
 Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this: (much,
 For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,
 And Palme to Palmers holie Palmers kisse.
Rom: Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Iuliet: Yes Pilgrime lips that they must vie in prayer.
Rom: Why then faire saint, let lips do what hands doo,
 They pray, yeeid thou, least faith turne to dispaire.
Iuliet: Saints doe not moue though: graue not praies
 forsake.
Rom: Then moue not till my praies effect I take.
 Thus from my lips, by yours my lin is purg'd.
Iuliet: Then haue my lips the sin that they haue took.
Rom: Sinne from my lips, O retpalle sweetly vrg'd!
 Giue me my sinne againe.
Iuliet: You kille by the booke.
Nurse: *Madame* your mother calles.
Rom: What is her mother?
Nurse: *Mary* Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the
 house, and a good Lady, and a wise, and a vertuous. I must
 her

of Romeo and Iuliet.

her daughter that you talke withall, I tell you, he that c
 lay hold of her shall haue the chinke.

Rom: Is she a Mountague? Oh deare account,
 My life is my foes thrall.

Ca: Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
 We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards.

They whisper in his care.

I pray you let me intreat you: Is it so?
 Well then I thanke you honest Gentlemen,
 I promise you but for your company,
 I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:
 Light to my chamber hoe.

Exeunt.

Iul: Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?

Nur: The sonne and heire of old Tiberio.

Iul: Whats he that now is going out of dore?

Nur: That as I thinke is yong Petruchio. (dance?

Iul: Whats he that followes there that would not

Nur: I know not.

Iul: Goe learne his name, if he be married,

My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

Nur: His name is *Romeo* ana a Mountague, the onely
 sonne of your great enemie.

Iul: My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
 Too early seene vnknowne, and knowne too late:

Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,
 That I should loue a loathed enemie.

Nurse: *Whats this? whats that?*

Iul: Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt euen now of
 oue I dancit with.

Nurse: Come your mother slaies for you. Ile goe a lone
 with you.

Exeunt.

Enter

of Romeo and Juliet.
 Too like the lightning that doth cease to be
 Ere once can say it lightens. hear some coming,
 Deare Ioue adew, sweet *Montague* be true,
 Stay but a little and I'll come againe.
Ro: O blessed blessed night, I feare being night,
 All this is but a dreame I heare and see,
 Too flattering true to be substantiall.
Jul: Three wordes good *Romeo* and good night in-
 (ded.) If that thy bent of Ioue be honourable?
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee:
 Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
 And all my fortunes at thy foote I'll lay,
 And follow thee my Lord through out the world.
Ro: Ioue goes toward Ioue like choolle boyes from
 their bookes,
 But Ioue from Ioue, to choolle with heauie lookes,
Jul: *Romeo, Romeo,* O for a falckners voice,
 To liue this Taffell gentle backe againe:
 Bondage is hoarie and may not cry aloud,
 Els would I reare the Cane where Echo lies,
 And make her aerie voice as hoarie as mine,
 With repetition of my *Romeos* name.
Romeo?
Ro: It is my Ioue that calles vpon my name,
 How finer sweet Ioue found Iouers tongues in night.
Jul: *Romeo?*
Ro: Madame.
Jul: At what a clocke to morrow shall I send?
Ro: At the houre of nine.
Jul: I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.
Romeo I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
 D 3
Rom:

The most excellent Tragedie,

Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee
 Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
 Within thy he'p and holy phisicke lies,
 I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe
 My intercession likewise steades my foe.

Frier: Be plaine my sonne and homely in thy drift,
 Ridling confession findes but ridling strift.

Rom: Then plainly know my harts deare Ioue is set
 On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
 As mine on hers, so hers likewise on mine,
 And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine
 By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
 I'll tell thee as I passe: But this I pray,
 That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri: Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here?
 Is *Rosaline* whome thou didst Ioue so deare
 So soone forsooke, lo yong mens Ioue then lies
 Not true lie in their harts, but in their eyes.
Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine
 Hath washt thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
 How much salt water cast away in wasse,
 To season Ioue, that of Ioue doth not taste.
 The sunne not yet thy sighes from heauen cleares,
 Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
 And loe vpon thy cheek the staine doth sit,
 Of an old teare that is not washt oft yet.
 If euer thou wert thus, 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 ther's no strength in men.

Rom: Thou chidst me oft for Iouing *Rosaline*

Frier

The most excellent Tragedie,
 What I haue spoke: but farewell compliments,
 Doe't thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt say I,
 And I will take thy word: but if thou swearst,
 Thou maist proue false:
 At Louers perjuries they say Ioue smiles.
 Abgent *Romeo*, if thou Ioue pronounce it faithfully:
 Or if thou thinke I am too easily wonne,
 It's growne and lay thee may and be peruerse,
 So thou wilt wooe: but els not for the world,
 In truth I am too fond,
 And therefore thou maist thinke my hauiour light:
 But trust me gentelman I'll proue more true,
 Than they that haue more cunning to be strange.
 I should haue bin strange I must confesse,
 But that thou over-heardest ere I was ware
 My true Ioues Passion: therefore pardon me,
 And not Iure this yeelding to light Ioue,
 Which the darke night hath so discovered.
Ro: By yonder blessed Moone I swear,
 That tips with silver all the fruit trees tops,
Jul: O swear not by the Moone the vconstant
 That monthlie changeth in her circled orb, (*Moone*,
 Least that thy Ioue proue likewise variable.
Ro: Now by
Jul: Nay doo not swear at all,
 Or if thou swear, swear by thy glorious selfe,
 Which art the God of my Idolatrie,
 And it's beleeue thee.
Ro: If my true Ioue Ioue
 I haue small ioy in this contract to night,
 It is too rash, too sodaine, too vnadvised,
 Too

of Romeo and Juliet.

Mer: If Ioue be blind, Ioue will not hit the marke,
 Now will he sit vnder a Medier tree,
 And with his Mistis were that kinde of fruite,
 As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
 Ah *Romeo* that she were, ah that she were
 An open *Et cetera*, thou a poprin Peare.
Romeo God night, it's to my trundle bed:
 This field bed is too cold for mee.
 Come lets away, for tis but vaine,
 To seeke him here that meanes not to be found.

Ro: He iests at feares that neuer felt a wound:
 But soft, what light forth yonder window breakes?
 It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sunne,
 Arise faire Sunne, and kill the enuious Moone
 That is already sicke, and pale with grieve:
 That thou her maid, art far more faire than she,
 Be not her maide since she is enuious,
 Her vestall liuerie is but pale and greene,
 And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off.
 She speakes, but she sayes nothing. What of that?
 Her eye discourseth, I will answer it.
 I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes,
 Two of the fairest starres in all the skies,
 Hauiug some busines, doe entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheares till they returne,
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
 The brightnes of her cheekes would shame those stars:
 As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
 Would through the aerie region fireame so bright,
 That birdes would sing, and thinke it were not night.
 Oh now she leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
 I would I were the gloue to that same hand,
 D That

of Romeo and Juliet.

Had I it written I would reare the word.
Jul: My cares haue not yet drunk a hundred words
 Of that tongues vterance, yet I know the sound:
Rom: Not *Romeo* and a *Montague*?
Jul: Nayther faire Saint, if eyther thee displeace,
Jul: How camst thou hether, tell me and wherfore?
 The Orchard walles are high and hard to climbe,
 And the place death considering who thou art,
 If any of my kindmen finde thee here.
Rom: By Ioues light winges did I orperch these wals,
 For thome limits cannot hold Ioue out,
 And what Ioue can doo, that dares Ioue attempt,
 Therefore thy kindmen are no let to me.
Jul: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.
Rom: Alas there lies more perill in thine eyes,
 Then twentie of their swordes, looke thou but swete,
 And I am proofe against their enmitie.
Jul: I would not for the world they shoud finde thee
 And but thou Ioue me let them finde me here:
 For like were better ended by their hate,
 Than death proroged wanting of thy Ioue.
Jul: By whose directions foundst thou out this place.
Rom: By Ioue, who first did prompt me to enquire,
 I he gaue me counsaile and I lent him eyes,
 I am no Pilot: yetwert thou as farr
 As that vast shore, wast with the surthest sea,
 I would adventure for such Marchandise.
Jul: Thou knowst the tracke of my face
 Els would a Maiden blissh bepaint my cheeks:
 For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
 Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,
 What

The most excellent Tragedie,

Rom: Let me stay here till you remember it.
Jul: I shall forget to haue thee still stay here,
 Remembering how I loue thy company.
Rom: And if I stay till to haue thee still forget,
 Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul: Tis almost morning I would haue thee gone,
 But yet no further then a wantons bird,
 Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
 Like a pore prisoner in his twisted giues,
 And with a like threat puts it backe againe,
 Too louing ialous of his libertie.
Rom: Would I were thy bird.
Jul: Sweet to would I,
 Yet I should kill thee with much cherrishing thee.
 Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
 That I shall lay good night till it be morrow. (breath)
Rom: Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy
 I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to rest.
 Now will I to my Ghostly fathers Cell,
 His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.
Enter Friar Francis.
Friar: The gray eyed morne smiles on the frowning
 Cheeking the balterne clouds with streakes of light,
 And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
 From forth daies path, and *Tians* fierie wheeles:
 Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
 The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie.
 We must vp fill this callier Cage of ours,
 With bales full weeds, and precious iuyced flowers.
 Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
 In hearbes, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
 For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth liue,
 But

The most excellent Tragedie,

That I might kisse that cheeke.
Jul: Ay me.
Rom: She speakes, Oh speake againe bright Angell:
 For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my
 As is a winged messenger of heauen (head,
 Vnto the white vprained woondring eyes,
 Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the last pacing cloudes,
 And sailes vpon the bosome of the aire.
Jul: Ah *Romeo, Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
 Denie thy Father, and refuse thy name,
 Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my Ioue,
 And it's no longer be a *Capulet*.
Rom: Shall I heare more, or shall I speake to this?
Jul: Tis but thy name that is mine enemy.
 Whats *Montague*? It is nor hand nor foote,
 Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.
 Whats in a name? That which we call a Rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet:
 So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
 Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:
 Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,
 And for that name which is no part of thee,
 Take all I haue.
Rom: I take thee at thy word,
 Call me but Ioue, and it's be new Baptiste,
 Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.
Jul: What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,
 Doe'st stumble on my counsaile?
Rom: By a name I know not how to tell thee.
 My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,
 Because it is an enemy to thee.

of Romeo and Juliet.

But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
 Nor nought so good, but straine from that faire vse,
 Reuolts to vice and stumbles on abuse:
 Vertue it felie turnes vice being misapplied,
 And vice sometimes by action dignified.
 Within the infant rinde of this small flower,
 Poyson hath residence, and medecine power:
 For this being smelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,
 Being tasted slaies all fences with the hart.
 Two such opposed foes incampe them still,
 In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soone the canker death eats vp that plant.
Rom: Good morrow to my Ghostly Confeffor.
Fri: Benedicite, what earlie tongue so loone saluteth
 Yong sonne it argues a distempered head, (me)
 So soone to bid good morrow to my bed.
 Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,
 And where care lodgeth, sleep can neuer lie:
 But where vnbrused youth with vastust braines
 Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remains:
 Therefore thy earlines doth me assure,
 Thou art vprowl'd by some distemperature.
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right
 Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.
Rom: The last was true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri: God pardon sin, wert thou with *Rosaline*?
Rom: With *Rosaline* my Ghostly father no,
 I haue forgot that name, and that names woe. (then)
Fri: Thats my good sonne: but where hast thou bin
Rom: I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,
 I haue bin feasting with mine enemy:

E 3
Which to the high-top-gallant of my toy
The cordes, made like a rackled faire,
My man shall come to thee, and bring along
And stay thou Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
To come to shift to Frier Laurence cell:
Rom: Bid her get leave to morrow morning
Gentle man like proffer.
Nur: That you doo protest: which (as I take it) is a
Rom: Why, what wilt thou tell her?
Nur: Good heart: yfaith I'll tell her so: oh she will, be
aieyfull woman.
Rom: Nurse, commend me to thy L. die, tell her I pro-
test.
Rom: Nurse, commend me to thy L. die, tell her I pro-
dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.
if you should deale doubly with her, it were verie weake
behaviour as they say, for the Gentlewoman an is yong. Now
fooles paradise as they saye, it were a verie grosse kinde of
that I'll keepe to my selfe: but if you should lead her into a
Ladie bad me seeke ye out, and what thee bad me tell ye,
member about me quincers: scurvie Iacke. But as I said, my
Nur: Now afore God he hath so vexed me, that euerie
out as anothers if I see time and place.
would soone haue drawn: you know my tooke is as soone
Pet: I see no bodie vfe you at his pleasure, if I had, I
vfe me at his pleasure.
And thou like a knaue must stand by, and see euerie Iacke
She turns to Peter her man.
gills, I am none of his skaines mates.
downe, he findeth in that shall: I am none of his hurt-
him downe if he were juster than he is: if I cannot take him
Nur: If hee stand to anie thing against mee, I'll take
to in a month.
talked, and will speake more in an houre than hee will stand
Rom: A gentle man Nurse that loues to heare him selfe
this that was so full of his topescript?
Nur: Marry farewell. Pray what fauor: merchant was
of Romeo and Iuliet.

The excellent Tragedie

Rom: My Iuliet welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloas'd in Nights myfts) attend the frolicke Day,
So Romeo hath expected Iuliet,
And thou art come.
Iul: I am (if I be Day)
Come to my Sunne: shine foorth, and make me faire.
Rom: All beaucous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.
Iul: Romeo from thine all brightnes doth arise.
Fr: Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe
Defer imbracements till some fitter time,
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,
Till holy Church haue ioyn'd ye both in one.
Rom: Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.
Iul: Make hast, make hast, this lingring doth vs wrong.
Fr: O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.
Hast is a common hindrer in crosse way. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.

Ben: I prece thee good Mercutio lets retire,
The day is hot, the Capels are abroad.
Mer: Thou art like one of those, that when hee comes
into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the
beord, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by
the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the
drawer, when indeed there is no need.
Ben: Am I like such a one?
Mer: Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude,
and as soone mooude to be moodie, and as soone moodie to
be mooud.
Ben: And what too?
Mer: Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue
none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for crack-
ing of nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hadst
hassill eyes? what eye but such an eye would haue pickt out
such a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee
wakd

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Fr: For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.
Rom: And badst me burie loue.
Fr: Not in a graue,
To lay one in another out to haue.
Rom: I prece thee chide not, she whom I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not so.
Fr: Oh she knew well
Thy loue did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come yong Wauerer, come goe with mee,
In one respect Ile thy assitant bee:
For this alliaunce may so happie proue,
To turne your Household's rancour to pure loue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.

Mer: Why whats become of Romeo? came he not
home to night?
Ben: Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.
Mer: Ah that same pale hard hearted wench, that Ro-
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad. *(salut.)*
Mer: Tybalt the Kinsman of olde Capolet
Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers House:
Some Challenge on my life.
Ben: Romeo will answere it.
Mer: I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.
Ben: Nay, he will answere the letters matter if hee bee
challenged.
Mer: Who, Romeo? why he is already dead: slab'd
with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the care
with a loue song, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the
blinde bow-boyes but-shaft. And is he a man to encounter
Tybalt?
Ben: Why what is Tybalt?
Mer: More than the prince of cattles I can tell you. Oh
he is the couragious captain of complements, Catso, he
fights

Mer: Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell sweet Ladie.
Rom: I will.
You come to your fathers to supper?
if it were ere it be spent.
But a hare that's hoare is too much for a score,
is verie good mate in Lent:
And an olde hare, and an olde hare
It walks by them, and sings.
that's some what stale and hoare ere it be eaten.
Mer: No hare sir, yfaith it be a hare in a lenten pyc,
Rom: Why what hast found man?
Mer: So ho, a baud, a baud, a baud.
Ben: O, belike she meanes to invite him to supper.
Nur: If you be he sir, I desire some conference with ye.
ly, wisely.
Mer: Yea, is the worst well? mas well noted, wile-
Nur: Well said.
the yongest of that name for fault of a worde.
haue found him, than he was when you sought him. I am
Rom: I can: but yong Romeo will be elder when you
finde yong Romeo?
quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie
Nur: By my troth well said: for himselfe to marre
himselfe to marre.
Rom: A Gentleman Nurse, that God hath made for
Nur: Fie, what a man is this?
the dial is euen now upon the pike of noone.
Mer: 'Tis no lesse I assure you, for the bauld hand of
Nur: Is it goddy goodden I pray you.
Mer: Goddy goodden faire Gentlewoman.
Nur: Goddy goodden tomorrow Gentleman.
her name is the father of the two.
Mer: Pice thee doo good Frier, to hide her face: for
Nur: Frier, pice thee give me my fan
Ben: Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.
The excellent Tragedie

Enter Nurse and her man.

Rom: Heere goodly geare,
meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.
Nur: I ut man thou art deceived, I meant to make it
Ben: Thou wouldst have made thy tale too long?
the haire.
Nur: Why thou wouldst have me stopp my tale against
Ben: Stop there.
his bable in a hole.
Nur: Oh heere is a witte of Chaucerell that stretcheth
Rom: I stretch it out for the word broad, which added to
from any such narrow to an ell broad.
Nur: Oh heere is a witte of Chaucerell that stretcheth
Rom: And was it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose?
Nur: Why thy wit is a bitter sweetening, a most sharp sauce
Rom: Nay good goose bite not.
Nur: He bite thee by the eare for that self.
thou wert not with me for the goose.
Rom: Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when
the goose?
thy wits, than I haue in al my fute: Was I with you there for
done: for I am sure thou hast more of the goose in one of
Nur: Nay if thy wits runne the wild goose chase, I haue
Rom: Wits and spures, wits & spures, or Ile cry a match.
Nur: Come between vs good *Benedick*, for my wits saile.
Rom: O single soald icst folie singuler for the singlences.
the icst may remaine after the wearing folie singuler.
worne out thy Pumpe, that when the single sole of it is worn

of Romeo and Iuliet.

The excellent Tragedie

fightes as you sing pricke-song, keepes time dystance and
proportion, rests me his minum rest one two and the thirde
in your bosome, the very butcher of a silken button, a Duell-
list a Duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first
and second cause, ah the immortal Passado, the Punto re-
uerfo, the Hay.

Ben: The what?

Me: The Poxe of such limping antique affecting fan-
tasticoes these new tuners of accents. By Iesu a very good
blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why ground-
fir is not this a miserable case that we should be stil afflicted
with these strange flies: these fashionmongers, these par-
donmees, that stand so much on the new forme, that they
cannot sitte at ease on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr
bones.

Ben: Heere comes Romeo.

Me: Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. Offesh flesh
how art thou fishified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that
Petrarch flowdin: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchin
drudg, yet she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dow-
dy Cleopatra a Gypsie, *Hero* and *Hellen* hildings and harle-
tries: *Thisbie* agray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior
Romeo bon iour, there is a French curtesie to your French
flop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yesternight.

Rom: What counterfeit I pray you?

Me: The slip the slip, can you not conceiue?

Rom: I cry you mercy my busines was great, and in such
a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Me: Oh thats as much to say as such a case as yours wil
constraine a man to bow in the hams.

Rom: A most courteous exposition.

Me: Why I am the very pinke of curtesie.

Rom: Pinke for flower?

Me: Right.

Rom: Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:

Me: Well said, follow me nowe that icst till thou hast
worne

kinde
Iul: Lord, Lord, how oddly thou repliest? He saies like a
kind, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?

Nur: Marry he sayes like an honest Gentleman, and a
riage?

Iul: What of all this? tell me what sayes he to our ma-
beares?

way wench, thou hast it faith. Lord, Lord, how my head
man: and for a hand, and a foot, and a baudie, wel go thy
no bodie, he is not the flower of curtesie, he is not a proper

Nur: *Romeo*, nay, alas you cannot chuse a man. Hees
Iul: But tell me sweet Nurse, what sayes *Romeo*?

ther side. Lord, Lord, what a case am I in.
Nur: Hee, what a iauent haue I had: and my backe a co-
Iul: I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes.

vitae.
my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Cuius me some aqua

Nur: Oh I am wearie, let me rest a while. Lord how
What sayes my Loue?

Oh now he comes. Tell me gentle Nurse,
Enter Nurse.

Doth hurie from the fearful Cannons mouth.
And runne more swift, than halfe powder fierd,

Oh she is lazie, Loues heralds should be thoughtes,
Perhaps she cannot finde him. I hats not to.

In halfe an houre she promitt to returne.
Iul: The clocke stroke nine when I did send my Nurse

Enter Iuliet.

Nur: *Peter*, take my faine, and goe before. *Ex. omnes.*
Rom: Farewell, be trustie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Exit*

Nur: Well, to morrow morning she shall not faile.
Rom: I say you shall not chuse.

Nur: No, not a penic truly.
Hold, take that for thy paines.

Must be my conduct in the secret night.
The excellent Tragedie

of Romeo and Iuliet.

kinde Gentleman, and an honest, and a vertuous; wheres
your mother?

Nur: Marry come vp, cannot you stay a while? is this
the poulteresse for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue
done, euen doot your selfe.

Iul: Nay stay sweet Nurse, I doo intreate thee now,
What sayes my Loue, my Lord, my *Romeo*?

Nur: Goe, hyc you straight to Friar *Laurence* Cell,
And frame a scuse that you must goe to shrift:

There staves a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,

I must prouide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your Lord must clime a birdes nest soone.

I must take paines to further your delight,
But you must beare the burden soone at night.

Doth this newes please you now?

Iul: How doth her latter words reuiue my hart,
Thankes gentle Nurse, dispatch thy busines,

And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, Friar.

Rom: Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant
Consists the good of me and *Iuliet*.

Fr: Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.

Rom: This morning here she pointed we should meet,
And consummate those neuer parting bands,

Witnes of our harts loue by ioynning hands,
And come she will.

Fr: I gesse she will indeed,
Youths loue is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

Enter Iuliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo,
See where she comes.

So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:
Of loue and ioy, see see the soueraine power.

Iul: *Romeo,*

Rom:

The excellent Tragedie

Vp fira goe with vs,

Enter P. ince, Capolet wife.

Pry: Where be the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben: Ah Noble Prince I can discouer all
The most vnlucky mannaige of this brawle.
Heere lyes the man slaine by yong Romeo,
I hat the wthy kinsman braue Mercutio,
M: Tybalt, Tybalt, O my brothers child,
Vnhaptye figh? Ah the blood is spilt
O my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
Pry: Speake Benhollo who began this fray?
Ben: Tybalt heere slaine whom Romeos hand did slay.
How nice the quarrell was.
But Tybalt still persisting in his wrong,
The slout Mercutio drewe to calme the strome,
Which Romeo seeing cal'd slay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,
And with his agill arme yong Romeo,
As fast as tunc cryde peace, fought peace to make.
While they were entrechasing thrusts and blows,
Vnder yong Romeos laboring arme to part,
The furious Tybalt cast an enuious thrust,
That rid the life of slout Mercutio.
With that he fled, but presently return'd,
And with his rapier braued Romeo:
That had but newly enterain'd reuenge.
And ere I could draw forth my rapier
To part their fute, downe did Tybalt fall,
And this way Romeo fled.
M: He is a Montague and speakes partially,
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife:
And all those twentie could but kill one life.

I doe

of Romeo and Iuliet.

wakd thy dogge that laye a sleepe in the Sunne? With a
Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Easter: and
with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands.
And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.
Ben: By my head heere comes a Capolet.

Enter Tybalt.

Merc: By my heele I care not.
Tyb: Gentlemen a word with one of you.
Merc: But one word with one of vs? You had best couple
it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow.
Tyb: I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.
Merc: Could you not take occasion?
Tyb: Mercutio thou consores with Romeo?
Merc: Confort. Zwounes confort: the slaue wil make fiddle-
lers of vs. If you doe fira, look for nothing but discord: For
heeres my fiddle-slicke.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb: Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.
Merc: But he be hanged if he weare your luyery: May
go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in
that fence your worship may call him man.
Tyb: Romeo the hate I beare to thee can afford no bet-
ter words then these, thou art a villaine.
Rom: Tybalt the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the
appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, there-
fore I well perceiue thou knowst me not.
Tyb: Bace boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore
drawe.
Ro: I doe protest I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee bet-
ter than thou canst deuise, till thou shalt know the reason of
my loue.
Merc: O dishonorable vile submission. Alla foockado caries
it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.
Tyb: What wouldst with me?

F

Merc:

of Romeo and Iuliet.

I doo intreate fweere Prince thoule iustice giue,

Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo may not lue,

Prin: And for that offence

Immediately we doo exile him hence.

I haue an interest in your hates proceeding,

My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.

But he amerce you with so large a fine,

That you shall all repent the losse of mine.

I will be deafe to pleading, and excuses,

Not carees nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.

Princ: I shall dwell and gouerne with vs still:

Mercie to all but murderers, pardonning none that kill.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul: Callop apace you fletie footed ftedes

To Phobus mansion, such a Waggoner

As Phobon, would quickly bring you thither,

And send in cloudie night immediately.

Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder

of cordes in her lap.

But how now Nurse: O Lord, why lookst thou sad?

What hast thou there, the cordes?

Nurse: I, I, the cordes: a lacke we are vndone,

We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone.

Iul: What diuell art thou that tortents me thus?

Nurse: Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead.

Iul: This torture should be roard in distimall hell.

Can heaues be so enuious?

Nurse: Romeo can if heaues cannot.

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

God saue the saple, on his manly breast:

A bloodie coarfe, a piteous bloodie coarfe,

All pale as ashes, I frownded at the sight.

Iul:

F 3

The excellent Tragedie

And turnd that blacke word death to banishment:
This is meere mercie, and thou seeest it not.

Rom: Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere

Where Iuliet liues: and euerie cat and dog,

And little mouse, euerie vnworthie thing

Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,

But Romeo may not. More validitie,

More honourable state, more courtship liues

In carrion flyes, than Romeo: they may seaze

On the white wonder of faire Iuliet skinn,

And steale immortall kisses from her lip;

But Romeo may not, he is banished.

Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.

Oh Father hadst thou no strong poyson mixt,

No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,

Though nere so meane, but banishment

To torture me withall: ah, banished.

O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:

Howling attends it, How hadst thou the heart,

Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,

A sinne abso'uer, and my frend profeest,

To mangle me with that word, Banishment?

Fr: Thou fond mad man, heare me but speake a word,

Rom: O, thou wilt talke againe of Banishment.

Fr: He giue thee armour to beare off this word,

Aduerfities sweete milke, philosophie,

To comfort thee though thou be banished.

Rom: Yet Banished? hang vp philosophie,

Vnlesse philosophie can make a Iuliet,

Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes doome,

It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fr: O, now I see that madmen haue no cares.

Rom: How should they, when that wise men haue no

eyes.

Fr: Let me dispute with thee of thy estate,

Rom: Thou canst not speake of what thou dost not feelee.

Wert

The excellent Tragedie
of Romeo, Romeo, what disaster hap
hath befallen thee from thy true Juliet?
Why should Heaven so much confire with Woe,
Or Fate enuie our happy Marriage,
So soon to finders by timelie Death?
Nur: O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had,
Of house Tybalt, courteous Gentleman,
What sorrowe is this that blowes so contrarie,
Is Tybalt dead, and Romeo murdered:
My deare soule coulen, and my dearest Lord,
Then let the trumpet sound a generall doome,
These two being dead, then living is there none,
Nur: Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished,
Romeo that murdered him is banished,
Jul: Ah heauen, did Romeo hand shed Tybalts blood?
Nur: It did, it did, alacke the day it did.
Jul: O serpents hate, hid with a flowing face,
O painted spaulcher, including blis.
Was neuer booke containing so foule matter,
So farty bound. Ah, what meant Romeo?
Nur: There is no truth, no honestie in men:
All false, all fathles, peruide, all forworne.
Shame come to Romeo.
Jul: A bliffon that tuncg, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon this face Shame is ashamed to sit.
But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Coulen?
That villaine Coulen would haue kild my husband.
All this is comfort. But there yet remains
Vvorle than death, which faine I would forget:
But ah, it prelecth to my memorie,
Romeo is banished. Ah that word Banished
Is worse than death. Romeo is banished,
Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Juliet,
All kild, all slaine, all dead, all banished.
Where are my Father and my Mother Nur?
Nur: Weeping and wayling ouer Tybalts corse.
 VVill

of Romeo and Juliet.

VVill you goe to them?
Jul: I, I, when theirs are spent,
Mine shall be shed for Romeos banishment.
Nur: Ladie, your Romeo will be here to night,
Ile to him, he is hid at Laurence Cell.
Jul: Doo so, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Friar.

Fr: Romeo come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamourd on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to Calamitie.

Enter Romeo.

Rom: Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
VVhat Sorrow traues acquaintance at our hands,
VVhich yet we know not.

Fr: Too familiar

Is my yong sonne with such sowre companie:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

Rom: VVhat lesse than doomes day is the Princes doome?

Fr: A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom: Ha, Banished? be mercifull, say death:
For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,
Than death it selfe, doo not say Banishment.

Fr: Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom: There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe.
Hence banished, is banisht from the world:
And world exile is death. Calling death banishment,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me,

Fr: Oh monstrous finne, O rude vnthankfulnes:
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
(Taking thy part) hath rushd aside the law,

And:

of Romeo and Juliet.

Thy beaultie makes me thus officinate,
And in my temper softens valors Steele.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben: Ah Romeo Romeo braue Mercutio is dead,

That gallant spirit hath a spirit the cloudes,
Which too vntimely leorn'd the lowly earth.
Rom: This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend
This but begins what other dayes must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben: Heere comes the furious Tybalt backe againe,
Rom: A liue in triumph and Mercutio slaine?

A way to heauen respectiue lenity:
And her eyed fury be my conduct now.
Now Tybalt take the villaine backe againe,
Which late thou gavst me: for Mercutios loue,
Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,
And sties for thine to beare him company.
Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

Exit Tybalt, Tybalt falls.

Ben: Romeo away, thou fcest that Tybalt y slaine,
The Citizens approach, away, begonne

Thou wilt be taken.

Rom: Ah I am fortunes slaue,

Exeunt

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Where's the slaine Mercutio, Tybalt that vil-

laine?

Ben: There is that Tybalt.

F 2

Watch: Vp

The excellent Tragedie

Mer: Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your
windlines, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your
scabard, lest mine be about your eares ere you be aware.

Rom: Stay Tybalt, should Mercutio: Benvolio beate
downe their weapons.

Tybalt vnder Romeos arme thrusts Mer-
cutio, in and flies.

Mer: Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your
houfes.

Rom: What art thou hurt man the wound is not deepe.

Mer: Noe nor so deepe as a Well, nor so wide as a
barne doore, but it will serue I warrant. What meant you to
come betwene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom: I did all for the best.

Mer: A poxe of your houfes, I am fairely drest. Sir,
goe fetch me a Surgeon.

Boy: I goe my Lord.

Mer: I am pepperd for this world, I am sped yfaith, he
hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to mor-
row you shall finde me a grasse man. A poxe of your houfes,
I shall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens shoulders: For
your house of the Mountagues and the Capulets: and then
some peasantly rogue, some Sexton, some bafe slaue shall
write my Epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the Princes
Lawes, and Mercutio was slaine for the first and second
cause? Whos the Surgeon?

Boy: Hee's come sir.

Mer: Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the
other side, come Benvolio, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your
houfes, *Exeunt*

Rom: This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,
My very frend hath tane this mortall wound
In my behaffe, my reputation staine
With Tybalts slaunder, Tybalt that art hoare
Hath beene my kinlman, Ah Juliet

The

Some say, the Lake makes sweete Division :
Straining warth Discreets and vnpleasing Sharpes.
It is the Lake that sings to out of tune,
Iul: It is, it is, be gone, hys hence away.
What sayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it so.
And not the Lake the Messenger of Morne.
The vaultie heauen fo high about our heads,
It say it is the Nightingale that beares
It is the pale reflex of *Cymbrians* brow.
He lay yon gray is not the Morning Eys,
If thou wilt haue it so, I am content.
Rom: Let me stay here, let me be tane, and dye :
Then stay awhile, thou shalt not goe soone.
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
It is some Meceger that the Sunne exhales,
Iul: Yon light is not day light, I know it I :
I will be gone and lue, or stay and dye.
Stands tip-toes on the mytie mountaine tops.
Nights candles are burnt out, and second Day
Doo lace the leuening cloudes in yonder East.
And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuous it takes
Rom: It was the Lake, the Herald of the Morne,
Beloue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.
Nightly the fings on yon Pomegranate tree,
I ha pierst the fearful hollow of thine care :
It was the Nightingale and not the Lake
Iul: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,
Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.



of Romeo and Iuliet.

The excellent Tragedie

The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Early next Thursday morning must prouide,
To make you there a glad and ioyfull Bride.
Iul: Now by Saint *Peters* Church and *Peter* too,
He shall not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.
Are these the newes you had to tell me of?
Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie
yet.
And when I doo, it shal be rather *Romeo* whom I hate,
Than Countie *Paris* that I cannot loue.

Enter olde Capolet.

Moth: Here comes your Father, you may tell him so,
Capo: Why how now, euermore shewing?
In one little bodie thou resemblst a sea, a barke, a storme:
For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating in thy cuerfelling teares,
And toft with sighes arising from thy hart :
Will without succour ship wracke presently.
But heare you Wife, what haue you founded her, what saies
she to it?
Moth: I haue, but she will none she thanke ye:
VVould God that she were married to her graue.
Capo: What will she not, doth she not thanke vs, doth
she not wexe proud?
Iul: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue :
Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.
Capo: Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud. VVhats here, choplogicke.
Proud me no proude, nor thanke me no thanke,
But fettle your fine ioynts on Thursday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.

Out



Exeunt.
That we may call it earely by and by.
Afore me it is so very late,
Wife gette you to your daughter, Light to my Chamber.
Hate well my Lord till Thursday next.
Acquaint her with the Countie *Paris* loue,
bed.
Cap: Write goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to
row.
Par: My Lord I wils that Thursday were to mor-
row.
But what say you to Thursday.
Some halfe a dozen friends and make no more ado.
If we should reuell much, therefore we will haue
It will be thought we held him carelesly:
For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being flaine so lately,
Wee le make no great a doe, a friend or two, or so:
On Thursday let it be: you shall be married.
Cap: Oh then Wednesday is too loone,
Par: Munday my Lord.
But soft what day is this?
I thinke the will be rude in all respects by mee:
Cap: Sir *Paris*! he make a desperate tender of my child.
calls her againe.
Paris offers to get in, and *Capolet*
Maddam far well, commend me to your daughter.
Par: These times of woe afford no time to woo,
I thinke she meanes not to come downe to night.
Wife where's your daughter, is she in her chamber?
And so did I. Well, we were borne to dye,
Looke yee Sir, she lou'd her kinsman dearely,
The excellent Tragedie

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy Loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* mured.
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy
hayre.
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Nurse knuckles.

Fr: *Romeo* arise, stand vp thou wilt be taken,
I heare one knocke, arise and get thee gone.
Nur: Hoc Fryer.
Fr: Gods will what wilfulnes is this?

Shee knockes againe.

Nur: Hoc Fryer open the doore,
Fr: By and by I come. Who is there?
Nur: One from Lady *Iuliet*.
Fr: Then come neare.
Nur: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,
Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's *Romeo*?
Fr: There on the ground, with his owne teares made
drunke.
Nur: Oh he is euen in my Mistresse case.
Iust in her case. Oh wofull simpathy,
Pittecous predicament, euen so lyes shee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping:
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For *Iuliet*'s sake, for her sake rise and stand,
Why should you fall into so deep an O.

He rises.

Romeo: Nurse,
Nur: Ah fir, ah fir: Wel death's the end of all.

Cap: Things have fallen out Sir to unluckily,
That we have had no time to move my daughter.
G 2
Enter olde Capulet and his wife, with
County Paris.

Fr: So iorne in Mantua, he finde out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time:
Euery good hap that doth befall thee here,
Farwell.
Rom: But that a ioy, past ioy cryes out on me,
It were a griefe to brecke to part with thee.
Exit Nurse.
Nur: Here is a King Sir, that the bad me give you,
Rom: How well my comfort is renew'd by this.
Nurse offers to goe in and shewes againe.

Farwell good Nurse,
Rom: Doe so and bidde my sweet prepare to childe,
He tell my Lady that you will come.
To heare good counsell, Well Sir,
I could haue stayde here all this night
Nur: Good Lord what a thing learning is,
Which heauy sorrow makes then apt vnto.
Comfort thy Mistris, shee shall the house to bed,
Nurse provide all things in a readines,
For then thou canst not passe to Mantua.
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set:
Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed:
Take heede, take heede, for such dyes miserable.
of Romeo and Iuliet.

The excellent Tragedie

Rom: Spakest thou of Iuliet, how is it with her?
Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,
Now I haue staine the childhood of her ioy,
With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? And what sayes
My conceal'd Lady to our cancel'd loue?

Nur: Oh she saith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now fells on her bed, now on the ground,
And Tybalt cryes, and then on Romeo calles.

Rom: As if that name shot from the deadly leuel of a gun
Did murder her, as that names curst hand
Murderd her kinsman. Ah tell me holy Fryer
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion?

He offers to stab himselfe, and Nurse snatches
the dagger away.

Nur: Ah?
Fr: Hold, stay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme
Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote
The vnreasonable furies of a beast.
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
Or ill be seeming beast in seeming both.
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd,
Hast thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?
Rouse vp thy spirits, thy Lady Iuliet liues,
For whose sweet sake thou wert but lately dead:
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou sleest Tybalt, there art thou happy too.
A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his best array:
But like a misbehaude and fullen wench
Thou strowst vpon thy Fate that smiles on thee.

Take

Enter
Nur: Madam be ware, take heed the day is broke,
Your Mother's coming to your Chamber, make all sure:
She goeth downe from the Window.

Exit Nurse hastily.

Die sorrow drinks our blood: adieu, adieu.
Rom: And trust me Loue, in my eye to doo you,
Either mine ey-fight fails, or thou lookst pale.
Like one dead in the bottom of a tombe:
Me thinks I see thee now art below
Jul: Oh God, I haue an ill diuining feeling,
For sweete discourses in the time to come.
Rom: No doubt, no doubt, and all this we shall serue
Jul: Oh, thinke thou we shall meete againe.
That may conueigh my greeting, loue to thee,
Rom: Farwell, I will omit no opportunitie
Ere I see thee againe.
Oh, by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Minutes are dayes, so will I number them:
For in an hower there are manye minutes,
I must beare from thee euerie day in the hower:
Jul: Art thou gone so, my Lord, my Loue, my Friend?

He goeth downe.

Farwell my Loue, one kisse and I be defend,
Woes,
Rom: More light and light, more darke and darke our
Sorrow be gone, more light and light it growes.
Hunting thee hence with Huntie to the day.
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs away,
I would that now they had chang'd voyces too:
Some day the Lake and loathed Road change eyes,
This doth not so: for this diuine vs.

The excellent Tragedie

of Romeo and Iuliet.



Enter Iuliet's Mother, Nurse.

Moth: Where are you Daughter?
Nur: What Ladie, Lambe, what Iuliet?
Jul: How now, who calls?
Nur: It is your Mother.
Moth: Why how now Iuliet?
Jul: Madam, I am not well.
Moth: What euer more weeping for your Cousens death:
I thinke thoult wash him from his graue with teares.
Jul: I cannot chuse, hauing so great a losse.
Moth: I cannot blame thee.
But it greenes thee more that Villaine liues.
Jul: What Villaine, Madame?
Moth: That Villaine Romeo.
Jul: Villaine and he are manie miles a sunder.
Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
I soone would send to Mantua where he is,
That should bestow on him so sure a draught,
As he should soone beare Tybalt's companie.
Jul: Finde you the meanes, and he finde such a man:
For whilest he liues, my heart shall nere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.
Thus for a Kinsman vext? (newes?)
Moth: Well let that passe, I come to bring thee ioyfull
Jul: And ioy comes well in such a needfull time.
Moth: Well then, thou hast a carefull Father Girle,
And one who pittying thy needfull state,
Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.
Jul: What day is that I pray you?
Moth: Marry my Childe,

The

Here comes the Lady to my cell,
Par: Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife:
Iul: That may be sir, when I may be a wife,
Par: That may be, must be loue, on thursday next.
Iul: What must be shalbe.
Fr: That's a certaine text.
Par: What come ye to confession to this Fryer,
Iul: To tell you that were to confesse to you.
Par: Do not deny to him that you loue me.
Iul: I will confesse to you that I loue him,
Par: So I am sure you will that you loue me.
Iul: And if I doe, it will be of more price,
 Being spoke behind your backe, than to your face.
Par: Poore soule thy face is much about with teares.
Iul: The teares haue got small victory by that,
 For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par: Thou wrongst it more than teares by that report.
Iul: That is no wrong sir, that is a truth:
 And what I spake I spake it to my face.
Par: Thy face is mine and thou hast flaudred it,
Iul: It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
 Are you at leasure holy Father now?
 Or shall I come to you at euening Mass?
Fr: My leasure serues me peniue daughter now.
Par: My Lord we must enquire the time alone.
Par: God sheld I should disturbe deuotion,
Iul: Farwell, and keep this holy kisse.

On

The excellent Tragedie

Enter Paris.

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face,
Iul: Good father heare me speake?

She kneeles downe.

Cap: I tell thee what, eyther resolute on thursday next
 To goe with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church:
 Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.
 Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch,
 Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest
 That God had sent vs but this onely chyld:
 But now I see this one is one too much,
 And that we haue a crosse in hauing her.
Nur: Mary God in heauen blese her my Lord,
 You are too blame to rate her so.
Cap: And why my Lady wisdome hold your tung,
 Good prudence smatter with your gossips, goe.
Nur: Why my Lord I speake no treason.
Cap: Oh godde godden.
 Vtter your grauity ouer a gossips boule,
 For heere we need it not.

Mu: My Lord ye are too home.

Cap: Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,
 Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
 Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
 Still my care hath beene to see her matcht,
 And hauing now found out a Gentleman,
 Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
 Stuft as they say with honorable parts,
 Proportioned as ones heart coulde wish a man:
 And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,
 A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,
 To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon
 mee?
 But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you,
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me,
 Looke to it, thinke on't, I doe not vse to iell.

H

I

On Thursday next be married to the Countie.
Iul: Tell me not Friar that thou hearst of it,
 Vnlesse thou tell me how we may prevent it.
 Giue me some sudden counsell: els behold
 Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie knife
 Shall play the Vmpere, arbitrating that
 Which the Commission of thy yeares and arte
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.
 Speake not, be briefe: for I desire to die,
 If what thou speakest, speake not of remedie.
Fr: Stay *Iuliet*, I doo spie a kinde of hope,
 Which crades as desperate an execution,
 As that is desperate we would prevent.
 If rather than to marrie Countie *Paris*
 Thou hast the strength or will to flay thy selfe,
 'Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vnder take
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That cospit with death it selfe to flye from blame.
 And if thou doost, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iul: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)
 From off the battlements of yonder tower:
 Or chaine me to some itecpie mountaines top,
 Where roaring Beares and savage Lions are:
 Or shut me nightly in a charnell-house,
 VVith reekie shrikes, and yelow chapples sculls:
 Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:
 Things that to heare them made haue made me tremble;
 And I will doo it without feare or doubt,
 To keep my selfe a faithfull vnsland *VVife*
 To my deere Lord, my deere *Romeo*.
Fr: Hold *Iuliet*, bide thee home, get thee to bed,
 Let not thy Nurle lye with thee in thy Chamber:
 And when thou art alone, take thou this *VViole*,
 And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:
 When presently through all thy veins shall run
 A dull and heauie slumber, which shall leaze

H 3

Each

The excellent Tragedie

Cap: Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
 Now before God my heart is pasing light,
 To see her thus conformed to our will.

Exeunt.



Enter Nurse, Iuliet.

Nur: Come, come, what need you anie thing else?
Iul: Nothing good Nurse, but leaue me to my selfe:
 For I doo meane to lye alone to night.
Nur: Well theres a cleane smocke vnder your pillow,
 and so good night.

Exit.

Enter Mother.

Moth: What are you busie, doo you need my helpe?
Iul: No Madame, I desire to lye alone,
 For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.
Moth: Well then good night, be stirring *Iuliet*,
 The Countie will be earlie here to morrow.

Exit.

Iul: Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete a-
 gaine.
 Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.
 What if this Potion should not worke at all,
 Must I of force be married to the Countie?
 This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
 What if the Friar should giue me this drinke
 To poyson mee, for feare I should disclose
 Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
 He is a holy and religious Man:
 I will not entertaine so bad a thought,
 What if I should be stifled in the Tomb?

O

Enter
H 2
Fr : I would I knew not why it should be flowd.
 Now doe ye know the reason of this maff.
 May be put from her by locetic.
 Which too much minded by her selfe alone
 To stop the inundation of her teares,
 And in his wilde dome hath our marriage,
 That she doth giue her sorrow to much way.
 Now Sir, her father thinkes it dangerous:
 For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,
 And therefore haue I little talk of loue.
Kar: Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalt*'s death,
 Vneuen is the courte, I like it not.
Fr: You say you doe not know the Ladies minde:
 And I am nothing slacke to flow his haff.
Par: My Father *Capulet* will haue it so,
Fr : On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,
Enter Fryer and Paris.

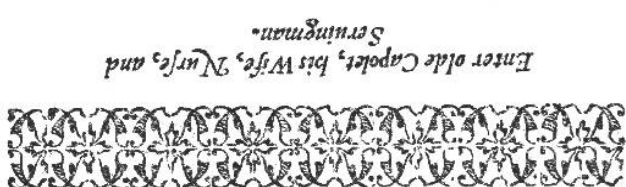


Exit
 If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.
 He to the Fryer to know his remedy,
 Thou and my bolom henceforth shall be twaine.
 So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,
 That thou hast praide him with aboue compare
 Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue
 Is it more sinne to with me thus forsworne,
 In Auncient damnation, O most curst fiend.
She loobes after Nurse.
Nur: I will, and this is witley done.
of Romeo and Iuliet.

The excellent Tragedie

I tell ye what, Thursday is neere,
 Lay hand on heart, aduise, be thinke your selfe,
 If you be mine, he giue you to my frend:
 If not, hang, drowne, starue, beg,
 Dye in the streets: for by my Soule
 He neuer more acknowledge thee,
 Nor what I haue shall euer doe thee good,
 Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vie to iest. *Exit.*
Iul: Is there no pittie hanging in the cloudes,
 That looks into the bottom of my woes?
 I doe beseech you Madame, cast me not away,
 Defer this mariage for a day or two,
 Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed
 In that dimme monument where *Tybalt* lyes.
Moth: Nay be assured I will not speake a word.
 Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*
Iul: Ah Nurse what comfort? what counsell canst thou
 giue me.
Nur: Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say:
 Your *Romeo* he is banisht, and all the world to nothing
 He neuer dares returne to challengde you,
 Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
 Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, *Romeo* is but a dishclout
 In respect of him. I promise you
 I thinke you happy in this second match.
 As for your husband he is dead:
 Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vse of him.
Iul: Speakest thou this from thy heart?
Nur: I and from my soule, or els bestrew them both.
Iul: Amen.
Nur: What say you Madame?
Iul: Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,
 I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother
 Tell her I am gone hauing displeasde my Father.
 To Fryer *Laurence* Cell to confesse me,
 And to be absoluid.

Enter
 A headstrong selfe wilde hartowic it is.
Capo: Ah, he may hap to doe some good of her,
 To be content.
Moth: Shes gone (my Lord) to Fryer *Laurence* Cell
 But wheres this Head-strong?
Exit Seruingman.
Capo: Well get you gone.
gers.
Ser: Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot like his owne fin.
Capo: How canst thou know them so?
 them by licking their fingers.
Ser: I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, I knowe
Capo: Goe, provide me twentie cunning Cookes.
Ser: Here forthwith.
Capo: Where are you fitra?
Exit Seruingman.



Enter olde Capulet, his Wife, Nurse, and Seruingman.
Exit.
Iul: Fryer I goe, be sure thou send for my deare *Romeo*.
 And he shall come and take thee from thy graue.
 He send in haff to *Mantua* to thy Lord.
 And when thou art laid in thy kindreds Vault,
 Thou shalt remaine full two and fortie houres,
 And in this borrowed likeness of thynke death,
 No signe of breath shall testifie thou liust.
 His naturall progresse, but surceale to beate:
 Each yitall spint: for no Pulse shall keepe
The excellent Tragedie

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Moth: See here she cometh from Confession,
Capo: How now my Head-strong, where haue you bin
 gadding?
Iul: Where I haue learned to repent the sin
 Of froward wilfull opposition
 Gainst you and your behests, and am enioyad
 By holy *Laurence* to fall prostrate here,
 And craue remission of so foule a fact.

She kneeles downe.

Moth: Why thats well said.
Capo: Now before God this holy reuerent Fryer
 All our whole Citie is much bound vnto,
 Goe tell the Countie presently of this,
 For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.
Iul: Nurse, will you go with me to my Closet,
 To sort such things as shall be requisite
 Against to morrow.
Moth: I pree thee doo, good Nurse goe in with her,
 Helpe her to sort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,
 And I will come vnto you presently,
Nur: Come sweet hart, shall we goe?
Iul: I pree thee let vs.

Exit Nurse and Iuliet.

Moth: Me thinks on Thursday would be time enough.
Capo: I say I will haue this dispatht to morrow,
 Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.
Moth: I pray my Lord, let it be Thursday.
Capo: I say to morrow while shes in the mood.
Moth: We shall be short in our prouision.

Capo:

All cry: And all our joy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, vndone, absented, wholly fled.
Cap: Cruel, vniust, impariall deftines,
Why to this day haue you preferred my life?
To see my hope, my day, my life,
Depride of science, of life, of all by death,
Cruel, vniust, impariall deftines.
Cap: O sad fad forrow map of misery,
Why this sad time haue I desired to see.
This day, this vniust, this impariall day
Wherein I hoped to see my comfort full,
To be depride by Iudaine deftine.
Moth: O woe, alacke, differt, why should I liue?
To see this day, this miserable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne,
To be partaker of this deftine.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.
Fr: O peace for shame, if not for charity,
Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to with it otherwile.

All at once cry out and wring their hand.

All cry: And all our joy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, vndone, absented, wholly fled.
Cap: Cruel, vniust, impariall deftines,
Why to this day haue you preferred my life?
To see my hope, my day, my life,
Depride of science, of life, of all by death,
Cruel, vniust, impariall deftines.
Cap: O sad fad forrow map of misery,
Why this sad time haue I desired to see.
This day, this vniust, this impariall day
Wherein I hoped to see my comfort full,
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Moth: O woe, alacke, differt, why should I liue?
To see this day, this miserable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne,
To be partaker of this deftine.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.
Fr: O peace for shame, if not for charity,
Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to with it otherwile.

The excellent Tragedie
choofe a Log.

Exit.
Cap: Well goe thy way, thou shalt be logger head.
Come, come, make haft call vp your daughter,
The Countie will be heere with musicke straight.
Gods me hees come, Nurse call vp my daughter.
Nur: Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady
birde? fast I warrant. What *Iuliet*? well, let the County take
you in your bed: yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next
night, the Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest that you shal rest
but little. What lambe I say, fast still: what Lady, Loue,
what bride, what *Iulie*? Gods me how sound she sleepe? Nay
then I see I must wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on
your bed, drest in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the
day, some Aqua vitæ hoe.

Enter Mother.
Moth: How now whats the matter?
Nur: Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.
Moth: Accurst, vnhappy, miserable time.
Enter Oldeman.
Cap: Come, come, make haft, wheres my daughter?
Moth: Ah shees dead, shees dead.
Cap: Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.
Accursed time, vnfortunate olde man.

Enter Fryer and Paris.
Par: What is the bride ready to goe to Church?
Cap: Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,
Defflowerd by him, see, where she lyes,

Death

Apo: VVho calls, what would you sir?
Rom: Heeres twenie duckes,
Giue me a dram of some such speeding geger,
As will dispatch the wecarie takers life,
As suddenly as powder being fierd
From forth a Cannons mouth.
Apo: Such drugs I haue I must of force confesse,
But yet the law is death to those that sell them.

Enter Apothecarie.
Whar ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.
Being Holiday the Beggers shop is shut.
Did but fortune my need: and here about he dwells.
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
(VVhole present sale is death in *Mantua*)
And if a man should need a poyson now,
Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought:
Are thinly firewed to make vp a show.
Oldes of packthred, and cakes of Roles,
And in the same an *Margarita* hangs,
With beggerly accounts of emptic boxes:
As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft
Here dwells a Potheccarie whom oft I noted
Let see for meanes. As I doo remember
Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Exit Balisafar.
And hye the horte: stay not I say.
Rom: Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,
I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet,
Your looks are dangerous and full of feare:
Balt: Pardon me Sir, I will not leaue you thus,
I will not stay in *Mantua* to night.
Goe get me incke and paper, hye post horte,
The excellent Tragedie

of Romeo and Iuliet.
Rom: Art thou so bare and full of pouertie,
And doost thou feare to violate the Law?
The Law is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend,
And therefore make no conscience of the law:
Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miserie,
And starued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.
Apo: My pouertie but not my will consents.
Rom: I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.
Apo: Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing
you will, and it will serue had you the liues of twenty men.
Rom: Hold, take this gold, worse poyson to mens soules
Than this which thou hast giuen me. Goe hye thee hence,
Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into flesh.
Come cordiall and not poyson, goe with mee
To *Iuliets* Graue: for there must I vse thee. *Exennt.*



Enter Frier Iohn.
John: VVhat Frier Laurence, Brother, ho?
Laur: This same should be the voyce of Frier Iohn.
VVhat newes from *Mantua*, what will *Romes* come?
John: Going to seeke a barefoote Brother out,
One of our orderto associate mee,
Here in this Cittie visiting the sick,
VVhereas the infectious pestilence remaind:
And being by the Searchers of the Towne
Found and examinde, we were both shut vp,
Laur: VVho bare my letters then to *Romeo*?
John: I haue them still, and here they are.
Laur: Now by my holy Order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.
Goe get thee hence, and get me presently

A

of Romeo and Juliet.
Enter one With Romes Man.
1. Heeres Romes Man.
Cap: Keepe him to be examine.
Enter Prince with others.
Prin: What early mischief call vs vp to loone.
Cap: O noble Prince, see here
Where Juliet that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,
Warne and feth bleeding, Romeo and Counte Paris
Likewise newly laine.
Prin: Search seeke about to finde the murderers,
Enter olde Capolet and his wife.
Capo: What ruinor's this that is so early vp?
Morb: The people in the threes crie Romeo,
And some on Juliet: as if they alone
Had been the cause of such a mutinie.
Capo: See Wife, this dagger hath milooke:
For (looe) the backe is emptye of yong Mountague,
And it is sheathed in our Daughters breaſt.
Enter olde Mountague.
Prin: Come Mountague, for thou art early vp,
To see thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.
Mount: Dread Soueraigne, my Wife is dead to night,
And yong Benuolio is deceas'd too:
What further mischief can there yet be found?
Prin: First come and see, then speake.
Mount: O thou vntaught, what manners is in this
To presse before thy Father to a graue.
Prin: Come seale your mouthes of outrage for a while,
And let vs seeke to finde the Authours out
Of such a hainous and feld scene mischief.
Bring forth the parties in suspicion.
Pr: I am the greatest able to doo least.
Most worthe Prince, heare me but speake the truth.
K 3
And

The excellent Tragedie
Ah comfortable Fryer.
I doe remember well where I should be,
And what we talk of: but yet I cannot see
Him for whose sake I vnderooke this hazard.
Fr: Lady come forth I heare some nois at hand,
We shall be taken, Paris he is laine,
And Romeo dead: and if we heere be tane
We shall be thought to be as accessory.
I will provide for you in some close Nunnery.
Fr: Ah leane me leane me, I will not from hence.
Fr: I heare some nois, I dare not stay, come, come.
Jul: Goe get thee gone.
What heere a cup clode in my louers hands?
Ah churle drinke all, and leane no drop for me.
Enter Watch.
Watch: This way, this way.
Jul: I, nois? then must I be resolute.
O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,
Reit in my bosome, thus I come to thee.
Shee ſhuts her selfe and ſalles.
Enter watch.
Cap: Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?
See friends where Juliet two daies buri'd,
New bleeding woundd, search and see who's heere,
Attach and bring them to vs presently.
Enter one with the Fryer.
1. Capaine heere a Fryer with tooles about him,
Fite to ope a tombe.
Cap: A great suspicion keep him late.
Enter



Romeo and Juliet

of Romeo and Juliet.

Par: The boy giues warning, something doth approach.
What curf'd foote wanders this was to night,
To stay my obsequies and true lones rites?
What with a torch, muffle me night a while,
Rom: Giue mee this mattocke, and this wrentching I-
ron

And take these letters, early in the morning,
See thou deliuer them to my Lord and Father.
So get thee gone and trouble me no more.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face,
But chiefly to take from her dead finger,
A precious ring which I must vse
In deare employment but if thou wilt stay,
Further to prie in what I vndertake,
By heauen Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strew e thys hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are sauage, wilde.

Balt: Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.
Rom: So shalt thou win my fauour, take thou this,
Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.
Balt: Yet for all this will I not part from hence,

Romeo opens the tombe.

Rom: Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorde with the dearest morfell of the earth.
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.

Par: This is that banisht haughtie Mountague,
That murderd my loue's cosen, I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhalloved toyle vile Mountague.
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
I doe attach thee as a fellow heere,
The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou must dye,

Rom: I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good youth be gone, tempt not a desperate man.

The Lady Rurres.

K 2

Juliet rises.

What bloud is this that stains the entrance
Of this marbled stony monument?
What meanes these maisteries and goory weapons?
Ah me I doubt, whose heere? what *Romeo* dead?
Who and *Paris* too? what unlickie house
Is accessory to so foule a sinne?

Fryer *Fryer* looks on the blood and weapons.

Fr: I hen must I goe : my minde prelageth ill.
And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize,
On paine of death he charged me to be gone,
Man: I dare not sir, he knowes not I am heere:
Fr: Goe with me thether.
Man: Full halfe an houre and more.
Fr: How long hath he bene there?
Man: *Romeo*.
Fr: Who is it?
That lones you dearely.
Man: It doth so holy Sir, and there is one
Me thinks it burnes in *Capels* monument?
What light is yon? if I be not deceived,
Fr: Who is it that comforts so late the dead,
Man: A frend and one that knowes you well.
Whole there?
Stumbled at graues as I did passe along.
How oft to night haue the aged fecte
Enter *Fryer* with a Lanthorne.

of *Romeo* and *Juliet*.

The excellent Tragedie

Heape not another sinne vpon my head
By shedding of thy bloud; I doe protest
I loue thee better then I loue my selfe :
For I come hyther armed against my selfe,
Par: I doe defie thy coniurations :
And doe attach thee as a fellow heere.
Rom: What dost thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

They fight.

Boy: O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.
Par: Ah I am slaine, if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with *Juliet*.
Rom: Yfaith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutios kinsman, noble County *Paris*?
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not regard him as we past a long.
Did he not say *Paris* should haue married
Juliet? eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so.
But I will satisfie thy last request,
For thou hast prizd thy loue aboue thy life.
Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft haue many at the houre of death
Beene blith and pleasant? which their keepers call
A lightning before death But how may I
Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Juliet*,
How well thy beauty doth become this graue?
O I beleuee that vnsubstanciall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my loue.
Therefore will I, O heere; O euer heere,
Set vp my euerlasting rest
With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.
Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on
The dashing rockes thy sea-sicke weary barge?
Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kisse I dye.

Falls)
Enter

By

And let me informe you how these things fell out.
Juliet here slaine was married to that *Romeo*,
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:
The Nurse was pricke to the marriage.
The balefull day of this vnhappie marriage,
Was *Tybalts* doome day: for which *Romeo*
Was banished from hence to *Mantua*.
He gone, her Father sought by foule constraint
To marrie her to *Paris*: But her Soule
(Loathing a second Contract) did refuse
To giue consent, and therefore did she venge me
Either to finde a meanes she might auoyd
What so her Father sought to force her too:
O els all desperately she threatened
Euen in my presence to dispatch her selfe.
Then did I giue her, (inord by mine art)
A potion that should make her seeme as dead:
And told her that I would with all post speed
Send hence to *Mantua* for her *Romeo*,
That he might come and take her from the Toombe.
But he that had my Letters (*Frier John*)
Seeking a Brother to allocate him,
VVher eas the sick infection remained,
VVas stayed by the Searchers of the Towne,
But *Romeo* vnderstanding by his man,
That *Juliet* was decaide, returned in post
Vnto *Verona* for to see his loue.
VVhat after happened touching *Paris* death,
Or *Romeos* is to me vknowne at all.
But when I came to take the Lady hence,
I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep:
VVhom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,
VVhich she refused seeing *Romeo* dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
VVhat after happened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought haue miscaried.

The excellent Tragedie

of *Romeo* and *Juliet*.

By me, or by my meanes let my old life
Be sacrificed some houre before his time.
To the most strickest rigor of the Law.
Pry: VVe still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
VVheres *Romeos* man, what can he say in this?
Balib: I brought my master word that shee was dead,
And then he poasted straight from *Mantua*,
Vnto this Toombe. These Letters he deliuered me,
Charging me early giue them to his Father.
Prin: Lets see the Letters, I will read them ouer.
VVhere is the Counties Boy that calld the VVatch?
Boy: I brought my Master vnto *Juliet*s graue,
But one approaching, straight I calld my Master.
At last they fought, I ran to call the VVatch.
And this is all that I can say or know.
Prin: These letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,
Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Montague* we.
VVhere are these enemies? see what hate hath done,
Cap: Come brother *Montague* giue me thy hand,
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
Can I bestowe on her, thats all I haue.
Monn: But I will giue them more, I will erect
Her statue of pure golde:
That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.
There shall no statue of such price be set,
As that of *Romeos* loued *Juliet*.
Cap: As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.
Prin: A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let vs hence,
To haue more talke of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned and some punished:
For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS