

Quarto One

AN
EXCELLENT
conceited Tragedie
OF
Romeo and Juliet.

As it hath been often (with great applause)
plaid publicquely, by the right Ho-
nourable the L. of *Hunsdon*
his Servants.

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The Prologue.

*Two houshold Friends alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene)
From civill broyles broke into enmitie,
Whose civill warre makes civill hands uncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
A paire of starre-crost Lovers tooke their life:
Whose misadventures, piteous overthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,
And death-markt passage of their Parents rage)
Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want wee'l studie to amend.*

**The most excellent Tradgedie of
*Romeo and Juliet.***

Enter 2. Serving-men of the Capolets.

Gregorie, of my word Ile carrie no coales.

2 No, for if you doo, you should be a Collier.

I If I be in choler, Ile draw.

2 Ever while you live, drawe your necke out of the
the collar.

I I strike quickly being moov'd.

2 I, but you are not quickly moov'd to strike.

I A Dog of the house of the *Mountagues* moves me.

2 To moove is to stirre, and to bee valiant is to stand
to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be moovd thou't
runne away.

I 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.

I 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 John.

I Ile play the tyrant, Ile first begin with the maids, &
off with their heads.

2 The heads of the maids?

I I,

The most excellent Tragedie,

I I the heades of their Maides, or the Maidenheades,
take it in what sence thou wilt.

2 Nay let them take it in sence that feele it, but heere
comes two of the *Mountagues*.

Enter two Servingmen of the Mountagues.

I Nay feare not me I warrant thee.

2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.

I Nay let us have the law on our side, let them begin
first. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my
thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.

2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile
come after and frowne.

I Moun: Doo you bite your thumbe at us?

I I bite my thumbe.

2 Moun: I but i'st at us?

I I bite my thumbe, is the law on our side?

2 No.

I I bite my thumbe.

I Moun: I but i'st at us?

Enter Benevolio.

2 Say I, here comes my Masters kinsman.

*They draw, to them enters Tybalt, they fight, to them the
Prince, old Mountague, and his wife, old Capulet and
his wife, and other Citizens and part them.*

Prince: Rebellious subjects enemies to peace,
On paine of torture, from those bloody handes
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.
Three Civell brawles bred of an airie word,
By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Have thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets.
If ever you disturbe our streets againe,

Your

of Romeo and Juliet.

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

Exeunt.

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

Benvo: Here were the servants of your adversaries,
 And yours close fighting ere I did approch.

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

Ben: Madame, an houre before the worshipt sunne
 Peept through the golden window of the East,
 A troubled thought drew me from companie:
 Where underneath the grove *Sicamour*,
 That Westward rooteth from the Citties 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 prove,
 Unlesse good counsaile doo the cause remoove.

Ben: Why tell me Uncle 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,
 Ile know his grievance, or be much denied.

B

Moun:

The most excellent Tragedie,

Mount: I would thou wert so happie by thy stay
To heare true shrift. Come Madame lets away.

Benvo: 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 having makes them

Ben: In love. (short.)

Ro: Out.

Ben: Of love.

Ro: Out of her favor where I am in love.

Ben: Alas that love so gentle in her view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooffe.

Ro: Alas that love whose view is muffled still,
Should without lawes give path-waies to our will:
Where shall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not for I have heard it all,
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with love.
Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
O anie thing, of nothing first create!
O heavie lightnes serious vanitie!
Mishapen *Caos* of best seeming thinges,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This love feele I, which feele no love in this.
Doest thou not laugh?

Ben: No Cose I rather weepe.

Rom: Good hart at what?

Ben: At thy good hearts oppression.

Ro: Why such is loves transgression,

Griefes

of Romeo and Juliet.

Griefes of mine owne lie heavie at my hart,
 Which thou wouldst propagate to have them prest
 With more of thine, this grieffe that thou hast showne,
 Doth ad more grieffe to too much of mine owne:
 Love is a smoke raisde with the fume of sighes
 Being purgde, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes:
 Being vext, a sea raging with a lovers teares.
 What is it else? A madnes most discreet,
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. Farewell Cose.

Ben: Nay Ile 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 sadnes whome she is you love?

Ro: What shall I grone and tell thee?

Ben: Why no, but sadly tell me who.

Ro: Bid a sickman in sadnes make his will.

Ah word ill urgde to one that is so ill.

In sadnes Cosen I doo love a woman.

Ben: I aimde so right, when as you said you lov'd.

Ro: A right good mark-man, and shee's faire I love.

Ben: A right faire marke faire Cose is soonest hit.

Ro: But in that hit you misse, shee'le not be hit

With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dianaes* wit,

And in strong prooffe of chastitie well arm'd:

Gainst *Cupids* childish bow she lives unharm'd,

Shee'le not abide the siedge of loving tearmes,

Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold,

Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore,

That when she dies with beautie dies her store.

Exeu.

Enter Countie Paris, old Capulet.

Of honorable reckoning are they both,

B 2

And

The most excellent Tragedie,

And pittie tis they live at ods so long:
But leaving that, what say you to my sute?

Capu: What should I say more than I said before,
My daughter is a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not yet attainde to fourteene yeares:
Let two more sommers wither in their pride,
Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.

Paris: Younger that she are happie mothers made.

Cap: But too soone marde are these so 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 accustom'd Feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love: yet you among the store,
One more most welcome makes the number more.
At my poore house you shall behold this night,
Earth treading stars, that make darke heaven light:
Such comfort as doo lusty youngmen feele,
When well apparaild Aprill on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, even such delights
Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see,
And like her most, whose merite most shalbe.
Such amongst view of many myne beeing one,
May stand in number though in reckoning none.

Enter Servingman.

Where are you sirra, 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 stay.

Exeunt.

Ser: Seeke them out whose names are written here,

And

of Romeo and Juliet.

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 meddle with his Laste, the Shoemaker with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher with his Pensill, I must to the learned.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben: Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is lessned with anothers anguish:
Turne backward, and be help with backward turning,
One desperate griefe cures with anothers 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.
Shut up in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

Ser: Godgigoden, I pray sir 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.

Serv: Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

Rom: Stay fellow I can read.

He reads the Letter.

SEigneur Martino and his wife and daughters, Countie Anselme and his beauteous sisters, the Ladie widdow of Utruvio, Seigneur Placentio, and his lovelie Neeces, Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine uncle Capulet his wife and daughters, my faire Neece Rosaline and

The most excellent Tragedie,

Livia, Seigneur Valentio and his Cosen Tibalt, Lucio and the livelie Hellena.

A faire assembly, whether should they come?

Ser: Up.

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 il'e tel you without asking. My Master is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.

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

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

Ben: Tut you saw her faire none els being by,
Her selfe poysd with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Cristall scales let there be waide,
Your Laydes love, against some other maide
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

Rom: Ile goe along no such sight to be showne,
But

of Romeo and Juliet.

But to rejoice 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 twelve yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid.

Wher's this girle? what Juliet. *Enter Juliet.*

Juliet: How now who cal's?

Nurce: Your Mother.

Jul: Madame I am here, what is your will?

W: This is the matter. Nurse give leave a while, we must talk in secret. Nurce come back again I have remembered me, thou'se heare our counsaile. Thou knowest my daughters of a prettie age.

Nurce: Faith I can tell her age unto a houre.

Wife: Shee's not fourteene.

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

Wife: A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurce: Even or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteene. Susan and she God rest all Christian soules were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said on Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee marie I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake nowe eleaven yeares, and she was weand I never shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare upon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, sitting in the sun under the Dovehouse wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I do beare a braine: But as I said, when it did tast the wormewood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole
to

The most excellent Tragedie,

to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Dove-house twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and since that time it is a leaven yeare: for then could Juliet stande high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could have waddled up and downe, for even 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 Juliet? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit: wilt thou not Juliet? and by my hollidam, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see how a jeast shall come about, I warrant you if I should live a hundred yeare, I never should forget it, wilt thou not Juliet? and by my troth she stinted and cried I.

Juliet: 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 nurst, might I but live to see thee married once, I have my wish.*

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

Jul: 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 *Juliet*, how like you of *Paris* love.

Juliet: Ile looke to like, if looking liking move, but no more deepe will I engage mine eye, Then your consent gives strength to make it flie.

Enter Clowne.

of Romeo and Juliet.

Clowne: *Maddam you are cald for, supper is readie,
the Nurce curst in the Pantrie, all thinges 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.

Benvoleo: The date is out of such prolixite,
Weele have 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 us 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 heavie I will beare the light.

Mer: Beleeve me *Romeo* I must have you daunce.

Rom: Not I beleeve me you have dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I have a soule of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot stirre.

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

Rom: Give me a Torch, let wantons light of hart
Tickle the senceles rushes with their heeles:
For I am proverbd with a Grandsire phrase,
Ile be a candleholder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire and I am done.

Mer: Tut dun's the mouse the Cunstables old word,
If thou beest Dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Of this surreverance love wherein thou stickst.
Leave this talke, we burne day light here.

C

Rom: Nay

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 judgement sits
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 tonight.

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: Queen Mab whats she?

She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come
In shape 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 fleepe.
Her wagon spokes are made of spinners webs.
The couer, of the winges of Grashoppers,
The traces are the Moone-shine watrie 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 worme,
Pickt from the lasie finger of a maide,
And in this sort she gallops up and downe
Through Lovers braines, and then they dream of love
O're Courtiers knees: who strait on cursies 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

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And then dreames he of smelling out a sute,
 And sometime comes she with a tithe pigs taile,
 Tickling a Parsons nose that lies asleepe,
 And then dreames he of another benefice:
 Sometime she gallops ore a souldiers nose,
 And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
 Of breaches ambuscados, countermines,
 Of healthes five fadome deepe, and then anon
 Drums in his eare: at which he startes and wakes,
 And swears a Praier or two and sleepes againe.
 This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,
 And proves them women of good cariage. (the night,
 This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horses in
 And plats the Elfelocks in foule sluttish haire,
 Which once untangled much misfortune breeds.

Rom: Peace, peace, thou talkst 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 substance as the aire,
 And more inconstant than the winde,
 Which wooes even now the frose bowels of the north,
 And being angred puffes away in haste,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south (selves.

Ben: Come, come, this winde doth blow us from our
 Supper is done and we shall come too late.

Ro: I feare too earlie, for my minde misgives
 Some consequence is hanging in the stars,
 Which bitterly begins his fearfull date
 With this nights revels, and expiers the terme
 Of a dispised life, closde in this breast,
 By some untimelie forfet of vile death:

C 2

But

The most excellent Tragedie,

But he that hath the steerage of my course
Directs my saile, on lustie Gentlemen.

Enter old Capulet with the Ladies.

Capu: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that have their toes unplagud with Corns
Will have about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,
Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
Shee that makes daintie, shee Ile sweare hath Corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-
More lights you knaves, & turn the tables up, (come.
And quench the fire the roome is grown too hote.
Ah sirra, this unlookt for sport comes well,
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cosen *Capulet:*
For you and I are past our standing dayes,
How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?

Cos: By Ladie sir tis thirtie yeares at least.

Cap: Tis not so much, tis not so much.

Tis since the mariage of *Lucentio*,
Come *Pentecost* as quicklie as it will,
Some five and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

Cos: Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder far.

Cap: Will you tell me that it cannot be so,
His sonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,
Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a jolly thing.

Rom: What Ladie is that that doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight? O shee doth teach the torches to
burne bright!

It seemes she hangs upon the cheeke of night,
Like a rich jewell in an *Aethiops* eare,
Beautie too rich for use, for earth too deare:
So shines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
As this faire Ladie over her fellowes showes.

The

of Romeo and Juliet.

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

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

Ca: Why how now Cosen, wherfore storme you so.

Ti: Uncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
 A villaine that is hether come in spight,
 To mocke at our solemnitie this night.

Ca: Young *Romeo*, is it not?

Ti: It is that villaine *Romeo*. (man.)

Ca: Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentle-
 And to speake truth, *Verona* brags of him,
 As of a vertuous and well govern'd youth:
 I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
 Here in my house doo him disparagement:
 Therefore be quiet take no note of him,
 Beare a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
 An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.

Ti: It fits when such a villaine is a guest,
 Ile not indure him.

Ca: He shal be indured, goe to I say, he shall,
 Am I the Master of the house or you?
 You'le not indure him? God shall mend my soule
 You'le make a mutenie amongst my guests,
 You'le set Cocke a hoope, you'le be the man.

Ti: Uncle tis a shame.

C 3

Ca: Goe

The most excellent Tragedie,

Ca: Goe too, you are a saucie knave.
This tricke will scath you one day I know what.
Well said my hartes. Be quiet:
More light Ye knave, or I will make you quiet. (ting,
Tibalt: Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee-
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings:
I will withdraw, but this instrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.
Rom: If I prophane with my unworthie hand,
This holie shrine, the gentle sinne is this:
My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kisse.
Juli: Good Pilgrime, you doe wrong your hand too
Which mannerly devotion shewes in this: (much,
For Saints have hands which holy Palmers touch,
And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kisse.
Rom: Have not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Juli: Yes Pilgrime lips that they must use in praier.
Ro: Why then faire saint, let lips do what hands doo,
They pray, yeeld thou, lest faith turne to dispaire.
Ju: Saints doe not moove though: grant nor praier
forsake.
Ro: Then moove not till my praiers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purgde.
Ju: Then have my lips the sin that they have tooke.
Ro: Sinne from my lips, O tresspasse sweetly urgde!
Give me my sinne againe.
Ju: You kiss by the booke.
Nurse: *Madame your mother calles.*
Rom: What is her mother?
Nurse: *Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the
house, and a good Lady, and a wife, and a vertuous. I nurst
her*

of Romeo and Juliet.

her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can lay hold of her shall have the chinkes.

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

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

They whisper in his eare.

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 have bin a bed an houre agoe:
Light to my chamber hoe.

Exeunt.

Jul: Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?

Nur: *The sonne and heire of old Tiberio.*

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

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

Jul: Whats he that followes there that would not

Nur: *I know not.*

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

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

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

Nurse: *Whats this? whats that?*

Jul: Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt even now of
one I dancst with.

Nurse: *Come your mother staies for you, Ile goe along with you.*

Exeunt.

Enter

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 Benvolio Mercutio.

Ben: *Romeo*, my cosen *Romeo*.

Mer: Doest thou heare he is wise,
Upon 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 Ile conjure too.

Romeo, madman, humors, passion, liver, appeare thou in
likenes of a sigh: speak but one rime & I am satisfied, cry
but ay me. Pronounce but Love and Dove, 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* loved the
begger wench. Hee heares me not. I conjure thee by
Rosalindes bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lip, her
prettie foote, straight leg, and quivering thigh, and the
demaines that there adjacent lie, that in thy likenesse
thou appeare to us.

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

Mer: Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one shuld
raise a spirit in his Mistris circle of some strange fashion,
making it there to stand till she had laid it, and conjured
it downe, that were some spite. My invocation is faire
and honest, and in his Mistris name I conjure onely but
to raise up him.

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

Mer:

of Romeo and Juliet.

Mer: If love be blind, love will not hit the marke,
 Now will he sit under a Medler tree,
 And wish his Mistris 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, il'e 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 jests at scars that never felt a wound:
 But soft, what light forth yonder window breakes?
 It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sunne,
 Arise faire S nne, and kill the envious Moone
 That is alreadie sicke, and pale with griefe:
 That thou her maid, art far more faire than she.
 Be not her maide since she is envious,
 Her vestall liverie 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 answere it.
 I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes,
 Two of the fairest starres in all the skies,
 Having some busines, doe entreat her eyes
 To twinckle 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 heaven,
 Would through the airie region streame so bright,
 That birdes would sing, and think it were not night.
 Oh now she leanes her cheekes upon her hand,
 I would I were the glove to that same hand,

D

That

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 over my
As is a winged messenger of heaven (head,
Unto the white upturned woondring eyes,
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lasie pacing cloudes,
And sailes upon 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 love,
And il'e no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom: Shall I heare more, or shall I speake to this?

Jul: Tis but thy name that is mine enemie.
Whats *Mountague*? 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 divine perfection he owes:
Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I have.

Rom: I take thee at thy word,
Call me but love, and il'e be new Baptisde,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Ju: What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,
Doest stumble on my counsaile?

Ro: By a name I know not how to tell thee.
My name deare Saint is hatefull to myselfe,
Because it is an enemie to thee.

Had

of Romeo and Juliet.

Had I it written I would teare the word.

Jul: My eares have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongues utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague*?

Ro: Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee displease.

Ju: How camst thou hether, tell me and wherefore?
The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,
And the place death considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen finde thee here.

Ro: By loves light winges did I oreperch these wals,
For stonie limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can doo, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.

Ro: Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prooffe against their enmitie. (here.

Jul: I would not for the world they shuld find thee

Ro: I have nights cloak to hide thee from their sight,
And but thou love me let them finde me here:
For life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroged wanting of thy love.

Ju: By whose directions foundst thou out this place.

Ro: By love, who first did prompt me to enquire,
I he gave me counsaile and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre
As that vast shore, washt with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such Marchandise.

Jul: Thou knowst the maske of night is on my face,
Els would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeks:
For that which thou haste heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,

D 2

Wha

The most excellent Tragedie,

What I have spoke: but fareweil complements.
Doeſt thou love me? Nay I know thou wilt ſay I,
And I will take thy word: but if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maiest prove falſe:
At Lovers periures they ſay Jove ſmiles.
Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou love pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinke I am too eaſely wonne,
Il'e frowne and ſay thee nay and be perverſe,
So thou wilt woove: but els not for the world,
In truth faire *Mountague*, I am too fond,
And therefore thou maiest thinke my haviour light:
But truſt me gentleman Ile prove more true,
Than they that have more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould have bin ſtrange I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou over-heardſt ere I was ware
My true loves Paſſion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light love,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcovered.

Ro: By yonder bleſſed Moone I ſweare,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit trees tops.

Jul: O ſweare not by the Moone the unconstant
That monthlie changeth in her cccircled orb, (Moone,
Leaſt that thy love prove likewise variable.

Ro: Now by

Jul: Nay doo not ſweare at all,
Or if thou ſweare, ſweare by thy glorious ſelfe,
Which art the God of my Idolatrie,
And il'e beleeeve thee.

Ro: If my true harts love

Jul: Swear not at al, though I doo joy in
I have ſmall joy in this contract to night,
It is too raſh, to ſodaine, to unadviſe,

Too

of Romeo and Juliet.

Too like the lightning that doth cease to bee
 Ere one can say it lightens. I heare some comming,
 Deare love adew, sweet *Mountague* be true,
 Stay but a little and il'e 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-
 If that thy bent of love be honourable? (deed.
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow
 By one that il'e procure to come to thee:
 Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
 And al my fortunes at thy foote il'e lay,
 And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

Ro: Love goes toward love like schoole boyes from
 their bookes,
 But love from love, to schoole with heavie lookes.

Jul: *Romeo, Romeo*, O for a falkners voice,
 To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe:
 Bondage is hoarse and may not crie aloud,
 Els would I teare the Cave where *Eccho* lies
 And make her airie voice as hoarse as mine,
 With repetition of my *Romeos* name.

Romeo?

Ro: It is my soule that calles upon my name,
 How silver sweet sound lovers 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 have forgot why I did call thee backe.

D 3

Rom:

The most excellent Tragedie,

Rom: Let me stay here till you remember it.

Jul: I shall forget to have thee still staie here,
Remembring how I love thy companie.

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

Ju: Tis almost morning I would have thee gone,
But yet no further than a wantons bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a pore prisoner in his twisted gives,
And with a silke thred puls it backe againe,
Too loving iealous of his libertie.

Ro: Would I were thy bird.

Jul: Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherrishing thee.
Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. (breast.

Rom: Sleepe dwell upon 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 crave, and my good hap to tell.

Enter Frier Francis. (night,

Frier: The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning
Checkring the Easterne clouds with streakes of light,
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheelles:
Now ere the Sunne advance his burning eye,
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie
We must up fill this oasis Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious jucyed 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 live,

But

of Romeo and Juliet.

But to the earth some speciall good doth give:
 Nor nought so good, but straind from that faire use,
 Revolts to vice and stumbles on abuse:
 Vertue it selfe 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 staies all sences with the hart.
 Two such opposed foes incampe them still,
 In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
 And where the worsor is predominant,
 Full soone the canker death eats up that plant.

Rom: Good morrow to my Ghostly Confessor.

Fri: *Benedicite*, what earlie tongue so soone saluteth
 Yong sonne it argues a distempered head, (me?
 So soone to bid good morrow to my bed.
 Care keeps his watch in everie old mans eye,
 And where care lodgeth, sleep can never lie:
 But where unbrused youth with unstuff braines
 Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines:
 Therefore thy earlines doth me assure,
 Thou art uprows'd by some distemperature.
 Or if not so, then here I hit it righ
 Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.

Ro: The last was true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fr: God pardon sin, wert thou with *Rosaline*?

Ro: With *Rosaline* my Ghostly father no,
 I have forgot that name, and that names woe.(then?

Fri: Thats my good sonne: but where hast thou bin

Ro: I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,
 I have bin feasting with mine enimie:

Where

The most excellent Tragedie,

Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee
Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
With in thy help 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 shrift.

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

Fri: Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* whome thou didst love so deare
So soone forsooke, lo yong mens love then lies
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water cast away in waste,
To season love, that of love doth not taste.
The sunne not yet thy sighes from heaven cleares,
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
And loe upon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ever thou wert thus, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*,
And art thou changde, pronounce this sentence then
Women may fal, when ther's no strength in men.

Rom: Thou chidst me oft for loving *Rosaline*.

Frier:

of Romeo and Juliet.

Fr: For doating, not for loving, pupill mine.

Rom: And badst me burie love.

Fr: Not in a grave,

To lay one in another out to have.

Rom: I pree thee chide not, she whom I love now

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:

The other did not so.

Fr: Oh she knew well

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come yong Waverer, come goe with mee,

In one respect Ile thy assistant bee:

For this alliaunce may so happie prove,

To turne your Housholds rancour to pure love. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio.

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. (*saline*'

Mer: *Tybalt* the Kinsman of olde *Capolet*

Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers House:

Some Challenge on my life.

Ben: *Romeo* will answeare it.

Mer: I, anie man that can write may answeare a letter.

Ben: Nay, he will answeare the letters master if hee bee
challenged.

Mer: Who, *Romeo*? why he is alreadie dead: stabd
with a white wenchs blacke eye, shot thorough the eare
with a love 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 cattes I can tell you. Oh
he is the couragious captaine of complements, *Catso*, he

E

fight

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 Duellist a Duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reverso, the Hay.

Ben: The what?

Me: The Poxe of such limping antique affecting fantasticoes these new tuners of accents. By Jesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very goode whoore. Why ground-sir is not this a miserable case that we should be stil afflicted with these strange flies: these fashionmongers, these pardonmees, 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*.

Mer: Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. Oh flesh 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 love to berime her: Dido a dowdy Cleopatra a Gypsie, *Hero* and *Hellen* hildings and harlettries: *Thisbie* a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo* boniour, there is a French curtesie to your French slop: yee gave us the counterfeit fairely yesternight.

Rom: What counterfeit I pray you?

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

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

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

Rom: A most curteous exposition.

Me: Why I am the very pinke of curtesie.

Rom: Pinke for flower?

Mer: Right.

Rom: Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:

Mer: Well said, follow me nowe that jest till thou hast

worne

of Romeo and Juliet.

worne out thy Pumpe, that when the single sole of it is worn the jest may remaine after the wearing solie singuler.

Rom: O single soald jest solie singuler for the singlenes.

Me: Come between us good *Benvolio*, for my wits faile.

Rom: Swits and spurres, swits & spurres, or Ile cry a match.

Mer: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chase, I have done: for I am sure thou hast more of the goose in one of thy wits than I have in al my five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom: Thou wert never with me for any thing, when thou wert not with me for the goose.

Me: Ile bite thee by the eare for that jest.

Rom: Nay good goose bite not.

Mer: Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp sauce

Rom: And was it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer: Oh heere is a witte of Cheverell that stretcheth from an ynch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom: I stretcht it out for the word broad, which added to the goose, proves thee faire and wide a broad goose.

Mer: Why is not this better now than groning for love? why now art thou sociable, now art thou thy selfe, nowe art thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driveling love is like a great naturall, that runs up and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben: Stop there.

Me: Why thou wouldst have me stopp my tale against the haire.

Ben: Thou wouldst have made thy tale too long?

Mer: Tut man thou art deceived, I meant to make it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale? and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Rom: Heers goodly geare.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Mer: A saile, a saile a saile.

The excellent Tragedie

Ben: Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur: *Peter*, pree thee give me my fan.

Mer: Pree thee doo good *Peter*, to hide her face: for her fanne is the fairer of the two.

Nur: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

Mer: God ye goodden faire Gentlewoman.

Nur: Is it godyegooden I pray you.

Mer: Tis no lesse I assure you, for the baudie hand of the diall is even now upon the pricke of noone.

Nur: Fie, what a man is this?

Rom: A Gentleman Nurse, that God hath made for himselfe to marre.

Nur: By my troth well said: for himselfe to marre quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong *Romeo*?

Rom: I can: but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you have found him, than he was when you fought him. I am the yongest of that name for fault of a worse.

Nur: Well said.

Mer: Yea, is the worst well? mas well noted, wisely, wisely.

Nu: If you be he sir, I desire some conference with ye.

Ben: O, belike she meanes to invite him to supper.

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

Rom: Why what hast found man?

Mer: No hare sir, unlesse it be a hare in a lenten pye, that is somewhat stale and hoare ere it be eaten.

He walks by them, and sings.

And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore
is verie good meate in Lent:

But a hare thats hoare is too much for a score,
if it hore ere it be spent.

Youl come to your fathers to supper?

Rom: I will.

Mer: Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell sweete Ladie.

Exeunt Benvolio, Mercutio

Nurs:

of Romeo and Juliet.

Nur: Marry farewell. Pray what saucie merchant was this that was so full of his roperipe?

Rom: A gentleman Nurse that loves to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in an houre than hee will stand to in a month.

Nur: If hee stand to anie thing against mee, I'e take him downe if he were lustier than he is: If I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that shall: I am none of his flurt-gills, I am none of his skaines mates.

She turns to Peter her man.

And thou like a knave must stand by, and see everie Jacke use me at his pleasure.

Pet: I see no bodie use you at his pleasure, if I had, I would soone have drawn: you know my toole is as soone out as anothers if I see time and place.

Nur: Now afore God he hath so vext me, that everie member about me quivers: scurvie Jacke. But as I said, my Ladie bad me seeke ye out, and what shee bad me tell yee, that Ile keep to my selfe: but if you should lead her into a fooles paradice as they saye, it were a verie grosse kinde of behaviour as they say, for the Gentlewoman is yong. Now if you should deale doubly with her, it were verie weake dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

Rom: Nurse, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I protest.

Nur: Good heart: y faith Ile tell her so: oh she will be a ioyful woman.

Rom: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

Nur: That you doo protest: which (as I take it) is a Gentlmanlike proffer.

Rom: Bid her get leave to morrow morning
To come to shrift to Frier *Laurence* cell:
And stay thou Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,
My man shall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackled staire,
Which to the hightop-gallant of my ioy

E 3

Must

The excellent Tragedie

Must be my conduct in the secret night.

Hold, take that for thy paines.

Nur: No, not a penie truly.

Rom: I say you shall not chuse.

Nur: Well, to morrow morning she shall not faile.

Rom: Farewell, be trustie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Esit*

Nur: *Peter*, take my fanne, and goe before. *Ex.omnes.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul: The clocke stroke nine when I did send my Nursse

In halfe an houre she promist to returne.

Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.

Oh she is lazie, Loves heralds should be thoughts,

And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,

Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannonsmouth.

Enter Nurse.

Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle Nurse,

What sayes my Love?

Nur: Oh I am wearie, let mee rest a while. Lord how my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Give me some aqua vitae.

Jul: I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes.

Nur: Fie, what a jaunt have I had; and my backe a tother side. Lord, Lord, what a case am I in.

Jul: But tell me sweet Nurse, what says *Romeo*?

Nur: *Romeo*, nay, alas you cannot chuse a man. Hees no bodie, he is not the Flower of curtesie, he is not a proper man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy way wench, thou hast it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head beates?

Jul: What of all this? tell me what sayes he to our marriage?

Nur: Marry he sayes like an honest Gentleman, and a kinde, and I warrant a virtuous: wheres your Mother?

Jul: Lord, Lord, how odly thou repliest? He saies like a

kinde

of Romeo and Juliet.

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

Nur: Marry come up, cannot you stay a while? is this the poultesse for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl have done, even doot your selfe.

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

Nur: Goe, hye you straight to Friar *Laurence* Cell, And frame a scuse that you must goe t shrift: There stayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride. Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheekes, I must provide a ladder made of cordes, With which your Lord ust 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?

Jul: How doth her latter words revive my hart. Thankes gentle Nurse, dispatch thy busines, And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, Frier.

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

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 consumate those never parting, Witnes of our harts love by joining hands, And come she will.

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

Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.
See where she comes.
So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:
Of love and joy, see see the soveraigne power.

Jul: Romeo.

Rom:

The excellent Tragedie

Rom: My *Juliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloasd in Nights mysts) attend the frolicke Day,
So *Romeo* hath expected *Juliet*,
And thou art come.

Jul: I am (if I be Day)

Come to my Sunne: shine foorth, and make me faire.

Rom: All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.

Jul: *Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth arise.

Fr: Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passé
Defer imbracements till some fitrer time,
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,
Till holy Church have joynd ye both in one.

Rom: Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.

Jul: Make hast, make hast, this lingring doth us wrong.

Fr: O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.

Hast is a common hindrer in crosse way. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Benvolio, Mercutio.

Ben: I pree 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 taverne, claps me his rapier on the
boord, 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 Jacke being moovde,
and as soone moovde to be moodie, and as soone moodie
to be moovd.

Ben: And what too?

Mer: Nay, and there were two such, wee should have
none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for crack-
ing of nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hadst
hasill eyes? what eye but such an eye would have pickt out
such a quarrel? With another for coughing because hee
wakt

of Romeo and Juliet.

wakd thy dogs 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.

Mer: By my heele I care not.

Tyb: Gentlemen a word with one of you.

Mer: But one word with one of us? You had best couple It with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow.

Tyb: I am apt enough to that if I have occasion.

Mer: Could you not take occasion?

Tyb: *Mercutio* thou consorts with *Romeo*?

Mer: Confort. Zwounes consort? the slave will make fiddlers of us. If you doe sirra, look for nothing but discord: For heeres my fiddle-sticke.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb: Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.

Mer: But Ile be hanged if he weare your livery: Mary go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in that sence your worship may call him man.

Tyb: *Romeo* the hate I beare to thee can affoord no better words then these, thou art a villaine.

Rom: *Tybalt* the love I beare to thee, doth excuse the appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, therefore I well perceive thou knowst me not.

Tyb: Bace boy this cannot serve thy turne, and therefore drawe.

Ro: I doe protest I hever injured thee, but love thee better than thou canst devise, till thou shalt know the reason of my love.

Mer: O dishonorable vile submission. *Allastockado* caries it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

Tyb: What wouldest with me?

F

Mer:

The excellent Tragedie

Mer: Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your nine lives, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your scabard, least mine be about your eares ere you be a ware.

Rom: Stay *Tibalt*, hould *Mercutio*: *Benvolio* beate downe their weapons.

Tibalt under *Romeos* arme thrusts *Mercutio*, in and flyes.

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

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

Mer: Noe not so deepe as a Well, not so wide as a barne doore, but it will serve I warrant. What meant you to come betweene us? I was hurt under your arme.

Rom: I did all for the best.

Mer: Apoxe of your houses, I am fairely drest. Sirra 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 morrow you shall find me a grave-man. A poxe of your houses, I shall be fairely mounted upon foure mens shoulders: For your house of the *Mountagues* and the *Capolets*: and then some peasantly rogue, some Sexton, some base slave shall write my Epitaph, that *Tybalt* came and broke the Princes Lawes, and *Mercutio* was slaine for the first and second cause. Wher's 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 houses. *Exeunt*

Rom: This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie.
My very frend hath tane this mortall wound
In my behalfe, my reputation staind
With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my kinsman, Ah *Juliet*

Thy

of Romeo and Juliet.

Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,
And in my temper softens valors steele.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben: Ah *Romeo* *Romeo* brave *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant spirit hath a spir'd the cloudes,
Which too untimely scornd the lowly earth.

Rom: This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend
This but begins what other dayes must end.

Enter Tibalt.

Ben: Heere comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.

Rom: A live in triumph and *Mercutio* slaine?

A way to heaven respective lenity:
And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine back againe,
Which late thou gav'st me: for *Mercutios* soule,
Is but a little way about the cloudes,
And staies for thine to beare him company.
Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

Fight, Tibalt falles.

Ben: *Romeo* away, thou seest that *Tibalt's* slaine,
The Citizens approach, away, be gone
Thou wilt be taken.

Rom: Ah I am fortunes slave.

Exeunt

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Wher's he that slue *Mercutio*, *Tybalt* that vil-
laine?

Ben: There is that *Tybalt*.

F 2

Watch: Up

The excellent Tragedie

Up sirra goe with us.

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pri: Where be the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben: Ah Noble Prince I can discover all
The most unlucky mannage of this brawl.
Heere lyes the man slaine by yong *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman brave *Mercutio*,

M: *Tibalt, Tybalt*, O my brothers child,
Unhappie sight? Ah the blood is spilt
Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, shed bloud of *Mountagew*.

Pri: Speake *Benvolio* who began this fray?

Ben: *Tibalt* heere slaine whom *Romeos* hand did slay.
Romeo who spake him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrel was.
But *Tibalt* still persisting in his wrong,
The stout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the storme,
Which *Romeo* seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,
And with his agill arme yong *Romeo*,
As fast as tung cryde peace, fought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
Under yong *Romeos* laboring arme to part,
The furious *Tybalt* cast an envious thrust,
That rid the life of stout *Mercutio*.
With that he fled, but presently return'd,
And with his rapier braved *Romeo*:
That had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And ere I could draw forth my rapier
To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,
And this way *Romeo* fled.
Mo: He is a *Mountagew* and speakes partiall,
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife:
And all those twenty could but kill one life.

I doe

of Romeo and Juliet.

I doo intreate sweete Prince thoul't justice give,
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.
Prin: And for that offence
 Immediately we doo exile him hence.
 I have an interest in your hates proceeding,
 My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
 But Ile amerce you with so large a fine,
 That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
 I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
 Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.
 Pittie shall dwell and governe with us still:
 Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Juliet.

Jul: Gallop apace you fierie footed steedes
 To *Phoebus* mansion, such a Waggoner
 As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,
 And send in cloudie night immediately.

*Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder
 of cordes in her lap.*

But how now Nurse: Oh Lord, why lookst thou sad?
 What hast thou there, the cordes?

Nur: I, I, the cordes: alacke we are undone,
 We are undone, Ladie we are undone.

Jul: What divell art thou that torments me thus?

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

Jul: This torture should be roard in dismall hell.
 Can heavens be so envious?

Nur: *Romeo* can if heavens cannot.
 I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes.
 God save the sample, on his manly breast:
 A bloodie coarse, a piteous bloodie coarse,
 All pale as ashes, I swounded at the sight.

F 3

Jul:

The excellent Tragedie

Jul: Ah *Romeo, Romeo*, what disaster hap
Hath severd thee from thy true *Juliet*?
Ah why should Heaven so much conspire with Woe,
Or Fate envie our happie Marriage,
So soone to sunder us by timelesse Death?

Nur: O *Tybalt, Tybalt* the best frend I had,
O honest *Tybalt*, curteous Gentleman.

Jul: What storme is this that blowes so contrarie,
Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered:
My deare lovde cousen, 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 mured him is banished.

Jul: Ah heavens, did *Romeo*s hand shed *Tybalts* blood?

Nur: It did, it did, alacke the day it did.

Jul: O serpents hate, hid with a flowring face:
O painted sepulcher, including filth.

Was never booke containing so foule matter,
So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo*?

Nur: There is no truth, no faith, no honestie in men:
All false, all faithles, perjurde, all forsworne.
Shame come to *Romeo*.

Jul: A blister on that tung, he was not borne to shame:
Upon his face Shame is ashamde to sit.

But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cousen?
That villaine Cousen would have kild my husband.
All this is comfort. But there yet remains
Worse than his death, which faine I would forget:

But ah, it presseth to my memorie,
Romeo is banished. Ah that word Banished
Is worse than death. *Romeo* is banished,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt, Juliet*,
All killd, all slaine, all dead, all banished.
Where are my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Nur: Weeping and wayling over *Tybalts* coarse.

Will

of Romeo and Juliet.

Will 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.
He 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 Frier.

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

Enter Romeo.

Rom: Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
What Sorrow craves acquaintance at our hands,
Which yet we know not.

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

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

Fr: A gentler judgement 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 if 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 itselfe.
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 upon the stroke that murders me.

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

And

The excellent Tragedie

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

Rom: Tis torture and not mercie, heaven is heere
Where *Juliet* lives: and everie cat and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthiething
Live here in heaven, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flyes, than *Romeo*: they may seaze
On the white wonder of faire *Juliets* skinne,
And steale immortall kisses from her lips;
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.
Flies may doo this, but I from this myst 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 use that word in hell:
Howling attends it. How hadst thou the heart,
Being a Divine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sinne absolver, and my frend profest,
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: Ile give thee armour to beare off this word,
Adversities sweete milke, philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou be banished.

Rom: Yet Banished? hang up philosophie,
Unlesse philosophie can make a *Juliet*,
Displant a Towne, reverse a Princes doome,
It helps not, it prevailes not, talke no more.

Fr: O, now I see that madmen have no eares.

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

Fr: Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom: Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feele.

Wert

of Romeo and Juliet.

Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* my Love,
 An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
 Doting like me, and like me banished,
 Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy
 hayre.
 And fall upon the ground as I doe now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Nurse knockes.

Fr: *Romeo* arise, stand up thou wilt be taken,
 I heare one knocke, arise and get thee gone.

Nu: Hoe Fryer.

Fr: Gods will what wilfulnes is this?

Shee knockes againe.

Nur: Hoe Fryer open the doore,

Fr: By and by I come. Who's there?

Nur: One from Lady *Juliet*.

Fr: Then come meare.

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 even in my Mistresse case
 Just in her case. Oh wofull sympathy,
 Pitteous predicament, even so lyes thee,
 Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping:
 Stand up, stand up, stand and you be a man.
 For *Juliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand,
 Why should you fall into so deep an O.

He rises.

Romeo: Nurse.

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

G

Rom:

The excellent Tragedie

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

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

Rom: As if that name shot from the deadly level of a gun
Did murder her, as that names cursed 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
Thy unresonable furies of a beast.
Unseemely woman in a seeming man,
Or ill beseeming 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 lives in thee?
Rouse up thy spirits, thy Lady *Juliet* lives,
For whose sweet sake thou wert but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou sluest *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.
A packe of blessings lights upon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his best array:
But like a misbehavde and sullen wench
Thou frownst upon thy Fate that smiles on thee.

Take

of Romeo and Juliet.

Take heede, take heede, for such dye miserable.
 Goe get thee to thy love as was decreed:
 Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
 But looke thou stay not till the watch be set:
 For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*.
 Nurse provide all things in a readines,
 Comfort thy Mistresse, haste the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.

Nur: Good Lord what a thing learning is.

I could have stayde heere all this night
 To heare good counsell. Well Sir,
 Ile tell my Lady that you will come.

Rom: Doe so and bidde my sweet prepare to childe,
 Farewell good Nurse.

Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe.

Nur: Heere is a Ring Sir, that she bad me give you,

Rom: How well my comfort is revivd by this.

Exit Nurse.

Fr: Sojorne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your man,
 And he shall signifie from time to time:
 Every good hap that doth befall thee here.
 Farwell.

Rom: But that a joy, past joy cryes out on me,
 It were a grieffe so breefe to part with thee.

*Enter olde Capolet and his wife, with
 County Paris.*

Cap: Things have fallen out Sir so unluckily,
 That we have had no time to move my daughter.

The excellent Tragedie

Looke yee Sir, she lov'd her kinsman dearely,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to dye,
Wife wher's your daughter, is she in her chamber?
I thinke she meanes not to come downe to night.

Par: These times of woe affoord no time to wooe,
Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.

*Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet
calles him againe.*

Cap: Sir *Paris*? Ile make a desperate tender of my child.
I thinke she will be ruled in all respectes by mee:
But soft what day is this?

Par: Munday my Lord.

Cap: Oh then Wensday is too soone,
On Thursday let it be: you shall be married.
Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or so:
For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being slaine so lately,
It will be thought we held him careleslye:
If we should revell much, therefore we will have
Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe,
But what say you to Thursday.

Par: My Lorde I wishe that Thursday were to mor-
row.

Cap: Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to
bed.

Acquaint her with the County *Paris* love,
Fare well my Lord till Thursday next.
Wife gette you to your daughter, Light to my Chamber.
Afore me it is so very very late,
That we may call it earely by and by.

Exeunt.

Enter

of Romeo and Juliet.

Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window.

Jul: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke
That pierst the fearfull hollow of thine eare:
Nightly she sings on yon Pomegranate tree,
Beleeve me love, it was the Nightingale.

Rom: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,
And not the Nightingale. See Love what envious strakes
Doo lace the severing clowdes in yonder East.
Nights candles are burnt out, and jocond Day
Stands tiptoes on the mystie mountaine tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and dye.

Jul: Yon light is not day light, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Then stay awhile, thou shalt not goe soone.

Rom: Let me stay here, let me be tane, and dye:
If thou wilt have it so, I am content.
Ile say yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,
It is the pale reflex of Cynthias brow.
Ile say it is the Nightingale that beares
The vaultie heaven so high above our heads,
And not the Larke the Messenger of Morne.
Come death and welcome, *Juliet* wils it so.
What sayes my Love? lets talke, tis not yet day.

Jul: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords and unpleasing Sharpes.
Some say, the Larke makes sweete Division:

The excellent Tragedie

This doth not so: for this divideth us.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changed voyces too:
Since arme from arme her voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntsup to the day.
So now be gone, more light and light it growes.

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

Farewell my Love, one kisse and Ile descend.

He goeth downe.

Jul: Art thou gone so, my Lord, my Love, my Frend?
I must heare from thee everie day in the hower:
For in an hower there are manie minutes,
Minutes are dayes, so will I number them:
Oh, by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I see thee againe.

Rom: Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
That may conveigh my greetings love to thee.

Jul: Oh, thinkst thou we shall ever meete againe.

Rom: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe shall serve
For sweete discourses in the time to come.

Jul: Oh God, I have an ill divining soule.
Me thinkes I see thee now thou art below
Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:
Either mine ey-sight failes, or thou lookst pale.

Rom: And trust me Love, in my eye so doo you,
Drie sorrow drinks our blood: adieu, adieu.

Exit.

Enter Nurse hastily.

Nur: Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,
Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all sure.

She goeth downe from the window.

Enter

of Romeo and Juliet.

Enter Juliets Mother, Nurse.

Moth: Where are you Daughter?

Nur: What Ladie, Lambe, what *Juliet*?

Jul: How now, who calls?

Nur: It is your Mother.

Moth: Why how now *Juliet*?

Jul: Madam, I am not well.

Moth: What evermore weeping for your Cosens death:
I thinke thoult wash him from his grave with teares.

Jul: I cannot chuse, having so great a losse.

Moth: I cannot blame thee.

But it grieves thee more that Villaine lives.

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* companie.

Jul: Fine you the meanes, and Ile finde such a man:
For whilest he lives, 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 joyfull

Jul: And joy 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 joy.

Jul: What day is that I pray you?

Moth: Marry my Childe,

The

The excellent Tragedie

The gallant, yong, and youthfull Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Early next Thursday morning must provide,
To make you there a glad and joyfull Bride.

Jul: Now by Saint *Peters* Church and *Peter* too,
He shall not there make mee a joyfull 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 love.

Enter olde Capolet.

Moth: Here comes your Father, you may tell him so.

Capo: Why how now, evermore showingr?

In one little bodie thou resemblest a sea, a barke, a storme:
For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating in thy everfalling teares,
And tost with sighes arising from thy hart:
Will without succour ship wracke presently.
But heare you Wife, what have you sounded her, what saies
she to it?

Moth: I have, but she will none she thankes ye:
Would God she were married to her grave.

Capo: What will she not, doth she not thanke us, doth
she not wexe proud?

Jul: Not proud ye have, but thankfull that ye have:
Proud can I never be of that I hate,
But thankfull even for hate that is ment love.

Capo: Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud. Whats here, chop logicke.
Proud me no prouds, nor thanke me no thankes,
But fettle your fine joints on Thursday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.

Out

of Romeo and Juliet.

Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.

Ju: Good father heare me speake?

She kneeles downe.

Cap: I tell thee what, eyther resolve on thursday next

To goe with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church:

Or henceforth never 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 us but this onely chyld:

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a crosse in having her.

Nur: Mary God in heaven blesse her my Lord,

You are too blame to rate her so.

Cap: And why my Lady wifedome? hold your tung,

Good prudence smatter with your gossips, goe.

Nur: Why my Lord I speake no treason.

Cap: Oh goddegodden.

Utter your gravity over a gossips boule,

For heere we need it not.

Mo: My Lorde ye are too hotte.

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 having 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 have a wretched whining foole,

A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,

To say I cannot love, 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 ont, I doe not use to jest.

H

I

The excellent Tragedie

I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,
Lay hand on heart, advise, bethinke your selfe,
If you be mine, Ile give you to my frend;
If not, hang, drowne, starve, beg,
Dye in the streetes; for by my Soule
Ile never more acknowledge thee,
Nor what I have shall ever doe thee good,
Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not use to jest. *Exit.*

Jul: Is there no pittie hanging in the cloudes,
That lookes 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 have done with thee. *Exit.*

Jul: Ah Nurse what comfort? what counsell canst thou
give me?

Nur: Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say:
Your *Romeo* he is banisht, and all the world to nothing
He never dares returne to challendge 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 have no use of him.

Jul: Speakst thou this from thy heart?

Nur: I and from my soule, or els beshrew them both.

Jul: Amen.

Nur: What say you Madame?

Jul: Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,
I pray thee goe thy waies unto my mother
Tell her I am gone having displeasde my Father.
To Fryer *Laurence* Cell to confesse me,
And to be absolv'd.

of Romeo and Juliet.

Nur: I will, and this is wisely done.
She lookes after Nurse.

Jul: Auncient damnation, O most cursed fiend.
 Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,
 Or do dispraise him with the selfe same tongue
 That thou hast praisde him with above compare
 So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,
 Thou and my bosom henceforth shal be twaine.
 Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,
 If all faile els, I have the power to die.

Exit.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Fr: On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,

Par: My father *Capolet* will have it so,
 And I am nothing slacke to slow his hast.

Fr: You say you doe not know the Ladies minde?
 Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par: Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
 And therefore have I little talkt of love,
 For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,
 Now Sir, her father thinkes it daungerous:
 That she doth give her sorrow so much sway.
 And in his wifedome hasts our mariage,
 To stop the inundation of her teares,
 Which too much minded by her selfe alone
 May be put from her by societie.
 Now doe ye know the reason of this hast?

Fr: I would I knew not why it should be slowd.

H 2

Enter

The excellent Tragedie

Enter Paris.

Heere comes the Lady to my cell.

Par: Welcome my love, my Lady and my wife:

Ju: That my be sir, when I may be a wife,

Par: That may be, must be love, on thursday next.

Ju: What must be shal be.

Fr: Thats a certaine text.

Par: What come ye to confession to this Fryer.

Ju: To tell you that were to confesse to you.

Par: Do not deny to him that you love me.

Ju: I will confesse to you that I love him,

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

Ju: And if I doe, it wil be of more price,

Being spoke behinde your backe, than to your face.

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

Ju: The teares have got small victory by that,

For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par: Thou wrongst it more than teares by that report.

Ju: 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 slaundred it,

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

Are you at leasure holy Father now:

Or shall I come to you at evening Masse?

Fr: My leasure serves me pensive daughter now.

My lord we must entreate the time alone.

Par: God shield I should disturbe devotion,

Juliet farwell, and keep this holy kisse.

Exit Paris.

Ju: Goe shut the doore and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me that am past cure, past help,

Fr: Ah Juliet I already know thy grieve,
I heare thou must and nothing may proroge it,

On

of Romeo and Juliet.

On Thursday next be married to the Countie.

Jul: Tell me not Frier that thou hearst of it,
 Unlesse thou tell me how we may prevent it.
 Give me some sudden counsell: els behold
 Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie Knife
 Shall play the Umpeere, 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 speakst, speake not of remedie.

Fr: Stay *Juliet*, I doo spie a kind of hope,
 Which craves 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 slay thy selfe,
 Tis not unlike that thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That coapst with death it selfe to flye from blame.
 And if thou doost, ile give thee remedie.

Jul: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)
 From off the battlements of yonder tower:
 Or chaine me to some steepie mountains top,
 Where roaring Beares and savage Lions are:
 Or shut me nightly in a Charnell-house,
 With reekie shankes, and yeolow chaples skulls:
 Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:
 Things that to heare them namde have made me tremble;
 And I will doo it without feare or doubt,
 To keep my selfe a faithfull unstaind Wife
 To my deere Lord, my deerest *Romeo*.

Fr: Hold *Juliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
 Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
 And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
 And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:
 When presently through all thy veynes shall run
 A dull and heavie slumber, which shall seaze

H 3

Each

The excellent Tragedie

Each vitall spirit: for no Pulse shall keepe
His naturall progresse, but surcease to beate:
No signe of breath shall testifie thou livst.
And in this borrowed likenes of shrunke death,
Thou shalt remaine full two and fortie houres.
And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,
Ile send in hast to *Mantua* to thy Lord,
And he shall come and take thee from thy grave.

Jul: Frier I goe, be sure thou send for my deare *Romeo*.
Exeunt.

*Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurse, and
Servingman.*

Capo: Where are you sirra?

Ser: Heere forsooth.

Capo: Goe, provide me twentie cunning Cookes.

Ser: I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe
them by licking their fingers.

Capo: How canst thou know them so?

Ser: Ah Sir, tis an ille Cooke cannot licke his owne fin-
gers.

Capo: Well get you gone.

Exit Servingman.

But wheres this Head-strong?

Moth: Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier *Laurence* Cell
To be confest.

Capo: Ah, he may hap to doo some good of her,
A headstrong selfewild harlotrie it is.

Enter

of Romeo and Juliet.

Enter Juliet

Moth: See here she commeth from Confession,

Capo: How now my Head-strong, where have you bin gadding?

Jul: Where I have learned to repent the sin
Of froward wilfull opposition
Gainst you and your behests, and am enjoynd
By holy *Laurence* to fall prostrate here,
And crave remission of so foule a fact.

She kneeles downe.

Moth: Why thats well said.

Capo: Now before God this holy reverent Frier
All our whole Citie is much bound unto.
Goe tell the Countie presently of this,
For I will have this knot knit up to morrow.

Jul: 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 unto you presently,

Nur: Come sweet hart, shall we goe?

Jul: I pree thee let us.

Exeunt Nurse and Juliet.

Moth: Me thinks on Thursday would be time enough.

Capo: I say I will have this dispatcht to morrow,
Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.

Moth: I pray my Lord, let it be Thursday.

Capo: I say to morrow while shees in the mood.

Moth: We shall be short in our provision.

Capo:

The excellent Tragedie

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

Enter Nurse, Juliet.

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

Enter Mother.

Moth: What are you busie, doo you need my helpe?
Jul: No Madame, I desire to lye alone,
For I have manie things to thinke upon.
Moth: Well then good night, be stirring *Juliet,*
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow. *Exit.*
Jul: 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 Frier should give me this drinke
To poison 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 Toomb?

O

of Romeo and Juliet.

Awake an houre before the appointed time:
 Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke,
 And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
 Dash out my franticke braines. Me thinks I see
 My Cosin *Tybalt* weltring in his bloud,
 Seeking for *Romeo*: stay *Tybalt* stay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke o thee.

She fals upon her bed within the Curtaines.

Enter Nurse with hearbs, Mother.

Moth: That's well said Nurse, set all in redines,
 The Countie will be heere immediately.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Make hast, make hast, for it is almost day,
 The Curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocks,
 Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.

Nur: Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you
 will be sicke anone.

Cap: I warrant thee Nurse I have ere now watcht all
 night, and have taken no harme at all.

Moth: I you have beene a mouse hunt in your time.

Enter Servingman with Logs & Coales.

Cap: A Jelous hood, a Jelous hood: How now sirra?
 What have you there?

Ser: Forsooth Logs.

Cap: Goe, goe choose dryer. Will will tell thee where
 thou shalt fetch them.

Ser: Nay I warrant let me alone, I have a heade I noe to

I

choose

The excellent Tragedie

choose a Log.

Exit.

Cap: Well goe thy way, thou shalt be logger head.
Come, come, make hast call up your daughter,
The Countie will be heere with musicke straight.
Gods me hees come, Nurse call up my daughter.

Nur: Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady
birde? fast I warrant. What *Juliet*? well let the County take
you in your bed yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next
night, the Countie *Paris* hath set up his rest that you shal rest
but little. What lambe I say, fast still: what Lady, Love
what bride, what *Juliet*, Gods me how sound she sleeps: 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 vitae hoe.

Enter Mother.

Moth: How now whats the matter?

Nur: Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.

Moth: Accurst, unhappy, miserable time.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Come, come, make hast, wheres my daughter?

Moth: Ah shees dead, shees dead.

Cap: Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.
Accursed time, unfortunate olde man.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Par: What is the bride ready to goe to Church?

Cap: Ready to goe, but never to returne.

O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,
Deflowerd by him, see, where she lyes,

Death

of Romeo and Juliet.

Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I give all that I have.

Par: Have I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it now present such prodigies?
Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,
Forlorne, forsaken, destitute I am:
Borne to the world to be a slave in it.
Distrest, remediles, and unfortunate.
O heavens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To live so vile, so wretched as I shall.

Cap: O here she lies that was our hope, our joy,
And being dead, dead sorrow nips us all.

All at once cry out and wring their hands.

All cry: And all our joy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, undone, absented, wholly fled.

Cap: Cruel, unjust, impartiall destinies,
Why to this day have you preserv'd my life?
To see my hope, my stay, my joy, my life,
Deprivde of sence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, unjust, impartiall destinies.

Cap: O sad fac'd sorrow map of misery,
Why this sad time have I desird to see.
This day, this unjust, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
To be deprivde by suddaine destinie.

Moth: O woe, alacke, distrest, why should I live?
To see this day, this miserable day.
Alacke the time that ever I was borne.
To be a partaker of this destinie.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.

Fr: O peace for shame, if not for charity.
Your daughter lives in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to wish it otherwise.

The excellent Tragedie

Come sticke your Rosemary in this dead coarse,
And as the custome of our Country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,
Convay her where her Ancestors lie tomb'd.

Cap: Let it be so, come wofull sorrow mates,
Let us together taste this bitter fare.

*They all but the Nurse goe forth, casting Rosemary on
her and shutting the Curteens*

Enter Musitions.

Nur: Put up, put up, this is a wofull case. *Exit.*
I. I by my troth Mistresse is it, it had need be mended.

Enter Servingman.

Ser: Alack alack what shall I doe, come Fidlers play me
some mery dumpe.

I. A sir, this is no time to play.

Ser: You will not then?

I. No marry will wee.

Ser: Then will I give it you, and soundly to.

I. What will you give us?

Ser: The fiddler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile sol you.

I. If you re us and fa us, we will note you.

Ser: I will put up my Iron dagger, and beate you with
my wodden wit, Come on Simon sound Pot, Ile pose you.

I. Lets heare.

Ser: When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
And dolefull dumps the minde oppresse:
Then musique with her silver found.

Why silver found? Why silver found?

I. I think because musicke hath a sweet sound.

Ser: Pretie, what say you Mathew minikine?

I

of Romeo and Juliet.

2. I thinke because Musitions sound for silver.

Ser: Prettie too: come, what say you?

3. I say nothing.

Ser: I think so, Ile speake for you because you are the Singer. I saye Silver sound, because such Fellowes as you have sildome Golde for sounding. Farewell Fidlers, farewell.

Exit.

1. Farewell and be hangd: come lets goe.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo.

Rom: If I may trust the flattering Eye of Sleepe,
My Dreame presagde some good event to come,
My bosome Lord sits chearfull in his throne,
And I am comforted with pleasing dreames.
Me thought I was this night alreadie dead:
(Strange dreames that give a dead man leave to thinke)
And that my Ladie *Juliet* came to me,
And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revivde and was an Emperour.

Enter Balthasar his man booted.

Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthasar*,
How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?
How fares my *Juliet*? that I aske againe:
If she be well, then nothing can be ill.

Balt: Then nothing can be ill, for she is well,
Her bodie sleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.
Pardon me Sir, that am the Messenger of such bad tidings.

Rom: Is it even so? Then I defie my Starres,

The excellent Tragedie

Goe get me incke and paper, hyre post horse,
I will not stay in *Mantua* to night.

Balt: Pardon me Sir, I will not leave you thus,
Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare:
I dare not, nor I will not leave you yet.

Rom: Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,
And hyre those horse: stay not I say.

Exit Balthasar.

Well *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Lets see for meanes. As I doe remember
Here dwells a Pothecarie whom oft I noted
As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes:
And in the same an *Aligerta* hangs,
Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roses,
Are thinly strewed to make up a show.
Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought:
And if a man should need a poison now,
(Whose present sale is death in *Mantua*)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forrunne my need: and here about he dwels,
Being Holiday the Beggers shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.

Enter Apothecarie.

Apo: Who calls, what would you sir?

Rom: Heeres twentie duckates,
Give me a dram of some such speeding geere,
As will dispatch the wearie takers life,
As suddenly as powder being fierd
From forth a Cannous mouth.

Apo: Such drugs I have I must of force confesse,
But yet the law is death to those that sell them.

Rom:

of Romeo and Juliet.

Rom: Art thou so bare and full of povertie,
 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:
 Upon thy backe hangs ragged Miserie,
 And starved Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.

Apo: My povertie but not my will consents.

Rom: I pay thy povertie, but not thy will.

Apo: Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing
 you will, and it will serve had you the lives of twenty men.

Rom: Hold, take this gold, worse poyson to mens soules
 Than this which thou hast given me. Goe hie thee hence,
 Goe buy the cloathes, and get this into flesh.
 Come cordiall and not poyson, goe with mee
 To *Juliets* Grave: for there must I use thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier John.

John: What Frier *Laurence*, Brother, ho?

Laur: This same should be the voice of Frier *John*.
 What newes from *Mantua*, what will *Romeo* come?

John: Going to seeke a barefoote Brother out,
 One of our order to associate mee,
 Here in this Cittie visiting the sick,
 Whereas the infectious pestilence remaind:
 And being by the Searchers of the Towne
 Found and examinde, we were both shut up.

Laur: Who bare my letters then to *Romeo*?

John: I have 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

The excellent Tragedie

A spade and mattocke.

John: Well I will presently go fetch thee them. *Exit.*

Laur: Now must I to the Monument alone,
Least that the Ladie should before I come
Be wakde from sleepe. I will hye
To free her from that Tombe of miserie. *Exit.*

*Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers
and sweete water.*

Par: Put out the torch, and lye thee all along
Under this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare close to the hollow
ground.

And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard,
Staight give me notice.

Boy: I will my Lord.

Paris strewes the Tomb with flowers.

Par: Sweete Flower, with flowers I strew thy Bridale
bed:

Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite dost containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie:
Faire *Juliet* that with Angells dost remaine,
Accept this latest favour at my hands,
That living honourd thee, and being dead
With funerall praises doo adorne thy Tombe.

Boy whistles and calls. My Lord.

*Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, a
a mattocke, and a crow of yren.*

Par:

of Romeo and Juliet.

Par: The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
 What cursed foote wanders this way to night,
 To stay my obsequies and true loves rites?
 What with a torch, muffle me night a while.

Rom: Give me this mattocke, and this wrenching I-
 ron.

And take these letters early in the morning,
 See thou deliver 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 use
 In deare imployment but if thou wilt stay,
 Further to prie in what I undertake,
 By heaven Ile teare thee joynt by joynt,
 And strewe thys hungry churchyard with thy lims.
 The time and my intents are savage, wilde.

Balt: Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.

Rom: So shalt thou win my favour, take thou this,
 Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.

Balt: Yet for all this will I not part from thence.

Romeo opens the tombe.

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

Par: This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
 That murderd my loves cosen, I will apprehend him.
 Stop thy unhallowed 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 come I hither.
 Good youth begone, tempt not a desperate man.

K

Heape

The excellent Tragedie

Heape not another sinne upon my head
By sheding of thy bloud, I doe protest
I love thee better then I love my selfe,
For I come hither armde against my selfe.

Par: I doe defie thy conjurations:
And doe attach thee as a felon here.

Rom: What dost thou tempt me, then have 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 have married
Juliet? eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so.
But I will satisfie thy last request,
For thou hast prizd thy love above thy life.
Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft have 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 grave?
O I beleeve that unsubstanciall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my love.
Therefore will I, O heere, O ever heere,
Set up my everlasting 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 love. O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kisse I dye. *Falls.*

Enter

of Romeo and Juliet.

Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.

How oft to night have these my aged feete
Stumbled at graves as I did passe along.
Whose there?

Man. A frend and one that browes you well.

Fr: Who is it that conforts so late the dead,
What light is yon? if I be not deceived,
Me thinkes it burnes in *Capels* monument?

Man It doth so holy Sir, and there is one
That loves you dearely.

Fr. Who is it?

Man: *Romeo.*

Fr: How long hath he beene there?

Man: Full halfe an houre and more.

Fr: Goe with me thether.

Man: I dare not sir, he knowes not I am heere:
On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,
And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize.

Fr: Then must I goe: my minde presageth ill.

Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.

What bloud is this that staines the entrance
Of this marble stony monument?
What meanes these maisterles and goory weapons?
Ah me I doubt, whose heere? what *Romeo* dead?
Who and *Paris* too? what unluckie houre
Is accessory to so foule a sinne?

Juliet rises.

The Lady sturres.

K 2

Jul:

The excellent Tragedie

Ah comfortable Fryer,
I doe remember well where I should be,
And what we talkt of: but yet I cannot see
Him for whose sake I undertooke this hazard.

Fr: Lady come foorth. I heare some noise at hand,
We shall be taken, *Paris*, he is slaine,
And *Romeo* dead: and if we heere be tane
We shall be thought to be as accessarie.
I will provide for you in some close Nunery.

Jul: Ah leave me, leave me, I will not from hence.

Fr: I heare some noise, I dare not stay, come, come.

Jul: Goe get thee gone.

Whats heere a cup closde in my lovers hands?
Ah churle drinkt all, and leave no drop for me.

Enter watch.

Watch: This way, this way.

Jul: I, noise? then must I be resolute.
O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare.
Rest in my bosome, thus I come to thee.

She stabs herselfe and falles.

Enter watch.

Cap: Come looke about, what weapons have we heere.
See frends where *Juliet* two daies buried,
New bleeding wounded, search and see who's neare.
Attach and bring them to us presently.

Enter one with the Fryer.

I. Captaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,
Fitte to ope a tombe.

Cap: A great suspition, keep him safe,

Enter

of Romeo and Juliet.

Enter one with Romers Man.

I. Heeres Romeos Man.

Capt: Keepe him to be examinde.

Enter Prince with others.

Prin: What early mischiefe calls us up so soone.

Capt: O noble Prince, see here

Where *Juliet* that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,
 Warme and fresh bleeding, *Romeo* and Countie *Paris*
 Likewise newly slaine.

Prin: Search seeke about to find the murderers.

Enter olde Capolet and his Wife.

Capo: What rumor's this that is so early up?

Moth: The people in the streetes crie *Romeo*,
 And some on *Juliet:* as if they alone
 Had been the cause of such a mutinie.

Capo: See Wife, this dagger hath mistooke:
 For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong *Mountague*,
 And it is sheathed in our Daughters breast.

Enter olde Montague.

Prin: Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up,
 To see thy Sonne and Heire more early drowne.

Mount: Dread Sovereigne, my Wife is dead to night,
 And yong *Benvolio* is deceased too:
 What further mischiefe can there yet be found?

Prin: First come and see, then speake.

Mount: O thou untaught, what manners is in this
 To presse before thy Father to a grave.

Prin: Come seele your mouthes of outrage for a while,
 And let us seeke to finde the Authors out
 Of such a hainous and seld seene mischaunce.
 Bring forth the parties in suspition.

Fr: I am the greatest able to doo least.
 Most worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth,

K 3

And

The excellent Tragedie

And Ile 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 privie to the marriage.
The balefull day of this unhappie marriage,
Was *Tybalts* doomesday; for which *Romeo*
Was banished from hence to *Mantua*.
He gone, her Father sought by soule constraint
To marrie her to *Paris*: But her Soule
(Loathing a second Contract) did refuse
To give consent; and therefore did she urge me
Either to finde a meanes she might avoid
What so her Father sought to force her too:
Or els all desperately she threatned
Even in my presence to dispatch her selfe.
Then did I give her, (tutord by mine arte)
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 associate him,
Whereas the sicke infection remaind,
Was stayed by the Searchers of the Towne.
But *Romeo* understanding by his man,
That *Juliet* was deceasde, returnde in post
Unto *Verona* for to see his love.
What after happened touching *Paris* death,
Or *Romeos* is to me unknowne at all.
But when I came to take the Lady hence,
I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep:
Whom faine I would have taken from the tombe,
Which she refused seeing *Romeo* dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
What after happened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought have miscarried

By

of Romeo and Juliet.

By me, or by my meanes let my old life
 Be sacrificd some houre before his time.
 To the most strickest rigor of the Law.

Pry: We still have knowne thee for a holy man,
 Wheres *Romeos* man, what can he say in this?

Balth: I brought my maister word that shee was dead,
 And then he poasted straight from *Mantua*,
 Unto this Toombe. These Letters he delivered me,
 Charging me early give them to his Father.

Prin: Lets see the Letters, I will read them over.
 Where is the Counties Boy that calld the Watch?

Boy: I brought my Master unto *Juliets* grave,
 But one approaching, straight I calld my Master.
 At last they fought, I ran to call the Watch.
 And this is all that I can say or know.

Prin: These letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,
 Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountagewe*.
 Where are these enemies? see what hate hath done.

Cap: Come brother *Mountague* give me thy hand,
 There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
 Can I bestowe on her, thats all I have.

Moun: But I will give them more, I will erect
 Her statue of pure golde:
 That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.
 There shall be no statue of such price be set,
 As that of *Romeos* loved *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 us hence,
 To have 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