AN EXCELLENT conceited Tragedie OF Romeo and Juliet.

As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Servants.

LONDON,
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1597.
The Prologue.

To household Frends 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 fatal loynes of these two foes,
A paire of starre-crost Louers 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 cares attend,
What here we want wee'll studie to amend.
The most excellent Tragedie of
Romeo and Juliete.

Enter 2. Sermg-men of the Capolets.

Gregorie, of my word Ile carrie no coales.
1 No, for if you doo, you should be a Collier.
2 If I be in choler, Ile draw.
3 Ever while you line, drawe your necke out of the the collar.
4 If strike quickly being mou’d.
5 I, but you are not quickly mou’d to strike.
6 A Dog of the house of the Mountaines moves me.
7 To mooue is to stirre, and to bee valiant is to stand to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be mou’d thou’rt runne away.
8 There’s not a man of them I meete, but Ile take the wall of.
9 That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakest goes to the wall.
10 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 piece of flesh.
11 Tis well thou art not fish, for if thou were thou wouldst be but poore John.
12 Ile play the tyrant, Ile first begin with the maids, & off with their heads.
13 The heads of the maids,
The most excellent Tragedie,

1 I the heades of their Maides, or the Maidenheades, take it in what sentence thou wilt.
2 Nay let them take it in sentence that seele it, but there comes two of the Mountagues.

Enter two Seruicemen of the Mountagues.

1 Nay feare not me, I warrant thee.
2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.

1 Nay let us have the law on our side, let them begin first. I tell thee what I doo, as I goe by Ie bite my thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.
2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and I come after and frowne.

1 Moun: Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?
2 1 bite my thumbe.
1 Moun: But is it at vs?
2 1 bite my thumbe, is the law on our side.
2 No.
1 1 bite my thumbe.
1 Moun: But is it at vs?
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 mistempred weapons to the ground.
Three Civell brawles bred of an arie word.
By the old Capulett and Mountague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets,
If ever you disturb our streets againe, I say no.
of Romeo and Juliet.

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

Exit.

M.: Wife. Who set this auncient quarrel first abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben: Here were the servants of your aduersaries,
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 worhipst sunne;
Peep through the golden window of the East,
A troubled thought drew me from companie:
Where vnderneath the grove Sicamoure,
That Westward rooteth from the Citie's 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 portentous must this honor proue,
Vnlesse good counsaile doo the cause remoue.

Ben: Why tell me Vncele 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,
The most excellent Tragedie,

Mount: I would thou were so happy by thy stay
To hear true shrift. Come Madame lets away.

Benvo: Good morrow Cofen.

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 hours?

Romeo: Not having that, which having makes them

Ben: In love.

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 profe.

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 heauie lightnes seious vanitie!

Mithapen Caos of best seeming things,

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,

Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:

This love thee I, which feele no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben: No Cofe I rather weep.

Ro: Good hart at what?

Ben: At thy good hearts oppression.

Ro: Why such is loves transgression,

Griefes
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,
Which thou wouldst propagate to haue them prest
With more of thine, this griefe that thou haft shoune,
Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne:
Loue is a smoke raisde with the fume of sighes
Being purgde, a fire sparkling in louers eyes;
Being vext, a tear raging with a louers teares.
What is it else? A madnes most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. Farewell Cofe.

Ben: Nay Ia goe along.
And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.
Ro: Tut I haue 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 loue?
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 vrgde to one that is so ill.
In sadnes Cofen I doo loue a woman.
Ben: I aimde so right, when as you said you lou'd.
Ro: A right good mark-man, and shee's faire I loue;
Ben: A right faire marke faire Cofe is soonest hit.
Ro: But in that hit you misle, shee'l not be hit
With Cupids arrow, the hath Dianes wit,
And in strong proofof chaittie well arm'd:
Gainst Cupids childish bow she lies vnarm'd,
Shee'le not abide the fledge of louing 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. Excm.

Enter Countie Paris, old Capulet.

Of honorable reckoning are they both,
The most excellent Tragedie,

And pittie is they live at odds so long:
But leaving that, what say you to my lute?

Cap: What should I say more than I laid before,
My daughter is a stranger in the world,
She hath not yet attain'd to fourteene yeares:
Let two more sommers wither in their pride,
Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.

Paris: Younger than she are happie mothers made.

Cap: But too soone marde are these so early maried:
But wooe her gentle Paris, get her heart,
My word to her consent is but a part.

This night I hold an old accustome'd Feast,
Where to I have inveted 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 seele,
When well apparel'd April on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, euen 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 secke 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 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 Shoomaker, with his needle, the Painter with his net, and the Fishier with his Pensill, I must to the learned.

Enter Benuolio and Romeo.

Ben: Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning, One paine is lesned with anothers anguish:
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning, One desperate grieue cures with anothers languish.
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the ranke poysen of the old will die.

Romeo: Your Planton leate 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 vp 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 haue learned it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you see?

Rom: If I know the letters and the language.

Seru: Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

Rom: Stay fellow I can read.

_Here reads the Letter._

_S Seigneur Martino and his wife and daughters, Countie Anseleme and his beauteous sisters, the Ladie widow of Vtruuio, Seigneur Placentio, and his lovelie Neecees, 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 Cozen Tibalt, Lucio and the truelie Hellena.

A faire assembly, whether should they come?

Ser: Vp.
Ro: Whether to supper?
Ser: To our house.
Ro: Whose house?
Ser: My Masters.
Ro: Indeed I should have askt thee that before.
Ser: Now, I'll tell 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. Ref.
you merrie.

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

Ro: When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire,
And these who often drownde could never die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One faireer 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,
Herselfe poiyd with herselfe in either eye:
But in that Cristall scales let there be waide,
Your Ladyes loue,against some other maide
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall shew well that now seemes best.

Rom: Ie goe along no such fight to be showne,
of Romeo and Juliet.

But to rejoice in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulet's wife and Nurse.

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

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

Wife: her's this girl? what Juliet.

Enter Juliet.

Juliet: How now who calls?

Nurse: Your Mother.

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

Wife: This is the matter. Nurse give me a while, we must talke in secre. Nurse come back again I have re membred me, thou see heare our counfaile. Thou know est my daughters of a prettie age.

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

Wife: Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse: Ie lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my sexe be it spoken, I have but foure, shee's not fourteene.

Wife: How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

Wife: A fortnight and odd dayes.

Nurse: Even or odd, of all days in the yeare come Lammas Eue 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 Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee ma tice I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake nowe ele ten yeares, and she was weend I meuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare upon that day: for I had then laid wormwood to my dog, sitting in the sun under the Doun house wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, may I do beare a braine: But as I said, when it did taft the worm wood on the nipple of my dog, & felt it bitter, pretty foole.
The most excellent Tragedie,

to see it teache and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-house twas noneed I traw to bid me trudge, and since that timentis is a leaven yeare: for then could Iuliet stande high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could haue wadled up and downe, for even the day before shee brake her brow, and then my husband God be with his soule, he was a merrie man:

Dost thou fall forward Iuliet? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit: wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my holli-
dam, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see how a last shall come about, I warrant you if I should live a hun-
dred yeare, I never should forget it, wilt thou not Iuliet?

and by my troth she flintecl and cried I.

Iuliet: And finte thou too, I pre thee Nurce say I.

Nurce: Well goe thy waies, God marke thee for his grace, thou art the prettiest Babe that euer I nursed, 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 Iuliet, howe stand you affec-
ted to be married?

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

Nurce: An honor! were not I thy onely Nurce, I would say thou hast Sulke wisedome 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 waice.

Wife: Veronaes Summer hath not such a flower.

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

Wife: Well Iuliet, how like you of Paris love.

Iuliet: Ile looke to like, if looking liking move,
but no more deepe will I engage mine eye,
Then your consent giues strenght to make it flie.
Clowne: Madam, you are call'd for; supper is ready; the Nurse curse in the Pantrie, all things in extremities, make haste for I must be gone to wait.

Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.

Romeo: What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse? Or shall we without Apologie.

Benvolio: The date is out of such prolixitie, Weele have no Cupel but wineckt with a Scarfe, Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath, Searing the Ladies like a crow-keeper. Nor no without booke Prologue faintly spoke, After the Prompter, for our entrance. But let them measure vs by what they will; Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Romeo: A torch for me I am not for this ambling, Being but heauie I will beare the light.

Mercutio: Beleeue me Romeo I must have you daunce.

Romeo: Not I beleeue me you have dancing shoes, With nimble soles, I have a soule of lead So flakes me to the ground I cannot flitte.

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

Romeo: Give me a Torch, let wantons light of hart Tickle the senseles rushes with their heels: For I am prowerbd with a Grandfire phrase, He be a candleholder and looke on, The game was neate to faire and I am done.

Mercutio: Tindon's the mouse, the Cunstables old word, If thou beeest Dun, weele draw thee from the mire Of this surrendere dene wherein thou stitke. Leave this talke, we obserne day light here.
The most excellent Tragedie,

Rom: Nay, that's not so. 
Mer: I mean, sir, in delay. 
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day, 
Take our good meaning, for our judgments. 
Three times a day, ere once in her right winde. 
Rom: So we meane well by going to this maske. 
But this no wit to goe. 
Mer: Why Romeo may one ask? 
Rom: I dreamt a dreame to night. 
Mer: And so I did. 
Rom: Why what was yours? 
Mer: That dreamers often lie. 
Rom: In bed a sleep, while they doe dreame things. 
Mer: Ah then, I see Queene Mab hath big with you. 
Ben: Queene Mab what's she? 
She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come in shape no bigger than an Aggat bone. 
On the forefinger of a Burgomaster, Drawne with a teene of little Atomis, 
A thwart mens noses when they lie a sleepe. 
Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs. 
The couer, of the wings of Grashoppers, 
The traces are the Moone shine warrie beames, 
The collers crickets bones, the lath of filmes, 
Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie. 
Not halfe so big as is a little worme. 
Pickt from the laste finger of a maide, 
And in this sort the gallops vp and downe. 
Through Louers braines, and then they dream of love. 
O're Couriers knees, who strait on curfies dreme. 
O're Ladies lips, who dreme on kisses strait. 
Which off the angrie Mab with blisters plagues. 
Because their breathes with sweet meats tainted are. 
Sometimes the gallops ore a Lawyers lap,
And then dreams he of smelling on a flute, he knows not why. And sometime comes he with a pig's tail, and tickling a Parson's note that life's a sleep. And then dreams he of another benemice: an hedgehog. Sometimes he gallops on a soldier's horse, and then dreams he of cutting Cornwall's throats, of breaches ambuscados, countermines, of hedges fine and dome deep, and then anon

Drums in his eare sat which he startes and wakes, of this and sweares a prayer or two and sleeps againe.

This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes, and proves them women of good carriage: (the night) This is the verie Mab that plaits the manes of Horses in And plaits the Ellelocks in soule sullen haire,

Which once untangled much misfortune breeds.

Rom: Peace, peace, thou talkest of nothing, and so.

Mer: True true, I talke of dreams.
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 woe's even now the frowe bowels of the north,

And being angered puffes away in haste,

Turning his face to the dew-dropping south

Then Come, Come, the winde doth blow vs from our Supper is done and we shall come too late.

Ro: I fear too earlie, for my minde misgives

Some consequence is hanging in the stars,

Which butterfly begins his tearfull date,

With this night's dewes, and expirers the terme

Of a disparted life, 보내 this breake,

By some virtue the forter of vile death:

Comes
The most excellent Tragedie.

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

Enter old Capules with the Ladies.

Capn: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that have their toes vpplagued with Corns.
Will have about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,
Which of you will now refuse to dance?
Shee that makes daintie, shee I he sweare hath Corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen,wel-
More lights you know, & turn these tables vp, (come)
And quench the fire the room is growne too hote.
Ah sirra, this vslookt for sport comes well,
Nay sir, nay sir, good Colen Capules:
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 thirteene yeares at leaft.

Cap: Tis not so much, tis not so much
Tis since the mariage of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quicklie as it will,
Some flue and twentie yeares, and then weemaske.

Cos: Tis more, tis more, his sone 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 youths a jolly thing.

Rom.: What Ladie is that that doth in rich the hand
Of yonder Knight? Other doth reach the torches to
burne a right?

It seemes he hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich iewe in an eares ear,
Beautie too rich for vs, for earth too deare:
So (hine a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellows showes.
of Romeo and Juliet.

The measure done, let watch her place of stand,  
And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.  
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight.  
I neuer saw true beautie till this night.

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

Ca: Why how now Cosen, wherfore florme 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 gouern'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 crownes,  
An ill beleeming semblance for a feast.

Ti: If ever when such a villaine is a guest,  
He not indure him.

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

Ti: Uncle tis a shame.
Goe too, you are a saucie knave; how must you doit?
This tricke will leach you one day I know what.
Well laid my hartes. Requite:
More light Ye knowe, or I will make you quieter (singing)
Tibals: Patience perforce with wi. full choler mee-
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings. I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall.
Now seeming sweet, content to bitter gall.
Rom: If I prephane with my vawdwall hand,
This holy thine, the gentle sinne is this:
My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth the rough rough with a gentle kisse.
Juli: Good Pilgrime, you doe wrong your hand too
Which mannerly devotion shewes in these: (much)
For Saints have hands which holy Palmers touch,
And Palmes to Palmes is holy Palmers kisse.
Rom: Have not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Juli: Yes Pilgrime lips that they must use in prayer.
Ro: Why then faire Saint, et lips do what hands doe.
They pray, yee'd thou, least faith crie to dispare.
In: Saints doe not moove though: grant nor praiers
for sake.
Ro: Then moote not till my praiers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purged.
In: Then have my lips the sin that they have tooke.
Ro: Sinne from my lips, O trepall I weedy vigle
Give me my sinne againe.
In: You kisse by the booke.
Nurse: Madame your mother calleth.
Rom: What is her mother?
Nurse: Marrie Batcheler, her mother is the Lady of the
house, and a good Lady, and a wise, and a vertuous, I must
her daughter that you talk with all, I tell you, he that can lay hold of her shall have the chinks.

Rom. : Thea Mountague. Oh, dear account!

My life is my foe's thrall.

Ca: Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
They whisper in his ear.

I pray you let me intreat you—Is it so?
Well then, thank you honest Gentleman,
I promise you but for your company,
I would have bin a bed an hour ago.
Light to my chamber, ho.

Exeunt.

Jul. Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?

Nur: The son and heir of old Tiberio.

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

Nur: That as I think is young Petruchio. (danced

Jul. What's he that follows there that would not

Nur: I know not.

Jul: Go, learn his name, if he be married.

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nur: His name is Romeo and a Mountague, the only

son of your great enemy.

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

Nurse: What's this? what's that?

Jul: Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt even now of

one I danc'd with.

Nurse: Come your mother stays for you, I'll goe a long
with you.

Exeunt.
Enter Romeo alone.

Romeo: Shall I goe forward and my heart is here?

Enter Mercutio.

Ben: Romeo, my sonne Romeo.

Mer: Doest thou heare he is wife,

Upon my life he hath tolde him home to bed.

Ben: He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call good Mercutio.

Mer: Call, nay Ile confiture noe.

Romeo, madman, humors, passion, line, appeareth in his likenes of a sigh: speke but one rime & I am satisfied, cry but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Done, speake to my goslip Vnus, one faire word, one nickname for her purblinde sonne and heire young Abraham: Cipid hee that shot to trim when young King Copherina lottet the begger wench. Hee heares me not. I conjure thee by Rosalindes bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lip, her prettie soore, straight leg, and quivering thigh, and the demaines that there adiacent lie; that in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

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

Mer: Tutt this cannot anger him, marry if one shuld raise a spirit in his Mistris circle of some strangulation, making it there to stand till she had laid it, and confirme it downe, that were some spite. My intucation is faire and honest, and in his Mistris name I conjure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben: Well he hath hid himselfe amongst those trees, To be comforted with the humorous night.

Blinde in his lone, and belt belits the darke.
Mer: If love be blind, love will not hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a Medlar tree,
And with his Miftris were that kinde of fruite,
As maides call Medlars when they laugh alone.
Ah, Romeo that she were, ah that she were:
An open Et cetera, thou a popin Peare.

Romeo God night, it's to my trundle bed:
This field bed is too cold for mee.
Come lets away, for'tis but vaine,
To seake him here that meanes not to be found.

Ro: He letts at tears that never felt a wound:
But soft, what light forth yonder window breakes?
It is the East, and Juliet is the Sunne,
Arise faire Sunne, and kill the envious Moone.
That is a ready sick, and pale with grieue:
That thou, her maid, art far more faire than she,
Be not her maide since she is envious,
Her vestall louterie is but pale and greene,
And none but fools doe weare it, cast it off.
She speaks, but she sayes nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourseth, I will answere it.
I am too bold, is not to me she speakes,
Two of the fairest starres in all the skies,
Hauing some busines, doe entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their sphaeres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnes of her cheeckes would shame those starres:
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
Would through the airie region streame so bright,
That birdes would sing, and thinke it were not night.
Oh now she leaves her cheeckes upon her hand,
I would I were the gloe to that same hand,
That I might kisse that cheeke.

Jul: Ay me.

Rom: She speakes, Oh speake againe bright Angell: A For though as glorious to this night beeing out of my A As is a winged messenger of heauen Vnto the white pruned woondring eyes, To sequent Of mortalls that tall backe to gaze on him, who Drom. When he bestrides the last spæcing cloudes, this haid T And sailes upon the bosome of the aire.

Jul: Ah, Romeo, Romeo, wherfore art thou Romeo?

Denie thy Father, and refuse thy name, Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my love, I will shal And it’s no longer be a Capulet. . . . but my name.

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

Jul: Tis but thy name, that is mine enemie.

What’s Montague? It is nor hand nor foote, Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part. What’s 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 parteth 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 bat love, and i’t be new Baptiste, Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul: What man art thou, that thus beskrind in light.

Doe stumble on my counsaile?

Ro: By a name I know not how to tell thee.

My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe;

Because it is an enemie to thee,
Had I it written I would tear the word.

_Jul._: My cares have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongues utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

_Ro._: Nether faire Saint, if eyther thee displeas.

_Inf._: How cam'is thou hether, tell me and whersore?
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 loues light winges did I reperch these walss,
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

_Inf._: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.

_Ro._: Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
Then twenty of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am profe against them enmitie.

_Inf._: I would not for the world they shuld finde thee

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

_Inf._: By whose directions foundst thou out this place?

_Ro._: By loue, who first did prompt me to enquire,
The he gaue me counsaile and lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot; yet went thou as farre
As that vast shore, waint with the furthest sea;
I would adventure for Such Marchandise.

_Inf._: Thou knowst the maske of night is on my face.
Els would a Maiden blush be paint my cheeks:
For that which thou hafte heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,

What I have spoke, but are yet incomprehensible: I bid thee, if thou love me? Nay, I know thou wilt not say I do. And I will take thy words, but if thou swearest, and thou maist prove false. At Lover's perversities they say Love's smiles. Ah gentle Romeo, if thou love pronounce it faithfully: Or if thou thinkest, I am too easily wronged, by the Good T. It's wronge, and say, they may and be pervertse, and, but So thou wilt wooe, but els not for the world, to quarre In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond, and therefor thou maist think, my hauour, but lightsc. But trust me, gentle man, I'll prove more true, and wilt A Than they that have more cunning to be strangend. I should have this strange, but conselle, but I must. But that thou other heard, ere I was ware, and My true loves Passion, therefore pardon mee, and I T And not impute this yeeing to light love, if I shall fail. Which the more night had do, distrest; by I am WV . By wonder blest Meone I sweare, and thee. That tips with silver all these mist trees tops, and thee. Aul: O sweare not by the Meone she vconstant of That monsieur changeth in her circled orb, (Moone). Least that thy love prove like wise variable. RV \r

Re: Nowby. Aul: Nay doo not sweare at all, Or if thou sweare, sweare by the glorious self, Which art the Gods of my Idolatry, and I. And it's beleeved thee, and J. May true harre time a. But I doo the, I. And sweare not at all, though I doo joy in this contrary to night. It is too saith, too sudane, souvene subdued. I blou a mist. Too
Too like the lightning that doth cease to be seen
Ere one can say it lighteneth. I hear some coming,
Deare Lord, adew, sweet Moutague be true,
Stay but a little and I'll come againe.

Ro: O blessed blessed night, I fear no night,
All this is but a dreame I hear and see,
Too flattering true to be substantial.

Jul: Three wordes good Romeo and good night in!
If that thy bent of lofe be honourable?
Thy purpose in marriage send me word to morrow.
By one that I'll procure to come to thee;
Where and what time thou wilt performe that night.
And at my fortunes at thy footes my lay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

Romeo: Lone goes toward lone like schoole boyes from
their bookes,
But lone from house to schoole with heauie lookes.

Jul: Alas woe to a cavalier Romeo, O for a falconer's voice,
This sound I hear from hence to welcome:
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe.
Bondage is hoarse and may not cry aloud,
Else would I tear the Cane where Echo lies.
And make her airie voice as hoarse as mine,
With repetition of my Roméo's name.

Romeo: It is my soule that calleth upon my name.
How sweeter sounde sounde tongues in night.

Jul: What time didst thou say?
Ro: At the houre of nine.

Jul: I will not faile, twentie yeares till then.

Romeo: I have oergone thy word call thee backe.
The most excellent Tragedie,

Rom: Let me stay here till you remember it.
Jul: I shall forget to have thee still stay here,
Remembering how I love thy company.
Rom: And let stay still to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul: 'Tis almost morning I would have thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted guses,
And with a like thred puls it backe again.
Too loving jealous of his libertie.
Rom: Would I were thy bird.
Jul: Sweet so, would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing thee.
Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall lay 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 mornes 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 wheeles:
Now ere the Sunne advance his burning eye,
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drye.
We must vp fill this oaster Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iveryed 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 to the earth some special good doth glide:
Nor nought so good, but strain'd from that faire vie,
Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse:
Vertue it selfe turns vice being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rinde of this small flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medicinal power:
For this being smell't so, with that part cheares each hart,
Being tafted falyes all fences with the hart.
Two such opposed foes incampe them still,
In man as well as herbes grace and rude will,
And where the worser is predominant,
Full sone the canker death eats up that plant.

Rom: Good morrow to my Ghostly Conserver.

Fri: Benedicite, what earlie tongue so loone saluted
Yong sorne it argues a distempered head, (me?)
So loone to bid good morrow to my bed.
Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep can never lie:
But where vnbruised youth with vnflust braines
Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines:
Therefore thy earlines doit me assuye,
Thou art vprovd by some dis temperature.
Or if not so; then here I hit it right
Our Romeo hath not bin a bed to night.

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

Fri: God pardon sin, we'th thou with Rosaline.

Ro: With Rosaline my Ghostly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

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

Ro: I tell thee ere thou ask me againe,
I haue bin feasting with mine enemie.
Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee, but soles.
That by me wounded, both our remedies begin to fail.
With in thy help and holy phisick lies, our or none.
I bear no hatred, blessed men: for loe the such since.
My intercession likewise steads, my foe, and thee.

Frier: Be please my sonne and homely in thy drift,
To ridling confession and as but ridling drift.

Rrm: Then plainely know my hartes deare love is see.
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers likewise on mine.
And all combine, save what thou must combine, in man.
By holy marriage, where and when, and how, and be a.
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vows, but
I'll tell thee as I pass: But this I pray,
That thou consent to marriage vs to day.

Frier: Holy S. Francis, what a change is here! 
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love, so deare a score.
So soone forsouke, to yong mens love, then lies a score.
Not truely in their hartes, but in their eyes.

Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath wash'd thy fallsow cheekes for Rosaline?
How much salt water saftly in washe, that may let
To season love, that of love doth not stale.

The sunne not yet thy signes from heauen cleares, shin
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient cares.

And loe upon thy cheekes the flaine doth sit, for the.
Of an old teare that is not wash'd off yet.

If ever thou wert thus, and these woes thine, why
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline, a griefe.

And art thou change, pronounce this sentence then:
Women may fail, when there's no strength in men.
of Romeo and Juliet.

Fr.: For doating, not for doting, pupill mine,
Rom.: And badst the burie love.
Fr.: Not in a grace,
To lay one in another out to have,
Rom.: I prithee chide not, the 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 Wauerer, come goe with mee,
In one respect thy assistant bee:
For this alliaunce may so happe prove,
To turne your Households vnaceour to pure love.  

Exeunt.

Enter Mercutio, Bennolio.

Mer.: Why what becomes 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 Rom-
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.  
(salut)
Mer.: Tybalt the Kinrman of olde Capule
Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers House:
Some Challenge on my life.
Ben.: Romeo will answere it.
Mer.: I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.
Ben.: Nay, he will answere the letters master if he be challenged.

Mer.: Who, Romeo? why he is alreadie dead: stabd
with a white wenches blacke eye; shot thorough the ear
with a love song, the verie pinne of his heart cleat
with the blinde bow-boyes butts: 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 courageous capaine of complements. Catlo, he
The excellent Tragedie

fightes as you sing pricke-song, keeps time distance and proportion, rests me his minium rest one two and the thirde in your bosome, the very butcher of a silk button, a Duellest a Duellest, a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto recuerfo, the Hay.

Ben: The what?

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

Ben: Heere comes Romeo.

Me: Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. Ostein flesh how art thou fishified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura to his Lady was but a kitchin drudg, yet she had a better love to berine her: Dido a dowdy Cleopatra a Gypse, Hero and Hellen hildings and harlotries: Thisbe a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo bon hor, there is a French curtesie to your French flop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yesternight.

Rom: What counterfeit I pray you?

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

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

Me: Oh that's as much to say as such a cafe 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?

Me: Right.

Rom: Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:

Me: Well said, follow me nowe that ies till thou haft
of Romeo and Juliet

worn out thy Pumpe, that when the single sole of it is worn the least may remaine after the wearing sole singular.

Rom: O single soald ileit sole singular the single.

M. Come between vs good Benwolio, for my wits faile.

Rom: Swits and spurreys, swits & spurreys, or Ie cry a match.

M. Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chase, I haue done: for I am sure thou hast more of the goose in one of thy wits, than I haue in all my sense. 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.

M. Ile bite thee by the eart for that ile.

Rom: Nay good goose bite not.

M. Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp sauce.

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

M. Oh here is a witte of Cheverell that stretche till stetcheth from any nch narrow to an ell broad.

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

M. Why is not this better now than groaning 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 driueling love is like a great natural, that runs vp and downe to hide b::s bable in a hole.

Ben: Stop there.

M. Why thou wouldest have me stopp my tale against the haires.

Ben: Thou wouldest have made thy tale too long?

M. Tu man thou art deceiued, 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.

M. A tale a tale a tale.
The excellent Tragedie

Ben: 'Tis two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur: Peter, pree thee give me my fan.

Mer: Pree thee doe good Peter, to hide her face; for her fanne is the safter of the two.

Nur: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

Mer: God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

Nur: Is it godye good den 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 maike finde yong Romeo?

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

Nur: Well said.

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

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

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

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

Rom: Why what hast found man?

Mer: No haire sir, unless 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:

Extenu Benholio, Merurio.
of Romeo and Juliet.

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

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

Nur: If hee stond 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 turnes to Peter her man.

And thou like a knaue must stand by, and seeuerie Jacke vse me at his pleasure.

Pet: I see nobodie vde you at his pleasure, if I had, I would soone haue 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 euerie member about me quieres: securie Jacke. But as I said, my Ladie bad me secke ye out, and what shee bad me tell yee, that Ile keepe to myself: but if you should lead her into a sooles paradise as they saye, it were a verie grosse kinde of behauior 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 joyfull woman.

Rom: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

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

Rom: Bid her get leaue to morrow morrow morning To come to shrift to Friar 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 ftree, Which to the high top-gallant of my voy.
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. Exe
Nur: Peter, take my faune, and goe before. Exe

Enter Juliet.

Jul: The clocke stroke nine when I did send my Nurse
In halfe an houre she promisit to returne.
Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.
Oh she is lazie, Loues heralds should be thoughts,
And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

Enter Nurse.

Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle Nurse,
What sayes my Loue?

Nur: Oh I am weary, let mee rest a while. Lord how
my bones sakte. Oh wheres my man? Giveme some aquavitae.

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

Nur: Fie, what a jaunt haue I had: and my backe a to-
ther side. Lord, Lord, what a caufe am I in.

Jul: But tell me sweet Nurse, what sayes 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 haft it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head
beates?

Jul: What of all this? tell me what sayes he to our mar-
riage?

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

Jul: Lord, Lord, how odly thou replieth? He sayes like a
kinde


of *Romeo and Juliet*.

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

Nur: Marry come vp, cannot you stay a while? is this
the poulterie for mine aking boance? next arrant you have
done, even doot your selfe.

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

Nur: Goe, hye you straight to Friar Laurence Cell,
And frame a scule that you must goe to shrift:
There stays a Bridegroom to make you a Bride:
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I must provide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your Lord must clime a birdes nest soone.
I must take pains to further your delight,
But you must bear the burden soone at night:
Doth this newes please you now?

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

Entrant Romeo, Frier.

Rome: Now Father Laurence, in thy holy grant
Consist the good of me and Iuliet.

Frie: Without more words I will doo all I may;
To make you happy as in me it lyeth.

Rome: This morning here she pointed we should meet;
And consumate those never parting bands;
Witness of our hearts love by joyning hands,
And come she will.

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

Entrant Iuliet somewhat fast, and embraces Romeo.

See where she comes.
So light of foot she ever hurts the trodden flower:
Of love and joy, see see the soueraigne power.

Jul: Roma,  

Rome:
The excellent Tragedie

Rom.: My Juliet welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloas'd in Nightsmylls) attend the frolicke Day,
So Rome hath expected Juliet,
And thought come.

Jul.: I am (if I be D.y)

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

Rom.: All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes,

Jul.: Rome of from thine all brightnes doth arise.

Fr.: Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe
Defer embracements till some sterner time,
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,

Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.

Rom.: Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.

Jul.: Make hafl, make hafl, this lingers doth vs wrong.

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

Hafl is a common hinderer in crosse way. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Bennio, 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 bee comes
into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the
boord, and says, God send me no need of thee: and by
the operation of the next cup of wine, he draws 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 mooode,
and as soone mooode to be mooide, and as soone mooide to
be mooode.

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
haill eyes? what eye but such an eye would have picked out
such a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee wa"
of Romeo and Juliet.

Walk thy dogge that laye: a sleepe in the Sunne? With a Taylor for wearing his new doublet 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 Capulet.

Enter Tybalt.

Mer: By my heele I care not.

Tyb: Gentlemens a word with one of you.

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

Tyb: I am apt enow to that if I haue occasion.

Mer: Could you not take occasion?

Tyb: Mercies thou confort with Rome?

Mer: Confort. Wounes confort: the slawe will make fiddlers of vs. If you doe sitt, look for nothing but discord: For heeres my fiddle-ficke.

Enter Romeo.

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

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

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

Romeo: Tybalt the loute 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: Base boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore drawe.

Romeo: I doe protest I never inured thee, but love thee better than thou canst devise, till thou shalt know the reason of my loue.

Mer: O dishonorable vile submission. All at once caries it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe: come backe.

Tyb: What wouldst with me?
The excellent Tragedie

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

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

Tibalt under Romeo's arme thrusts Mercutio, in and flyes.

Mer: Is he gone, hath he 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: A poxe of your houses, I am fairely dreft. Sirra goe fetch me a Surgeon.

Boy: I goe my Lord.

Mer: I am peppered for this world, I am sped yfaith, he hath made wormes meat of me, & ye aske for me to morrow you shall finde me a grave-man. A poxe of your houses, I shall be fairely mounted upon foure mens shoulders: For your house of the Montegues and the Capolets: and then some peasanly rogue, some Sexton, some base slaue shall write my Epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the Princes Lawes, and Mercutio was slaine for the first and second cause. Where's the Surgeon?

Boy: Hee's come Sir.

Mer: Now heele kepe 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 friend hath tane this mortall wound
In my behalfe, my reputation staind
With Tibalt: fliander, Tybalt that an hour-
Hath beene my kinsman, Ah Iles!
of Romeo and Juliet.

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

Enter Benvolio.

Ben: Ah Romeo Romeo braue Mercutio is dead,
That gallant spirit hath a spirit the cloudes,
Which too vntimely scormd the lowly earth.
Rom: This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend
This but begins what other dayes must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben: Here comes the furious Tybalt backe againe,
Rom: A live in triumph and Mercutio slaine?
Away to heauen respective lenity:
And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.
Now Tybalt take the villaine backe againe,
Which late thou gaught me: for Mercutio soule,
Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,
And daies for thine to beare him company.
Or thou,or I,or both shall follow him.

Fie, Tybalt failest.

Ben: Romeo away, thou seest that Tybalt’s slaine,
The Citizens approach, away, be gone
Thou wilt be taken.
Rom: Ah I am fortunes slaine,

Enter Citizens.

Watch: Wher’s he that slue Mercutio, Tybalt that villaine?
Ben: There is that Tybalt.

Watch: Vp
Pry: Where be the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben: Ah! Noble Prince I can discover all
The most unluckey mannage of this brawle.
Here lyeth the man slaine by yong Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman braue Mercutio,
M: Tybalt, Tybalt, O my brothers child,
Unhapie sight? Ah the blood is spilt
Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, had blood of Mountagew.
Pry: Speake Bennwolo who began this fray?

Ben: Tybalt heere slaine whom Romes hand did slay.
Romeo who spake him faire bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was,
But Tybalt still persisting in his wrong,
The stout Mercutio drewe to calme the storme,
Which Romeo seeing calld stay Gentlemen,
And on me cryd, who drew to part their strie,
And with his agill arme yong Romeo,
As fast as tung crydepeace, sought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thruts and blows,
Vnder yong Romes laboring arme to part,
The furious Tybalt cast an envious thrust,
That rid the life of stout Mercutio.
With that he fled but presently returnd,
And with his rapier braued Romeo.
That had but newly entertaind revenge,
And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did Tybals fall,
And this way Romes fled.

M: He is a Mountagew and (speakes partialy),
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strie:
And all those twenty could but kill one life.

I doe
of Romeo and Juliet.

I doo intreate sweete Prince thoulde iustice giue,
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo may not liue.

Prim: 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 dejse to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.
Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still:
Mercie to all but murderers, pardoning none that kill.

Excuses omnes.

Enter Juliet.

Inl: Gallop apace you fierie footed steedes
To Phæbus 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: O Lord, why lookst thou sad?
What haft thou there, the cordes?

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

Inl: What diuell art thou that tormentes me thus?

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

Inl: This torture should be roard in distmall hell.

Can heauens be so enuous?

Nur: Romeo can if heauens cannot.

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God saue the sampoline, on his manly breast:
A bloodie coarse, a piteous bloodie coarse,
All pale as ashes, I was wounded at the sight.
The excellent Tragedie

Iul: Ah Romeo, Romeo, what disaster hap
Hath sullied thee from thy true juile?
Ah why shoulde Heauen so much conspire with Woe,
Or Fate enue our happye Marriage,
So soone to sunder vs by timelesse Death?

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

Iul: What storme is this that blowes so contrarie,
Is Tybalt dead, and Romeo murdered:
My deare loude cousin, and my dearest Lord.
Then let the trumpet sound a generall doome,
Those two being dead, then living is there none.

Nur: Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished,
Romeo that murdred him is banished.

Iul: Ah heavens, did Romeo shend Tybalt's blood?

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

Iul: O serpents hate, hid with a florowing face:
O painted sepulcher, including finth.
Was never booke containing so soule matter,
So shairly bound. Ah, what meant Romeo?

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

Iul: A blister on that rung, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his face Shame is ashamede to sit.
But wherfore 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 poffeth to my memorie,
Romeo is banished. Ah that word, Banished
Is worse than death. Romeo is banished,
Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Iuliet.
All kild, all flaine, all dead, all banished.
Where are my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Nur: VVeping and wayling over Tybals coast.

VWll
of Romeo and Juliet.

VWill you go to them?

Iul: I, I, when theirs are spent,

Mine shall he shed for Romeo's banishment.

Nur: Ladie, your Romeo will be here to night.

Ile to him, he is hid at Laurence Cell.

Iul: Doo so, and breathe this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.  

Exeunt.

Enter Friar.

Fr: Romeo come forth, come forth thou fearful man,

Affliction is enamour'd on thy parts,

And thou art wedded to Calamity.

Enter Romeo.

Rom: Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,

VVhat Sorrow craves acquaintance at our hands,

VVhich yet we know not.

Fr: Too familiar.

Is my yong sonne with such towro company:

I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

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

Fr: A gentler judgement vanish't from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom: Ha, Banished? be merciful, say death:

For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,

Than death it selfe, do not say Banishment.

Fr: Hence from Verona art thou banished:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom: There is no world without Verona walls,

But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe.

Hence banished, is banish't from the world:

And world exile is death, Calling death banishment,

Thou cuttest 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 rush'd aside the law.
The excellent Tragedie

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

Rom: Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
Where Iuliet liues: and euerie cat and dog,
And little mouse, euerie vnworthie thing.
Looke here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But Romeo may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues
In carrion flyes, than Romeo: they may feaze
On the white wonder of faire Iuliet skinne,
And scale immortall kisses from her lip;
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Flyes may doo this, but I from this must flye.
Oh Father hadst thou no strong poynson mixt,
No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,
Though here so meane, but banishment
To torture me withall: ah, banished.
O Frier, the damned use that word in hell:
Howling attendst it. How hadst thou the heart,
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sinne absouier, and my friend 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,
Aduersitie sweete milke, philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou be banished.

Rom: Yet Banished? hang vp philosophie,
Vnleste philosophie can make a Juliet,
Displant a Towne, reverse a Princes doome,
It helps not, it preudiles not, talke no more.
Fr: O, now I see that madmen have no cares.
Rom: How should they, when that wise men have no eyes.

Fr: Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom: Thou canst not speake of what thou dost not feele.
of Romeo and Juliet.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An house but married, Tybalt murdred,
Doting like me, and like me banish'd,
Then might'st thou speake, then might'st thou tear thy hayre.
And fall upon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Nurse knockes.

Fr: Romeo arise, stand vp 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.

Nu: Hoe Fryer open the doore,
Fr: By and by I come. Who is there?
Nu: One from Lady Juliet.
Fr: Then come neare.
Nu: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,
Where is my Ladies Lord? Whet's Romeo?
Fr: There on the ground, with his owne teares made drunke.
Nu: Oh he is euen in my Mistresse case.
Luft in her case. Oh wosull sympathy,
Pitteous predicament, even so lyes thee;
Weeping and blubbering, blubbing and weeping:
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man.
For Juliet's sake, for her sake rise and stand,
Why should you fall into so deep an O.

Herifes.

Romeo: Nurse.
Nu: Ah sir, ah sir, Wel death's the end of all.
The excellent Tragedie

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

Nur: Olshe faith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,
And Tybali cryes, and then on Romeo calles.

Rom: As if that name shot from the deadly leuel of a gun
Did murder her, as that names cursed hand
Murder’d her kin’sman. Ah tell me holy Friar
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lyce? Tell me that I may lache.
The heftfull manion?

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 aëles denote
The unreasonable furyes of a beast.
Unseemly woman in a seeming man,
Or ill be seeming beast in seeming both.
Thou haft amaz’d me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper’d,
Haft thou slaine Tybali? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?
Rouse vp thy spirits, thy Lady {I}lies liues,
For whose sweet sake thou wert but lately dead.
There art thou happy. Tybali would kill thee,
But thou sluest Tybali, there art thou happy too.
A packe of blessings lights upon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his best array:
But like a misbehaude and fullen wench
Thou growst upon thy Fate that smiles on thee.
of Romeo and Juliet.

Take heede, take heede, for such aye miserable.
Goe get thee to thy loue 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 readiness,
Comfort thy Mistresse, haste the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt vnto.

Nur: Good Lord what a thing learning is,
I could have staid here 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,
Farwell good Nurse.

Nurse offers to goe in and turns againe.

Nur: Heere is a Ring Sir, that she had me giue you,
Rom: How well my comfort is reuied by this.

Exit Nurse.

Fr: Soleorne in Mantua, Ile finde 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 joye cries out on me,
It were a grieue so breede to part with thee.

Enter olde Capulet and his Wife, with
County Paris.

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

G 2  

Looke
The excellent Tragedie

Looke yee Sir, she lou'd her kinsman dareaely,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to dye,
Wife where's your daughter, is she in her chamber?
I think she means not to come downe to night.

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

Paris offers to goe in, and Capulets

calles him again.

Cap: Sir Paris?llle make a desperate tender of my child,
I think she will be rude, in all respects by mee:
But soft what day is this?

Par: Monday my Lord.

Cap: Oh then Wensday is too soone,
On Thursday let it be: you shall be married.
We'll make no great ado, a friens or two, or so:
For looke ye Sir, Tybalt being slaine so lately,
It will be thought we held him careleslye:
If we should reuell much, therefore we will have
Some halfe a dozen friends and make no more ado.
But what say you to Thursday.

Par: My Lorde I wishe that Thursday were to morrow.

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 easelye by and by.

Exeunt.
Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window.

JUL: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet here day.
It was the Nightingale and not the Lark
That pierst the fearfull hollow of thine ear:
Nightly she sings on yon Pomegranate tree,
Believe me, love, it was the Nightingale.

ROM: It was the Lark, the Herald of the Morn,
And not the Nightingale. See, Loe! what envious strakes
Doo lace the seuering cloudes in yonder East.
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond Day
Stands tiptoes on the mystic mountaine tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and dye.

JUL: Yon light is not day light, I know it: 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 haue it so, I am content.
Ile say yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,
It is the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.
Ile say it is the Nightingale that beares
The vaultie heauen so high above our heads,
And not the Lark the Messenger of Morn.
Come death and welcome, Iuliet wils it so.
What sayes my Loe? Let's talke, tis not yet day.

JUL: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.
It is the Lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discord and unpleasing Sharpes.
Some say, the Lark makes sweete Division:
The excellent Tragedie

This doth not so: for this diuideth vs.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changd voyces too:
Since armes from armes her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with Hunt vp 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 Loue, one kisse and Ie descend.

He goeth downe.

Jul: Art thou gone so, my Lord; my Loue, my Friend?
I must haue from thee euery 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 conuaye my greetings loue to thee.

Jul: Oh, thinkst thou we shall euery 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 haue an ill diuining soule.
Me thinkes I see thee now thou art below
Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:
Either mine ey-sight faile, or thou lookst pale.

Rom: And trust me Loue, in my eye to doo you,
Drie sorrow drinkes 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.

Exit
Enter Juliet's 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 euermore weeping for your Cofens death? I thinke thoult wash him from his graue with teares.
Jul: I cannot chuse, haveing so great a losse.
Moth: I cannot blame thee.
But it greeues thee more that Villaine liues.
Jul: What Villaine Madame?
Moth: That Villaine Romeo.
Jul: Villaine and he are manie miles a sunder.
Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man I soone would send to Manimu where he is, That shou'd beflow on him to sure a draught, As he should soone beare Tybalt companie.
Jul: Finde you the meanes, and he finde such a man: For whist he liues, my heart shal more be light, Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.
Thus for a Kinisme vext?

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 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 shalbe rather Romeo whom I hate,
Than Countie Paris that I cannot loue.

Enter olde Capulet.

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

Capo: Why, how now, euermore howring?
In one little bodie thou resemblest a sea, a barke, a storne:
For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating in thy euersfalling teares,
And tost with sighes arising from thy hart:
Will without succours shipwracke presently.
But heare you Wife, what have you sounded her, what faies she to it?

Moth: I have, but she will none she thankes ye:
VVould God that she were married to her graue.

Capo: What will she not, doth she not thanke vs, doth she not wece proud?

Jul: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:
Proud can I never be of that I hate,
But thankfull eu'n for hate that is ment loue.

Capo: Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud, VVhat is here, chop logike.
Proud me no prouds, nor thanke me no thankes,
But settle your fine joynts on Thursday next
To goe with Paris to Saint Peters Church,
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.
of Romeo and Juliet.

Put you green sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.
Lu: Good father hear me speake?

She kneels downe.

Cap: I tell thee what, eat her resoule 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 ytech.
Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest
That God had sent vs but this onely chyld:
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a crosse in hauing her.

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

Cap. And why my Lady wisedome hold your tung,
Good prudence fmarke with your goffips, goe.
Nur: Why my Lord I speake no treason.

Cap: Oh godde godden.

Vtter your grauity ouer a goffips boule,
For heere we need it not.

Mo: My Lord ye are too hotte.

Cap: Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,
Day,night,early,late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, wakings or sleeping,
Still my care hath beene to see her matcht,
And hauing now found out a Gentleman,
Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
Stuft as they say with honorable parts,
Proportioned as ones heart coulde with a man:
And then to haue a wretched whynge foole,
A puling mammet in her fortunes telder,
To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon
mee?

But if you cannot wedde the pardon you,
Graze where you will, you shall not houle with me.
Looke to it, dinke one, I do not vs to iett.
The excellent Tragedie

It tell yee what, Thursday is next,
Lay hand on heart, advice, bethinke your selfe,
If you be mine, Ile giue you to my friend:
If not, hang, drown, starue, beg.
Dye in the streets, for by my soule
Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,
Nor what I haue shall euer doe thee good.
Thinke on't, looke too, I do not wil to leaft.  

Exil: Is there no pitty hanging in the cloudes,
That lookes into the bottom of my woes?
I doe beseech you Madame, cast me not away,
Defere this mariage for a day or two,
Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed
In that dimme monument where Tybalt lyes.

Moth: Nay be assured I will not speake a word.
Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee.  

Exil: Ah Nurse, what comfort? what counsell canst thou giue me.

Nur: Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say;
Your Romeo he is banisht, and all the world to nothing
He neuer dares returne to challengge you,
Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, Romeo is but a dulle clowd.
In respect of him, I promise you
I thinke you happy in this second match.
As for your husband he is dead:
Or twere as good he were, for you haue noe vse of him.

Exil: Speak it thou this from thy heart?

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

Exil: Amen.

Nur: What say you Madame?

Exil: Well thou haft comforted me wondrous much.

I pray thee goe thy wates into my mother
Tell her I am gone having displeaSde my Father.
To Fryer Lawrence Cell to confesse me,
And to be aboliu'd.
of Romeo and Iuliet.

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

I wit: Auncient damnation, O most cursed fiend.
Is it more sinne to with mee thus forsworne,
Or to disparage him with the selfe same tounge
That thou hast praised him with aboue compare
So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twaine
Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy.
If all else els, I have the power to dye.

Exit.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Fr: On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,
Par: My Father Capulet will haue it so,
And I am nothing slacke to flow his hait.
Fr: You say you do not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.
Par: Immoderately the weepes for Tybaltis death;
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue,
For Venus smiplies not in a house of teares,
Now Sir, her father thinkes it daungerous:
That she doth giue her sorrow so much slye.
And in his wisedome haft 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 hait.
Fr: I would I knew ney why it should be nowd.

Exit.
The excellent I'ragedie

Enter Paris.

Heere comes the Lady to my cell,
Par: Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife:
Inf: That may be sir, when I may be a wife,
Par: That may be, must be loue, on thursday next.
Inf: What must be shalbe.
Fr: Thats a certaine text.
Par: What come ye to confession to this Fryer,
Inf: To tell you that were to confesse to you.
Par: Do not deny to him that you loue me.
Inf: I will confesse to you that I loue him,
Par: So I am sure you will that you loue me.
Inf: And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,
Being spoke behinde your backe, than to your face.
Par: Poore soule thy face is much abused with teares.
Inf: The teares haue got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par: Thou wronged it more than teares by that report.
Inf: 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 launders it,
Inf: It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leasure holy Father now:
Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?
Fr: My leasure serveth me pensue daughter now.
My Lord we must entreate the time alone.
Par: God sheild I should disturb devotion,
Juliet farwell, and keep this holy kisse.

Exit Paris.

Inf: Goef hut the doore and when thou haft done so,
Come weeppe with me that am past cure, past help,
Fr: An Juliet I already know thy grieue,
Iheare thou must and nothing may proroge it,
of Romeo and Juliet.

On Thursday next be married to the Countie.

Juliet: Tell me not Friar that thou hearst of it,
Unlesse thou tell me how we may prevent it.
Give me some sudden counsell: else behold
Twixt my extremities and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that
Which the Commission of thy years and arte
Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Speak not, be briefe: for I desire to die,
If what thou speakest, speake not of remedy.

Friar: Stay; what thou speakest a kind of hope,
Which causeth as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate we would prevent.

If rather than to marry 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 causeth with death it selfe to flye from blame.

And if thou dost, Ile give thee remedy,

Juliet: Oh bid me leape (rather than marry Paris.)
From off the battlements of yonder tower:

Or chaine me to some steepie mountaines top,

Where roaring Beares and savage Lions are:

Or shut me nightly in a Charnell house,

With reekie thankes, and yeolow chaples sculls:

Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:

Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;
And I will do it without feare or doubt,

To keep my selfe a faithfull vnstanid VVife
To my deere Lord, my deerest Romeo.

Friar: 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 veins shall run
A dull and heauie slumber, which shall cease
The excellent Tragedie

Each vitall spirit: for no Pulse shall keepe
His natural progresse, but sure ease to beate:
No signe of breath shall testify thou liest,
And in this borrowed likenes of shrunke death,
Thou shalt remaine full two and fortie houres.
And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vaulke,
He send in haste to Mamma to thy Lord,
And he shall come and take thee from thy grave.

Int: Frier I goe, be sure thou send for my deare Romeo.

Exit.

Enter olde Capule, his Wife, Nurse, and Servingman.

Capo: Where are you sirra?
Ser: Here forsooth.
(Capo: Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cooke.
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 ill Cooke cannot lice his owne fingers.
Capo: Well get you gone.

Exit Servingman.

But where is 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 selfe wilde 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 willfull opposition
Gainst you and your behets, and am enioynd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And craue remission of so soule a fact.

She knees downe.

Moth: Why thats well said,
Capo: Now before God this holy reuerent Frier
All our whole Citie is much bound vnto,
Goe tell the Countie presently of this,
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.
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 fort Tyres, Rebaroes, Chaines,
And I will come vnto you presently.
Nur: Come sweet hart, shall we goe
Jul: I pree thee let vs.

Exeunt Nurse and Juliet.

Moth: Me thinks on Thursday would be time enough.
Capo: I say I will haue this dispatch to morrow,
Goe one and certifie 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.
Enter Nurse, Juliet.

Nur: Come, come, what need you anie thing else?  
Jui: Nothing good, Nurse, but leave me to myself:  
For I do mean to lie alone to night.  
Nur: Well there's a clean smocke under your pillow,  
and so good night.

Enter Mother.

Moth: What are you busie, doo you need my helpe?  
Jui: No Madame, I desire to lie alone,  
For I have many things to think upon.  
Moth: Well then good night, be stirring, Juliet,  
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow.  
Jui: Farewell, God knowes when we 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, Iye thou there.  
What if the Frier should give me this drinke  
To poysen 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?
Awake an hour before the appointed time:  
Ah then I fear I shall be lunaticke,  
And playing with my dead forefathers bones,  
Dash out my franticke braines. Me thinke I see  
My cousin Tybalt weltring in his blood,  
Seeking for Romeo; stay Tybalt stay.  
Romeo I come, this doe I drink to thee.  
She falls upon her bed within the Curtaine.

Enter Nurse with beare. Mother.

Moth: Thats well said Nurse, set all in readines,  
The Countie will be here immediately.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Make haste, make haste, for it is almost day.  
The Curfew bell hath rung, it is four, a clocke,  
Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.  
Nur: Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you  
will be sicke anon.

Cap: I warrant thee Nurse I haue ere now wacht all  
night, and have taken no harme at all.  
Moth: I you haue beene a mouse hunt in your time.

Enter Servingman with Loges & Coales.

Cap: A Ielous hood, Ielous hood: How now sirra?  
What haue you there?  
Ser: Fortooth Loges.  
Cap: Goe, gos choole, drym: Will will tell thee where  
thou shalt search them.  
Ser: Nay I warrant let me alone, I have a head, I prgo to  
I choose
The excellent Tragedie:

choos a Log.

Exit.

Cap: Well go thy way, thou shalt be Logger head.
Come, come, make haste call vp your daughter.
The Countie will be here with musicke straight.
Gods me hees come, Nurse call vp my daughter.

Nur: Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady
birds? fast I warrant. What I ther? well, let the County take
you in your bed, yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next
night, the Countie was shat vp his rest that you shal rest
but little. What Lambe I say, fast shill: what Lady, Loue,
what bride, what Lam? Gods me how sound she sleepe? Nay
then I see I must wake you indeed. What heere, laude on
your bed, dreft in your clothes and down, ah me, alack the
day, some Aqua vitæ hoe.

Enter Mother:

Moth: How now what is the matter?
Nur: Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.
Moth: Accurst, unhappy, miserable time.

Enter Oldemen.

Cap: Come, come, make haste, where is my daughter?
Moth: Ah shees dead, shees dead.
Cap: Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.
Accursed time, unfortunete 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 lain with thy bride, flower as she is,
Deflowerd by him, see, where she lyeth.
of Romeo and Juliet.

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

Part: Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it now present such prodigies?
Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,
Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am;
Borne to the world to be a slave in it.
Distreit, remedies, and unfortunate.
O heaven, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To live so vile, so wretched as I shall.

Cap: O heere the lies that was our hope, our joy,
And being dead, dead forrow nips vs all.

All as once cry out and wring their hands.

Allcry: And all our joy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, loft, vn done, absented, wholly fled.

Cap: Cruel, vniust, impartial delinies,
Why to this day haue you prefered my life?
To see my hope, my stay, my joy, my life,
Depriude of fence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vniust, impartial delinies.

Cap: O fad fac'd sorrow map of misery,
Why this fad time haue I desir'd to see.
This day, this vniust, this impartial day,
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
To be depriude by suddaine delinie.

Moth: O woe, alacke, distreit, why should I liue?
To see this day, this miserable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne,
To be partaker of this delinie.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.

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

Come take her Rosemary in this dead course, and here.
And as the custom of our Country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments; without all A
Connay her where her Ancestors lie tomb’d, in this place.
Cap: Let it be so, come we full sorrowfull.
Let vs together taste this bitter Nare.

They all did the Nymphs go forth, casting Rosemary out C
her and shutting the Currens out.

Enter Musitians.

Ner: Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull case. Exit.

Sir: Alack alack wha't can I do? come Fidlers play me F
some mery dumpe.

Sir: A sir, this is no time to play.
Ser: You will not then?
Ser: No marry will wee.
Ser: Then will I give you, and soundly to.
Ser: What will you give us?
Ser: The fidler, he re you, he is you, he sells you.
Ser: If you re ys and says, we will note you.
Ser: I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with my woodden wit. Come on Simon found Pot, Ile pase you,
Ser: Let see.
Ser: When griping grie the heart doth wound,
And doe full dumps the minde oppresse.
Then musique with her sluer sound;
Why sluer sound? Why sluer sound?
Ser: I thinke because musicke hath a sweet sound.
Ser: Pretie, what say you Mathew minikine?
2. I think because Musitions found for silver.
   Ser: Prettie too: come, what say you?
3. I say nothing.
   Ser: I think, the Speaker for you because you are the Singer. I saye Silver found, because such Fellowes as you have sildome Gold for founding. Farewell Fidlers, Farewell.
   1. Farewell and be hanged: come lets goe. Extant.

Enter Romeo:

Rom: If I may trust the flattering Eye of Sleepe,
My Dreame presage some good event to come,
My bosome Lord fits cheerful in his throne;
And I am comforted with pleasing dreams.
Me thought I was this night already dead;
(Strange dreams that give a dead man leave to thinke)
And that my Ladie Iuliet came to me,
And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuivde and was an Emperour.

Enter Balbinar his man booted.

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

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

Rom: Is it even so? then I dede my Stares.
The excellent Tragedie

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

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

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

Exit Balthasar.

Well Junct, I will lye with thee to night. 
Let me see for means. As I doo remember Here dwells a Pothesarie whom oft I noted As I past by, whose needie shop is stuff With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes: 
And in the same an Aligare hangs, Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roses, Are thinly strewed to make up a shew. Him as I noted, thus with my seife I thought: And if a man shoulde need a poysone now, (Whose present sale is death in Mantua) Here he might buy it. This thought of mine Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwelt. Being Holiday the Beggers shop is shut. What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.

Enter Apothecarie.

Apo: Whose calls, what would you sir? 
Rom: Heres twentie duckates; 
Give me a dram of some such speeding geere, As will dispatch the weare takers life, As suddeene as powder being fierd From forth a Cannons mouth.

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

Rom: Art thou so bare and full of povertie,
And doost thou seare 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 Starued Famine dwellth in thy cheekes.

Apo: My povertie but not my will contends,
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 lues of twenty men.
Rom: Hold, take this gold, worse poyson to mens soules
Than this which thou hast given me. Goe hey the hence,
Goe buy the clothes, and get thee into flesh.
Come cordiall and not poyson, goe with mee
To Juliet's Graue: for there must I we thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier John.

John: VVhat Frier Laurence, Brother, ho?
Lawr: This same should be the voyce of Frier Iohn.
VVhat 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,
VWhereas the infectious pestilence remaind:
And being by the Searchers of the Towne
Found and examinde, we were both shut vp.

Lawr: WWho bare my letters then to Romeo?
John: I have them still, and here they are.

Lawr: Now by my holy Order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.
Goe get thee hence, and get me presently.
The excellent Tragedie

A spade and mattock.

John: Well I will presently go fetch thee them. 

Bair.

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

Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine ear 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 strewe thy Bridale

bed:

Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite dost containe,

The perfect modell of eternitie:

Faire Indic that with Angells dost remaine,

Accept this latest sauour at my hands,

That liuing honour 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

amatocke, and a crow of prom.

Par:
Par: The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed soote wanders this was to night?
To stay my obsequies and true lones rites?
What with a torch, muffle me night a while.
Rom: Give mee this mattocke, and this werenching Iron.
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 employment, but if thou wilt stay,
Further to pry in what I undertakes.
By heauen Ite teare thee toyn by toyn,
And strewe thy this hungry church-yard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are strange, alde.
Balt: Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.
Rom: So shalt thou win my favour, take thou this, and
Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.
Balt: Yet for all this will I not part from here,
But will request to those my good friends
Rom: This is that barrs my mouth and wemb of death.
Gorde with the dearest monseill of the earth.
Thus I enforce thy rotten awes to ope.
Par: This is that base in thought the Monague,
That murderd my lones cock, I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallowed toyle vile Monague.
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 Murther,
Good youth be gone, tempt not a desperate man.
Heape
The excellent Tragedie

Heape not another sinne upon my head
By shedding of thy bloud, I doe protest
I love thee better then I love my selfe:
For I come hyther armde against my selfe,
Par: I doe desie thy coniurations:
And doe attache thee as a fellon heere.
Rom: What doest thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

They fight.

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

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

**Man.** A friend and one that knowes you well.

**Fr.** Who is it that comfortts 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 loues 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 thither.

**Man:** I dare not sir, he knowes not I am heere:
On paine of death he charge me to be gone,
And not for to disturb he 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 stains 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 necessary to so soule a sinne?

The Lady sturres.
Ah comfortable Frier.

Fr: do remember well where I should be.

And what I would do: but yet I cannot be

Him for whose sake I undertake this hazard.

Fr: Lady come forth. I hear some noise at hand,

We shall be taken. Part he is slaine,

And Romeo dead: and if we here be taken

We shall be thought to be as necessary.

I will provide for you in some close Nunery.

In: Ah leave me. leave me. I will not from hence.

Fr: I hear some noise, I due no. stay. come. come.

In: Go get thee gone.

What's here a cup close in my lovers hands?

Ah chide drink all, and leave up drop for me.

Enter Watch.

Watch: This way. this way.

In: l, noise? then must I be resolute.

Oh happy dagger thou flit end my fear.

Rest in my bosom. thus I come to thee.

She stabs herself. and falls.

Enter Watch.

Cap: Come looke about: what weapons have we here.

See friends where Iuliet two daies buried.

New bleeding wounded, search and see who's near.

Attach and bring them so vs presently.

Enter one with the Fryer.

1. Captaine heers a Fryer with rooles about him;

Fitte to ope a tombe.

Cap: A great suspicion. keep him safe.
of Romeo and Juliet.

Enter one with Romes Man.

r. Heeres Romes Man.

Capt: Keepe him to be examinde.

Enter Prince with others.

Prin: What early mischief calls vp so soone.

Capt: O noble Prince, see here.

Where Juliet that hath lyen into ombr two dayes,

Warne and fresh bleeding, Romeo and Countie Paris

Likewise newly slaine.

Prin: Search seake about to finde the murderers.

Enter olde Capulet and his Wife.

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

Moth: The people in the streets crie Romeo.

And some on Juliet: as if they alone

Had been the cause of such a mutiny.

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 Mountague.

Prin: Come Mountague, for thou art early vp,

To see thy Soule and Heere more early downe.

Mount: Dread Sovereigne, my Wife is dead to night,

And yong Benvolio is deceased too:

What further mischief can there yet be found?

Prin: First come and see, then speake.

Mount: O thou新股ng, what manners is in this

to presse before thy Father to a grave.

Prin: Come speake your mouthes of outrage for a while,

And let us speake to finde the Authors out

Of such a harms 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
I he excellent Tragedie

And Ie informe you how these things fell out.
Juliet her name was married to that Romeo,
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:
The Nurse was priuie to the marriage.
The balefull day of this unhappie marriage,
VVas Tybate doomesday: for which Romeo
VVas banished from hence to Mantua.
He gone, her Father sought by soule contraint
To marrie her to Paris: But her Soule
(Loathing a second Contract) did refuse
To give content; and therefore did she urge me
Father to finde a means she might avoyd
VVhat so her Father sought to force her too:
Or els all desperately she threatened
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 (Friar John)
Seeking a Brother to associate him,
VVhereas the sicke infection remaind,
VVas stayed by the Searchers of the Towne,
But Romeo understanding by his man,
That Juliet was deceasde, returnde in post
Vnto Verona for to see his loue.
VVhat after happened touching Paris death,
Or Romeo is to me vnknowne at all.
But when I came to take the Lady hence,
I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep:
VVhom faine I would haue taken from the toombe,
VVhich she refused seeing Romeo dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
VVhat after happened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought haue miscaried.
of Romeo and Juliet.

By me, or by my means let my old life
Be sacrificed some hours before his time.
To the most strictest rigor of the Law.

Pr'y: We still have known thee for a holy man,
Whereas Romes's man, what can he say in this?

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

Prin: Let us see the Letters, I will read them out.
Where is the Counties Boy that call'd the Watch?

Boy: I brought my Master unto Julet's grave,
But one approaching, straight I call'd 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 do make good the Fryer's words,
Come Capulet, and come olde Montague we.
Where are these enemies? See what hate hath done,

Cap: Come brother Montague give me thy hand,
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
Can I bestowe on her, that's all I have.

Mourn: But I will give them more, I will erect
Her statue of pure gold:
That while Verona by that name is knowne.
There shall no statue of such price be set,
As that of Romes's loved Julet.

Cap: As rich shall Romeo by his Lady lie,
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.

Prin: A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let vs hence,
To haue more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardoned and some punished:
For here was heard a Storie of more woe,
Than this of Julet and her Romeo.

FINIS: