





R O M M E O

A N D

J U L I E T.

A

T R A G E D Y.

---

By *SHAKESPEAR.*

---



---

L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespear's Head* in *Turn-again-Lane*, by the *Ditch-side*; and may be had at his Shop, the Sign of *Shakespear's-Head*, in *Change-Alley*, *Cornhill*.

M DCCXV.



# Dramatis Personæ.

**E** Scalus, *Prince of Verona.*

**E** Paris, *a young Nobleman in Love with Juliet, and Kinsman to the Prince.*

Mountague, } *Two Lords of ancient families, enemies to each*  
Capulet, } *other.*

Romeo, *Son to Mountague.*

Mercutio, *Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.*

Benvolio, *Kinsman and Friend to Romeo.*

Tibalt, *Kinsman to Capulet.*

*Friar Lawrence.*

*Friar John.*

Balthasar, *Servant to Romeo.*

*Page to Paris.*

Sampson, } *Servants to Capulet.*  
Gregory, }

Abram, *Servant to Montague.*

*Apothecary.*

*Lady Mountague, Wife to Mountague.*

*Lady Capulet, Wife to Capulet.*

*Juliet, Daughter to Capulet, in Love with Romeo.*

*Nurse to Juliet.*

*Citizens of Verona, several Men and Women Relations to Capulet, Maskers, Guards, and other Attendants.*

*The S C E N E, in the beginning of the Fifth Act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the Play, in and near Verona.*

ROMEO



# R O M E O

A N D

# J U L I E T.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *the Street in Verona.*

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers.*

S A M P S O N.



*Gregory* a'my word we'll not carry coals.

*Greg.* No, for then we should be colliers.

*Sam.* I mean, if we be in choler, we'll draw.

*Greg.* Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o'th' collar.

*Sam.* I strike quickly, being mov'd.

*Greg.* But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

*Sam.* A dog of the house of *Mountague* moves me.

*Greg.* To move, is to stir; and to be valiant, is to stand:

Therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'st away.

*Sam.* A dog of that house shall move me to stand:  
I will take the wall of any man or maid of *Mountague's*.

A 2

*Greg.*

*Greg.* That shews thee weak, slave, for the weakest goes to the wall.

*Sam.* True, and therefore women, being the weakest Veliels, are ever thrust to the wall; therefore I will push *Mountagu.*'s men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

*Greg.* The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

*Sam.* 'Tis all one, I will shew my self a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids, and cut off their heads.

*Greg.* The heads of the maids?

*Sam.* Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-  
Take it in what sense thou wilt. [heads,

*Greg.* They must take it in sense that feel it.

*Sam.* Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: And 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

*Greg.* 'Tis well thou art not fish: if thou hadst, thou hadst been *Poor John*. Draw thy tool, here comes of the house of the *Mountagues*.

*Enter Abram and Balthasar.*

*Sam.* My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back

*Greg.* How: turn thy back and run? [thee.

*Sam.* Fear me not.

*Greg.* No, marry: I fear thee. [begin.

*Sam.* Let us take the law of our sides: let them

*Greg.* I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

*Sam.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* Is the law on our side, if I say ay?

*Greg.* No.

*Sam.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir: but I bite my thumb, sir.

*Greg.* Do you quarrel sir?

*Abr.* Quarrel, sir? no sir.

*Sam.*



*Sam.* If you do, fir, I am for you ; I serve as good a man as you.

*Abr.* No better ?

*Sam.* Well, fir.

*Enter Benvolio.*

*Greg.* Say better : here comes one of my master's

*Sam.* Yes, better. [kinfmen.

*Abr.* You lie.

*Sam.* Draw, if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy wathing blow. [They fight.

*Ben.* Part, fools, put up your swords, you know not what you do.

*Enter Tybalt.*

*Tyb.* What, art thou drawn among these heartlefs Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death. [hinds ?

*Ben.* I do but keep the peace ; put up thy sword, Or mana e it to part thefe men with me.

*Tyb.* What draw, and talk of peace ? I hate the As I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee : [word Have at thee, coward. [Fight.

*Enter three or four Citizens with Clubs.*

*Offic.* Clubs, bills, and partifans ! strike ! beat them down,

Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Mountagues*,

*Enter old Capulet in his gown, and lady Capulet.*

*Cap.* What noife is this ? give me my long sword, ho ?

*L. Cap.* A crutch, a crutch : why call you for a sword ?

*Cap.* A sword, I fay : old *Mountague* is come, And flourifhes his blade in fpirit of me.

*Enter old Mountague and lady Mountague.*

*Moun.* Thou villain, *Capulet*--hold me not, let me go.

*La. Moun.* Thou fhalt not ftir a foot to feek a foe

*Enter prince with attendants.*

*Prin.* Rebellious fubjects, enemies to peace,  
Prophaners of this neighbour-ftained fteel--  
Will they not hear ? what ho, you men, you beafts,  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,  
With purple fountains iffuing from your veins :  
On pain of torture, from thefe bloody hands  
Throw your miftemper'd weapons to the ground,  
And hear the fentence of your moved prince.

6 *Romeo and Juliet.*

Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,  
 By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Montague*,  
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,  
 And made *Verona's* antient citizens  
 Cast by their grave befeeming ornaments,  
 To wield old partizans, in hands as old,  
 Cankred with peace, to part your cankred-hate ;  
 If ever you disturb our streets again,  
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
 For this time all the rest depart away :  
 You, *Capulet*, shall go along with me ;  
 And, *Montague*, come you this afternoon.  
 To know our further pleasure in this case,  
 To old free-town, our common judgment-place :  
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and Capulet, &c.*

*La. Moun.* Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad ?  
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began ?

*Ben.* Here were the servants of your adversary,  
 And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach ;  
 I drew to part them : in the instant came  
 The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,  
 Which as he breath'd defiance to my ears,  
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,  
 Who nothing hurt withal, kiss'd him in scorn ;  
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,  
 'Till the prince came, who parted either part.

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

*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun  
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,  
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad,  
 Where underneath the grove of *Sycamour*,  
 That westward rooteth from this city side,  
 So early walking did I see your son ;  
 Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,  
 And stole into the covert of the wood ;  
 I measuring his affections by my own. \*

Which then most sought, where most might not be  
 found,

\* That most are missed when they're <sup>Being</sup> most alone

Being one too many by my weary self,  
 Pursued by humour, not pursuing his,  
 And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

*Moun.* Many a morning hath he there been seen  
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew,  
 Adding to clouds, more clouds, with his deep sighs:  
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun,  
 Should, in the farthest east, begin to draw  
 The shady curtains from *Aurora's* bed,  
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
 And private in his chamber pens himself,  
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,  
 And makes himself an artificial night.

Black and portentous must this humour prove,  
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

*Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

*Moun.* I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

*Ben.* Have you importun'd him by any means?

*Moun.* Both by my self, and many other friends;  
 But he, his own affections counsellor.

Is to himself (I will not say how true)

But to himself so secret and so close,

So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the same.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,

We would as willingly give cure, as know.

*Enter* Romeo.

*Ben.* See where he comes: so please you step aside,  
 I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

*Moun.* I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
 To hear true thrift. Come, madam, let's away. [*Ex.*]

*Ben.* Good morrow, cousin.

*Rom.* Is the day so young?

*Ben.* But new struck nine.

*Rom.* Ah me, sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

*Ben.* It was: what sadness lengthens *Romeo's* hours?

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



*Ben.* In love ?

*Rom.* Out---

*Ben.* Of love ?

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

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

*Rom.* Alas! that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should without eyes, see path-ways to his will :  
Where shall we dine ?--O me!--what fray was here ?--  
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all  
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love :  
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!  
O any thing of nothing first create :  
O heavy lightness, serious vanity,  
Mishapen chaos of well-seeming forms,  
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,  
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is:  
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  
Dost thou not laugh ?

*Ben.* No coz, I rather weep.

*Rom.* Good heart, at what ?

*Ben.* At thy good heart's oppression.

*Rom.* Why such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ;  
Which thou wilt propagate to have it prest  
With more of thine, this love that thou hast shewn  
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
Love is a smoke made of the fume of sighs,  
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes,  
Being vext, a sea nourish'd with loving tears ;  
What is it else ? a madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet:  
Farewell, my coz.

[Going.]

*Ben.* Soft, I will go along,  
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

*Rom.* But I have lost my self, I am not here,  
This is not *Romeo*, he's some other where.

*Ben.* Tell me in sadness, who is that you love ?

*Rom.* What shall I groan and tell thee ?

*Ben.* Groan ? why no ; but sadly tell me, who.

*Rom.*

*Rom.* A sick man in good sadness makes his will---  
O word, ill urg'd to one that is so ill---  
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

*Ben.* I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

*Rom.* A right good marks-man, an she's fair I love.

*Ben.* A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

*Rom.* Well in that hit you miss, she'll not be hit  
With *Cupid's* arrow ; she hath *Dian's* wit :  
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd ;  
From love's weak childish bow, she lives uncharm'd.  
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,  
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,  
Nor ope her lap to faint-seducing gold :  
O she is rich in beauty, only poor,  
That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

*Ben.* Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes haste  
For beauty starv'd with her severity, [waste.  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise ; wisely too fair,  
To merit bliss by making me despair ;  
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow  
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

*Ben.* Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

*Rom.* O teach me how I should forget to think.

*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;  
Examine other beauties. [more.

*Rom.* 'Tis the way to call hers (exquisite) in question  
Those happy masks that kiss fair ladies brows,  
Being black. put us in mind they hide the fair ;  
He that is stricken blind, cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.  
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair ;  
What doth her beauty serve but as a note,  
Where I may read who past that passing fair.  
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget.

*Ben.* I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [Exit.

*Enter Capulet, Paris and Servant.*

*Cap.* *Mountague* is bound as well as I,  
In penalty alike ; and 'tis not hard, I think,

For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*Par.* Of honourable reck'ning are you both,  
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long:  
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

*Cap.* But saying o'er what I have said before:  
My child is yet a stranger in the world,  
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,  
Let two more summers wither in their pride,  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

*Par.* Younger than she are happy mothers made.

*Cap.* And too soon marr'd are those so early made:  
Earth up hath swallowed all my hopes but she,  
She is the hopeful lady of my earth: —  
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,  
My will to her consent is but a part,  
If she agree, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent, and fair according voice:  
This night, I hold an old accustom'd feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
Such as I love, and you among the store,  
Once more, most welcome makes my number more:  
At my poor house, look to behold this night,  
Earth-trading stars that make dark heaven light,  
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,  
When well-apparell'd *April* on the heel  
Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,  
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:  
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,  
May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.  
Come go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about,  
Through fair *Verona*, find those persons out,  
Whose names are written there, and to them say,  
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exit *Cap.* *Par.*

*Ser.* Find them out whose names are written here?  
It is written, that the shoe-maker should meddle with  
his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with  
his pencil, and the painter with his nets. But I am  
sent to find those persons whose names are writ, and  
can



can never find what names the writing Person hath here writ, (I must to the learned) in good time.

*Enter Benvolio and Romeo.*

*Ben.* Tut man, one fire burns out another's burn-  
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ; (ing,  
Turn giddy and be holp by backward turning,  
One desperate grief cures with another's languish :  
Take thou some new infection to the eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

*Rom.* Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

*Ben.* For what, I pray thee ?

*Rom.* For your broken shin.

*Ben.* Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad ?

*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is :  
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
Whipt and tormented ; and---good e'en, good fellow.

*Ser.* God gi'good-e'en : I pray, sir, can you read ?

*Rom.* Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

*Ser.* Perhaps you have learn'd it without book :  
But, I pray, can you read any thing you see ?

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

*Ser.* Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

*Rom.* Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

*S*ignior Martino, and his wife and daughter : Count An-  
selm and his beauteous sisters ; the lady Widow of Vitru-  
vio, signior Placentino, and his lovely neices ; Mercutio  
and his brother Valentine ; mine uncle Capulet, his wife  
and daughters ; my fair niece Rosaline, Livio ; signior Va-  
lentio, and his cousin Tibalt ; Lucio, and the lovely He-  
lena.

A fair assembly ; whither should they come ?

*Ser.* Up.

*Rom.* Whither ? to supper ?

*Ser.* To our house.

*Rom.* Whose house ?

*Ser.* My master's.

*Rom.* Indeed I should have askt you 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,*

*Mou-tagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine Rest  
you merry. [Exit.

*Ben.* At this same ancient feast of *Capulets*,  
Sips the fair *Rosaline*, whom thou so lovest ;  
With all the admired beauties of *Verona* :  
Go thither, and with unattainted eye,  
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

*Rom.* When the devout religion of mine eye  
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire ;  
And these who often drown'd could never die,  
Transparent hereticks be burnt for liars.

One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

*Ben.* Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,  
Her self pois'd with her self in either eye :  
But in those chrystal scales, let there be weigh'd,  
You ladies love against some other maid,  
That I will shew you, shining at this feast,  
And she will shew scant well, that now shews best.

*Rom.* I'll go along, no such fight to be shewn,  
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

## S C E N E II. Capulet's House.

*Enter lady Capulet, and nurse.*

*La. Cap.* Nurse, where's my daughter ? call her  
forth to me.

*Nurse.* Now by my maiden-head, at twelve years old,  
I bad her come ; what lamb, what lady-bird, God  
forbid--Where's this girl ? what, *Juliet* ?

*Enter Juliet.*

*Jul.* Now now, who calls ?

*Nurse.* Your mother.

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

*La. Cap.* This is the matter--Nurse, give me leave a  
while, we must talk in secret, nurse come back again, I  
have remembered me, thou' hear my counsel : thou  
knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

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

*La. Cap.* She's not fourteen.

*Nurse.*

*Nurse.* I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,  
And yet to my teeth be it spoken,  
I have but four, she's not fourteen;  
How long is it now to *Lammastide*?

*La. Cap.* A fortnight and odd days.

*Nurse.* Even or odd, of all days in the year, come *Lammastide* at night shall she be fourteen. *Susan* and she, God rest all christian souls, were of one age. Well, *Susan* is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on *Lammastide* at night shall she be fourteen, that shall she, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years, and she was wean'd, I never shall forget it, of all the days in the year, upon that day; for I had then laid worm-wood to my dug, sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall, my lord and you were then at *Mantua*---nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I said, when it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it teachy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the dove-house---'twas no need I trow to bid me trudge; and since that time it is eleven years, for then she could stand alone, nay, by th' rood she could have run, and waddled all about; for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, God be with his soul, was a merry man, took up the child, yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not, *Juliet*? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said, ay; to see now how a jest shall come about. I warrant, and I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it: Wilt thou not, *Juliet*, quoth he? and pretty fool, it stinted, and said, ay.

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

*Nurse.* Yes, madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying and say, ay; and yet I warrant it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's stone: a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age; wilt thou not, *Juliet*? It stinted, and said, ay.

*Jul.*



*Jul.* And stint the too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

*Nurse.* Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace, thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs't, and I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish. *And this is the marriage*

*La. Cap.* Marry, that marry is the very theme I came to talk of; tell me, daughter *Juliet*, How stands your disposition to be married?

*Jul.* 'Tis an hour that I dream not of.

*Nurse.* An hour, were not I thine only nurse, I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

*La. Cap.* Well, think of marriage now; younger Here in *Verona*, ladies of esteem, (than you Are made already mothers. By my count, I was your mother much upon these years, That you are now a maid; thus then in brief, The valiant *Paris* seeks you for his love.

*Nurse.* A man, young lady, lady, such a man, as all the world----why he's a man of wax.

*La. Cap.* *Verona's* summer hath not such a flower.

*Nurse.* Nay he's a flower, in faith a very flower.

*La. Cap.* What say you, can you love the gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our feast, Read o'er the volume of young *Paris's* face, And find delight writ there with beauty's pen; Examine every several lineament, And see how one, another lends content; And what obscur'd in this fair volume lyes, Find written in the margent of his eyes. This precious book of love, this unbound lover, To beautify him, only lacks a cover. The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride For fair without, the fair within to hide: That book in manies eyes doth share the glory, That in gold clasps locks in the golden story; So shall you share all that he doth possess, By having him, making yourself no less.

*Nurse.* No less! nay bigger; women grow by men.

*La. Cap.* Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris's* love?

*Jul.* I'll look to like, if looking liking move.

But no more deep will I endart mine eye, *in gaze* Than

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Scr.* Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curst in the pantry, and every thing in extremity, I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight. *[Exit.*

*La. Cap.* We follow thee. *Juliet*, the county stays.

*Nurse.* Go girl, seek happy nights to happy days. *[Exeunt.*

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

*Rom.* What, shall this speech be spoke to our excuse? Or shall we on without apology?

*Ben.* The date is out of such prolixity,  
We'll have no *Cupid* hood-wink'd with a scarf,  
Bearing a tartar's painted bow of lath,  
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper.  
But let them measure us by what they will,  
We'll measure them a measure and be gone.

*Rom.* Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.  
*[*Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

*Mcr.* Nay, gentle *Romco*, we must have you dance.

*Rom.* Not I, believe me, you have dancing shoes  
With nimble soles, I have a sole of lead,  
So staves me to the ground I cannot move.

*Mcr.* You are a lover, borrow *Cupid's* wings,  
And soar with them above a common bound.

*Rom.* I am too sore impierced with his shaft,  
To soar with his light feathers, and to bound:  
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe;  
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

*Mcr.* And to sink in it, should you burden love,  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

*Rom.* Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,  
Too rude, too boisterous, it pricks like thorn.

*Mcr.* If love be rough with you, be rough with love,  
Prick love for pricking, and you love beat down:

Give me a case to put my visage in,  
A visor for a visor; what care I  
What curious eye doth quote deformities,  
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

*Ben.*

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

*Rom.* A torch for me, let wantons, light of heart,  
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;  
For I am proverb'd with a grand-fire phrase;

*Mer.* I'll be a candle-lighter, and look on,  
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

*Mer.* Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own  
word;

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;

Or, save your reverence, love, wherein thou stickest  
Up to the ears: Come, we burn day-light, ho.

*Rom.* Nay, that's not so.

*Mer.* I mean, Sir, we delay.

We waste our lights in vain, lights, lights, by day;  
Take our good meaning, for our judgment fits  
Five things in that, ere once in our fine wits.

*Rom.* And we mean well in going to this mask;  
But 'tis no wit to go.

*Mer.* Why, may one ask?

*Rom.* I dreamt a dream to-night.

*Mer.* And so did I.

*Rom.* Well; what was yours.

*Mer.* That dreamers oft-n lie.

*Rom.* In bed asleep; while they do dream things  
true.

*Mer.* O then I see queen Mab hath been with you:  
She is the Fairies midwife, and she comes in shape no  
bigger than an agat-stone on the fore-finger of an al-  
derman, drawn with a team of little atomies, over  
mens noses as they lye asleep: Her waggon spokes  
made of long spinners legs; the cover, of the wings  
of grasshoppers; her trace of the smallest spider's web,  
her collars of the moonshine's watry beams; her whip  
of cricket's bone; the lash of film; her waggoner a  
small gray-coated gnat, not half so big as a round lit-  
tle worm, prickt from the lazy finger of a woman.  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut, made by the joy-  
ner squirrel or old grub, time out of mind, the fairies  
coach-makers: And in this state she gallops night by  
night, through lovers brains; and then they dream of  
love



love. On countries knees, that dream on cu fies  
 strait: O'er lawyers fingers, who strait dream on  
 fees: O'er ladies lips, who strait on kisses dream,  
 which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, be-  
 cause their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.  
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose, and then  
 dreams he of smelling out a suit: And some-  
 times comes she with a tith-pig's tail, tickling a  
 parson's nose as he lies asleep; then he dreams of ano-  
 ther benefice. Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's  
 neck, and then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 of breaches, ambuscadoes, *Spanish* blades; of healths  
 five fathom deep; and then anon drums in his ears,  
 at which he starts and wakes, and being thus frightened,  
 swears a prayer or two, and sleeps again. This is  
 that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the  
 night, and bakes the elf-locks in foul flattish hairs,  
 which once intangled, much misfortunes bodes.  
 This is the hag when maids lye on their backs,  
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,  
 Making them women of good carriage:

This is she-----

*Rom.* Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;  
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

*Mer.* True, I talk of dreams;  
 Which are the children of an idle brain,  
 Begot of nothing, but vain phantasy,  
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,  
 And more unconstant than the wind; who woos  
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
 And being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
 Turning his side to the dew-dropping south.

*Ben.* This wind you talk of, blows us from ourselves;  
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

*Rom.* I fear too early; for my mind misgives,  
 Some consequence still hanging in the stars,  
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
 With this night's revels, and expire the term  
 Of a despised life clos'd in my breast,  
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death:  
 But he that hath the steerage of my course,

Direct

Direct my suit : on, lusty gentlemen.

*Ben.* Strike, drum.

*They march about the stage, and servants come forth with their Napkins.*

*1 Ser.* Where's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away ? He shift a trencher ! He scrape a trencher !

*2 Ser.* When good manners shall lye in one or two mens hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

*1 Ser.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate : Good thou, save me a piece of march-pane ; and as thou lovest me, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*, *Anthony*, and *Potpan*.

*2 Ser.* Ay, Boy, ready.

*1 Ser.* You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, and fought for, in the great chamber.

*2 Ser.* We cannot be here and there too ; chearly boys ; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter all the guests and ladies to the maskers.*

*1 Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen ;

Ladies that have their toes ~~have~~

Unplagu'd with corns, will walk about with you.

Ah me, my mistresses, which of you all

Will now deny to dance ? She that makes dainty,

She, I'll swear hath corns ; am I come near ye now ?

Welcome Gentlemen, I have seen the day

That I have worn a visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please : 'Tis gone ; 'tis gone ; 'tis gone :

You are all welcome, gentlemen ; come musicians,

play. [Musick plays, and they dance.]

A hall, hall ; give room, and foot it, girls :

More light ye knaves, and turn the tables up ;

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Ah, firrah, this unlook'd for sport comes well :

Nay, fit, nay, fit, good cousin *Capulet*,

For you and I are past our dancing days :

How long is't now since last yourself and I

Were in a mask ?

*2 Cap.*

2 Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

1 Cap. What, Man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much;

'Tis since the nuptial of *Lucentio*.

Come pentecost, as quickly as it will,  
Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'Tis more, hi. son is elder, fir:  
His son is thirty.

1 Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

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

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O she doth teach the torches to burn bright;  
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,  
Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop's* ear:  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!  
So she is a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows:  
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,  
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.  
Did my heart love 'till now? forswear it sight;  
For I ne'er saw true beauty 'till this night.

Tib. This by his voice should be a *Mountague*.  
Fetch me my rapier, boy: What dares the slave  
Come hither cover'd with an antick face,  
To flear and scorn at our solemnity?  
Now by the stock and honour of my kin,  
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman,  
Wherefore storm you so?

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

Cap. Young *Romco*, is it?

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

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,  
He bears him like a portly gentleman:  
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,  
To be a virtuous and well govern'd youth.  
I would not for the wealth of all the town,

Here



Here in my house do him disparagement:  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,  
It is my will, the which if thou respect,  
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,  
And ill beseeeming semblance of a feast.

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

*Cap.* He shall be endur'd.

What goodman-boy----I say he shall. Go to----  
Am I the master here, or you? Go to----  
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,  
You'll make a mutiny among the guests:  
You will set cock-a-hoop? You'll be the man?

*Tib.* Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

*Cap.* Go to, go to,

You are a saucy boy---'tis so indeed---  
This trick may chance to scathe you; I know what,  
You must contrary me? --- marry'tis time.

Well said, my hearts; you are a princox, go,  
Be quiet, or more light, for shame;  
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts.

*Tib.* Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.  
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,  
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

*Rom.* If I prophane with my unworthiest hand,  
[To Juliet.

This holy shrine, the gentle fin is this,  
My lips two blushing pilgrims ready stand.  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

*Jul.* Good pilgrim.

You do wrong your hand too much,  
Which mannerly devotion shews in this,  
For saints have hands---the pilgrim's hands do touch,  
And palm to palm, is holy palmers kiss.

*Rom.* Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

*Jul.* Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

*Rom.* O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do,  
They pray (grant thou) lest faith turn to despair.

*Jul.*

*Jul.* Saints do not move,  
Though grant for prayers sake.

*Rom.* Then move not while my prayers effect do  
take :

Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd. [*Kissing her.*]

*Jul.* Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

*Rom.* Sin from my lips! O trespass sweetly urg'd :  
Give me my sin again.

*Jul.* You kiss by th' book.

*Nur.* Madam, your mother craves a word with you,

*Rom.* What is her mother?

*Nur.* Marry, batchelor,  
Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wife and virtuous.  
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk withal :  
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,  
Shall have the chink.

*Rom.* Is she a *Capulet*?

O dear account! My life is my foe's debt.

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

*Rom.* Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

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

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

I thank you, honest gentlemen, good night :

More torches here---come on, then let's to bed,

Ah, firrah, by my fay it waxes late.

I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Jul.* Come hither, nurse.

What is yond' gentleman?

*Nur.* The son and heir of old *Tyberio*.

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

*Nur.* Marry, that I think to be young *Petruchio*.

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

*Nur.* I know not.

*Jul.* Go ask 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 our great enemy.

*Jul.* My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen, unknown, and known too late ;

Prodigious





*Mer.* Nay, I'll conjure too. *Why*  
*Romeo*, Humours, *Madam*, passion, lover, *Madman*  
 Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,  
 Speak but one time, and I am satisfied. *Rhime*  
 Cry me but ay me! couple but love and day, *Love*  
 Speak to my gossip *Venus* one fair word,  
 One nick-name for her parblind son and her, *Leis*  
 Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that shot so true,  
 When king *Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid.  
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not,  
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.  
 I conjure thee by *Rosaline's* bright eyes,  
 By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,  
 By her fine foot, streight leg, and quivering thigh,  
 And the demesns that there adjacent lye,  
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

*Ben.* And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

*Mer.* This cannot anger him, 'twould anger him  
 To raise a spirit in his mistress's circle,  
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
 'Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;  
 That were some spight.

My invocation is fair and honest, and in his mistress's  
 name

I conjure only but to raise up him.

*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,  
 To be consorted with the humorous night:  
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

*Mer.* If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.  
 Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,  
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,  
 Which maids call medlars when they laugh alone:  
 O, *Romeo*, that she were, O that she were  
 An open---or thou a poprin pear;  
*Romeo*, good night, I'll to my truckle-bed,  
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:  
 Come, shall we go?

*Ben.* Go thien, for 'tis in vain to seek him here,  
 That means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E III. *A Garden.**Enter Romeo.*

*Rom.* He jests at scars that never felt a wound----  
But soft, what light thro' yonder window breaks?  
It is the east, and *Juliet* is the sun:

[*Juliet appears above at a window.*

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she,  
Be not her maid since she is envious.  
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,  
And none but fools do wear it, cast it off:  
It is my lady, O it is my love--O that she knew she  
were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?  
Her eye discourses, I will answer it----  
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:  
Two of the fairest stars of all the heaven,  
Having some business, do intreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres 'till they return.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head.  
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,  
As day-light doth a lamp; her eye in heaven,  
Would through the airy region stream so bright,  
That birds would sing, and think it were not night:  
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek.

*Jul.* Ah me!

*Rom.* She speaks.

Oh speak again, bright angel, for thou art  
As glorious to this Night, being o'er my head,  
As is a winged messenger from heav'n,  
Unto the white upturned wondering eyes,  
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,  
When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds, *passing*  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Jul.* O *Romeo, Romeo*--wherefore art thou *Romeo*?  
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:

Or

Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my Love,  
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet*.

*Rom.* Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy Name that is my Enemy:  
Thou art thy self, though not a *Mountague*.

What's *Mountague*? it is not Hand, nor Foot,  
Nor Arm, nor Face—O be some other Name  
Belonging to a Man.

What's in a Name? that which we call a Rose,  
By any other Word would smell as sweet.

So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,  
Without that Title; *Romeo*, doff thy Name,  
And for that Name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all my self.

*Rom.* I take thee at thy Word:  
Call me but Love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,  
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

*Jul.* What Man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in Night,  
So stumblest on my Counsel?

*Rom.* By a Name,  
I know not how to tell thee who I am:  
My Name, dear Saint, is hateful to my self,  
Because it is an Enemy to thee.  
Had I it written, I would tear the Word.

*Jul.* My Ears have yet not drunk a hundred Words  
Of thy Tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.  
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

*Rom.* Neither, fair Maid, if either thee dislike. *Saint Dislike*

*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither,  
Tell me, and wherefore?

The Orchard Walls are high, and hard to climb,  
And the place Death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my Kinsmen find thee here.

*Rom.* With Love's light Wings did I o'er-perch these  
Walls,

For it ony Limits cannot hold Love out,  
And what Love can do, that dares Love attempt:  
Therefore thy Kinsmen are no stop to me.

*Jul.* If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

*Rom.* Alack there lies more peril in thine Eye,

B

Than



Than twenty of their Swords, look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their Enmity.

*Jul.* I would not for the World they saw thee here :

*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their Eyes,  
And but thou love me, let them find me here ;  
My Life were better ended by their hate,  
Than Death prorogued, wanting of thy Love.

*Jul.* By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

*Rom.* By Love, that first did prompt me to enquire,  
He lent me Counsel, and I lent him Eyes :  
I am no Pilot, yet wert thou as far  
As that vast Shore, wash with'd the farthest Sea,  
I should adventure for such Merchandise.

*Jul.* Thou knowest the mask of Night is on my face,  
Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my Cheek,  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to Night.  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke ——— but farewell Complements :  
Dost thou love ? O, I know thou wilt say, Ay,  
And I will take thy Word ——— yet if thou swear'st,  
Thou may'st prove false ; at lover's Perjuries  
They say *Five* laughs ; oh gentle *Romeo*,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay ;  
So thou wilt wooe : but else not for the world.

An truth, fair *Montague*, I am too fond ;  
And therefore thou may'st think my' Haviour light :  
But trust me, Gentleman, I'll prove more true,  
Than those that have more *Coining* to be strange *knowing*  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou overheard'st ere I was ware,  
My true Love's Passion ; therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light Love,  
Which the dark Night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder Moon I vow, *x Respo*  
That tips with Silver all these Fruit-tree tops ———

*Jul.* O swear not by the Moon, th'unconstant Moen,  
That monthly changes in her circled Orb.  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I swear by ?

*Jul.*

*Jul.* Do not swear at all;  
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the God of my Idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

*Rom.* If my Heart's dear love——

*Jul.* Well, do not swear——although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this Contract to Night?  
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,  
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be,  
Ere one can say, it lightens. Sweet, good Night,  
This bud of Love by Summers ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous Flower when next we meet :  
Good Night, good Night——as sweet Repose and Rest,  
Come to thy Heart, as that within my Breast.

*Rom.* O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

*Jul.* What satisfaction canst thou have to Night ?

*Rom.* Th'exchange of thy Love's faithful Vow of mine.

*Jul.* I gave thee mine before thou did'st request it :  
And yet I would it were to give again.

*Rom.* Wouldst thou withdraw it ?  
For what purpose, Love ?

*Jul.* But to be frank, and give it thee again,  
And yet I wish but for the thing I have :  
My Bounty is as boundless as the Sea,  
My Love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.  
I hear some Noise within; dear Love adieu.

Anon, good Nurse——Sweet *Mountague* be true :  
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Nurse calls within,  
[Exit.]

*Rom.* O blessed, blessed Night, I am afraid,  
Being in Night, all this is but a Dream,  
Too flatt'ring sweet to be substantial.

*Re-enter Juliet above.*

*Jul.* Three Words, dear *Romeo*,  
And good Night indeed :  
If that thy bent of Love be honourable,  
Thy purpose Marriage, send me Word to Morrow,  
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,  
And all my Fortunes at thy foot I'll lay.

And follow thee, my Lord, throughout the World.

[*Within*: Madam.

I come, anon—but if thou meanest not well,

I do beseech thee—

[*Within*: Madam.

By and by, I come—

To cease thy Strife, and leave me to my Grief.

To Morrow will I send.

*Rom.* So thrive my Soul.

*Jul.* A thousand times good Night. [Exit.

*Rom.* A thousand times the worse to want thy light,  
Love goes toward Love, as School-Boys from their Books,  
But Love from Love, towards School with heavy Looks,

*Enter Juliet again.*

*Jul.* Hist! *Romeo*, hist! O for a Falkner's Voice,  
To lure this Tassel gentle back again—  
Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud,  
Else would I tear the Cave where Eccho lyes,  
And make her airy Tongue more hoarse—Then with  
The Repetition of my *Romeo*————

*Rom.* It is my Soul that calls upon my Name.  
How silver-sweet sound Lovers Tongues by Night,  
Like softest Musick to attending Ears.

*Jul.* *Romeo*.

*Rom.* My Sweet.

*Jul.* What a Clock to Morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

*Rom.* By the hour of Nine.

*Jul.* I will not fail, 'tis twenty Years 'till then,  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

*Rom.* Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

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

*Rom.* And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other Name but this. *Home*

*Jul.* 'Tis almost Morning, I would have thee gone;  
And yet no further than a wanton's Bird,  
That lets it hop a little from his Hand,  
Like a poor Prisoner in his twisted Gyves,  
And with a silken thread plucks it again,  
So loving jealous of his Liberty.

*Rom.*



Rom. I would I were thy Bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I,  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:  
Good Night, good Night.

Rom. Parting is such sweet Sorrow,  
That I should say good Night 'till it be Morrow.

Jul. Sleep dwell upon thine Eyes, Peace in thy Breast,  
Would I were sleep in Peace, so sweet to rest. [Exit.

Rom. The grey-ey'd Morn smiles on the frowning Night,  
Check'ring the eastern Clouds with streaks of Light,  
And Darkness' fleckell'd like a Drunkard reels,  
From forth-days path-way, made by Titan's Wheels.  
Hence will I to my ghostly Friar's close Cell,  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.      A Monastery.

*Enter Friar Lawrence, with a Basket.*

Fri. Now ere the Sun advance his burning Eye,  
The Day to chear, and Night's dank Dew to dry,  
I must up-fill this Ofsier Cage of ours  
With baleful Weeds, and precious juiced Flowers,  
The Earth that's Nature's Mother, is her Tomb,  
What is her burying Grave, that is her Womb;  
And from her Womb Children of divers kind  
We sucking on her natural Posome find:  
Many for many Virtues excellent,  
None but for some, and yet all different.  
O mickle is the powerful Grace that lies  
In Plants, Herbs, Stones, and their true Qualities:  
For nought so vile, that on the Earth doth live,  
But to the Earth some special good doth give.  
Nor ought so good but strain'd from that fair use,  
Revolts from true Faith, stumbling on abuse;  
Virtue it self turns vice, being misapplied,  
And Vice sometime by Action dignified.

*Enter Romeo.*

Within the infant Rind of this weak Flower,  
Poison hath residence, and Medicine Power:  
For this being smelt, with that Part chears each Part;  
Being tasted, slays all Senses, with the Heart.

*The grey  
4 Feb*

Two such opposed Kinds encamp them still,  
 In Man, as well as Herbs, Grace and rude Will ;  
 And where the worser is predominant,  
 Full soon the Canker Death eats up that plant.

*Rom.* Good morrow, Father.

*Fri.* *Benedicite.*

What early Tongue so sweet salutes mine Ear?  
 Young Son, it argues a distemper'd Head,  
 So soon to bid good-morrow to thy Bed :  
 Care keeps his Watch in every old Man's eye,  
 And where Care lodgeth, sleep will never lye ;  
 But where unbruised youth, with unstuff'd Brain,  
 Doth couch his Limbs, there golden sleep doth reign ;  
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,  
 Thou art up-rous'd with some Distemperature ;  
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,  
 Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to night.

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

*Fri.* God pardon Sin; wast thou with *Rosaline*?

*Rom.* With *Rosaline*, my Ghostly Father? No.  
 I have forgot that Name, and that Name's Woe.

*Fri.* That's my good Son: But where hast thou been then?

*Rom.* I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again ;  
 I have been feasting with mine Enemy,  
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,  
 That's by me wounded ; both our Remedies  
 Within thy help and holy Physick lies ;  
 I bear no hatred, blessed Man, for lo  
 My intercession likewise steads my Foe.

*Fri.* Be plain, good Son, rest homely in thy drift,  
 Ridling Confession finds but ridling Shrift.

*Rom.* Then plainly know my Heart's dear Love is set  
 On the fair Daughter of rich *Capulet* ;  
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;  
 And all combin'd, save what thou must combine  
 By holy Marriage : when and where, and how,  
 We met, we woo'd, and made Exchange of Vow,  
 I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,  
 That thou consent to marry us to Day.

*Fri.* Holy Saint *Francis*, what a Change is here ?  
 Is *Rosaline*, that thou didst love so dear,

So soon forsaken? young Mens Love then lyes  
Not truly in their Hearts, but in their Eyes.

*Jesu Maria*, what a deal of Brine

Hath washt thy fallow Cheeks for *Rosaline*?

How much salt Water thrown away in waite,

To season Love, that of it doth not taste?

The Sun not yet thy Sighs from Heaven clears,

Thy old Groans yet ring in my ancient Ears;

Lo here upon thy Cheek the Stain doth sit,

Of an old Tear that is not washt off yet.

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

Thou and these Woes were all for *Rosaline*.

And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this Sentence then,

Women may fall, when there's no Strength in Men.

*Rem.* Thou chidd'st me oft for loving *Rosaline*.

*Fri.* For doating, not for loving, Pupil mine.

*Rom.* And bad'st me bury Love.

*Fri.* Not in a Grave.

To lay one in, another out to have.

*Rom.* I pray thee chide me not, here I love now

Doth Grace for Grace, and Love for Love allow:

The other did not so.

*Fri.* Oh she knew well,

Thy Love did read by rote, that could not spell:

But come young Waverer, come go with me,

In one Respect I'll thy assistant be:

For this Alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your Household-rancour to pure Love.

*Rom.* O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.

*Fri.* Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*The Street.*

*Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.*

*Mer.* Where the Devil should this *Romeo* be? came he  
not home to Night?

*Ben.* Not to his Father's, I spoke with his Man.

*Mer.* Why that same pale hard-hearted Wench that *Ro-  
saline*, torments him so that he will sure run mad.

*Ben.* Tybalt, the Kinsman to old *Capulet*, hat's sent a  
Letter to his Father's House.

B 4

*Mer.*



*Mer.* A Challenge on my Life.

*Ben.* Romeo will answer it.

*Mer.* Any Man that can write, may answer a Letter.

*Ben.* Nay he will answer the Letter's Master, how he dares, being dared. *+ if he be challenged*

*Mer.* Alas poor Romeo, he is already dead, stabb'd with a white Wench's black Eye, run through the Ear with a Love-Song, the very Pin of his Heart cleft with the blind Bow-Boy's but-shaft; and is he a Man to encounter Tybalt?

*Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt?

*Mer.* More than Prince of Cats. Oh he's the Courageous Captain of Compliments; he fights as you sing prick-songs, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests his minimum, one, two, and the third in your Bosom; the very Butcher of a silk Button, a Duellist, a Duellist; a Gentleman of the very first House of the first and second Cause; Ah the immortal Passado, the Punto reverso, the Hay—

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The Pox of such antique lispings affecting Phantasies, these new tuners of Accent—Jesu, a very good blade, —a very tall Man—a very good Whore.—Why is not this a lamentable thing, Granfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange Flics, these Fashion-mongers, these pardon-me's, who stand so much on the new Form that they cannot sit at ease on the old Bench. O their Bones, their Bones.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Ben.* Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo,

*Mer.* Without his Roe, like a dried Herring. O Flesh, Flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the Numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady was a Kitchen-wench; marry she had a better Love to be true her: *Dido* a Dowdy, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Helen* and *Hero* Hildings and Harlots: *Thisby* a gray Eye or so, but not to the Purpose. Signior Romeo Bonj ur, there's a French Salutation to your French slip; you gave us the Counterfeit fairly last Night.

*Rom.* Good Morrow to you both, what Counterfeit did I give you?

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

*Rom.* Pardon *Mercutio*, my Business was great, and in such a Case as mine, a Man may strain Curtie.

*Mer.*

*Mer.* That's as much as to say, such a case as yours  
constrains a Man to bow in the Hams.

*Rom.* Meaning to Curtsie.

*Mer.* Thou hast most kindly hit it.

*Rom.* A most courteous Exposition.

*Mer.* Nay, I am the very Pink of Courtesie.

*Rom.* Pink for Flower.

*Mer.* Right.

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

*Mer.* Sure Wit—follow me this Jest, now tell thou  
hast worn out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is  
worn, the Jest may remain after the wearing, sole singu-  
lar.

*Rom.* O single-sol'd Jest.

Solely singular, for the singleness.

*Mer.* Come between us good *Benvolio*, my Wit faints.

*Rom.* Swits and Spurs.

Swits and Spurs, or I'll cry a Match.

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

*Rom.* Thou wast never with me for any Thing, when  
thou wast not there for the Goose.

*Mer.* I will bite thee by the Ear for that Jest.

*Rom.* Nay, good Goose bite not.

*Mer.* Thy Wit is a very bitter sweeting,  
It is a most sharp Sauce.

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

*Mer.* O here's a Wit of Cheverel, that stretches from an  
Inch narrow, to an Ell broad.

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

*Mer.* Why is not this better, than groaning for Love?  
Now thou art sociable; now art thou *Romeo*; now art thou  
what thou art, by Art, as well as by Nature; for this  
driveling Love is like a great Natural, that runs lolling up  
and down to hide his Bauble in a Hole.

*Ben.* Stop there, stop there.

*Mer.* Thou desirest me to to stop in my Tale against the  
Hair.

*Ben.* Thou wouldst else have made thy Tale large.

*Mer.* O thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it shorter  
For I was come to the whole depth of my Tale, and meant  
indeed to occupy the Argument no longer.

*Enter Nurse and her Man.* ¶

*Rom.* Here's goodly gear:  
And sayle, a sayle.

*Mer.* Two, two, a Shirt and a Smock.

*Nur.* Peter.

*Pet.* Anon.

*Nur.* My Fan, Peter.

*Mer.* Good Peter, to hide her Face;  
For her Fan's the fairer Face.

*Nur.* God ye good-morrow, Gentlemen.

*Mer.* God ye good-den, fair Gentlewoman.

*Nur.* Is it good-den?

*Mer.* 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy Hand of  
the Dial is now upon the Prick of Noon.

*Nur.* Out upon you; what a Man are you?

*Rom.* One, Gentlewoman,  
That God hath made, himself to mar.

*Nur.* By my troth it is said: for himself to mar, quotha?  
Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the  
young Romeo.

*Rom.* I can tell you: But young Romeo will be older  
when you have found him, than he was when you sought  
him: I am the youngest of that Name, for fault of a  
worse.

*Nur.* You say well.

*Mer.* Yea, is the worst well?  
Very well took, I'faith, wisely, wisely.

*Nur.* If you be he, Sir,  
I desire some Confidence with you.

*Ber.* She will invite him to some Supper.

*Mer.* A Baud, a Baud, a Baud. So ho. ¶

*Rom.* What hast thou found?

*Mer.* No Hare, Sir, unless a Hare Sir, in a Lenten Pye;  
that is something Stale and Hoar ere it be spent.

An old Hare hoar, and an old Hare hoar, is very good  
Meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoar, is too much for a Score, when it  
hoars ere it be spent. ¶

Romeo,



Romeo, will you come to your Father's : We'll to Dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient Lady :  
Farewel Lady, Lady, Lady. [Ex. Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nur. I pray you, Sir, what faucy Merchant was this that was so full of his Roguery ?

Rom. A Gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a Minute, than he will stand to in a Month.

Nur. And a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, and a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks: And if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy Knave, I am none of his Flirt-gils; I am none of his Skainsmates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every Knave to use me at his Pleasure. (To her Man

Pet. I saw no Man use you at his Pleasure: If I had, my Weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another Man, if I see occasion in a good Quarrel, and the Law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that every Part about me quivers—Scurvy Knave! Pray you, Sir, a Word: And as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to my self: But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into Fool's Paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of Behaviour, as they say, for the Gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady and Mistrefs, I protest unto thee——

Nur. Good Heart, and I'faith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful Woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? Thou dost not mark me?

Nur. I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some Means to come to Shrift, this: And there she shall at Friar Lawrence's Cell, [afternoon:  
Be shriv'd and married: Here is for thy Pains.

Nur.

*Nur.* No, truly Sir, not a Penny.

*Rom.* Go to, I say you shall.

*Nur.* This Afternoon, Sir? Well, she shall be there.

*Rom.* And stay thou, good Nurse, behind the Abby-wall,  
Within this Hour my Man shall be with thee,  
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled stair,  
Which to the high top-gallant of my Joy,  
Must be my Convoy in the secret Night.  
Farewel, be trusty, and I'll quit thy Pains:  
Farewel, commend me to thy Mistrefs.

*Nur.* Now God in Heav'n blefs thee: Hark you, Sir.

*Rom.* What say'st thou, my dear Nurse?

*Nur.* Is your Man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,  
Two may keep Counsel, putting one away?

*Rom.* I warrant thee my Man's as true as Steel.

*Nur.* Well, Sir, my Mistrefs is the sweetest Lady; Lord,  
Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing—O, there is a  
Noble Man in Town, one *Paris*, that would fain lay  
Knife aboard; but she, good Soul, had as lieve see a  
Toad, a very Toad, as see him; I anger her sometimes,  
and tell her that *Paris* is the properer Man; but I'll war-  
rant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any Clout in  
the verfal World, doth not *Rosemary* and *Romeo* begin  
both with a Letter?

*Rom.* Ay Nurse, what of that? both with an R.

*Nur.* Ah mocker! that's the Dog's name. R. is for the  
ro, I know it begins with no other Letter, and she hath  
the prettiest sententious of it, of you and *Rosemary*, that  
it would do you good to hear it.

*Rom.* Commend me to thy Lady.— [Exit *Romeo*.

*Nur.* A thousand times. *Peter*?

*Pet.* Anon.

*Nur.* Before, and apace.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE VI.

*Capulet's House.*

*Enter Juliet.*

*Jul.* The Clock struck Nine, when I did send the Nurse:  
In half an Hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him—That's not so—

Oh she is Lame. Love's Heralds should be thoughts,  
Which

Which ten times faster glide than the Sun-beams,  
Driving back Shadows over lowring Hills.

Therefore do nimble pinion'd Doves draw Love,  
And therefore hath the Wind-swift *Cupid* Wings,

Now is the Sun upon the highmost Hill

Of this day's journey, and from nine 'till twelve——

Ay three long Hours—and yet she is not come;

Had she Affections and warm youthful Blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a Ball,

My Words would bandy her to my sweet Love,

And his to me;

But old Folks, many feign as they were Dead,

Unweildly, slow, heavy and pale as Lead.

*Enter Nurse.*

[ O God, she comes. O honey Nurse, what News? ]  
Hast thou met with him? send thy Man away.

*Nur.* Peter, stay at the Gate.

*Jul.* Now good sweet Nurse——

O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

Tho' News be sad, yet tell them merrily,

If good, thou sham'st the Musick of sweet News,

By playing it to me with so sower a Face.

*Nur.* I am a weary, give me leave a while;

Fy, how my Bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?

*Jul.* I would thou hadst my Bones, and I thy News:

Nay, come, I pray thee speak—good Nurse speak.

*Nur.* Jesu! what haste? can you not stay a while?

Do you not see how I am out of Breath?

*Jul.* How art thou out of Breath, when thou hast Breath

To say to me that thou art out of Breath?

The Excuse that thou doth make in this delay,

Is longer than the Tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy News good or bad? Answer to that,

Say either, and I'll stay the Circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is it good or bad?

*Nur.* Well, you have made a simple Choice; you know not how to choose a Man: *Romeo!* no not he, though his Face be better than any Man's, yet his Legs excel all Mens, and for a Hand and a Foot, and a Baw-dy, tho' they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare. He is not the Flower of Courtesie, but I warrant him as gentle a

Lamb——



Lamb—Go thy ways Wench, serve God: What, have you dined at home?

*Jul.* No, no—But all this did I know before: What says he of our Marriage? What of that?

*Nur.* Lord how my Head akes! What a Head have I? It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My Back a t'other side—O my Back, my Back: Beshrew your Heart for sending me about, To catch my Death with jaunting up and down.

*Jul.* I'faith I'm sorry that thou art so ill, Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what says my Love?

*Nur.* Your Love says like an honest Gentleman, And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsom And I warrant a virtuous—where is your Mother?

*Jul.* Where is my Mother? Why she is within, Where should she be? How odly thou reply'st! Your Love says like an honest Gentleman: Where is my Mother? —————

*Nur.* O God's Lady dear, Are you so hot? marry come up I trow, Is this the Poultis for my aking Bones? Hence-forward, do your Messages your self.

*Jul.* Here's such a coil; come, what says Romeo?

*Nur.* Have you got leave to go to shrift to Day?

*Jul.* I have.

*Nur.* Then hie you hence to Frier *Lawrence's* Cell, There stays a Husband to make you a Wife.

Now comes the wanton Blood up in your Cheeks, They'll be in Scarlet straight at any News:

Hie you to Church, I must another way,

To fetch a Ladder, by the which your Love

Must climb a Bird's Nest soon, when it is dark.

I am the drudge and toil in your Delight,

But you shall bear the Burthen soon at Night.

Go, I'll to Dinner, hie you to the Cell.

*Jul.* Hie to high Fortune; honest Nurse farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII. *The Monastery.*

*Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.*

*Fri.* So smile the Heaven's upon this holy Act,  
That after Hours with Sorrow chide us not!

*Rom.*

*Rom.* Amen, Amen; but come what Sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of Joy,  
That one short Minute gives me in her sight:  
Do thou but close our Hands with holy Words,  
Then Love-devouring Death do what he dare,  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

*Fri.* These violent Delights have violent Ends,  
And in their triumph die like Fire and Powder,  
Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest Honey  
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the Appetite:  
Therefore love moderately, long Love doth so,  
Too swift arrives, as tardy as too slow.

*Enter Juliet.*

Here comes the Lady. O so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting Flint;  
A Lover may bestride the Gossamour,  
That idles in the wanton Summer Air,  
And yet not fall, so light is Vanity.

*Jul.* Good-even to my ghostly Confessor.

*Fri.* Romeo shall thank thee Daughter for us both.

*Jul.* As much to him, else are his Thanks too much.

*Rom.* Ah Juliet, if the measure of thy Joy  
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy Breath  
This Neighbour Air, and let rich Musick's Tongue  
Unfold the imagin'd Happiness that both  
Receive in either, by this dear Encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit more rich in Matter than in Words,  
Braggs of his Substance, not of Ornament:  
They are but Beggars that can count their Worth,  
Because my true Love is grown to such excess,  
I cannot sum up some half of my Wealth.

*Fri.* Come, come with me, and we will make short  
Work,

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,  
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT



## A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *The Street.*

*Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and Servants.*

*Ben.* **I** Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire,  
The Day is hot, the *Capulet's* abroad,  
And if we meet, we shall not scape a Brawl;  
For now these hot Days is the mad Blood stirring.

*Mer.* Thou art like one of those Fellows, that when he enters the confines of a Tavern, claps his Sword upon the Table, and says, God send me no need of thee: And by the Operation of a second Cup, draws him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

*Ben.* Am I like such a Fellow?

*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood as any in *Italy*; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.

*Ben.* And what too?

*Mer.* Nay, and there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a Man that hath a Hair more, or a Hair less in his Beard than thou hast: Thou wilt quarrel with a Man for cracking Nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast *Hazel Eyes*; what Eye, but such an Eye, would spy out such a quarrel? thy Head is as full of quarrels, as an Egg is full of Meat, and yet thy Head hath been beaten as addle as an Egg for quarrelling: Thou hast quarrell'd with a Man for Coughing in the Street, because he hath wakened thy Dog that hath lain asleep in the Sun. Didst thou not fall out with a Taylor for wearing his new Doublet before *Easter*? with another, for tying his new Shoes with old Ribband? And yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling!

*Ben.* And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any Man should buy the Fee-simple of my Life for an Hour and a quarter.

*Mer.* The Fee-simple? O simple?

*Enter*



*Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.*

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

*Mer.* By my Heel I care not.

*Tyb.* Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, Good-den, a Word with one of you.

*Mer.* And but one Word with one of us? couple it with something, make it a Word and a Blow.

*Tyb.* You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, and you will give me occasion.

*Mer.* Could you not take some occasion without giving?

*Tyb. Mercutio,* Thou consort'st with *Romeo*——

*Mer.* Consort! What, dost thou make us Minstrels! And thou make Minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but Discords: Here's my Fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Come, Consort. [*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

*Ben.* We talk here in the publick haunt of Men: Either withdraw unto some private place, Or reason coldly of your Grievances, Or else depart; here all Eyes gaze on us.

*Mer.* Mens Eyes were made to look, and let them gaze, I will not budge for no Man's Pleasure I.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Tyb.* Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes my Man.

*Mer.* But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your Livery: Marry go before to Field, he'll be your Follower, Your worship in that Sense may call him Man.

*Tyb.* *Romeo*, the Love I bear thee can afford No better term than this, thou art a Villain.

*Rom.* *Tybalt*, the reason that I have to love thee, Doth much excuse the appertaining Rage To such a Greeting:

Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

*Tyb.* Boy, this shall not excuse the Injuries That thou hast done me, therefore turn and draw.

*Rom.* I do protest I never injur'd thee, But lov'd thee better than thou canst devise: 'Till thou shalt know the Reason of my Love. And so good *Capulet*, which Name I tender As dearly as my own, be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calm dishonourable, vile Submission!

*Allastucatho*

*Allastucatho* carries it away,

*Tybalt*, You Rat-catcher, will you walk?

*Tyb.* What wouldst thou have with me?

*Mer.* Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine Lives that I mean to make bold withal; and as you shall use me, hereafter dry beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the Ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your Ears ere it be out.

*Tyb.* I am for you. [Drawing.

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

*Mer.* Come, Sir, your Passado. [*Mer. and Tyb. fight.*

*Rom.* Draw *Benvolio*—— beat down their Weapons——  
Gentlemen——for shame forbear this Outrage——

*Tybalt*———— *Mercutio*———— the Prince expressly hath  
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* Streets.

Hold *Tybalt*———— good *Mercutio*. [Exit *Tybalt*,

*Mer.* I am hurt————

A Plague of both the Houses, I am sped:

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

*Ben.* What, art thou hurt?

*Mer.* Ay, ay, a Scratch, a Scratch; marry 'tis enough.  
Where is my Page? Go, Villain, fetch a Surgeon.

*Rom.* Courage, Man, the Hurt cannot be much.

*Mer.* No, 'tis not so deep as a Well, nor so wide as a  
Church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: Ask for me to  
Morrow, and you shall find me a Grave-Man. I am pep-  
per'd, I warrant, for this World: A Plague of both your  
Houses. What? a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat, to scratch  
a Man to Death; a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villain, that  
fights by the Book of Arithmetick? Why the Devil came  
you between us? I was hurt under your Arm.

*Rom.* I thought all for the best.

*Mer.* Help me into some House, *Benvolio*,  
Or I shall faint; a Plague o' both your Houses,  
They have made worms meat of me,  
I have it, and soundly too--your Houses. [*Ex. Mer. Ben.*

*Rom.* This Gentleman, the Prince's near Allie,  
My very Friend, hath got his mortal Hurt  
In my behalf, my Reputation stain'd  
With *Tybalt's* slander; *Tybalt*, that an Hour

Hath

Hath been my Cousin : O sweet *Juliet*,  
Thy Beauty hath made me effeminate,  
And in my Temper softned Valour's Steel.

*Enter Benvolio.*

*Ben.* O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead,  
That gallant Spirit hath aspir'd the Clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the Earth.

*Rom.* This Day's black Fate, on more Days does depend,  
This but begins the Woe, others must end.

*Enter Tybalt.*

*Ben.* Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.

*Rom.* He gone in Triumph, and *Mercutio* slain? *Alive*  
Away to Heav'n respective Lenity,  
And Fire and Fury be my Conduct now: *ey'd*  
Now, *Tybalt*, take the Villain back again,  
That late thou gav'st me; for *Mercutio's* Soul  
Is but a little way above our Heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him Company:  
Either thou or I, or both must go with him.

*Tyb.* Thou wretched Boy, that didst consort him here,  
Shalt with him hence.

*Rom.* This shall determine that. [*They fight, Tybalt falls.*]

*Ben.* *Romeo*, away, be gone:

The Citizens are up, and *Tybalt* slain——  
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will doom thee Death,  
If thou art taken: Hence be gone, away.

*Rom.* O! I am Fortune's Fool.

*Ben.* Why dost thou stay? [*Exit Romeo.*]

*Enter Citizens.*

*Cit.* Which way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio*?

*Tybalt* that Murtherer, which way ran he?

*Ben.* There lyes that *Tybalt*.

*Cit.* Up Sir, go with me:

I charge thee in the Prince's Name obey.

*Enter Prince, Mountague, Capulet, their Wives &c.*

*Prin.* Where are the vile Beginners of this Fray?

*Ben.* O noble Prince, I can discover all  
The unlucky manage of this fatal Brail:  
There lies the Man slain by young *Romeo*,  
That slew thy Kinsman brave *Mercutio*.

*La. Cap.* *Tybalt* my Cousin! O my Brother's Child,



O Prince, O Cousin, Husband, O the Blood is spill'd  
Of my dear Kinsman ——— Prince, as thou art true,  
For Blood of ours, shed Blood of *Mountague*.

O Cousin, Cousin.

*Prin.* *Benvolio*, who began this Fray ?

*Ben.* *Tybalt* here Slain, whom *Romeo's* Hand did Slay :  
*Romeo* that spoke him fair, bid him bethink  
How nice the Quarrel was, and urg'd withal  
Your high Displeasure : All this uttered,  
With gentle Breath, calm Look, Knees humbly bow'd,  
Could not take Truce with the unruly Spleen  
Of *Tybalt*, deaf to Peace, but that he Tilts  
With piercing Steel at hold *Mercutio's* Breast,  
Who all as hot, turns deadly Point to Point,  
And with a martial Scorn, with one hand beats  
Cold Death aside, and with the other sends  
It back to *Tybalt*, whose Dexterity  
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,  
Hold Friends, Friends part, and swifter than his Tongue,  
His able Arm beats down their fatal Points,  
And 'twixt them rushes, underneath whose Arm,  
An envious thrust from *Tybalt*; hit the Life  
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.  
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,  
Who had but newly entertain'd Revenge,  
And to't they go like Lightning, for ere I  
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slain;  
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly :  
This is the Truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

*La Cap.* He is a Kinsman to the *Mountagues*,  
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.  
Some twenty of them fought in this black Strife,  
And all those twenty could but kill one Life.  
I beg for Justice, which thou Prince must give ;  
*Romeo* slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not Live.

*Prin.* *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,  
Who now the Price of his dear Blood doth owe.

*La. Cap.* Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutio's* Friend,  
His Fault concludes but what the Law should end,  
The Life of *Tybalt*.

*Prin.* And for that Offence,

Immediately

Immediately we do exile him hence:  
 I have an Interest in your Hearts Proceeding,  
 My Blood for your rude Brawls doth lye a Bleeding,  
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a Fine,  
 That you shall all repent the los of mine.  
 I will be deaf to Pleading and Excuses,  
 Nor Tears, nor Prayers shall purchase our abuses,  
 Therefore use none, let *Romeo* hence in haste,  
 Else when he's found, that Hour is his last.  
 Bear hence this Body, and attend our Will:  
 Mercy but Murthers, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *An Apartment in Capulet's House.*

*Enter Juliet alone.*

*Jul.* Gallop apace, you fiery-footed Steeds,  
 Toward *Pæbus* Lodging; such a Waggoner  
 As *Phaeton* would whip you to the West,  
 And bring in cloudy Night immediately.  
 Spread thy close Curtain, Love-performing Night,  
 That run-aways Eyes may wink, and *Romeo*  
 Leap to these Arms, untalkt of and unseen.  
 Lovers can see to do their Amorous Rites,  
 By their own Beauties: or if Love be blind,  
 It best agrees with Night; Come civil Night,  
 Thou sober-suted Matron, all in black,  
 And learn me how to lose a winning Match,  
 Play'd for a Pair of stainless Maidenheads,  
 Hood my unmann'd Blood baiting in my Cheeks,  
 With thy black Mantle, 'till strange Love grown bold,  
 Thinks true Love acted simple Modesty:  
 Come Night, come *Romeo*, come thou Day in Night,  
 For thou wilt lye upon the Wings of Night,  
 Whiter than Snow upon a Raven's back:  
 Come gentle Night, come loving black-brow'd Night,  
 Give me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die  
 Take him and cut him out in little Stars,  
 And he will make the Face of Heav'n so fine,  
 That all the World will be in love with Night,  
 And pay no Worship to the Garish Sun.

O I have bought the Mansion of a Love,  
 But not possess'd it, and though I am sold,  
 Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this Day,  
 As is the Night before some Festival,  
 To an impatient Child that hath new Robes,  
 And may not wear them. O here comes my Nurse!

*Enter Nurse with Cords.*

And she brings News, and every Tongue that speaks  
 But *Romeo's* Name, speaks Heav'nly Eloquence,  
 Now Nurse, what News? what hast thou there?  
 The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

*Nur.* Ay, ay, the Cords.

*Jul.* Ay me, what News?  
 Why dost thou ring thy Hands?

*Nur.* A weladay he's dead, he's dead,  
 We are undone Lady, we are undone ———  
 Alack the Day he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

*Jul.* Can Heaven be so envious?

*Nur.* *Romeo* can,  
 Though Heav'n cannot, O *Romeo!* *Romeo!*  
 Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo?*

*Jul.* What Devil art thou that dost torment me thus?  
 This Torture should be roar'd in dismal Hell.  
 Hath *Romeo* slain himself? Say thou but Ay;  
 And that bare Vowel Ay, shall poison more  
 Than the Death-darting Eye of Cockatrice: **I**  
 I am not I, if there be such an Ay,  
 Or those Eyes short that makes the answer Ay,  
 If he be slain say Ay, or if not, No.  
 Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe. **I**

*Nur.* I saw the Wound, I saw it with mine Eyes,  
 God save the Mark, here on his manly Breast.  
 A piteous Coarse, a bloody piteous Coarse;  
 Pale, pale as Ashes, all bedaub'd in Blood,  
 All in gore Blood, I swooned at the sight.

*Jul.* O break, my Heart ———  
 Poor Bankrupt break at once;  
 To prison Eyes, ne'er look on Liberty,  
 Vile Earth to Earth resign, and motion here,  
 And thou and *Romeo* press one heavy Bier.

*Nur.* O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best Friend I had:



O courteous *Tybalt*, honest Gentleman,  
That ever I should live to see thee Dead.

*Jul.* What Storm is this that blows so contrary?  
Is *Romeo* slaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?  
My dearest Cousin, and my dearer Lord?  
The dreadful Trumpet found the general Doom,  
For who is living, if those two are gone?

*Nur.* *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,  
*Romeo* that kill'd him, he is banished.

*Jul.* O God!  
Did *Romeo's* Hand shed *Tybalt's* Blood?

*Nur.* It did, it did alas the day! it did.

*Jul.* O Serpent Heart hid with a flow'ring Face,  
Did ever Dragon keep so fair a Cave?  
Beautiful Tyrant, Fiend Angelical, I  
Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven,  
Wolvish ravening-Lamb,

Despised Substance of divinest Show:  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.

A damned Saint, an honourable Villain:

O Nature! what hadst thou to do in Hell,  
When thou didst bower the Spirit of a Fiend  
In mortal Paradiſe of ſuch ſweet Fleſh?  
Was ever Book containing ſuch vile matter  
So fairly bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell  
In ſuch a gorgeous Palace.

*Nur.* There's no Trust, no Faith, no honesty in Men,  
All perjur'd; all Forſworn; all Naught; all Diſſemblers;  
Ah, where's my Man? Give me ſome *Aqua vita* —  
Theſe Griefs, theſe Woes, theſe Sorrows make me old!  
Shame come to *Romeo*.

*Jul.* Blister'd be thy Tongue  
For ſuch a Wiſh, he was not born to ſhame,  
Upon his Brow Shame is aſham'd to fit:  
For 'tis a Throne where Honour may be Crown'd,  
Sole Monarch of the univerſal Earth.

O what a Beaſt was I to chide him ſo?

*Nur.* Will you ſpeak well of him  
That kill'd your Couſin?

*Jul.* Shall I ſpeak ill of him that is my Husband?  
Ah poor my Lord, what Tongue ſhall ſmooth thy Name,  
When

When I thy three Hours Wife have mangled it!  
 But wherefore Villain didst thou kill my Cousin?  
 That Villain Cousin would have kill'd my Husband:  
 Back foolish Tears, back to your native Spring;  
 Your Tributary drops belong to Woe,  
 Which you mistaking offer up to Joy.  
 My Husband lives that *Tybalt* would have slain,  
 And *Tybalt* dead that would have kill'd my Husband;  
 All this is Comfort; wherefore weep I then?  
 Some word there was worser than *Tybalt's* Death  
 That murdered me: I would forget it fain.  
 But oh it presses to my Memory,  
 Like damned guilty Deeds to Sinners Minds;  
*Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished,  
 That banished, that one word banished,  
 Hath slain ten thousand *Tybalts*: *Tybalt's* death  
 Was woe enough if it had ended there:  
 Or if sower Woe Delights in Fellowship,  
 And needly will be rank'd with other Griefs,  
 Why follow'd not, when she said *Tybalt's* dead,  
 Thy Father or thy Mother, nay, or both,  
 Which modern Lamentation might have mov'd.  
 But with a Rear-ward following *Tybalt's* Death,  
*Romeo* is banished——to speak that word,  
 Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*.  
 All slain, all dead: *Romeo* is banished:  
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
 In that word's death, no words can that woe sound,  
 Where is my Father, and my Mother, Nurse?

*Nur.* Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt's* Coarse.

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither. [Spent,

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

Take up those Cords, poor Ropes you are beguil'd,  
 Both you and I, for *Romeo* is exil'd:

He made you for an Highway to my Bed,  
 But I a Maid, die Maiden-widowed.

Come Cord, come Nurse, I'll to my Wedding-bed,  
 And Death, not *Romeo*, take my Maiden-head.

*Nur.* Hie to your Chamber, I'll find *Romeo*  
 To comfort you, I wot well where he is:

Hark

Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at Night;  
I'll to him he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

*Jul.* O find him, give this ring to my true Knight,  
And bid him come, to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *The Monastery.*

*Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.*

*Fri.* *Romeo*, come forth, come forth, thou fearful Man,  
Affliction is enamour'd of thy Parts;  
And thou art wedded to Calamity.

*Rom.* Father, What News?

What is the Prince's Doom?

What Sorrow craves admittance at my Hand,  
That I yet know not?

*Fri.* Too familiar  
Is my dear Son in such sower Company.  
I bring the Tydings of the Prince's Doom?

*Rom.* What, less than Dooms-day, is the Prince's Doom?

*Fri.* A gentle Judgment vanish'd from his Lips,  
Not Body's Death, but Body's Banishment.

*Rom.* Ha, Banishment! Be merciful, say Death;  
For Exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than Death: Do not say Banishment.

*Fri.* Here from *Verona* art thou banished:  
Be patient, for the World is broad and wide.

*Rom.* There is no World without *Verona* Walls,  
But Purgatory, Torture, Hell it self:  
Hence banished, is banished from the World,  
And World's Exile is Death. [Then banished  
Is Death mis-term'd,] calling Death banished.  
Thou cut'st my Head off with a Golden Ax,  
And smil'st upon the stroak that murders me.

*Fri.* O deadly Sin! O rude Unthankfulness!  
Thy Fault our Law calls Death, but the kind Prince  
Taking thy part hath rusht aside the Law,  
And turn'd that black Word Death to Banishment.  
That is dear Mercy, and thou see'st it not. *Merr*

*Rom.* 'Tis Torture, and not Mercy: Heav'n is here  
Where *Juliet* lives, and every Cat and Dog,  
And little Mouse, every unworthy thing



Lives here in Heaven, and may look on her,  
 But *Romeo* may not. More Validity,  
 More honourable State, more Courtship lives  
 In Carrion Flies, than *Romeo*: They may seize  
 On the white wonder of dear *Juliet's* Hand,  
 And steal immortal Blessings from her Lips, **I**  
 Who even in pure and vestal Modesty  
 Still blush, and thinking their own Kisses sin.

This may Flies do, when I from this must fly,  
 And say'st thou yet, that Exile is not Death?

**I** But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.

Hadst thou no Poison mixt, no sharp-ground Knife,  
 No sudden mean of Death, tho' ne'er so mean,  
 But banished to kill me? banished?

O Friar, the damned use that Word in Hell;  
 Howlings attend it, how hast thou the Heart,  
 Being a Divine, a Ghostly Confessor,  
 A Sin-Absolver, and my Friend profess,  
 To mangle me with that Word banished?

*Fri.* Fond Mad-man, hear me speak.

*Rom.* O thou wilt speak again of Banishment.

*Fri.* I'll give thee Armour to keep off that Word,  
 Adversity's sweet Milk, Philosophy,  
 To comfort thee, tho' thou art banished.

*Rom.* Yet banished? hang up Philosophy,  
 Unless Philosophy can make a *Juliet*,  
 Displant a Town, reverse a Prince's Doom,  
 It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more——

*Fri.* O then I see that mad Men have no Ears.

*Rom.* How shou'd they,  
 When wise Men have no Eyes?

*Fri.* Let me despair with thee of thy Estate.

*Rom.* Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:

Wert thou as young as *Juliet's* Love,  
 An hour but married, *Tybalt* murdered,  
 Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy Hair,  
 And fall upon the Ground as I do now,  
 Taking the Measure of an unmade Grave.

[Throwing himself on the Ground.

*Fri.* Arise, one knocks;

[Knocks within.

Good

Good *Romeo* hide thy self.

*Rom.* Not I,  
Unless the Breath of Heart-sick Groans,  
Mist-like, infold me from the search of Eyes.

[Knock.

*Fri.* Hark how they knock.  
Who's there? ——— *Romeo*, arise,  
Thou wilt be taken—stay a while—stand up;  
Run to my study—By and by—God's Will;  
What Simp enefs is this—I come, I come,  
Who Knocks so hard?

[Knock.

[Knock.

Whence come you? what's your Will?

*Nur.* [Within.] Let me come in,  
And you shall know my Errand:  
I come from Lady *Juliet*.

*Fri.* Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

*Nur.* O holy Friar, O tell me holy Friar,  
Where is my Lady's Lord? where's *Romeo*?

*Fri.* There, on the Ground,  
With his own Tears made drunk.

*Nur.* O he is even in my Mistress's Case,  
Just in her Case, O woful Sympathy!  
Piteous Predicament, even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbring.  
Stand up, stand up, stand an you be a Man,  
For *Juliet*'s sake, for her sake rise and stand:  
Why should you fall into so deep an Oh! ———

*Rom.* Nurse.

*Nur.* Ah Sir! Ah Sir! ——— Death's the end of all.

*Rom.* Speak'st thou of *Juliet*? how is't with her?  
Doth not she think me an old Murtherer,  
Now have I stain'd the Child-hood of our Joy  
With Blood, removed but little from her own?  
Where is she? and how does she? and what says  
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Love?

*Nur.* O she says nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps,  
And now falls on her Bed, and then starts up,  
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,  
And then down falls again,

*Rom.* As if that Name  
Shot from the deadly level of a Gun

Did murder her, as that Names cursed Hand  
Murder'd her Kinsman. O tell me, Friar, tell me,  
In what vile Part of this Anatomy  
Doth my Name lodge? tell me that I may sack  
The hateful Mansion.

*Fri.* Hold thy desperate Hand:

Art thou a Man? Thy form cries out thou art.  
Thy Tears are womanish, thy wild Acts do note  
The unreasonable Fury of a Beast.

Unseemly Woman, in a seeming Man,

And ill be seeming Beast in seeming both,

Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy Order,

I thought thy disposition better temper'd:

Hast thou slain *Tybalt*? Wilt thou slay thy self?

And slay thy Lady, ~~that in thy~~ *Thou* lives, *in thee* I  
By doing damned hate upon thy self?

Why rail'st thou on thy Birth? the Heav'n and Earth?

Since Birth, and Heav'n and Earth, all three do meet

In thee at once, which thou at once would'st lose.

Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;

Who like an Usurer abound'st in all,

And usest none in that true use indeed,

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:

Thy noble shape is but a Form of Wax,

Digressing from the valour of a Man;

Thy dear Love sworn, but hollow perjury,

Killing that Love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;

Thy Wit, that Ornament to Shape and Love,

Mis-shapen in the Conduct of them both,

Like Powder in a skill-les's Soldier's Flask,

Is set a Fire by thine own Ignorance,

And thou dismembred with thine own Defence.

What, rouse thee, Man, thy *Juliet* is alive,

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead.

There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,

But thou slew'st *Tybalt*; there art thou happy too.

The Law that threatned Death became thy Friend,

And turn'd it to Exile; there art thou happy,

A pack of Blessings light upon thy Back,

Happiness courts thee in her best Array,

But like a mis-hav'd and a sullen Wench,

Thou



# Romeo and Juliet.

53

Thou<sup>or</sup> puttest up thy Fortune and thy Love ;  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
Go get thee to thy Love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her :  
But look thou stay not 'till the Watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to *Mantua*,  
Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time  
To blaze your Marriage, reconcile your Friends,  
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back,  
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,  
Than thou went'st forth in Lamentation.  
Go before, Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,  
And bid her hasten all the House to Bed,  
Which heavy Sorrow makes them apt unto.  
*Romeo* is coming.

*Nur.* O Lord, I could have staid here all Night,  
To hear good Counsel: Oh, what Learning is!  
My Lord, I'll tell my Lady you will come.

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

*Nur.* Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir :  
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

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

*Fri.* Go hence.

Good Night, and here stands all your State :  
Either be gone before the Watch be set,  
Or by the break of Day disguis'd, from hence,  
Sojourn in *Mantua* ; I'll find out your Man,  
And he shall signifie from time to time,  
Every good hap to you that chances here :  
Give me thy Hand, 'tis late, farewell, good Night.

*Rom.* But that a Joy, past Joy, calls out on me,  
It were a Grief, so brief to part with thee :

/ Farewel. /

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV. Capulet's House.

*Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.*

*Cap.* Things have falln out, Sir, so unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our Daughter :  
Look you, she lov'd her Kinsman *Tybalt* dearly,  
And so did I ——— Well, we were born to die.

C 3

'Tis

'Tis very late, she'll not come down to Night:  
I promise you, but for your Company,  
I would have been a bed an hour ago.

*Par.* These times of Woe afford no time to woo:  
Madam, good night, commend me to your Daughter:

*La. Cap.* I will, and know her Mind early to Morrow;  
To Night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

*Cap.* Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my Child's Love: I think she will be rul'd  
In all Respects by me, nay more, I doubt it not.  
Wife, go you to her ere you go to Bed,  
Acquaint her here of my Son *Paris*'s Love,  
And bid her, mark you me, on *Wednesday* next —  
But soft; what Day is this?

*Par.* *Monday*, my Lord.

*Cap.* *Monday*? ha! ha! well, *Wednesday* is too soon,  
A *Thursday* let it be: A *Thursday* tell her  
She shall be married to this noble Earl:  
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?  
We'll keep no great a-do—a Friend or two —  
For, hark you, *Tybalt* being slain so late,  
It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
Being our Kinsman, if we revel much:  
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen Friends;  
And there's an end. But what say you to *Thursday*?

*Par.* My Lord,  
I would that *Thursday* were to Morrow.

*Cap.* Well, get you gone—a *Thursday* be it then:  
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed, [*To Lady Capulet.*  
Prepare her, Wife, against this Wedding day.  
Farewel, my Lord—Light to my Chamber, ho!  
'Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by.  
Good Night. [*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E V.      *The Garden.*

*Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a Window; a Ladder of  
Ropes set.*

*Jul.* Wilt thou be gone?  
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,  
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine Ear;

Nightly

Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranate Tree :

Believe me Love, it was the Nightingale.

*Rom.* It was the Lark, the Herald of the Morn,  
No Nightingale. Look, Love, what envious Streaks  
Do lace the severing Clouds in yonder East :

Night's Candles are burnt out, and jocund Day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty Mountain tops.

I must be gone and live, or stay and dye.

*Jul.* Yon Light is not Day-light, I know it, I :

It is some meteor that the Sun exhales,

To be to thee this Night a Torch-bearer,

And light thee on thy Way to *Mantua* ;

Therefore stay, yet thou need' st not to be gone.

*Rom.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to Death ;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say yon gray is not the Morning's Eye,

'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia's* Brow,

Nor that is not the Lark whose Notes do beat

The vaulty Heav'ns so high above our Heads.

I have more Care to stay, than Will to go :

Come Death and welcome, *Juliet* wills it so.

*[How is't, my Soul?] let's talk, it is not Day. What says the*

*Jul.* It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away :

It is the Lark that sings so out of Tune,

Straining harsh Discords, and unpleasing Sharps.

Some say the Lark makes sweet Division ;

This doth not so : For she divideth us.

Some say, the Lark and loathed Toad chang'd Eyes,

O now I would they had chang'd voices too :

Since Arm from Arm, that Voice doth us affray,

Hunting thee hence, with Hunt-up to the Day.

O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

*Rom.* More light and light, more dark and dark our Woes.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nur.* Madam.

*Jul.* Nurse.

*Nur.* Your Lady Mother is coming to your Chamber :

The Day is broke, be wary, look about.

*Jul.* Then Window let Day in, and let life out.

*Rom.* Farewel, farewel, one Kiss, and I'll descend.

*Jul.* Art thou gone so ? Love ! Lord ! ah Husband ! Friend !



I must hear from thee every Hour in the Day,

[Romeo comes down by the Ladder into the Garden.  
For in a Minute there are many Days.

O by this Count I shall be much in Years,  
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewel:

I will omit no opportunity,  
That may convey my Greetings, Love, to thee.

Jul. O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

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

Jul. O God! I have an ill Divining Soul,  
Methinks I see thee now, thou art so low,  
As one dead in the bottom of a Tomb:  
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, Love, in mine Eye so do you:  
Dry Sorrow drinks our Blood, Adieu, adieu. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI. Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Oh Fortune, Fortune, all Men call thee fickle,  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for Faith? be fickle Fortune:  
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho Daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls; is it my Lady Mother?  
Is she not down so late, or up so early?  
What unaccustom'd Cause procures her hither?

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your Cousin's Death!  
What, wilt thou wash him from his Grave with Tears? [  
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live:  
Therefore have done, some Grief shews much of Love,  
But much of Grief shews still some want of wit.

I [Jul. Yet let me weep, for such a feeling loss. [

[La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the Friend  
Which you weep for.

Jul.

*Jul.* Feeling so the loss.

I cannot chule but ever weep the Friend. ]

*La. Cap.* Well Girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,  
As that the Villain lives which slaughter'd him.

*Jul.* What villain, Madam?

*La. Cap.* That same Villain, *Romeo*.

*Jul.* Villain and he be many Miles asunder: [   
God pardon him, I do with all my Heart,  
And yet no Man like he doth grieve my Heart.

*La. Cap.* That is because the Traitor lives.

*Jul.* Ay, Madam, from the reach of these my Hands:  
Would none but I might venge my Cousin's Death.

*La. Cap.* We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not;  
Then weep no more, I'll send to one *in Mantua*,  
Where that same banish'd Runagate doth live,  
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd Dram,  
That he shall soon keep *Tybalt* Company.  
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

*Jul.* Indeed I never shall be satisfied.  
With *Romeo*, 'till I behold him ——— Dead  
Is my poor Heart, so for a Kinsman vext:  
Madam, If you could find out but a Man  
To bear a Poison, I would temper it;  
That *Romeo* should, upon receipt thereof,  
Soon sleep in quiet. O how my Heart abhors  
To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,  
To wreak the love I bore my Cousin *Tybalt*,  
Upon his Body that hath slaughter'd him.

*La. Cap.* Find thou the means, and I'll find such a Man  
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings Girl.

*Jul.* And joy comes well in such a needy time.  
What are they, I beseech your Ladyship?

*La. Cap.* Well, well, thou hast a careful Father, Child;  
One, who to put thee from thy heaviness,  
Hath sorted out a sudden day of Joy,  
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

*Jul.* Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

*La. Cap.* Marry, my Child, early next *Thursday* morn,  
The gallant, young, and noble Gentleman,  
The Count of *Paris*, at *St. Peter's* Church,  
Shall happily make thee a joyful Bride.

*Jul.* Now by St. Peter's Church, and Peter too;  
He shall not make me there a joyful Bride.  
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed  
Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe.  
I pray you tell my Lord and Father, Madam,  
I will not marry yet, and when I do, I swear  
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,  
Rather than *Paris*. These are News indeed.

*La. Cap.* Here comes your Father, tell him so your self,  
And see how he will take it at your Hands.

*Enter Capulet and Nurse.*

*Cap.* [When the Sun sets, the Earth doth drizzle Dew;  
But for the Sunset of my Brother's Son,  
It rains down-right.]

How now a Conduit, Girl? What still in Tears?  
Evermore show'ring in one little Body?  
Thy Counterfeit's a Bark, a Sea, a Wind;  
For still thy Eyes, which I may call the Sea,  
Do ebb and flow with Tears, the Bark thy Body  
Sailing in this salt Flood, the Winds thy Sighs,  
Who raging with the Tears, and they with them,  
Without a sudden Calm will over-set  
Thy tempest-tossed Body. How now, Wife?  
Have you deliver'd to her our Decree?

*La. Cap.* Ay, Sir;  
But she will none, she gives you thanks:  
I would the Fool were married to her Grave.

*Cap.* Soft, take me with you, take me with you, Wife;  
How, will she none? doth she not give us thanks?  
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroom?

*Jul.* Not proud, you have; But thankful, that you have.  
Proud can I never be of what I hate,  
But thankful even for Hate, that is meant Love.

*Cap.* How now?  
How now? chopt Logick? what is this?  
Proud? and I thank you! and I thank you not?  
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,  
But settle your fine Joints 'gainst *Thursday* next,  
To go with *Paris* to *St. Peter's Church*:



Or I will drag thee on a Hurdle thither,  
Out you green-sickness Carrion, out you Baggage,  
Out you Tallow face.

*La. Cap.* Fie, fie, what are you mad?

*Jul.* Good Father, I beseech you on my Knees,  
Hear me with Patience, but to speak a word.

*Cap.* Hang thee, young Baggage, disobedient wretch,  
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a *Thursday*,  
Or never after look me in the Face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me,  
My Fingers itch, Wife: we scarce thought us blest,  
That God had lent us but this only Child,  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a Curse in having her;  
Out on her, Hilding.

*Nur.* God in Heav'n bless her:  
You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her so.

*Cap.* And why, my Lady Wisdom? hold your Tongue,  
Good Prudence, smatter with your Gossip, go.

*Nur.* I speak no Treason,  
O God-ye good-den——  
May not one speak?

*Cap.* Peace you mumbling Fool,  
Utter your Gravity o'er a Gossip's Bowl;  
For here we need it not.

*La. Cap.* You are too hot.

*Cap.* God's Bread, it makes me mad:  
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, and play; *Take early*  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd, and having now provided  
A Gentleman of noble Parentage,  
Of fair Demians, Youthful, and nobly Allied,  
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable Parts,  
Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a Man:  
And then to have a wretched puling Fool,  
A whinning Mammet, in her Fortunes tender,  
To answer I'll not wed, I cannot love,  
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.  
But, and you will not wed, I'll not pardon you——  
Graze where you will, you shall not House with me:  
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
*Thursday* is near, lay Hand on Heart, advise;

And

And you be mine, I'll give you to my Friend:  
 And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the Streets,  
 For, by my Soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
 Nor what is mine, shall never do thee good:  
 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.]

*Jul.* Is there no pity sitting in the Clouds,  
 That sees into the bottom of my Grief?  
 O sweet my Mother, cast me not away,  
 Delay this Marriage for a Month, a Week,  
 Or if you do not, make the bridal Bed  
 In that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lyes.

*La. Cap.* Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a Word:  
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.]

*Jul.* O God!  
 O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?  
 My Husband is on Earth, my Faith in Heav'n,  
 How shall that Faith return again to Earth,  
 Unless that Husband send it me from Heav'n,  
 By leaving Earth? comfort me, counsel me,  
 Alack, alack, that Heav'n should practise Stratagems  
 Upon so soft a Subject as my self.  
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy;  
 Some Comfort, Nurse.

*Nur.* Faith here it is:  
*Romeo* is banish'd, and all the World to nothing  
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you:  
 Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
 Then since the case so stands as now it doth,  
 I think it best you married with the Count,  
 Oh he's a lovely Gentleman;  
*Romeo's* a Dish-clout to him; an Eagle, Madam,  
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an Eye  
 As *Paris* hath: beshrew my very Heart,  
 I think you are happy in this second Match,  
 For it excels your first: Or if it did not,  
 Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,  
 As living here, and you no use of him.

*Jul.* Speakest thou from thy Heart?

*Nur.* And from my Soul too,  
 Or else beshrew them both.

*Jul.* Amen.

*Nur.*

*Nur.* What?

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much :  
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,  
Having displeas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,  
To make Confession, and to be absolved.

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

*Jul.* Ancient Damnation! O most wicked Fiend!  
Is it more Sin to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same Tongue  
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,  
So many thousand times? Go, Counsellor,  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain:  
I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.  
If all else fail, my self have power to die. [Exeunt.



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

S C E N E. *The Monastery.*

*Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris.*

*Fri.* **O**N *Thursday*, Sir! the time is very short.

*Par.* My Father *Capulet* will have it so,  
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste,

*Fri.* You say you do not know the Lady's Mind:  
Uneven is the Course, I like it not.

*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for *Tybalt's* Death,  
And therefore have I little talk of Love,  
For *Venus* smiles not in a House of Tears:  
Now, Sir, her Father counts it dangerous  
That she should give her Sorrow so much sway;  
And in his Wisdom, hastes our Marriage,  
To stop the Inundation of her Tears,  
Which too much minded by her self alone,  
May be put from her by Society.

Now do you know the Reason of this haste.

*Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd,  
Look, Sir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

*Enter Juliet.*

*Par.* Happily met, my Lady and my Wife.

*Jul.*



*Jul.* That may be, Sir, when I may be a Wife.

*Par.* That may be, must be, Love, on *Thursday* next.

*Jul.* What must be, shall be.

*Fri.* That's a certain Text.

*Par.* Come you to make Confession to this Father?

*Jul.* To answer that, I should confess to you.

*Par.* Do not deny to him that you love me,

*Jul.* I will confess to you that I love him.

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

*Jul.* If I do so, it will be of more Price,  
Being spoke behind your Back, than to your Face.

*Par.* Poor Soul, thy Face is much abus'd with Tears.

*Jul.* The Tears have got small Victory by that:  
For it was bad enough before their spight.

*Par.* Thou wrong'st it, more than Tears, with that report.

*Jul.* That is no Slander, Sir, which is but truth,  
And what I speak, I speak it to my Face.

*Par.* Thy Face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

*Jul.* It may be so, for it is not mine own:  
Are you at leisure, holy Father, now,  
Or shall I come to you at Evening Mass?

*Fri.* My leisure serves me, penfive Daughter, now:  
My Lord, I must intreat the time alone.

*Par.* God shield I should disturb Devotion:

*Juliet,* on *Thursday* early will I rowze ye,  
'Till then adieu, and keep this holy kiss. [Exit Paris.]

*Jul.* O shut the Door; and when thou hast done so,  
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help:

*Fri.* O *Juliet,* I already know thy Grief,  
It strains me past the compass of my Wits:  
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
On *Thursday* next be married to this Count.

*Jul.* Tell me not, Friar, that thou hearest of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.  
If in thy Wisdom, thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my Resolution wise,  
And with this Knife I'll help it presently.  
God join'd my Heart and *Romeo's*, thou our Hands,  
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* seal'd,  
Shall be the Label to another Deed,  
Or my true Heart, with treacherous Revolt,

Turn to another, this shall slay them both :  
 Therefore out of thy long experienc'd Time,  
 Give me some present Counsel, or behold  
 'Twixt my Extreames and me, this bloody Knife  
 Shall play the Umpire ; arbitrating that,  
 Which the Commission of thy Years and Art  
 Could to no issue of true Honour bring :  
 Be not so long to speak, I long to die, *Speak not to live*  
 If what thou speak'st speak not of Remedy.

*Fri.* Hold, Daughter, I do spy a kind of hope,  
 Which craves as desperate an Execution,  
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
 If rather than to marry County *Paris*,  
 Thou hast the Strength of Will to slay thy self,  
 Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake  
 A thing like Death to chide away this shame,  
 That cop'st with Death himself, to 'scape from it :  
 And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

*Jul.* O bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,  
 From off the Battlements of any Tower,  
 Or walk in thievish Ways, or bid me lurk  
 Where Serpents are : Chain me with roaring Bears,  
 Or hide me nightly in a charnel House,  
 O'er covered quite with dead Men's ratling Bones,  
 With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapless Skulls :  
 Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,  
 And hide me with a dead Man in his Grave,  
 Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble, *nam'd*  
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
 To live an unstain'd Wife to my sweet Love.

*Fri.* Hold then. Go home, be merry, give consent,  
 To marry *Paris*. *Wednesday* is to-Morrow ;  
 To-Morrow Night look that thou lye alone,  
 Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber :  
 Take thou this Viol being then in Bed,  
 And this distilling Liquor drink thou off.  
 When presently, through all thy Veins, shall run  
 A cold and drowfie Humour : For no Pulse  
 Shall keep his native Progress, but surcease :  
 No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest ;  
 The Roses in thy Lips and Cheeks shall fade

To mealy<sup>1</sup> Ashes, the Eyes Windows fall *paly*  
 Like Death, when he shuts up the Day of Life;  
 Each part depriv'd of supple Government,  
 Shall stiff and stark, and cold appear like Death,  
 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk Death  
 Thou shalt continue two and forty Hours,  
 And then awake as from a pleasant Sleep.

Now when the Bridegroom in the Morning comes  
 To rowse thee from thy Bed, there thou art Dead:  
 Then as the manner of our Country is,  
 In thy best Robes uncover'd on the Bier,  
 Be born to Burial in thy Kindreds Grave:  
 Thou shalt be born to that same ancient Vault,  
 Where all the Kindred of the *Capulet's* lye.  
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
 Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our Drift,  
 And hither shall he come; and that very Night  
 Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*.  
 And this shall free thee from this present Shame,  
 If no unconstant Toy or Womanish fear,  
 Abate thy Valour in the acting it.

*Jul.* Give me, give me, O tell me not of fear.

*Fri.* Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous  
 In this resolve, I'll send a Friar with speed  
 To *Mantua*, with my Letters to thy Lord.

*Jul.* Love give me strength, and Strength shall help afford.  
 Farewel, dear Father.

## S C E N E II. *Capulet's House.*

*Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two or three Servants.*

*Cap.* So many Guests invite as here are writ:  
 Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cooks. [

[ *Ser.* You shall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try whether  
 they can lick their Fingers.

*Cap.* How canst thou try them so?

*Ser.* Marry, Sir, it is an ill Cook that cannot lick his  
 own Fingers: Therefore he that cannot lick his Fingers,  
 goes not with me.

*Cap.* Go, be gone.] We shall be much unfurnish'd for  
 this time: What, is my Daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence*?

*Nur.*



*Nur.* Ay forsooth.

*Cap.* Well he may chance to do some good on her,  
A peevish self-will'd Harlotry it is.

*Enter Juliet.*

*Nur.* See where she comes from Shrift, with merry look.

*Cap.* How now, my Headstrong?  
Where have you been gadding?

*Jul.* Where I have learnt me to repent the Sin,  
Of disobedient Opposition,  
To you and your behests, and am enjoyn'd  
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,  
To beg your Pardon: Pardon I beseech you,  
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

*Cap.* Send for the Count, go, tell him of this,  
I'll have this Knot knit up to-Morrow Morning.

*Jul.* I met the youthful Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,  
And gave him what becoming Love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

*Cap.* Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand up,  
This is as't should be, let me see the County:  
Ay, marry, go I say, and fetch him hither.  
Now afore God, this reverend Holy Friar,  
All our whole City is much bound to him.

*Jul.* Nurse, will you go with me into my Closet,  
To help me sort such needful Ornaments,  
As you think fit to furnish me-to-Morrow?

*La. Cap.* No, not 'till *Thursday*, there is time enough.

*Cap.* Go Nurse, go with her;  
We'll to Church to-Morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

*La. Cap.* We shall be short in our Provision;  
'Tis now near Night.

*Cap.* Tush, I will stir about,  
And all things shall be well, I'll warrant thee, Wife:  
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,  
I'll not to Bed to Night, let me alone:  
I'll play the Houselife for this once. What ho?  
They are all forth; well I will walk my self  
To County *Paris*, to prepare him up  
Against to-Morrow. My Heart is wondrous light,  
Since this same way-ward Girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Lady Cap.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III. *Juliet's Chamber.**Enter Juliet and Nurse.*

*Jul.* Ay, those Attires are best; but, gentle Nurse,  
I pray thee leave me to my self to Night:  
For I have need of many Orisons,  
To move the Heav'ns to smile upon my State,  
Which well thou know'st is cross and full of Sin.

*Enter Lady Capulet.*

*La. Cap.* What are you busie, ho? Need you my help?

*Jul.* No, Madam, we have cull'd such Necessaries  
'As are behoveful for our State to-Morrow:  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the Nurse this Night sit up with you;  
For I am sure you have your Hands full all,  
In this so sudden Business.

*La. Cap.* Good Night,

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. [*Exeunt.*]

*Jul.* Farewel;

God knows, when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my Veins;

That almost freezes up the heat of Fire: *Life*

I'll call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse—what should she do here?

My dismal Scene I needs must act alone:

Come Vial—what if this Mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married to-Morrow Morning?

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

*[Pointing to a Dagger.]*

What if it be a Poison, which the Friar

Subtilly hath ministred to have me dead,

Lest in this Marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to *Romeo*?

I fear it is, and yet methinks it should not,

For he hath still been tried a Holy Man.

How, if when I am laid into the Tomb,

I wake before the time, that *Romeo*

Come to redeem me? There's a fearful Point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault,

To whose foul Mouth no healthsome Air breaths in,

And

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?  
 Or if I live, it is not very like,  
 The horrible Conceit of Death and Night,  
 Together with the Terror of the place,  
 As in a Vault, an ancient Receptacle,  
 Where, for these many hundred Years, the Bones  
 Of all my buried Ancestors are packt;  
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in Earth,  
 Lies festring in his Shrowd; where, as they say,  
 At some Hours in the Night, Spirits resort——  
 Alack, alack! is it not like that I  
 So early waking, what with loathsome smells,  
 And shrieks like Mandrakes torn out of the Earth,  
 That living Mortals, hearing them, run mad——  
 Or if I walk, shall I not be distraught,  
 Invironed with all these hideous Fears,  
 And madly play with my Fore-fathers Joints,  
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his Shrowd?  
 And in this Rage, with some great Kinsman's Bone,  
 As with a Club, dash out my desperate Brains?  
 O look! methinks I see my Cousin's Ghost,  
 Seeking out Romeo [that did spit his Body  
 Upon his Rapier's Point:] Stay, Tybalt stay!  
 Romeo! Romeo! Romeo! here's drink]-I drink to thee. [Ex.

*come this do*  
 S C E N E IV. A Hall.

*Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

*La. Cap.* Hold,  
 Take these Keys and fetch more Spices, Nurse.

*Nur.* They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastry.

*Enter Capulet.*

*Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir,  
 The second Cock hath crow'd,  
 The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a Clock:  
 Look to the bak'd Meats, good Angelica.  
 Spare not for cost.

*Nur.* Go you cot-quean, go;  
 Get you to bed; faith you'll be sick to morrow  
 For this Night's watching.

*Cap.* No not a whit, I have watch'd ere now



All Night for a less Cause, and ne'er been sick.

*La. Cap.* Ay, you have been a Mouse hunt in your time,  
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

*Cap.* A jealous hood, a jealous hood——  
Now Fellow, what's there?

*Enter three or four with Spits, and Logs, and Baskets.*

*Ser.* Things for the Cook, Sir, but i know not what.

*Cap.* Make haste, make haste, Sirrah, fetch drier Logs.  
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

*Ser.* I have a Head, Sir, that will find out Logs,  
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.

*Cap.* Mafs and well laid, a merry Horson, ha!  
Thou shalt be Logger-head——good Faith, 'tis Day.

[*Play Musick.*

The County will be here with Musick straight,  
For so he said he would. I hear him near.

*Nurse, Wife,* what ho? What *Nurse* I say?

*Enter Nurse.*

Go waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,  
I'll go and chat with *Paris*: Hie, make haste,  
Make haste, I say. : [*Exit Capulet.*

S C E N E *draws and discovers Juliet on a Bed.*

*Nur.* Mistress, what Mistress! *Juliet!* — Fast I warrant  
her,

Why Lamb —— why Lady —— Fie you slug-a-bed ——

Why Love, I say —— Madam, Sweet-heart —— Why Bride ——

What, not a Word! you take your Pennyworths now;

Sleep for a week, for the next Night I warrant,

The County *Paris* hath set up his rest,

That you should rest but little —— God forgive me ——

Marry and Amen —— How sound is she asleep?

I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,

Ay, let the County take you in your Bed ——

He'll fright you up i' faith. Will it not be?

What drest, and in your Cloaths —— and down again!

I must needs awake you: Lady, Lady, Lady ——

Alas! alas! help! help! my Lady's dead.

O well a day, that ever I was born!

Some *Aqua-vite* ho! my Lord, my Lady!

*Enter*

*Enter Lady Capulet.*

*La. Cap.* What Noise is here ?

*Nur.* O lamentable Day !

*La. Cap.* What is the Matter ?

*Nur.* Look, look ——— oh heavy Day !

*La. Cap.* O me, O me, my Child, my only Life !  
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee :  
Help, help, call help.

*Enter Capulet.*

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

*Nur.* She's dead, Deceas'd, she's dead : Alack the Day.

*La. Cap.* Alack the Day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead,

*Cap.* Ha ! Let me see her ——— Out alas, she's cold.  
Her Blood is settled, and her Joints are Stiff,  
Life and these Lips have long been seperated :  
Death lies on her, like an untimely Frost  
Upon the sweetest Flower of the Field.

*Nur.* O lamentable Day !

*La. Cap.* O woful time !

*Cap.* Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,  
Ties up my Tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris.*

*Fri.* Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church ?

*Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return.

O Son, the Night before the Wedding-day,  
Hath Death lain with thy Wife : see, there she lies,  
Flower as she was, deflower'd now by him :  
Death is my Son-in-Law, Death is my Heir,  
My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,  
And leave him all, Life, living, all is Death's.

*Par.* Have I thought long to see this Morning's Face,  
And doth it give me such a fight as this ?

*La. Cap.* Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful Day,  
Most miserable Hour, that time e'er saw  
In lasting Labour of his Pilgrimage.

But one, poor one, one poor and loving Child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel Death hath catch'd it from my sight.

*Nur.* O wo ! O woful, woful, woful, Day !  
Most lamentable Day ! most woful Day !  
That ever, ever, I did yet behold,  
O Day ! O Day ! O Day ! O hateful Day !

Never

Never was seen so black a Day as this:

O woful Day; O woful Day!

*Par.* Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain!

Most detestable Death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown — — —

O Love! O Life! not Life, but Love in Death.

*Cap.* Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd — — —

Uncomfortable time, why can'st thou now

To murther, murther our Solemnity?

O Child! O Child! my Soul, and not my Child!

Dead art thou — — — alack my Child is dead,

And with my Child, my Joys are buried. ]

*Fri.* Peace ho for shame — — — Confusions? Care lives not

In these Confusions. Heav'n and your self

Had part in this fair Maid, now Heav'n hath all.

And all the better is it for the Maid:

Your part in her, you could not keep from Death,

But Heav'n keeps his part in eternal Life:

The most you sought was her Promotion,

For 'twas your Heav'n that she should be advanc'd;

And weep you now, seeing she is advanc'd

Above the Clouds, as high as Heav'n it self?

O in this Love, you love your Child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well.

She's not well Married that lives married long,

But she's best Married that dies married young.

Dry up your Tears, and stick your Rosemary

On this fair Coarse, and as the Custom is,

All in her best Array, bear her to Church:

For tho' fond Nature bids us all lament,

Yet Nature's Tears are Reason's Merriment.

*Cap.* All things that we ordained Festival,

Turn from their Office to black Funeral:

Our Instruments to melancholy Bells;

Our wedding Chear to a sad burial Feast;

Our solemn Hymns to sullen Dirges change;

Our Bridal Flowers, serve for a buried Coarse:

[ And all things change them to the contrary.

*Fri.* Sir, go you in, and Madam, go with him,

And go, Sir *Paris*, every one prepare

To follow this fair Coarse unto her Grave.



The Heav'ns do lowre upon you for some ill:  
Move them no more, by crossing their high Will.] [*Exeunt.*

*Mu.* Faith we may put up our Pipes and be gone.

*Nur.* Honest good Fellows: Ah, put up, put up,  
For well you know this is a pitiful Case.

*Mu.* Ay, by my Troth, the Case may be amended.

*Enter Peter.*

*Pet.* Musicians: Oh Musicians,  
Heart's ease, Heart's ease;  
Oh, and you will have me live, play Heart's ease.

*Mu.* Why Heart's ease?

*Pet.* O Musicians,  
Because my Heart it self Plays, my Heart is full.

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

*Pet.* You will not then?

*Mu.* No.

*Pet.* I will then give it you soundly;

*Mu.* What will you give us?

*Pet.* No Mony on my Faith, but the Gleeke.  
I will give you the Ministrel.

*Mu.* Then I will give you the serving Creature.

*Pet.* Then will I lay the serving Creature's Dagger on  
your Pate. I will carry no Crotchets, I'll Re you, I'll  
Fa you, do you Note me?

*Mu.* And you Re us and Fa us, you Note us.

2 *Mu.* Pray you put up your Dagger.

And put out your Wit.

Then have at you with my Wit.

*Pet.* I will dry-beat you with an Iron Wit.

And put up my Iron Dagger.

Answer me like Men:

When griping Griefs the Heart doth wound,

Then Musick with her silver sound————

Why silver sound? Why Musick with her silver sound?

What say you, *Simon Catling!*

*Mu.* Marry, Sir, because Silver hath a sweet sound.

*Pet.* Pratest? what say you *Hugh Rebeck?*

2. *Mu.* I say Silver sound, because Musicians sound for sil-

*Pet.* Pratest too? what say you *James sound-Post?* [ver.

3 *Mu.* Faith I know not what to say.

*Pet.* O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.

I will say for you, it is Musick with her silver sound,  
 Because Musicians have no Gold for sounding:  
 Then Musick with her silver Sound, with speedy help  
 doth lend redress. [Exit.

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

2 *Mu.* Hang, him, Jack, come, we'll in here, tarry for  
 the Mourners, and stay Dinner. (Exit.



## ACT V. SCENE I.

### SCENE, Mantua.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Rom.* **I**F I may trust the flattering truth of Sleep, *flatter*  
 My Dreams presage some joyful news at hand:  
 My Bosom's Lord sits lightly in his Throne,  
 And all this winged, unaccustom'd Spirit, *day or*  
 Lifts me above the Ground with cheerful Thoughts.  
 I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,  
 (Strange Dream! that gives a dead Man leave to think)  
 And breath'd such Life with Kisses in my Lips,  
 That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.  
 Ah me! how sweet is Love it self possess'd,  
 When but Love's Shadows are so rich in Joy?

*Enter Romeo's Man.*

News from Verona—How now *Balthazar*?  
 Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Friar?  
 How doth my Lady? is my Father well?  
 How doth my Lady *Juliet*? That I ask again,  
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

*Man.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill,  
 Her Body sleeps in *Capulet's* Monument,  
 And her immortal part with Angels lives:  
 I saw her laid low in her Kindreds Vault,  
 And presently took Post to tell it you:  
 O pardon me for bringing these ill News,  
 Since you did leave it for my Office, Sir.

*Rom.* Is it even so?—

Then I deny you Stars,

Thou knowest my Lodging, get me Ink and Paper,  
 And hire Post-Horses. I will hence to Night.

*Man.*

*Man.* I do beseech you, Sir, have patience :  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
Some Misadventure.

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

*Man.* No, good my Lord.

*Rom.* No matter : Get thee gone,  
And hire those Horses, I'll be with the strait. [*Exit Man.*  
Well *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to Night ;  
Let's see for means——O Miltchief thou art swift  
To enter in the Thought of desperate Men :  
I do remember an Apothecary,  
And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted  
In tatter'd Weeds, with overwhelming Brows,  
Culling of Simples ; meager were his Looks,  
Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones :  
And in his needy Shop a Tortoise hung,  
An Alligator stuf, and other Skins  
Of ill-shap'd Fishes, and about his Shelves  
A beggarly Account of empty Boxes ;  
Green earthen Pots, Bladders, and musty Seeds,  
Remnants of Packthread, and old Cakes of Roses  
Were thinly scattered to make up a shew.  
Noting this Penury, to my self I said,  
And if a Man did need a Poison now,  
Whose sale is present Death in *Mantua*,  
Here lives a Caitiff Wretch would sell it him.  
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,  
And this same needy Man must sell it me.  
As I remember, this should be the House,  
Being holy-day, the Beggar's Shop is shut.  
What ho ! Apothecary !

*Enter Apothecary.*

*Ap.* Who calls so loud ?

*Rom.* Come hither Man, I see that thou art poor,  
Hold, there is forty Ducats, let me have  
A Dram of Poison, such soon speeding Geer,  
As will disperse it self thro' all the Veins,  
That the Life-weary taker may fall dead,  
And that the Trunck may be discharg'd of Breath,

D

As



As violently, as hasty powder fir'd  
Doth hurry from the fatal Cannon's Womb.

*Ap.* Such mortal Drugs I have, but *Mantua's* Law  
Is Death to any he that utters them.

*Rom.* Art thou so bare and full of Wretchedness,  
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy Cheeks,  
Need and Oppression stareth in thine Eyes,  
Contempt and Beggary hang on thy Back:  
The World is not thy Friend, nor the World's Law;  
The World affords no Law to make thee rich,  
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

*Ap.* My poverty, but not my Will consents.

*Rom.* I pay thy Poverty, and not thy Will.

*Ap.* Put this in any Liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off, and if you had the Strength  
Of twenty Men, it would dispatch you straight.

*Rom.* There is thy Gold, worse Poison to Mens Souls,  
Doing more Murder in this loathsom World,  
Than these poor Compounds that thou may'st not sell:  
I sell the Poison, thou hast sold me none.

Farewel, buy Food, and get thy self in Flesh. *thee into*  
Come Cordial, and not Poison, go with me  
To *Juliet's* Grave, for there must I use thee. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E II. *The Monastery at Verona.*

*Enter Friar John to Friar Lawrence.*

*John.* Holy *Franciscan* Friar! Brother! ho!

*Law.* This same should be the Voice of Friar *John*.  
Welcome from *Mantua*, what says *Romeo*?  
Or if his Mind be writ, give me his Letter.

*John.* Going to find a bare-foot Brother out,  
One of our Order, to associate me,  
Here in this City visiting the Sick,  
And finding him, the Searchers of the Town,  
Suspecting that we both were in a House  
Where the infectious Pestilence did reign,  
Seal'd up the Doors, and would not let us forth,  
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

*Law.* Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?

*John.* I could not send it; here it is again,

Nor

Nor get a Messenger to bring it thee,  
So fearful were they of Infection.

*Law.* Unhappy Fortune! by my Brotherhood,  
The Letter was not nice, but full of Charge,  
Of dear Import, and the neglecting it  
May do much Danger. Friar *John*, go hence,  
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight  
Unto my Cell.

*John.* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit.

*Law.* Now must I to the Monument alone,  
Within this three Hours will fair *Juliet* wake,  
She will beshrew me much, that *Romeo*  
Hath had no notice of these Accidents:  
But I will write again to *Mantua*,  
And keep her at my Cell 'till *Romeo* come,  
Poor living Coarse, clos'd in a dead Man's Tomb. [Exit.

SCENE III. *A Church-yard, in it, a noble Monument belonging to the Capulets.*

*Enter Paris and his Page, with a Light.*

*Par.* Give me thy Torch, Boy; hence, and stand aloof:  
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen:  
Under yond' young *Trees* lay thee all along, *yeu-trees*  
Laying thy Ear close to the hollow ground;  
So shall no Foot upon the Church-yard tread,  
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of Graves,  
But thou shalt hear it: Whistle then to me.  
As Signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those Flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

*Pag.* I am almost afraid to stand alone  
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will adventure. [Exit.

*Par.* Sweet Flower, with Flowers thy bridal Bed I strew:  
O Woe, thy Canopy is Dust and Stones.  
Which with sweet Water nightly I will dew,  
Or wanting that, with Tears distill'd by Moons;  
The Obsequies that I for thee will keep,  
Nightly shall be, to strew thy Grave and weep. ]

[The Boy whistles.

The Boy gives warning, something doth approach,—  
What curied Foot wanders this way to Night,

*Fair Juliet, that with Angels dost remain*  
*Accept this latest favour at my hand*  
*That living should be buried*

To cross my Obsequies, and true Lov's right?  
 What with a Torch? Muffle me, Night, a while.

*Enter Romeo and Peter with a Light.*

*Rom.* Give me that Mattock, and the wrenching Iron.  
 Ho'd, take this Letter, early in the Morning  
 See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father.  
 Give me the Light; upon thy Life I charge thee,  
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
 And do not interrupt me in my Course.  
 Why I descend into this Bed of Death,  
 Is partly to behold my Lady's Face:  
 But chiefly to take thence from her dead Finger,  
 A precious ring, a ring that I must use  
 In dear Employment, therefore hence be gone:  
 But if thou, Jealous, dost return to Pry  
 In what I further shall intend to do.  
 By Heaven I will tear thee Joint by Joint,  
 And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy Limbs;  
 The Time and my Intents are savage wild,  
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,  
 Than empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

*Pet.* I will be gone Sir, and not trouble you.

*Rom.* So shalt thou shew me Friendship: Take thou that,  
 Live and be prosperous, and farewell good Fellow.

*Pet.* For all this same, I'll hide me here about,  
 His Looks I fear, and his Intents I doubt, [Exit.]

*Rom.* Thou detestable Maw thou Womb of Death,  
 Gorg'd with the dearest Morsel of the Earth:  
 Thus I enforce thy rotten Jaws to open.

*[Breaking open the Monument.]*

And in despite, I'll cram thee with more Food.

*Par.* This is that banisht haughty *Mountague*  
 That murdered my Love's Cousin; with which Grief,  
 It is supposed the fair Creature died,  
 And here is come to do some villainous Shame  
 To the dead Bodies: I will apprehend him.  
 Stop thy unhollowed Toil, vile *Mountague*:  
 Can vengeance be pursu'd further than Death?  
 Condemned Villain, I do apprehend thee;  
 Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

*Rom.* I must indeed, and therefore came I hither—

Good



Good gentle Youth, tempt not a desperate Man,  
Fly hence and leave me, think upon those gone,  
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, Youth,  
Pull not another Sin upon my Head,  
By urging me to Fury. O be gone,  
By Heav'n I love thee better than my self;  
For I come hither arm'd against my self:  
Stay not, be gone; Live, and hereafter say,  
A mad Man's Mercy bid thee run away.

*Par.* I do defie thy Commiseration,  
And apprehend thee for a Fellow here.

*Rom.* Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, Boy.

[*They fight, Paris falls.*]

*Pag.* O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

*Par.* O I am slain; if thou be Merciful,  
Open the Tomb, lay me with *Juliet*.

*Rom.* In Faith I will: Let me peruse this Face ———  
*Mercutio's* Kinsman! Noble County *Paris*!

What said my Man, when my betossed Soul  
Did not attend him as we rode? I think  
He told me *Paris* should have married *Juliet*.  
Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet*;  
To think it was so? O give me thy Hand,  
One writ with me in sour Misfortune's Book,  
I'll bury thee in a Triumphant Grave.

A Grave? O no a Lanthorn, slaughter'd Youth:  
For here lyes *Juliet*, and her Beauty makes  
This Vault a Feasting Presence full of Light.

Death, lye thou there, by a dead Man interr'd.  
How oft when Men are at the point of Death,  
Have they been merry? Which their Keepers call

A Lightning before Death? Oh how may I  
Call this a Lightning? O my Love, my Wife,  
Death that hath suck'd the Honey of thy Breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy Beauty:

Thou art not conquer'd, Beauty's Ensign yet  
Is Crimson in thy Lips and in thy Cheeks,  
And Death's pale Flag is not advanced there.

*Tybalt*, ly'it thou there in thy bloody Sheet?  
O what more Favour can I do to thee,

Than

Than with that Hand that cut thy Youth in twain,  
 To sunder his that was thy Enemy?  
 Forgive me Cousin. Ah dear *Juliet*,  
 Why art thou yet so fair? I will believe,  
 Shall I believe, that unsubstantial Death is Amorous?  
 And that the lean abhorred Monster, keeps  
 Thee here in Dark, to be his Paramour?  
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,  
 And never from this palace of dim Night  
 Depart again: Come lie thou in my Arms,  
 Here's to thy Health, where-e'er thou tumblest in.  
 A true Apothecary!

Thy Drugs are quick. Thus with a Kiss I die,  
 Depart again; here, here will I remain,  
 With Worms that are thy Chamber-maids; Oh here  
 Will I set up my Everlasting Rest;  
 And shake the Yoke of inauspicious Stars  
 From this World's wearied Flesh. Eyes look your last,  
 Arms take your last embrace; and Lips, O you  
 The Doors of Breath, seal with a righteous Kiss  
 A dateless Bargain to engrossing Death:  
 Come bitter Conduct, come unfavoury Guide,  
 Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on  
 The dashing Rocks thy Sea-sick weary Bark: *My*  
 Here's to my Love. O true Apothecary!  
 Thy Drugs are quick. Thus with a Kiss I die.

*Enter Friar Lawrence with Lanthorn, Crow, and Spade.*

*Fri.* St. Francis be my Speed, how oft to Night  
 Have my old Feet stumbled at Graves? Who's there?

*Pet.* Here's one, a Friend, and one that knows you well.

*Fri.* Blis be upon you. Tell me, good my Friend,  
 What Torch is yond, that vainly lends his Light  
 To Grubs and eyeless Sculls? As I discern,  
 It burneth in the *Capulets* Monument.

*Pet.* It doth so, Holy Sir,  
 And there's my Master, one that you Love.

*Fri.* Who is it?

*Pet.* *Romeo*.

*Fri.* How long hath he been there?

*Pet.* Full half an Hour.

*Fri.* Go with me to the Vault.

*Pet.*

*Pet.* I dare not, Sir.

My Master knows not but I am gone hence,  
And fearfully did menace me with Death,  
If I did stay to look on his Intents.

*Fri.* Stay, then I'll go alone; fear comes upon me;  
O much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

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

*Fri.* *Romeo!*

Alack, alack, what Blood is this which stains  
The stony Entrance of this Sepulchre?  
What mean these Masterless and Goary Swords  
To lie discolour'd by this place of Peace?

*Romeo!* oh pale! Who else? What *Paris* too?  
And steep'd in Blood? Ah what an unkind Hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable Chance?  
The Lady stirs.

*Jul.* O comfortable Friar, where's my Lord?  
I do remember well where I should be?  
And there I am! where is my *Romeo*?

*Fri.* I hear some noise, Lady, come from that Nest  
Of Death, Contagion, and unnatural Sleep;  
A greater Power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our Intents; come, come away,  
Thy Husband in thy Bosom there lyes Dead,  
And *Paris* too-- --Come, I'll dispose of thee,  
Among a Sisterhood of Holy Nuns.  
Stay not to question, for the Watch is coming,  
Come, go good *Juliet*, I dare no longer stay. [Exit.

*Jul.* Go, get thee hence; for I will not away.  
What's here? A Cup clos'd in my true Love's Hand?  
Poison I see hath been his timeless End.  
O Churl, drink all, and left no Friendly drop,  
To help me after? I will Kiss thy Lips,  
Haply some Poison yet doth hang on them,  
To make me die with a Restorative.  
Thy Lips are warm.

*Enter Boy and Watch.*

*Watch.* Lead Boy, which way?

*Jul.* Yea, noise?

Then I'll be brief. O happy Daggar,

Tis



'Tis in thy Sheath, there rust and let me die. [*Kills her self.*

*Boy.* This is the place,  
There where the Torch doth burn.

*Watch* The Ground is bloody.  
Search about the Church-yard,  
Go some of you, who e'er you find attach.  
Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain,  
And *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead,  
Who here hath lain these two Days buried.  
Go tell the Prince, run to the *Capulets*,  
Raise up the *Mountagues*, some others search—  
We see the Ground whereon these Woes do lye;  
But the true Ground of all these pitious Woes  
We cannot without Circumstance descry.

*Enter some of the Watch with Romeo's Man.*

*2 Watch.* Here's *Romeo's* Man,  
We found him in the Church-yard.

*1 Watch.* Hold him in safety, 'till the Prince comes hither.

*Enter Eriar and a third Watchman.*

*3 Watch.* Here is a Friar that trembles, fights and weeps:  
We took this Mattock and this Spade from him,  
As he was coming from this Church-yard side.

*1 Watch.* A great Suspicion, stay the Friar too.

*Enter the Prince and Attendants.*

*Prince.* What misadventure is so early up,  
That calls our Person from our Morning's Rest?

*Enter Capulet and Lady Capulet.*

*Cap.* What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

*La. Cap.* O the People in the Street cry *Romeo*,  
Some *Juliet*, and some *Paris*, and all run  
With open out-cry toward our Monument.

*Prince.* What fear is this which startles in your Ears?

*Watch.* Sovereign, here lyes the County of *Paris* slain,  
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* dead before,  
Warm and new kill'd.

*Prince.* Search,  
Seek, and know how this foul Murther comes.

*Watch.* Here is a Friar, and slaughter'd *Romeo's* Man,  
With Instruments upon them, fit to open  
These dead Mens Tombs.

*Cap.* O Heav'n!

O Wife, look how our Daughter bleeds!

This Dagger hath mista'en, for loe his house *the sheath*  
Is empty on the back of *Mountague, lies*  
And is mis-sheathed in my Daughter's Bosom. *the point*

*La. Cap.* O me, this sight of Death is as a Bell.  
That warns my old Age to a Sepulcher.

*Enter Mountague.*

*Pri.* Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up,  
To see thy Son and Heir now early down. *fallen*

*Moun.* Alas, my Liege, my Wife is dead to Night,  
Grief of my Son's Exile hath stop'd her Breath:  
What further Wo conspires against my Age?

*Pri.* Look, and thou shalt see.

*Moun.* O thou untaught, what Manners is in this,  
To pres before thy Father to a Grave?

*Pri.* Seal up the mouth of Out-rage for a while,  
'Till we can clear these Ambiguities,  
And know their Spring, their Head, their true Descent;  
And then will I be General of your Woes,  
And lead you even to Death. Meantime forbear,  
And let Mischance be Slave to Patience.  
Bring forth the Parties of Suspicion.

*Eri.* I am the greatest, able to do least,  
Yet most suspected, as the Time and Place  
Doth make against me, of this direful Murther:  
And here I stand both to Impeach and purge  
My self Condemned, and my self Excus'd.

*Pri.* Then say at once what thou dost know in this?

*Eri.* I will be brief, for my short date of Breath  
Is not so long as is a tedious Tale.

*Romeo*, there dead, was Husband to that *Juliet*;  
And she there dead, that *Romeo's* faithful Wife:  
I Married them; and their stoln Marriage Day  
Was *Tybalt's* Dooms-day, whose untimely Death  
Banish'd the new-made Bridegroom from this City;  
For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.  
You, to remove that Siege of Grief from her,  
Betroth'd, and would have Married her perforce  
To County *Paris*. Then comes she to me,  
And, with wild Looks, bid me devise some means  
To rid her from this second Marriage,

Or

Or in my Cell there would she kill her self.  
 Then gave I her (so tutor'd by my Art)  
 A sleeping Potion, which so took effect  
 As I intended, for it wrought on her  
 The form of Death. Mean time I write to *Romeo*,  
 That he should hither come, as this dire Night,  
 To help to take her from her borrowed Grave,  
 Being the time the Potion's force should cease.  
 But he which bore my Letter, *Friar John*,  
 Was staid by Accident and yesternight  
 Return'd my Letter back; then all alone,  
 At the prefixed Hour of her awaking,  
 Came I to take her from her Kindreds Vault,  
 Meaning to keep her closely at my Cell,  
 'Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.  
 But when I came (some Minute ere the time  
 Of her awaking) here untimely lay  
 The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.  
 She wakes? and I intreat her to come forth,  
 And bear this Work of Heav'n with Patience:  
 But then a Noise did scare me from the Tomb,  
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,  
 But, as it seems, did Violence on her self.  
 All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is privy:  
 If ought in this miscarried by my fault,  
 Let my old Life be sacrific'd, some Hour before the time,  
 Unto the Rigour of severest Law.

*Pri.* We still have known thee for an Holy Man.  
 Where's *Romeo's* Man? What can he say to this?

*Peter.* I brought my Master News of *Juliet's* Death,  
 And then in Post he came from *Mantua*  
 To this same Place, to this same Monument.  
 This Letter he early bid me give his Father,  
 And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,  
 If I departed not, and left him there.

*Pri.* Give me the Letter, I will look on it.  
 Where is the County's Page that rais'd the Watch?  
 Sirrah, what made your Master in this Place?

*Page.* He came with Flowers to strew his Lady's Grave,  
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:  
 Anon comes one with Light to ope the Tomb.

And



And by and by my Master drew on him,  
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

*Pri.* This Letter doth make good the Friar's words,  
Their Course of Love, the Tidings of her Death :  
And here he writes, that he did buy a Poison  
Of a poor 'Pothecary, and therewithal  
Came to this Vault to die, and lye with *Juliet*.  
Where be these Enemies? *Capulet, Mountague,*  
See what a Scourge is laid upon your Hate,  
That Heav'n finds Means to kill your Joys with Love :  
And I, for winking at your Discords too,  
Have lost a brace of Kinsmen: All are punish'd.

*Cap.* O Brother *Mountague*, give me thy Hand,  
This is my Daughter's Jointure; for no more  
Can I demand.

*Moun.* But I can give thee more,  
For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,  
That while *Verona* by that Name is known,  
There shall no Figure at that rate be set,  
As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.

*Cap.* As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady lye,  
Poor Sacrifices of our Enmity.

*Pri.* A gloomy Peace this Morning with it brings,  
The Sun for Sorrow will not shew his Head ;  
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things ;  
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.  
For never was a Story of more We,  
Than this of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]



# PROLOGUE.

**T**WO Households, both alike in Dignity,  
(In fair Verona, where we lay our Scene)  
From ancient Grudge, break to Mutiny,

Where Civil Blood makes Civil Hands unclean:  
From forth the fatal Loins of these two Foes,  
A pair of Star-cross'd Lovers take their Life;  
Whose mis-adventur'd pitious Overthrows,  
Do, with their Death, bury their Parents Strife.  
The fearful Passage of their Death-mark'd Love,  
And the Continuance of their Parents Rage,  
Which but their Childrens End nought could remove,  
Is now the two Hours Traffick of our Stage.

The which, if you with patient Ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our Toil shall strive to mend.

F I N I S.



Shakespeare, William. *Romeo and Juliet*. A tragedy. By Shakespear. Printed by R. Walker , at Shakespear's Head in Turn-Again-Lane, by the Ditch-Side ; and may be had at his shop, the Sign of Shakespear's-Head, in Change-Alley, Cornhill, MDCCXXXV. [1735].  
Eighteenth Century Collections Online, [link.gale.com/apps/doc/CW0117273362/ECCO?u=iulib\\_fw&sid=bookmark-ECCO&pg=1](http://link.gale.com/apps/doc/CW0117273362/ECCO?u=iulib_fw&sid=bookmark-ECCO&pg=1). Accessed 20 Dec. 2023.