



3.

THE  
MOST EX-  
cellent and lamentable  
Tragedie, of Romeo  
and Juliet.

*Newly corrected, augmented, and  
amended:*

As it hath bene sundry times publicuely acted, by the  
right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine  
his Seruants.



LONDON  
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be sold at his shop neare the Exchange.  
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## The Prologue.

CORUS.

**T**wo households both alike in dignitie,  
(In faire Verona where we lay our Scene)  
From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,  
Where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:  
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,  
A paire of starre-croft louers, take their life:  
Whose misaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,  
Doth with their death burie their Parents strife.  
The fearfull passage of their death-markt loue,  
And the continuance of their Parents rage:  
Which but their childrens end nought could remoue:  
Is now the two houres trafficque of our Stage.  
The which if you with patient cares attend,  
What heare shall misse, our toyle shall striue to mend.

A 2



THE MOST EX-  
cellent and lamentable  
Tragedie, of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

*Enter Sampson and Gregorie, with Swords and Bucklers, of the  
house of Capulet.*

*Samp. Gregorie, on my word weele not carrie Coles.*

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

*Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.*

*Greg. I while you lue, draw your necke out of choller.*

*Samp. I strike quickly being moued.*

*Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to strike.*

*Samp. A dog of the house of Mountague moues me.*

*Grego. To moue is to stirre, and to be valiant, is to stand:  
Therefore if thou art moued thou runst away.*

*Samp. A dog of that house shall moue me to stand:  
I will take the wall of any man or maide of Mounta-  
gues.*

*Grego. That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the weakest goes  
to the wall.*

*Samp. Tis true, & therefore women being the weaker vessels  
are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I wil push Mountagues men  
from the wall, and thrust his maides to the wall.*

*Greg. The quarell is betweene our maisters, and vs their  
men.*

*Samp. Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant, when I haue  
fought with the men, I will be ciuil with the maides, I will cut  
off their heads.*

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Grego. The heads of the maids.

Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take in in what sence thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it sence that feele it.

Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand, and tis knowne I am a pretie peece of flesh.

Greg. Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst bin poore Iohn: draw thy toole, here comes of the house of *Mountagues*.

*Enter two other serving men.*

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarell, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee.

Samp. Let vs take the law of our sides, let them begin.

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

Samp. Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is disgrace to them if they beare it.

Abram. Do you bite your thumbe at vs sir?

Samp. I do bite my thumbe sir.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at vs sir?

Samp. Is the law of our side if I say I?

Greg. No.

Samp. No sir, I do not bite my thumbe at you sir, but I bite my thumbe sir.

Greg. Do you quarell sir?

Abra. Quarell sir, no sir.

Samp. But if you do sir, I am for you, I serue as good a mā as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well sir.

*Enter Benuolio.*

Greg. Say better, here comes one of my maisters kinsmen.

Samp. Yes better sir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, Gregorie, remember thy washing blowe.

*They fight.*

Benuo. Part fooles, put vp your swords, you know not what you do.

*Enter*

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

*Enter Tibalt.*

Tibalt. What art thou drawne among these hartlesse hindes? turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Benuo. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy sword, or manage it to part these men with me.

Tib. What drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word, as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee: Haue at thee coward.

*Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs or partyson.*

Offi. Clubs, Bils and Partisons, strike, beate them downe, Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagues*.

*Enter old Capulet in his gorre, and his wife.*

Capu. What noyse is this? giue me my long sword hoe.

Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword I say, old *Mountague* is come, And flourishes his blade in spight of me.

*Enter old Mountague and his wife.*

Mount. Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold me not, let me go.

M. Wife. 2. Thou shalt not stir one foote to seeke a foe.

*Enter Prince Eskales, with his traine.*

Prince. Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,  
Prophaners of this neighbour-stayned Steele,  
Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beasts:  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,  
With purple fountaines issuing from your veines:  
On paine of torture from those bloudie hands,  
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,  
And heare the sentence of your moued Prince.  
Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word,  
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,  
Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets,  
And made *Neronas* auncient Citizens,  
Cast by their graue besecming ornaments,  
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,  
Cancerd with peace, to part your cancerd hate,  
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,

Your

The most lamentable Tragedie

Your lites 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 afternoone,  
To know our farther pleasure in this case:  
To old *Free-towne*, our common iudgement place:  
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

*Exeunt.*

*Mounta.* Who set this auncient quarell new abroach?  
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?

*Ben.* Here were the seruants of your aduerfarie  
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach,  
I drew to part them, in the instant came  
The fierie *Tybalt*, with his sword preparde,  
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,  
He swoong about his head and cut the windes,  
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne:  
While we were enterchaunging thrusts and blowes,  
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,  
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

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

*Benno.* Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun,  
Peerde forth the golden window of the East,  
A troubled minde driue me to walke abroad,  
Where vnderneath the groue of *Syramour*,  
That Westward rooteth from this Citie side:  
So early walking did I see your sonne,  
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,  
And stole into the couert of the wood,  
I measuring his affections by my owne,  
Which then most sought, where most might not be  
Being one too many by my wearie selfe, (found:  
Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,  
And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.

*Mounta.* Many a morning hath he there bin scene,

With

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deawe,  
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,  
But all so soone, as the alcheering Sunne,  
Should in the farthest East begin to draw,  
The shadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,  
Away from light steales home my heauie sonne,  
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,  
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,  
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:  
Blacke and portendous must this humor proue,  
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

*Ben.* My Noble Vncle do you know the cause?

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

*Ben.* Haue you importunde him by any meanes?

*Moun.* Both by my selfe and many other friends,  
But he is owne affections counseller,  
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)  
But to himselfe so secret and so close,  
So farre from sounding and discouerie,  
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,  
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,  
Or dedicate his beawtie to the same.  
Could we but learne from whence his sorrows grow,  
We would as willingly giue cure as know.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Benno.* See where he comes, so please you step aside,  
He know his greuance or be much denide.

*Moun.* I would thou wert so happie by thy stay,  
To heare true shrift, come Madam lets away.

*Exeunt.*

*Benhol.* Good morrow Cousin.

*Romeo.* Is the day so young?

*Ben.* But new strooke nine.

*Romeo.* Ay me, sad houres seeme long:  
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

*Ben.* It was: what sadnesse lengthens *Romeos* houres?

B

*Roms. Nos*

The most lamentable Tragedie

Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes the short.

Ben. In loue.

Rom. Out.

Ben. Of loue.

Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooffe.

Romeo. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,  
Should without eyes, see pathwaies to his will:  
Where shall we dine? O me! what fray was here?  
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:  
Heres much to do with hate, but more with loue:  
Why then O brawling loue, O louing hate,  
O any thing of nothing first created:  
O heauie lightnesse, serious vanitie,  
Mishapen Chaos of wellseeing formes,  
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fier, sicke health,  
Still waking sleepe that is not what it is.  
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,  
Doeft thou not laugh?

Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.

Rom. Good hart at what?

Ben. At thy good harts oppression.

Romeo. Why such is loues transgression:  
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,  
Which thou wilt propogate to haue it preast,  
With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,  
Doth ad more grieffe, too too much of mine owne.  
Loue is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,  
Being purgd, a fire sparkling in louers eies,  
Being vext, a sea nourisht with louing teares,  
What is it else? a madnesse, most discrete,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweete:  
Farewell my Coze.

Ben. Soft I will go along:  
And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong.

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,  
This is not Romeo, hees some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?

Ro. What shall I grone and tell thee?

Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who?

Ro. A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will:  
A word ill vrgd to one that is so ill:  
In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.

Ben. I aynde so neare, when I supposde you lou'd.

Ro. A right good mark man, and shees faire I loue.

Ben. A right faire marke faire Coze is soonest hit.

Romeo. Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit  
With Cupids arrow, she hath Dians wit:  
And in strong prooffe of chastitie well armd,  
From loues weak childish bow she liues vncharmd.  
Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,  
Nor bide th'incounter of assailing eies.  
Nor ope her lap to saint seducing gold,  
O she is rich, in bewtie onely poore,  
That when she dies, with bewtie dies her store.

Ben. The she hath sworn, that she wil stil liue chaste?

Ro. She hath, and in that sparing, make huge waste:  
For bewtie steru'd with her seueritie,  
Cuts bewtie off from all posteritie.

She is too faire, too wise, wisely too faire,

To merit blisse by making me dispaire:

Shee hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow,

Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.

Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.

Ro. O teach me how I should forget to thinke.

Ben. By giuing libertie vnto thine eyes,  
Examine other bewties.

Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquisite) in question more,  
These happie maskes that kis faire Ladies browes,  
Being black, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:  
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget



*The most lamentable Tragedie*

The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost,  
Shew me a mistresse that is passing faire,  
What doth her bewtie serue but as a note,  
Where I may reade who past that passing faire:  
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget,

*Ben.* He pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

*Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.*

*Exeunt.*

*Capu.* But *Montague* is bound as well as I,  
In penaltie alike, and tis not hard I thinke,  
For men so old as we to keepe the peace.

*Par.* Of honourable reckoning are you both,  
And pittie tis, you shu'd at ods so long:  
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?

*Capu.* But saying ore what I haue said before,  
My child is yet a straunger in the world,  
Shce hath not scene the chaunge of fourteen yeares,  
Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,  
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.

*Par.* Younger then she, are happie mothers made.

*Capu.* And too soone mard are those so early made:  
Faith hath swallowed all my hopes but she,  
Shces the hopefull Lady of my earth:

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

And shce agreed, within her scope of choise  
Lyes my consent, and faire according voyce:

This night I hold, an old accustomed feast,  
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest:

Such as I loue, and you among the store,  
One more, most welcome makes my number more:

At my poore house, looke to behold this night,  
Earthtreading staries, that make darke heauen light:

Such comfort as do lustie young men feele,  
When well appare'd Aprill on the heele,

Of slumping winter treads, euen such delight  
Among fresh fennell buds shall you this night

At my house, heare all, all see:

And

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

And like her most, whose merit most shall bee:  
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,  
May stand in number, though in reckning none.  
Come go with me, go sirrah trudge about,  
Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,  
Whose names are written there, and to them say,  
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

*Exit.*

*Seru.* Find them out whose names are written. Here it is writ-  
ten, that the shoo-maker should meddle with his yard, and the  
tayler with his last, the fisher with his pensill, & the painter with  
his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are  
here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing person  
hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

*Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.*

*Ben.* Tut man, one fire burnes out, an others burning,  
On paine is lesned by an others anguish,  
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:  
One desperate greefe, cures with an others languish:  
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rancke poyson of the old will dye.

*Romeo.* Your Plantan leaf is excellent for that.

*Ben.* For what I pray thee?

*Romeo.* For your broken shin.

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

*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:  
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,  
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

*Ser.* Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read?

*Rom.* I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

*Ser.* Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:  
But I pray can you read any thing you see?

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

*Ser.* Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

*Rom.* Stay fellow, I can read.

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He reads the Letter,

**S**aigneur Martino, & his wife and daughters: Countie Anselme  
Sand his bewitious sisters: the Lady widdow of Vtruuiio, Seigneur  
Placentio, and his louely Neeves: Mercutio and his brother Va-  
lentine: mine Uncle Capulet his wife and daughters: my faire Neece  
Rosaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio, and his Cosen Tybait: Lucio  
and the liuely Hellena.

A faire assemblie, whither should they come?

Ser. Vp.

Rg. Whither to supper?

Ser. To our house.

Rg. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

Ro. Indeed I should haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now ile tell you without asking. My maister is the great  
rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Mountagues, I  
pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.

Ben. At this same auncient feast of Capulets,  
Supps the faire Rosaline whom thou so loues:

With all the admired beauties of Verona,

Go thither, and with vnattainted eye,  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Rg. When the deuout religion of mine eye,  
Maintaines such falshood, then tuine teares to fier:  
And these who often drownde, could neuer die,  
Transparent Hereticques be burnt for liers.  
One fairer then my loue, the all seeing Sun,  
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

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

Ro. Ile go along no such light to be showne,

But

of Romeo and Iuliet.

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my maidenhead, at twelue years old I had her  
come, what Lamb, what Ladie-bird, God forbid,  
Wheres this Girle? what Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. Your mother.

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talk  
in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembered mee,  
thou se heare our counsel. Thou knowest my daughters of a pre-  
tie age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it  
spoken, I haue but foure, shees not fourteene.

How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come Lammas Eue at  
night, stal she be fourteen. Susan and she, God rest all Christian soules,  
were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me: But  
as I said, on Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall  
shee marrie, I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake now  
eleuen yeares, and she was we and I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies  
of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laide worme-wood to my  
dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Doue-house wall. My Lord and  
you were then at Mantua, nay I doo beare a braine. But as I said,  
when it did taste the worme-wood on the nipple of my dug, and  
felt it bitter, pretie foole, to see it teachie and fall out with the Dugge.  
Shake quoth the Doue-house, twas no need I trow to bid me trudge:  
and since that time it is a leuen yeares, for then she could stand by lone,  
nay byth roode she could haue run and waddled all about: for euen  
the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, God be with  
his

his



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his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke up the child, yea quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not lule? And by my holydam, the pretie wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a scast shall come about: I warrant, and I should live a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not lule quoth he? and pretie soole it stunted, and said I.

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

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, and say I: and yet I warrant it had upon it brow, a bump as big as a young Cockrels stone: a perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst upon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age: wilt thou not lule? It stunted, and said I.

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nursed, and I might live to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La. Marrie, that marrie is the very theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter Juliet, How stands your dispositions to be married?

Juliet. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst sucked wisedome from thy teate.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you Here in Verona, Ladies of esteeme, Are made alreadie mothers by my count. I was your mother, much vpon these yeares That you are now a maide, thus then in briefe: The valiant Paris seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.

Old La. Veronas Sommer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hees a flower, is saith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our feast, Reade ore the volume of young Paris face,

And

of Romeo and Iuliet.

And find delight, writ there with bewties pen,  
Examine euery married liniament,  
And see how one an other lends content:  
And what obscurde in this faire volume lies,  
Finde written in the margeant of his eyes.  
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound louer,  
To bewtifise him, onely lacks a Couer.  
The fish liues in the sea, and tis much pride  
For faire without the faire, within to hide:  
That booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie  
That in gold claspes locks in the golden storie:  
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,  
By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of Paris loue?

Jul. He looke to like, if looking liking moue.

But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,  
Then your consent giues strength to make flie. *Enter Seruing.*

Ser. Madam the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cald, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse curst in the Pantrie, and euerie thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straighte.

Mo. We follow thee, Juliet the Countie staies.

Nur. Go gyrl, seeke happie nights to happie dayes:

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with five or sixe other Maskers, torchbearers.*

Romeo. What shall this spech be spoke for our excuse?  
Or shall we on without appologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,  
Wee le haue no Cupid, hudwinckt with a skarfe,  
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,  
Skaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper.  
But let them measure vs by what they will,  
Wee le measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a torch, I am not for this ambling,

C

Being

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

Being but heauie I will beare the light.

*Mercu.* Nay gentle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.

*Ro.* Not I beleue me, you haue dancing shooes  
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of Leade  
So stokes me to the ground I cannot moue.

*Mer.* You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,  
And fore with them aboue a common bound.

*Rom.* I am too sore enptarced with his shaft,  
To fore with his light feathers, and so bound,  
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe;

*Horatio.* And to sink in it should you burthen loue,  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

*Rom.* Is ~~love~~ a tender thing it is too rough,  
Too rude, ~~and~~ boystrous, and it prickes like thorne.

*Mer.* If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue:  
Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe,  
Giue ~~me~~ a case to put my visage in,

A visor for a visor, what care I  
What curious eye doth cote deformities:

Here are the beetle browes shall blush for me.

*Benu.* Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,  
But euery man betake him to his leg.

*Ro.* A torch for me, let wantons light of heart  
Tickle the sencelesse rushes with their heeles:

For I am prouerb'd with a graunfire phrase,  
He be a candle-holder and looke on,

The game was nere so faire, and I am dum.

*Mer.* Tut, duns the mouse, the Constables own word.  
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire  
Or saue you reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest.

Vp to the eares, come we burne daylight ho.

*Ro.* Nay thats not so.

*Mer.* I meane sit in delay  
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:  
Take our good meaning, for our indgement sits,

Five

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wies.

*Ro.* And we meane well in going to this Mask,  
But tis no wit to go.

*Mer.* Why, may one a ke?

*Rom.* I dreamt a dreame to night.

*Mer.* And so did I.

*Ro.* Well what was yours?

*Mer.* That dreamers often lie.

*Ro.* In bed asleep while they do dream things true.

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

She is the Fairies midwife, and she comes in shape no bigger than  
an A got stone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne with  
a teeme of little ottamie, ouer mens noses as they lie asleep: her  
waggō spokes made of lōg spinners legs: the couer, of the wings  
of Grasshoppers, her traces of the smallest spider web, her collors  
of the moonshines watry beams, her whip of Crickets bone, the  
lash of Philome, her waggoner, a small grey coated Gnat, not  
half so big as a round litle worme, prickt from the lazic finger of  
a man. Her Charriot is an emptie Hasel nut, Made by the loyner  
squirrel or old Grub, time out amind, the Fairies Coachmakers:  
and in this state she gallops night by night, through louers brains,  
and then they dreame of loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame  
on Curlies strait, ore Lawyers fingers who strait dreame on fees,  
ore Ladies lips who strait one killees dream, which oft the angrie  
*Mab* with blisters plagues, because their breath with sweete  
meates tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose,  
and then dreames he of smelling out a sute: and sometime comes  
she with a tithpigs tale, tickling a Persons nose as a lies asleepe,  
then he dreams of an other Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore  
a souldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting forrain throates,  
of breaches, ambuscados, spanish blades: Of healths fiue fadome  
deepe, and then anon drums in his eare, at which he starts and  
wakes, and being thus frightened, swears a praier or two. & sleeps  
again: this is that very *Mab* that plats the manes of hortes in the  
night: and bakes the Elklocks in foule sluttish haies, which  
once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.

you

C 2

This

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,  
That presses them and learns them first to beare,  
Making them women of good carriage:  
This is she.

*Romeo.* Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,  
Thou talkst of nothing.

*Mer.* True, I talke of dreames:  
Which are the children of an idle braine,  
Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie:  
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,  
And more inconstant then the wind who woocs,  
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:  
And being angerd puffes away from thence,  
Turning his side to the dewe dropping South.

*Ben.* This wind you talk of, blows vs from our selues,  
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

*Ro.* I feare too earlie, for my mind misgiues,  
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,  
Shall bitterly begin his featfull date,  
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme  
Of a despised life closde in my brest:

By some vile forfeit of yntimely death.  
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,  
Direct my sute, on lustie Gentlemen.

*Ben.* Strike drum.

*They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with  
Napkins,*

*Enter Romeo.*

*Ser.* Wheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away?  
Ho thise a trencher, ho scrape a trencher?

1. When good manners shall lie all in one or two mens hands  
And they vnwast too, tis a foule thing.

*Ser.* Away with the ioynstooles, remoue the Courtcubbert,  
looke to the plate, good thou, saue me a peece of March-pane,  
and as thou loues me, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and  
*Nell, Anthonie* and *Potpan*.

2. I Boy

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

2. I hoy readie.

*Ser.* You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and sought for in  
the great chamber.

3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,  
Be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all.

*Exunt.*

*Enter all the guests and gentlewomen to the  
Maskers.*

1. *Capu.* Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes  
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:  
Ah my mistesses, which of you all  
Will now denie to daunce, she that makes daintie,  
She Ile swear hath Corns: am I come neare ye now?  
Welcome gentlemen, I haue seene the day  
That I haue worne a visor and could tell  
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare:  
Such as would please: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,  
You are welcome, gentlemen come, Musitions play.

*Musick playes and they dance.*

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it gyrles,  
More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp:  
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.  
Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:  
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin *Capulet*,  
For you and I are past our dauncing dayes:  
How long ist now since last your selfe and I  
Were in a maske?

2. *Capu.* Be Mady thirtie yeares.

1. *Capu.* What man tis not so much, tis not so much,  
Tis since the nuptiall of *Lucientio*:  
Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,  
Some five and twentie yeares, and then we make.

2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder sir:  
His sonne is thirtie.

1. *Capu.* Will you tell me that?  
His sonne was but a ward 2. yeares ago.

C 3

*Romeo.* What

The most lamentable Tragedie

Ro. What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder Knights?

Ser. I know not sir.

Ro. O she doth teach the torches to burn bright:  
It seemes she hangs vpon the checke of night:  
As a rich Iewel in an Ethiops eare,  
Bewtie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:  
So shewes a snowie Doue trooping with Crowes,  
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes shewes:  
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,  
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.  
Did my hart loue till now, forswear it sight,  
For I nere saw true bewtie till this night.

Tib. This by his voyce, should be a *Montague*.  
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the slau  
Come hither couerd with an anticque face,  
To scerne and scorne at our solemnitie?  
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,  
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why how now kinsman, wherefore storme

Tib. Vncle, this is a *Montague* our foe: (you see)  
A villaine that is hither come in spight,  
To scorne at our solemnitie this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo* is it.

Tib. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,  
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:  
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,  
To be a vertuous and welgouernd youth,  
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,  
Here in my house do him disparagement:  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,  
It is my will, the which if thou respect,  
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,  
An illbe seeming semblance for a feast.

Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a guest,

Ile

of *Romeo and Iuliet*.

Ile not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured.

hat goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,  
Am I the master here or you? go too,  
Youle not endure him, god shall mend my soule,  
Youle make a mutinie among my guests:  
You wil set cock a hoope, youle be the man.

Ti. Why Vncle, tis a shame.

Cap. Go too, go too,

You are a sawcie boy, ist so indeed?

This trick may chance to scath you I know what,

You must contrarie me, marrie tis time,

Well said my hearts, you are a princox, go.

Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,

Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.

Ti. Patience perforce, with wilfull choller meeting,

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall

Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitterest gall. *Exit.*

Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,

My lips two blushing Pylgrims did readie stand,

To smoothe that rough touch with a tender kis.

In. Good Pilgrim you do wrōg your hād too much

Which mannerly deuocion shewes in this,

For saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,

And palme to palme is holy Palmers kis.

Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?

In. I Pilgrim, lipsthat they must vse in praire.

Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,

They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.

In. Saints do not moue, thogh grant for praiers sake.

Ro. Then moue not while my praiers effect I take,

Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purgd.

In. The haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

Ro. Sin from my lips, ô trespas sweetly vrgd:

Giue



The most lamentable Tragedie

Giue me my sin againe.

*Iul.* Youe kisse bith booke.

*Nur.* Madam your mother craues a word with you.

*Ro.* What is her mother?

*Nurf.* Marrie Batcheler,

Her mother is the Lady of the house,

And a good Ladie, and a wise and vertuous,

I Nurst her daughter that you talke withall:

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall haue the chincks.

*Ro.* Is she a *Capulet*?

O deare account! my life is my foes debt.

*Ben.* Away begon, the sport is at the best.

*Ro.* I so I feare, the more is my vnrest.

*Capu.* Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,

We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards:

Is it ene so? why then I thanke you all.

I thanke you honest gentlemen, good night:

More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.

Ah sirrah, by my faie it waxes late,

Ile to my rest.

*Iul.* Come hither Nurse, what is yond gentleman?

*Nurf.* The sonne and heire of old *Tyberio*.

*Iul.* Whats he that now is going out of doore?

*Nur.* Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.

*Iu.* Whats he that follows here that wold not dance?

*Nur.* I know not.

*Iul.* Go aske his name, if he be married,

My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

*Nurf.* His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague*,

The onely sonne of your great enemye.

*Iul.* My onely loue sprung from my onely hate,

Too earlie seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,

Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,

That I must loue a loathed enemye.

*Nurf.* Whats tis? whats tis.

of *Romeo and Iuliet*.

*Iu.* A rime I learnt euen now  
Of one I danct withall.

*One calls within Iuliet.*

*Nurf.* Anon, anon:  
Come lets away, the strangers all are gone.

*Exeunt.*

*Chorus.*

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,  
And young affection gapes to be his heire,  
That faire for which loue gronde for and would die,  
With tender *Iuliet* match, is now not faire.  
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,  
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:  
But to his foe supposd he must complaine,  
And she steale loues sweete bait from fearful hookes:  
Being held a foe, he may not haue access  
To breathe such vowes as louers vse to sweare,  
And she as much in loue, her meanes much lesse,  
To meete her new beloued any where:  
But passion lends them power, time meanes to meete,  
Tempring extremities with extreme sweete.

*Enter Romeo alone.*

*Ro.* Can I go forward when my heart is here,  
Turne backe du'l earth and find thy Center out.

*Enter Benuolio with Mercutio.*

*Ben.* *Romeo*, my Colen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.

*Mer.* He is wise, and on my life hath stolne him home to bed.

*Ben.* He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall,

Call good *Mercutio*:

Nay Ile coniure too.

*Mer.* *Romeo*, humours, madman, passion louer,

Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,

Speake but on rime and I am satisfied:

Crie but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and day,

Speake to my goship *Venus* one faire word,

One nickname for her purblind sonne and her,

*Iu. A*

*D*

Young



*The most lamentable Tragedie*

Young *Abraham*: *Cupid* he that shot so true,  
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger mayd.  
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,  
The Ape is dead, and I must coniure him.  
I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,  
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quiuering thigh,  
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,  
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

*Ben.* And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

*Mer.* This cannot anger him, twould anger him  
To raise a spirit in his mistresse circle,  
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
Till she had laid it, and coniuied it downe,  
That were some spight.

My inuocation is faire & honest, in his mistres name,  
I coniure onely but to raise vp him.

*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees  
To be consoled with the humerous night:  
Blind is his loue, and best befits the darke.

*Mer.* If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,  
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,  
And with his mistresse were that kind of fruite,  
As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.  
*O Romeo* that she were, ô that she were  
An open, or thou a Poprin Pear.

*Romeo* goodnight, ste to my truckle bed,  
This field-bed is too col'd for me to sleepe,  
Come shall we go?

*Ben.* Go then, for tis in vaine to seeke him here  
That meanes not to be found.

*Exit.*

*Ro.* He icasts at scarres that neuer felt a wound,  
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?  
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sun.  
Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,  
Who is alreadie sicke and pale with greefe,

That

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

That thou her maide art far more faire then shee:  
Be not her maide since she is enuious,  
Her vest all liuery is but sicke and greene,  
And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off:  
It is my Lady, ô it is my loue, ô that she knew she wer,  
She speaks, yet she saies nothing, what of that?  
Her eye discourfes, I will answere it:  
I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes:  
Two of the fairest starres in all the heauen,  
Hauing some busines to entreate her eyes,  
To twinkle in their spheres till they returne.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,  
The brightnesse of her cheek wold shame those stars.  
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,  
Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,  
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:  
See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.  
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheeke.

*Iu.* Ayme.

*Ro.* She speakes.

Oh speake againe bright Angel, for thou art  
As glorious to this night being ore my head,  
As is a winged messenger of heauen  
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes,  
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,  
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,  
And sayles vpon the bosome of the ayre.

*Iuli.* O *Romeo, Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?  
Denie thy father and refuse thy name:  
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my loue,  
And ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

*Ro.* Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?

*Iu.* Tis but thy name that is my enimie:  
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountagne*,  
Whats *Mountagne*? it is nor hand nor foote,

D 2

Nor

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

Nor arme nor face, ô be some other name  
Belonging to a man.

Whats in a name that which we call a rose,  
By any other word would smell as sweete,  
So *Romeo* would wene he not *Romeo* cald,  
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,  
Without that tytle, *Romeo* doffe thy name,  
And for thy name which is no part of thee,  
Take all my selfe.

*Ro.* I take thee at thy word:  
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,  
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

*Iuli.* What man art thou, that thus beschreend in  
So stumblest on my counsell? (night)

*Ro.* By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I  
My name deare saint, is hatefull to my selfe, (am:  
Because it is an enemy to thee,  
Had I it written, I wou'd teare the word.

*Iuli.* My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words  
Of thy tongus vitering, yet I know the sound.  
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague*?

*Ro.* Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike:

*Iuli.* How camest thou hither, tel me, and wherfore?  
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kismen find thee here.

*Ro.* With loues light wings did I orepearch these  
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out, (walls,  
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

*Iu.* If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

*Ro.* Alack there lies more perill in thine eye,  
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,  
And I am prooffe against their enmitie.

*Iuli.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.

*Ro. I*

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

*Ro.* I haue nights cloake to hide me frō their eies,  
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,  
My life were better ended by their hate,  
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.

*Iu.* By whose direction foundst thou out this place?

*Ro.* By loue that first did prompt me to enquire,  
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes:  
I am no Pylat, yet wert thou as farre  
As that vast shore washeth with the farthest sea,  
I should aduenture for such marchandise.

*Iu.* Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,  
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,  
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie  
What I haue spoke, but farwell complement.

Doest thou loue me? I know thou wilt say I:  
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swearst,  
Thou maiest proue false at louers periuries.  
They say *Ioue* laughes, oh gentle *Romeo*,  
If thou dost loue, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,  
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt wooe, but else not for the world,  
In truth faire *Montague* I am too fond:

And therefore thou maiest think my behavior light,  
But trust me gentleman, ile proue more true,  
Then those that haue coying to be strange,  
I should haue bene more strange, I must confesse,  
But that thou ouerheardst ere I was ware,  
My truloue passion, therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,  
Which the darke night hath so discovered.

*Ro.* Lady, by yonder blessed Moone I vow,  
That tips with siluer all these frute tree tops.

*Iu.* O swear not by the moone th'inconstant moone,  
That monethly changes in her circle or be,

D 3

Least

The most lamentable Tragedie

Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.

*Ro.* What shall I sweare by?

*Iu.* Do not sweare at all:

Or if thou wilt, sweare by thy gracious selfe,  
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,  
And Ile belecue thee.

*Ro.* If my hearts deare loue.

*Iu.* Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:  
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,  
It is too rash, too vnaduis'd, too sudden,  
Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,  
Ere one can say, it lightens, sweete goodnight:  
This bud of loue by Sommers ripening breath,  
May proue a bewtious floure when next we meete,  
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,  
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

*Ro.* O wilt thou leaue me so vnatisfied?

*Iu.* What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?

*Ro.* Th'exchange of thy loues faithful vow for mine.

*Iu.* I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it:  
And yet I would it were to giue againe.

*Ro.* Woldst thou withdraw it, for what purpose loue?

*Iu.* But to be franke and giue it thee againe,  
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,  
My bountie is as boundlesse as the sea,  
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee  
The more I haue, for both are infinite:  
I heare some noyse within, deare loue adue:  
Anon good nurse, sweete *Montague* be true:  
Stay but a little, I will come againe.

*Ro.* O blessed blessed night, I am afeard  
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,  
Too flattering sweete to be substantiall.

*Iu.* Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,  
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,

By

of *Romeo and Iuliet*.

By one that i'le procure to come to thee,  
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,  
And all my fortunes at thy foote ile lay,  
And follow thee my L. throughout the world. Madam.  
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,  
I do beseech thee (by and by I come) Madam.  
To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe,  
To morrow will I send.

*Ro.* So thriue my soule.

*Iu.* A thousand times goodnight.

*Ro.* A thousand times the worse to want thy light,  
Loue goes toward loue as schooleboyes from their bookes,  
But loue from loue, toward schoole with heauie lookes.

*Enter Iuliet againe.*

*Iuli.* Hist *Romeo* hist, o for a falkners voyce,  
To lure this Tassel gentle back againe,  
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,  
Else would I teare the Caue where *Eccho* lies,  
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then  
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

*Ro.* It is my soule that calls vpon my name.  
How siluer sweete, sound louers tongues by night,  
Like softest musicke to attending eares.

*Iu.* *Romeo*.

*Ro.* My Neece.

*Iu.* What a clocke to morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

*Ro.* By the houre of nine.

*Iu.* I will not faile, tis twentie yeare till then,  
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

*Ro.* Let me stand here till thou remember it.

*Iu.* I shall forget to haue thee still stand there,  
Remembering how I loue thy companie.

*Ro.* And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

*Iu.* Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,  
And yet no farther then a wantons bird,

That

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

That lets it hop a litle from his hand,  
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted giues,  
And with a silken threed, plucks it backe againe,  
So louing Iealous of his libertie.

*Ro.* I would I were thy bird.

*Iu.* Sweete so would I,  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:  
Good night, good night.

Parting is such sweete sorrow,  
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.

*Iu.* Sleep dwel vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

*Ro.* Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest  
The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,  
Checking the Easterne Clouds with streaks of light,  
And darknesse fleckted like a drunkard reeles,  
From forth daies pathway, made by *Tytans* wheeles.  
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close cell,  
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

*Exit.*

*Enter Frier alone with a basket.*

(night,

*Fri.* The grey-eyed morne smiles on the frowning  
Checking the Easterne clowdes with streaks of light:  
And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,  
From forth daies path, and *Tytans* burning wheeles:  
Now ere the sun aduance his burning eie,  
The day to cheere, and nights dancke dewe to drie,  
I must vpsill this osier cage of ours,  
With balefull weedes, and precious iuyced flowers,  
The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,  
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe:  
And from her wombe children of diuers kinde,  
We sucking on her naturall bosome finde:  
Many for many, vertues excellent:  
None but for some, and yet all different.  
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies  
In Plants, hearbes, stones, and their true qualities:

For

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,  
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:  
Nor ought so good but straind from that true vse,  
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.  
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,  
And vice sometime by action dignified.

*Enter Romeo.*

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower  
Poyson hath residence and medicine power:  
For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part,  
Being tasted, staies all senses with the hart.  
Two such opposed Kings encamp them still,  
In man as well as hearbes, grace and rude will:  
And where the worser is predominant,  
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

*Ro.* Goodmorrow father.

*Fri.* Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweete saluteth me?  
Young sonne, it argues a distempered hed,  
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:  
Care keeps his watch in euery old mans eye,  
And where care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:  
But where vnbrused youth with vnstufte braine  
Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raigne.  
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me allure,  
Thou art vprousd with some distemperature:  
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,  
Our *Romeo* hath not bene in bed to night.

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

*Fri.* God pardon sin, wast thou with *Rosaline*?

*Ro.* With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father no,  
I haue forgot that name, and that names wo.

*Fri.* Thats my good son, but wher hast thou bin the?

*Ro.* Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:  
I haue bene feasting with mine enemy,  
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me:

E

That

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

Thats by me wounded both, our remedies  
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:  
I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe  
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Fri.* Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,  
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.

*Ro.* Then plainly know my hearts deare loue is set  
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,  
And all combind, saue what thou must combine  
By holy marriage, when and where, and how,  
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:  
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

*Fri.* Holy *S. Francis* what a change is here?  
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst loue so deare,  
So soone forsaken? yong mens loue then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.  
*Iesu Mari*, what a deale of brine  
Hath washt thy fallow checkes for *Rosaline*?  
How much salt water throwne away in waste,  
To season loue, that of it doth not taste.  
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares  
Thy old grones yet ringing in mine auncient eares:  
Lo here vpon thy checke the staine doth sit,  
Of an old teare that is not wait off yet.  
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*.

And art thou chang'd, pronounce this sentence then,  
Women may fall, when theres no strength in men.

*Ro.* Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

*Fri.* For doting, not for louing pupill mine.

*Ro.* And badst me burie loue.

*Fri.* Not in a graue,  
To lay one in an other out to haue.

*Ro.* I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now.

Doth

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:  
The other did not so.

*Fri.* O she knew well,  
Thy loue did reade by rote, that could not spell:  
But come yong wauerer, come go with me,  
In one respect ile thy assistant be:  
For this alliance may so happie proue,  
To turne your households rancor to pure loue.

*Ro.* O let vs hence, I stand on sudden halt.

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.*

*Mer.* Where the deule should this *Romeo* be? came hee not  
home to night?

*Ben.* Not to his fathers. I spoke with his man.

*Mer.* Why that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Rosaline*,  
Torment him so, that he will sure run mad.

*Ben.* *Tybalt*, the kisman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a letter to his  
fathers house.

*Mer.* A challenge on my life.

*Ben.* *Romeo* will answere it.

*Mer.* Any man that can write may answere a letter.

*Ben.* Nay, he wil answere the letters maister how he dares, be-  
ing dared.

*Mercu.* Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead, slabd with a  
white wenchs blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue  
song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde  
bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is hee a man to encounter *Ty-  
balt*?

*Ro.* Why what is *Tybalt*?

*Mer.* More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the courageous  
captain of Compliments: he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps  
time, distance & proportion, he rests, his minum rests, one two,  
and the third in your bosome: the very butcher of a silk but-  
ton, a duellist a duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the

E 2

first



The most lamentable Tragedie

first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerfo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: by Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamētable thing graundfir, that we should be thus afflicted with these straunge flies: these fashion-mongers, these pardons mees, who stand so much on the new forme, 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 Hering, O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his Lady, was a kitchin wench. marrie she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipsie, Hellen and Hero, hildings and harlots: This be a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, Bonieur, theres a French salutation to your French slop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairly last night.

Ro. Goodmorrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

Ro. Pardon good Mercutio, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. Thats as much as to say, such a case as yours, constrains a man to bow in the ham.

Ro. Meaning to curlesie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Ro. A most curtuous exposition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Ro. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Ro. Why then is my pump well flowerd.

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

Re. O

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Ro. O single solde ieast, solie singular for the singlenesse.

Mer. Come betweene vs good Benuolio, my wits faints.

Ro. Swits and spurs, swits and spurres, or ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wildgoose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the wildgoose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I with you there for the goose?

Ro. Thou wast neuer with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieast.

Rom. Nay good goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting, it is a most sharp sawce.

Rom. And is it not then well seru'd in to a sweete goose?

Mer. Oh heres a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Ro. I stretch it out for that word broad, which added to the goose, proues thee farre and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now then groning for loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature, for this driueling loue is like a great natural: that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldst else haue made thy tale large.

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

Ro. Heeres goodly geare.

Enter Nurse and her man.

A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two two, a shert and a smocke.

Nur. Peter:

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan. Peter.

Mer. Good Peter to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.

Nur. God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

E 3

Mer. God

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

*Mer.* God ye goodden faire gentlewoman.

*Nur.* Is it good den?

*Mer.* Tis no lesse I tell yee, for the bawdie hand of the dial, is now vpon the prick of noone.

*Nur.* Out vpon you, what a man are you?

*Ro.* One gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself to mar.

*Nur.* By my troth it is well said, for himselfe to mar quoth a? Gētemē cā any of you tel me wher I may find the yong *Romeo*?

*Ro.* I can tell you, but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

*Nur.* You say well.

*Mer.* Yea is the worst wel, very wel took, ifaith, wisely, wisely.

*Nur.* If you be he sir, I desire some confidence with you.

*Ben.* She will endite him to some supper.

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

*Ro.* What hast thou found?

*Mer.* No hare sir, vnlesse a hare sir in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.

An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meate in lent.

But a hare that is hore, is too much for a score, when it hores ere it be spent.

*Romeo*, will you come to your fathers? weele to dinner thither.

*Ro.* I will follow you.

*Mer.* Farewell auncient Lady, farewe!! Lady, Lady, Lady.

*Exeunt.*

*Nur.* I pray you sir, what sawcie merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?

*Ro.* A gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then hee will stand too in a moneth.

*Nur.* And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, and a were lustier then he is, and tventie such lacks: and if I cannot, ile finde those that shall: seuruic knaue, I am none of his flut gills, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must

stand

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

stand by too and suffer euery knaue to vse me at his pleasure.

*Pet.* I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon shuld quickly haue bin out: I warrant you, I dare draw as soone as an other man, if I see occasion in a goodquarel, & the law on my side.

*Nur.* Now afore God, I am so vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruic knaue: pray you sir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behauior as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: and therefore, if you should deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offred to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

*Rom.* Nurse, commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest vnto thee.

*Nur.* Good heart, and yfaith I wil tel her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a ioyfull woman.

*Ro.* What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou dooest not marke me?

*Nur.* I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

*Ro.* Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoone, And there she shall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell Be shrieued and married: here is for thy paines.

*Nur.* No truly sir not a penny.

*Ro.* Go too, I say you shall.

*Nur.* This afternoone sir, well she shall be there.

*Ro.* And stay good Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,  
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,  
And bring thee cordes made like a tack'd stayre,  
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,  
Must be my conuoy in the secret night.  
Farewell be trustie, and ile quit thy paines:  
Farewel, commend me to thy Mistresse.

*Nur.* Now

The most lamentable Tragedie

*Nur.* Now God in heaven blesse thee, ha ke you sir.

*Ro.* What saist thou my deare Nurse?

*Nur.* Is your man secret, did you nere here say, two may keep counsell putting one away.

*Ro.* Warrant thee my mans as true as Steele.

*Nur.* Well sir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a litle prating thing. O there is a Noble man in town one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboard. but she good soule had as leue see a tode, a very tode as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I say so, she lookes as pale as any clout in the verfall world, doth not *Rosemarie* and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

*Ro.* I Nurse, what of that? Both with an *R*.

*Nur.* A mocker thats the dog, name *R*. is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the priestest sententious of it, of you and *Rosemarie*, that it would co you good to heare it.

*Ro.* Commend me to thy Lady.

*Nur.* I a thousand times *Peter*.

*Pet.* Anon.

*Nur.* Before and apace.

Enter *Juliet*.

*Ju.* The clocke strooke nine when I did send the Nurse,  
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,  
Perchance she cannot meete him, thats not so:  
Oh she is lime, loues heraulds should be thoughts,  
Which ten times faster glides then the Sun's beames,  
Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowering hills.  
Therefore do nimble piniond doves draw loue,  
And therefore hath the wind swift *Cupid* wings:  
Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill,  
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine til. twelue,  
Is there long houres, yet she is not come,  
Had she affections and warme youthfull bloud,

Exit.

She

of *Romeo and Juliet*.

She would be as swift in motion as a ball,  
My words would bandie her to my sweete loue.

*M.* And his to me, but old folks, many faine as they wer dead,  
Vnwieldie, slowe, heauiie, and pale as lead.

Enter *Nurse*.

O God she comes, ô hony Nurse what newes?  
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

*Nur.* *Peter* stay at the gate.

*Ju.* Now good sweete *Nurse*, O Lord, why lookest thou sad:  
Though newes be sad, yet tell them merily.  
If good, thou shamest the musicke of sweete newes,  
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.

*Nur.* I am a wearie, giue me leaue a while,  
Fie how my bones ake, what a iauince haue I?

*Ju.* I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:  
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.

*Nur.* Iesu what haste, can you not stay a while?  
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

*Ju.* How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?  
The excuse that thou doest make in this delay,  
Is longer then the tale thou doest excuse.  
Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,  
Say either, and ile stay the circumstance:  
Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?

*Nur.* Well, you haue made a simple choyse, you know not  
how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face be bet-  
ter then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a hand  
and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet  
they are past compare: he is not the flower of curtesie, but ile  
warrant him, as gentle as a lamme: go thy wayes wench, serue  
God. What haue you dinde at home?

*Ju.* No, no. But all this did I know before.  
What sayes he of our marriage, what of that?

*Nur.* Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?  
It beates as it would fall in twentie peeces.

F

My

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

My back a tother side, a my backe, my backe  
Beshrwe your heart for sending me about  
To catch my death with iaunfing vp and downe.

*In.* Ifaith I am forrie that thou art not well.

Sweete, sweete, sweete Nurse, tell me what sayes my loue?

*Nur.* Your loue sayes like an honest gentleman,  
An a Courteous, and a kinde, and a handsome,  
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?

*In.* Where is my mother, why she is within, wher should she be?  
How odly thou repliest:

Your loue sayes like an honest gentleman,  
Where is your mother?

*Nur.* O Gods lady deare,  
Are you so hot, marrie come vp I trow,  
Is this the poultis for my aking bones:

Henceforward do your messages your selfe.

*In.* Heres such a coyle, come what saies Romeo?

*Nur.* Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?

*In.* I haue.

*Nur.* Then high you hence to Frier Lawrence Cell,  
There stayer a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blond vp in your cheekes,  
Theile be in scarlet straight as any newes:

Hie you to Church, I must an other way,  
To fetch a Ladder by the which your loue

Must climbe a birds nest soone when it is darke,  
I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight:

But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.  
Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

*In.* Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse farewell.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Frier and Romeo.*

*Fri.* So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,  
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.

*Ro.* Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,  
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

That one short minute giues me in her sight  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then loue-deuouring death do what he dare,  
It is inough I may but call her mine.

*Fri.* These violent delights haue violent endes,  
And in their triumph die like fier and powder:  
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in his owne delicioufnesse,  
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.  
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so,  
Too swift arriues, as tardie as too slowe.

*Enter Iuliet.*

Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foote  
Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,  
A louer may bestride the gossamours,  
That ydeles in the wanton sommer ayre,  
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

*In.* Good euen to my ghostly confessor.

*Fri.* Romeo shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.

*In.* As much to him, else is his thankes too much.

*Ro.* Ah Iuliet, if the measure of thy ioy  
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more  
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musicke tongue,  
Vnfold the imagind happines that both  
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.

*In.* Conceit more rich in matter then in words,  
Brags of his substance, not of ornament,  
They are but beggers that can count their worth,  
But my true loue is growne to such excesse,  
I cannot sum vp sum of ha'fe my wealth.

*Fri.* Come, come with me, and we will make short  
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone, (worke,  
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

F 2

*Enter*



*The most lamentable Tragedie*

*Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.*

*Ben.* I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,  
The day is hot, the *Capels* abroad:  
And if we meete we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot  
daies, is the mad blood stirring.

*Mer.* Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters  
the confines of a *Tauerne*, claps me his sword vpon the table,  
and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation  
of the 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 lacke in thy moode as  
any in *Italie*: and as soone moued to be moodie, and as soone  
moodie to be moued.

*Ben.* And what too?

*Mer.* Nay and there were two such, we should haue none  
shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt  
quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his  
beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking  
Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast haseleyes:  
what eye, but such an eye wold spie out such a quarrel? thy head  
is as full of quarells, as an egge is full of meate, and yet thy  
head hath bene beaten as addle as an egge for quarelling: thou  
hast quareld with a man for cossing in the streete, because hee  
hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine asleep in the sun. Didst  
thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet be-  
fore Easter, with another for tying his new shooes with olde ri-  
band, and yet thou wilt tute me from quarelling?

*Ben.* And I were so apt to quarrell as thou art, any man should  
buy the fee-simple of my life for an houre and a quarter.

*Mer.* The fee-simple, ô simple.

*Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.*

*Ben.* By my head here comes the *Capulets*.

*Mer.* By my heele I care not.

*Tybalt.* Follow me close, for I will speake to them.  
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

*Mer.*

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

*Mer.* And but one word with one of vs, couple it with some-  
thing, make it a word and a blowe.

*Tyb.* You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you wil giue  
me occasion.

*Mercu.* Could you not take some occasion without gi-  
uing?

*Tyb.* *Mercutio*, thou consortest with *Romeo*.

*Mer.* Consort, what doest thou make vs *Minstrels*? and thou  
make *Minstrels* of vs, looke to hear nothing but discords: heeres  
my fiddlesticke, heeres that shall make you daunce: zounds con-  
sort.

*Ben.* We talke here in the publike haunt of men:  
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,  
Or reason coldly of your greuances:  
Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

*Mer.* Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.  
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

*Enter Romeo.*

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

*Mer.* But ile be hangd sir if he weare your luerie:  
*Marrie* go before to field, heele be your follower,  
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

*Tyb.* *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can afford  
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

*Ro.* *Tybalt*, the reason that I haue to loue thee,  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting: villaine am I none.  
Therefore farewell, I see thou knowest me not.

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

*Ro.* I do protest I neuer iniuried thee,  
But loue thee better then thou canst deuise:  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,  
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender  
As dearly as mine owne, be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:

F . 3

*Alas*



The most lamentable Tragedie

*Alla stucato* carries it away,

*Tybalt*, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

*Tib.* What wouldst thou haue with me?

*M.* Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall vte mee hereafter drie beate the rest of the eight. Will you plucke your sword out of his pilcher by the eares? make haste, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.

*Tib.* I am for you.

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

*Mer.* Come sir, your Pallado.

*Rom.* Draw *Benuolio*, beate downe their weapons, Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage,  
*Tybalt*, *Mercutio*, the Prince expressly hath Forbid this bandying in *Verona* streetes,  
Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Away *Tybalt*.

*Mer.* I am hurt.

A plague a both houses, I am sped,  
Is he gone and hath nothing.

*Ben.* What art thou hurt?

*Mer.* I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marrie tis inough,  
Where is my Page? go villaine, fetch a Surgion.

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

*Mer.* No tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore, but ris inough, it will serue: aske for me to morrow, and you shall finde me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houses, sounds a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death: a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the book of arithmatick, why the deule came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

*Ro.* I thought all for the best.

*Mer.* Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,

Or

of *Romeo and Iuliet*.

Or I shall faint, a plague a both your houses,  
They haue made wormes meate of me,  
I haue it, and soundly, to your houses.

*Exit.*

*Ro.* This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,  
My very friend hath got this mortall hurt  
In my behalfe, my reputation staine  
With *Tybals* slaunders, *Tybalt* that an houre  
Hath bene my Cozen, O sweete *Iuliet*,  
Thy bewtie hath made me effeminate,  
And in my temper softned valours Steele.

Enter *Benuolio*.

*Ben.* O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,  
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Clowdes,  
Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.

*Ro.* This dayes blacke fate, on mo daies doth deped,  
This but begins, the wo others must end.

*Ben.* Here comes the furious *Tybalt* backe againe.

*Ro.* He gan in triumph and *Mercutio* slaine,  
Away to heauen, respectiue lenitie,  
And fier end furie, be my conduct now,  
Now *Tybalt* take the villaine backe againe,  
That late thou gauest me, for *Mercutios* soule  
Is but a little way about our heads,  
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:  
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

*Ty.* Thou wretched boy that didst cōfort him here,  
Shalt with him hence.

*Ro.* This shall determine that.

*They Fight. Tybalt faller.*

*Ben.* *Romeo*, away be gone:  
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* slaine,  
Stand not amazed, the Prince wil doome thee death,  
If thou art taken, hence be gone away.

*Ro.* O

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

*Ro.* O I am fortunes foole.

*Ben.* Why dost thou stay?

*Exit Romeo.*

*Enter Citizens.*

*Citi.* Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?  
*Tybalt* that murtherer, which way ran he?

*Ben.* There lies that *Tybalt*.

*Citi.* Vp sir, go with me:

I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

*Enter Prince, old Moutague, Capulet,*  
*their wives and all.*

*Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

*Ben.* O Noble Prince, I can discover all:  
The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,  
There lies the man slaine by young *Romeo*,  
That slew thy kisman, braue *Mercutio*.

*Capu. Wi.* *Tybalt*, my Cozin, O my brothers child,  
O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O the bloud is spild  
Of my deare kisman, Prince as thou art true,  
For bloud of ours, shead bloud of Moutague.  
O Cozin, Cozin.

*Prin.* *Benuolio*, who began this bloodie fray?

*Ben.* *Tybalt* here slain, whom *Romeos* hand did slay,  
*Romeo* that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke  
How nice the quarell was, and vrgd withall  
Your high displeasure all this vttered,  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed  
Could not take truce with the vnruely spleene  
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts  
With piercing steele at bold *Mercutios* breast,  
Who all as hot, turnes deadly poynt to poynt,  
And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates  
Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
It backe to *Tybalt*, whose dexteritie  
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,  
Hold friends, friends part, and swifter then his tongue,

His

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

His aged arme beates downe their fatall poynts,  
And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,  
An enuious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the life  
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled,  
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,  
Who had but newly entertaind reuenge,  
And toote they go like lightning, for ere I  
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slaine:  
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,  
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.

*Ca. Wi.* He is a kisman to the *Moutague*,  
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:  
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife,  
And ail those twentie could but kill one life.  
I beg for Iustice which thou Prince must giue:  
*Romeo* slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not liue.

*Prin.* *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,  
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.

*Capu.* Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,  
His fault concludes, but what the law should end,  
The life of *Tybalt*.

*Prin.* And for that offence,  
Immediately we do exile him hence:  
I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding:  
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.  
But ile amerce you with so strong a fine,  
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.  
It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,  
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.  
Therefore vse none, let *Romeo* hence in hast,  
Else when he is found, that houre is his last.  
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,  
Mercie but murders, pardoning those that kill.

*Exit.*

*Enter Iuliet alone.*

Gallop apace, you fierie footed steedes,

G

Towards

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

Towards *Phaebus* lodging, such a wagoner  
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,  
And bring in clowdie night immediately.  
Spread thy close curtaine loue-performing night,  
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*  
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnscene,  
Louers can see to do their amorous rights,  
And by their owne bewties, or if loue be blind,  
It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,  
Thou sober suted matron all in blacke,  
And learne me how to loose a winning match,  
Plaide for a paire of stainlesse maydenhoods.  
Hood my vnmand bloud bayting in my cheekes,  
With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,  
Thinke true loue acted simple modestie:  
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,  
For thou wilt lie vpon the winges of night,  
Whiter then new snow vpon a *Rauens* backe:  
Come gentle night, come louting black browd night,  
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little starres,  
And he will make the face of heauen so fine,  
That all the world will be in loue with night,  
And pay no worship to the garish Sun.  
O I haue bought the mansion of a loue,  
But not possist it, and though I am sold,  
Not yet enioyd, so tedious is this day,  
As is the night before some festiuall,  
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 newes, and euery tongue that speaks  
But *Romeos* name, speaks heauenly eloquence:  
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there,  
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

*Nur. I,*

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

*Nur. I, I, the cords.*

*Iu.* Ayme what news? why dost thou wring thy hand?

*Nur.* A weraday, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,  
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.

A lack the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.

*Iu.* Can heauen be so enuious?

*Nur.* *Romeo* can,

Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo, Romeo,*

Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo?*

*Iu.* What diuell art thou that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be rored in dismall hell,

Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I,

And that bare vowell I shall poyson more

Then the death arting eye of Cockatrice,

I am not I, if there be such an I.

Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answer I:

If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.

Briefe, sounds, determine my weale or wo.

*Nur.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,

God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,

A piteous coarfe, a bloudie piteous coarfe,

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawbde in bloud,

All in goare bloud, I sounded at the sight.

*Iu.* O break my hart, poore banckrout break at once,

To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.

Vile earth too earth resigne, end motion here,

And thou and *Romeo* presse on heauie beare.

*Nur.* O *Tybalt, Tybalt*, the best friend I had,

O curteous *Tybalt*, honest Gentleman,

That euer I should liue to see thee dead.

*Iu.* What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?

Is *Romeo* slaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?

My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord,

Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome.

For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

G 2

*Nur. Tybalt*

The most lamentable Tragedie

*Nur.* Tybalt is gone and Romeo banished,  
Romeo that kild him he is banished.

*Iul.* O God, did Romeos hand shead Tybalts bloud?  
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

*Nur.* O serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.

*Iu.* Did euer draggon keepe so faire a Cauer?  
Bewtifull tirant, fiend angelicall:  
Rauenous doue featherd rauē, woluisshrauening lamb,  
Despised substance of diuineſt ſhowe:  
Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſcem'ſt,  
A dimme ſaint, an honourable villaine:  
O nature what hadſt thou to do in hell  
When thou didſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend,  
In mortall paradise of ſuch ſweete fleſh?  
Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter  
So fairely bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell  
In ſuch a gorgeous Pallace.

*Nur.* Thereſ no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men,  
All periurde, all forſvorne, all naught, all diſſemblers,  
Ah wheres my man? giue me ſome Aqua-vitæ:  
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old,  
Shame come to Romeo.

*Iu.* Blisterd be thy tongue  
For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to ſhame:  
Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:  
For tis a throane where honour may be crownd  
Sole Monarch of the vniuerſal earth.  
O what a beaſt was I to chide at him?

*Nur.* Wil you ſpeak wel of him that kild your cozin?

*Iu.* Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband?  
Ah poormy lord, what tongue ſhal ſmooth thy name,  
When I thy three houres wife haue manglied it?  
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my Cozin?  
That villaine Cozin would haue kild my husband:  
Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your natiue ſpring,  
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Which you miſtaking offer vp to ioy,  
My husband liues that Tybalt would haue ſlaine,  
And Tybalts dead that would haue ſlain my husband:  
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?  
Some word there was, worſer then Tybalts death  
That murdred me, I would forget it ſaine,  
But oh it preſſes to my memorie,  
Like damned guiltie deeds to ſinners mindes,  
Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished:  
That banished, that one word banished,  
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand Tybalts: Tybalts death  
Was woe inough if it had ended there:  
Or if ſower woe delights in fellowſhip,  
And needly will be ranckt with other griefes,  
Why followed not when ſhe ſaid Tybalts dead,  
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,  
Which moderne lamentation might haue moued,  
But with a reareward following Tybalts death,  
Romeo is banished: to ſpeake that word,  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Iuliet,  
All ſlaine, all dead: Romeo is banished,  
There is no end, no limit, meafure bound,  
In that words death, no words can that woe ſound.  
Where is my father and my mother Nurſe?

*Nur.* Weeping and wayling ouer Tybalts courſe,  
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

*Iu.* Waſh they his wounds with teares? mine ſhall be  
When theirs are drie, for Romeos baniſhment. (ſpent,  
Take vp thoſe cordes, poore ropes you are beguilde,  
Both you and I for Romeo is exilde:  
He made you for a highway to my bed,  
But I a maide, die maiden widowed.  
Come cordes, come Nurſe, ile to my wedding bed,  
And death not Romeo, take my maiden head.

*Nur.* Hie to your chamber, Ile finde Romeo  
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:

G 3

Harke

The most lamentable Tragedie

Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night,  
He to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

*In.* O find him, giue this ring to my true Knight,  
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Enter *Frier* and *Romeo*.

Exit.

*Fri.* *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearefull man,  
Affliction is enamourd of thy parts:  
And thou art wedded to calamitie.

*Ro.* Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?  
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?

*Fri.* Too familiar  
Is my deare sonne with such fowre companie?  
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

*Ro.* What lesse then doomesday is the Princes doome?

*Fri.* A gentler judgement vanisht from his lips,  
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

*Rom.* Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:  
For exile hath more terror in his looke,  
Much more then death, do not say banishment.

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

*Ro.* There is no world without *Verona* walls,  
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe:  
Hence banished, is blansht from the world.  
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,  
Is death, mistermd, calling death banished,  
Thou curst my head off with a golden axe,  
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

*Fri.* O deadly sin, ô rude vnthankfulness,  
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince  
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,  
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment.

This

of *Romeo* and *Iuliet*.

This is deare mercie, and thou seest it not.

*Ro.* Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is here  
Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery cat and dog,  
And litle mouse, euery vnworthy thing  
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her.  
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,

More honourable state, more courtship liues  
In carrion flies, then *Romeo*: they may seaze  
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliet*s hand,  
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,  
Who euen in pure and vntall modestie  
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.

This may flies do, when I from this must flie,  
And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death?  
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.

Flies may do this, but I from this must flie:  
They are freemen, but I am banished.

Hadst thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,  
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,  
But banished to kill me: Banished?

O *Frier*, the damned vse that word in hell:  
Howling attends it, how hast thou the heart  
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,  
A sin obsoauer, and my friend profest,  
To mangle me with that word banished?

*Fri.* Then fond mad man, heare me a little speake

*Ro.* O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

*Fri.* He giue thee armour to keepe off that word,  
Aduersities sweete milke, Philosophie,  
To comfort thee though thou art banished.

*Ro.* Yet banished? hang vp philosophie,  
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,  
Displant a towne, reuerse a Princes doome,  
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

*Fri.* O then I see, that mad man haue no cares.

*Ro.* How should they when that wise men haue no eyes.

*Fri.* Let



*The most lamentable Tragedie*

*Fri.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

*Ro.* Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feele,  
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy loue,  
An hour but married, *Tybalt* murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me banished,  
Then mightest thou speake,  
Then mightst thou teare thy hayre,  
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

*Enter Nurse, and knocke.*

*Fri.* Arise one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy selfe.

*Ro.* Not I, vnlesse the breath of harticke grones,  
My self-like infold me from the search of eyes.

*They knocke.*

*Fri.* Hark how they knock (whose there) *Romeo* arise,  
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp.

*Slud knocke.*

Run to my studie by and by, Gods will  
What simplenes is this? I come, I come.

*Knocke.*

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? whats your will?

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nur.* Let me come in, and you shal know my errant:  
I come from Lady *Juliet*.

*Fri.* Welcome then.

*Nur.* O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,  
Wheres my Ladyes Lord? wheres *Romeo*?

*Fri.* There on the ground,  
With his owne teares made drunke.

*Nur.* O he is euen in my mistresse case,  
Iust in her case. O wofull sympathy:  
Pitious predicament, euen so lies she,  
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,  
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,  
For *Juliet*s sake, for her sake rise and stand:  
Why should you fall into so deepe an O?

*Rom. Nurse.*

*Nur. Ah*

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

*Nur.* Ah fir, ah fir, deaths the end of all.

*Ro.* Spakest thou of *Juliet*? how is it with her?  
Doth not she thinke me an old murtherer,  
Now I haue stained the childhood of our ioy,  
With blood remoued, but little from her owne?  
Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes  
My conceald Lady to our cancelld loue?

*Nur.* Oh she sayes nothing fir, but weeps and weeps,  
And now falls on her bed, and then starts vp,  
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,  
And then downe falls againe.

*Ro.* As if that name shot from the deadly leuell of a gun,  
Did murther her, as that names cursed hand  
Murderd her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,  
In what vile part of this Anatomic  
Doth my name lodge? Tell me that I may sacke  
The hatefull mansion.

*Fri.* Hold thy desperate hand:  
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:  
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts deuote  
The vnreasonable furie of a beast.  
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,  
And ilbeseeming beast in seeming both,  
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temperd.  
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou sleay thy selfe?  
And sleay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,  
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?  
Why raylest thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?  
Since birth, and heauen, and earth all three do meet,  
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loose.  
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,  
Which like a Vsurer aboundst in all:  
And vself none in that true vse indeed,  
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:  
Thy Noble shape is but a forme of waxe,

H

Digressing

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

Digressing from the valour of a man,  
Thy deare loue sworne but hollow perurie,  
Killing that loue which thou hast vowd to cherish,  
Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,  
Mishapen in the conduct of them both:  
Like powder in a skilless souldiers flaske,  
Is set a fier by thine owne ignorance,  
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.  
What rowse thee man, thy *Juliet* is aliue,  
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.  
There art thou happie, *Tybalt* would kill thee,  
But thou slewest *Tybalt*, there art thou happie.  
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,  
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.  
A packe of blessings light vpon thy backe,  
Happines courts thee in her best array,  
But like a mishaued and sulien wench,  
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:  
Take heede, take heede, for such die miserable.  
Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:  
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,  
Where thou shalt liue till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,  
With twentie hundred thousand times more ioy  
Then thou wentst forth in lamentation.  
Go before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heaue sorrow makes them apt vnto,  
*Romeo* is conning.

*Nur.* O Lord, I could haue staid here all the night,  
To heare good counsell, oh what learning is:  
My Lord, he tell my Lady you will come.

*Ro.* Do so, and bid my sweete prepare to chide.

*Nur.* Here

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

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

*Ro.* How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

*Fri.* Go hence, goodnight, & here stands al your state:  
Either be gone before the watch be set,  
Or by the breake of day disguise from hence,  
Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find out your man,  
And he shall signifie from time to time,  
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here:  
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.  
*Ro.* But that a ioy past ioy calls out on me,  
It were a grieffe, so brieffe to part with thee:  
Farewell.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter old Capulet, his wife and Paris.*

*Ca.* Things haue falne out sir so vnluckily,  
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,  
Looke you, she lou'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearly  
And so did I. Well we were borne to die.  
Tis very late, sheele not come downe to night:  
I promise you, but for your companie,  
I would haue bene a bed an houre ago.

*Paris.* These times of wo affoord no times to wooe:  
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

*La.* I will, and know her mind early to morrow,  
To night shees mew'd vp to her heauines.

*Ca.* Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my childe's loue: I thinke she will me rulse  
In all respects by me: may more, I doubt it not.  
Wife go you to her ere you go to bed.

Acquaint her here, of my sonne *Paris* loue,  
And bid her, marke you me: on wendsday next,  
But soft, what day is this?

*Pa.* Monday my Lord.

*Ca.* Monday, ha ha, well wendsday is too soone,  
A thursdays let it be, a thursdays tell her

H 2

She

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

She shall be married to this noble Earle:  
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?  
Well, keepe no great ado, a friend or two,  
For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,  
It may be thought we held him carelesly  
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:  
Therefore wee haue some halfe a doozen friends,  
And there an end, but what say you to Thursday?  
*Paris.* My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow.  
*Ca.* Well get you gone, a Thursday be it then:  
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,  
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.  
Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,  
Afore mee, it is so very late that wee may call it early by and by,  
Goodnight.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.*

*Iu.* Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:  
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,  
That pierst the fearefull hollow of thine eare,  
Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,  
Belceue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

*Rom.* It was the Larke the herald of the morne,  
No Nightingale, looke loue what enuious streakes.  
Do lace the seuering cloudes in yonder East:  
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocand day  
Stands tipto on the mystie Mountaine tops,  
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

*Iu.* Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:  
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhale,  
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,  
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.  
Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.

*Ro.* Let me be tane, let me be put to death,  
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.  
He say yon gray is not the the mornings eye,

Tis

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.  
Nor that is not the Larke whose noates do beate  
The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,  
I haue more care to stay then will to go:  
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it so.  
How ist my soule? lets talke it is not day.  
*Iu.* It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:  
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.  
Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:  
This doth not so: for she diuideth vs.  
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,  
O now I would they had changd voyces too:  
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,  
Hunting thee hence, with Huntsup to the day.  
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.  
*Romeo.* More light and light, more darke and darke our  
woes.

*Enter Madame and Nurse.*

*Nur.* Madam.

*Iu.* Nurse.

*Nur.* Your Lady Mother is cūming to your chāber,  
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

*Iul.* Then window let day in, and let life out.

*Ro.* Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

*Iu.* Art thou gone so loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,  
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,  
For in a minute there are many dayes,  
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,  
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.

*Rom.* Farewell:

I will omit no opportunitie,  
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.

*Iu.* O thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe?

*Rom.* I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue  
For sweete discourses in our times to come.

H 3

*Iu.* O

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

*Ro.* O God I haue an ill diuining soule,  
Me thinks I see thee now, thou art so lowe,  
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,  
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.

*Rom.* And trust me loue, in my eye so do you:  
Drie sorrow drinckes our bloud. Aduce, aduce.

*Exit.*

*Iu.* O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:  
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,  
But send him backe.

*Enter Mother.*

*La.* Ho daughter, are you vp?

*Iu.* Who ist that calls? It is my Lady mother.  
Is she not downe to late or vp so early?  
What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

*La.* Why how now *Iuliet*?

*Iu.* Madam I am not well.

*La.* Euermore weeping for your Cozens death?  
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?  
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him liue:  
Therefore haue done, some griefe shews much of loue,  
But much of greefe, shewes still some want of wit.

*Iu.* Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.

*La.* So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend  
Which you weepe for.

*Iu.* Feeling so the losse,  
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the friend.

*La.* Wel gyre, thou weepst not so much for his death,  
As that the villaine liues which slaughterd him.

*Iu.* What villaine Madam?

*La.* That same villaine *Romeo*.

*Iu.* Villaine and he be many miles a sunder:  
God padon, I do with all my heart:  
And yet no man like he, doth greeue my heart.

*La.* That

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

*La.* That is because the Traytor murderer liues.

*Iu.* I Madam from the reach of these my hands:  
Would none but I might venge my Cozens death.

*La.* We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.  
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,  
Where that same bannisht runnagate doth liue,  
Shall giue him such an vnaccustom'd dram,  
That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt* companie:  
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

*Iu.* Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied  
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead  
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:  
Madam if you could find out but a man  
To beare a poyson, I would temper it:  
That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,  
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors  
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,  
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozen,  
Vpon his body that hath slaughterd him.

*Mo.* Find thou the means, and Ile find such a man,  
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyre.

*Iu.* And ioy comes well in such a needie time,  
What are they, beseech your Lady ship?

*M.* Well, well, thou hast a carefull father child,  
One who to put thee from thy heauines,  
Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,  
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.

*Iu.* Madam in happie time, what day is that?

*M.* Marrie my child, early next Thursday morne,  
The gallant young, and Noble Gentleman,  
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,  
Shall happily make thee there a ioyfull Bride.

*Iu.* Now by *S. Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,  
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.  
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed  
Ere he that should be husband comes to wooe:

I pray

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,  
I will not marrie yet, and when I do, I sweare  
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate  
Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeed.

*M.* Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe:  
And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter Capulet and Nurse.*

*Ca.* When the Sun sets, the earth doth drisse deaw,  
But for the Sunset of my brothers sonne,  
It rains downright. How now a Conduit girle, what still in tears  
Euermore showing in one litle body?  
Thou countefaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebbe and flowe with teares, the Barke thy body is:  
Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,  
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,  
Without a sudden calme will ouerset  
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife,  
Hauē you deliuered to her our decree?

*La.* I sir, but she will none, she giue you thanks,  
I would the foole were married to her graue.

*Ca.* Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,  
How will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?  
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,  
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought  
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride?

*Iu.* Not proud you haue, but thankful that you haue:  
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,  
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.

*Ca.* How, how, how how, chopt lodgick, what is this?  
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,  
And yet not proud mistresse minion you?  
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouids,  
But fettle your fine loyns gainst Thursday next,  
To go with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church:  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

You

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,  
You tallow face.

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

*Iu.* Good Father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Heare me with paciencce, but to speake a word.

*Fa.* Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,  
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,  
Or neuer after looke me in the face.

Speake not, reple not, do not answere me.  
My fingers itch, wife, we scarce thought vs blest,  
That God had lent vs but this onely childe,  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we haue a curse in hauing her:  
Out on her hilding.

*Nur.* God in heauen blesse her:  
You are to blame my Lord to rate her so.

*Fa.* And why my Lady wisdome, hold your tongue,  
Good Prudence smatter, with your gossips go.

*Nur.* I speake no treason,  
Father, ô Godigeden,  
May not one speake?

*Fa.* Peace you mumbling foole,  
Vtter your grauitie ore a Goships bowle,  
For here we need it not.

*Wi.* You are too hot.

*Fa.* Gods bread, it makes me mad,  
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,  
Alone in companie, still my care hath bene  
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided  
A Gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly liand,  
Stuft as they say, with honourable parts,  
Proportiond as ones thought would wish a man,  
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,  
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,  
To answere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:  
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.

I



*The most lamentable Tragedie*

But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me,  
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.  
Thursday is neare, lay hand on hart, aduise,  
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,  
And you be not, hang, beg, starue, dye in the streets,  
For by my soule ile nere acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:  
Trust too't, beshinke you, ile not be forsworne.

*Exit.*

*In.* Is there no pittie fitting in the cloudes  
That sees into the bottome of my greefe?  
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,  
Delay this marriage for a month, a wecke,  
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed  
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.

*Mo.* Talke not to me, for ile not speake a word,  
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

*Exit.*

*In.* O God, ô Nurse, how shall this be prevented?  
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,  
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,  
Vnlesse that husband send it me from heauen,  
By leauing earth? comfort me, counsaile me:  
Alack, alack, that heauen should practise stratagemes  
Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.  
What sayst thou, hast thou not a word of ioy?  
Some comfort Nurse.

*Nur.* Faith here it is, *Romeo* is banished and all the world to  
That he dares nere come back to challenge you: (nothing,  
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,  
O hees a louely Gentleman:  
*Romios* a dishe'out to him, an Eagle Madam  
Hath not so greene, so quick, so faire an eye:  
As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very hart,

1

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

I thinke you are happie 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 liuing here, and you no vse of him.

*In.* Speakst thou from thy heart?

*Nur.* And from my soule too, elsẽ beshrew them both.

*In.* Amen.

*Nur.* What?

*In.* Well thou hast comforted me maruellous much,  
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,  
Hauing displeas'd my father, to *Laurence* Cell,  
To make confession, and to be obsolu'd.

*Nur.* Marric I will, and this is wisely done.

*In.* Auncient damnation, ô most wicked fiend,  
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworne,  
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue,  
Which she hath praisde him with aboue compare,  
So many thousand times? Go Counsellor,  
Thou and my bosome henceforth shall be twaine:  
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,  
If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.

*Exit.*

*Enter Frier and Countie Paris.*

*Fri.* On Thursday sir: the time is very short.

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

*Fri.* You say you do not know the Ladies minde?  
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

*Par.* Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,  
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,  
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.  
Now sir, her father counts it dangerous  
That she do giue her sorrow so much sway:  
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,  
To stop the inundation of her teares.  
Which too much minded by her selfe alone  
May be put from her by societie.

1 2

Now

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

*Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slowed.  
Looke sir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.

*Enter Juliet.*

*Pa.* Happily met my Lady and my wife.

*Ju.* That may be sir, when I may be a wife.

*Pa.* That may be, must be loue, on Thursday next.

*Ju.* What must be shall be.

*Fri.* That's a certaine text.

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

*Ju.* To answer that, I should confesse to you.

*Pa.* Do not denie to him, that you loue me.

*Ju.* I will confesse to you that I loue him.

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

*Ju.* If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

*Par.* Poor soule thy face is much abus'd with tears.

*Ju.* The teares haue got small victorie by that,

For it was bad inough before their spight.

*Pa.* Thou wrongst it more then tears with that report.

*Ju.* That is no slander sir, which is a truth,

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

*Pa.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

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

Are you at leisure, holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

*Fri.* My leisure serues me peniue daughter now,

My Lord we must entreate the time alone.

*Par.* God shield, I should disturbe deuotion,

*Juliet,* on Thursday early will I rowse yee,

Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse.

*Exit.*

*Ju.* O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,  
Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past help.

*Fri.* O *Juliet* I already know thy greefe,

It straines me past the compasse of my wits,

I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,

*of Romeo and Juliet.*

On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

*Ju.* Tell me not Frier, that thou hearest of this,

Vnlesse thou tell me, how I may preuent it:

If in thy wisdom thou canst giue no helpe,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife ile helpe it presently.

God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos* thou our hands

And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* seald:

Shall be the Labell to an other deed,

Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,

Turne to an other, this shall iley them both:

Therefore out of thy long experiens't time,

Giue me some present counsell, or behold

Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudie knife

Shall play the vmpieere, arbitrating that,

Which the commission of thy yeares and art,

Could to no issue of true honour bring:

Be not so long to speake, I long to die,

If what thou speakest, speake not of remedie.

*Fri.* Hold daughter, I do spie a kind of hope,

Which craues as desperate an execution,

As that is desperate which we would preuent.

If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*

Thou hast the strength of will to stay thy selfe,

Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame,

That coapt with death, himselfe to scape from it:

And if thou darest, Ile giue thee remedie.

*Ju.* Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,

From of the battlements of any Tower,

Or walke in the euish wayes, or bid me lurke

Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares,

Or hide me nightly in a Charnel house,

Or recouerd quite with dead mens rattling bones,

With reekie shanks and yealow chapels sculls:

Or bid me go into a new made graue,

And hide me with a dead man in his,

On

I 3

Things

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,  
And I will do it without feare or doubt,  
To lue an vnstaind wife to my sweete loue.

*Fri.* Hold then, go home, be merrie, giue consent,  
To marrie *Paris*: wendsday is to morrow,  
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,  
Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:  
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,  
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,  
When presently through all thy veines shall run,  
A cold and drowzie humour: for no pulse  
Shall keepe his natiue progresse but surcease,  
No warmth, no breast shall testifie thou liuest,  
The roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade:  
Too many ashes, thy eyes windowes fall:  
Like death when he shuts vp the day of life.  
Each part depriv'd of supple gouernment,  
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,  
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death  
Thou shalt continue two and fortie houres,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.  
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,  
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:  
Then as the manner of our cuntry is,  
Is thy best robes vncouered on the Beere,  
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:  
Thou shalt be borne to that same auncient vault,  
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,  
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,  
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,  
And hither shall he come, an he and I  
Will watch thy walking, and that very night  
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame,  
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,  
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

*Iu.* Giue

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

*Iu.* Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare

*Fri.* Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous  
In this resolute, Ile send a Frier with speed  
To *Mantua*, with my Letters to thy Lord.

*Iu.* Loue giue me strength, and strength shall helpe afford:  
Farewell deare father. (Exit,

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

*Ca.* So many guests inuite as here are writ,  
Sirrah, go hire me twentie cunning Cookes.

*Ser.* You shall haue none ill sir, for Ile trie if they can lick their  
fingers.

*Capu.* How canst thou trie them so?

*Ser.* Marrie sir, tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fin-  
gers: therefore hee that cannot lick his fingers goes not with  
me.

*Ca.* Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this time:  
What is my daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?

*Nur.* I forsooth.

*Cap.* Well, he may chance to do some good on her,  
A peeuish selfewield harlottry it is.

*Enter Iuliet.*

*Nur.* See where she comes from shrift with merie looke.

*Ca.* How now my headstrong, where haue you bin gadding?

*Iu.* Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition,  
To you and your behests, and am enioynd  
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,  
To beg your pardon, pardon I beseech you,  
Henceforward I am euer rulde by you.

*Ca.* Send for the Countie, go tell him of this,  
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.

*Iu.* I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,  
And gaue him what becomd loue I might,  
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

*Cap.* Why I am glad ont, this is wel, stand vp,  
This is all should be, let me see the Countie:  
I marrie go I say and fetch him hither.

New

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,  
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.

*In.* Nurse, will you go with me into my Closet,  
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,  
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

*Mo.* No not till Thursday, there is time enough.

*Fa.* Go Nurse, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.

*Exeunt.*

*Mo.* We shall be short in our prouision,  
Tis now neare night.

*Fa.* Tush, I will stirre about,  
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:  
Go thou to *Juliet*, helpe to decke vp her,  
He not to bed to night, let me alone:  
He play the huswife for this once, what ho?  
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe  
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him  
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,  
Since this same wayward Gyrle is so reclaymd.

*Exit.*

*Enter Juliet and Nurse.*

*In.* I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse  
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:  
For I haue need of many orysones,  
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,  
Which well thou knowest, is crosse and full of sin.

*Enter Mother.*

*Mo.* What are you busie ho? need you my helpe?

*In.* No Madam, we haue culd such necessaries  
As are behoofefull for our state to morrow:  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,  
For I am sure you haue your hands full all,  
In this so sudden businesse.

*Mo.* Good night.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

*Exeunt.*

*In.* Farewell

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

*In.* Farewell, God knowes when we shall meete againe,  
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,  
That almost freezes vp the heate of life:  
He call them backe againe to comfort me.  
Nurse, what should she do here?  
My dismall sceane I needs must act alone.  
Come *Violl*, what if this mixture do not worke at all?  
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?  
No, no, this shall forbid it, lie thou there,  
What if it be a poyson which the Frier  
Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,  
Least in this marriage he should be dishonourd.  
Because he married me before to *Romeo*?  
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not,  
For he hath still bene tried a holy man.  
How if when I am laid into the Tombe,  
I wake before the time that *Romeo*  
Come to redeeme me, theres a fearfull poynt:  
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?  
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,  
And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.  
Or if I liue, is it not very like,  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place,  
As in a Vaulte, an auncient receptracle,  
Where for this many hundred yeares the bones  
Of all my buried auncestors are packt,  
Where bloudie *Tybalt* yet but greene in earth,  
Lies festring in his shroude, where as they say,  
At some houres in the night, spirits resort:  
Alack, alack, is it not like that I  
So early waking, what with loathsome smels,  
And shrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,  
That huing mortalls hearing them run mad:  
O if I walke, shall I not be distraught,  
Inuironed with all these hidious feares,  
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?

K

And



*The most lamentable Tragedie*

And pluck the mangled *Tybal* from his shrowde,  
And in this rage with some great kinsmans bone,  
As with a club dash out my desprate braines.  
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,  
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body  
Vpon a Rapiers poynt: stay *Tybal*, stay?  
*Romeo*, *Romeo*, *Romeo*, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.

*Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.*

*La.* Hold take these keyes & fetch more spices *Nurse*.

*Nur.* They call for dates and quinces in the Pastrie.

*Enter old Capulet.*

*Ca.* Come, stir, stir, stir, the second Cock hath crowed.  
The Curphew bell hath roong, tis three a clock:  
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,  
Spare not for cost.

*Nur.* Go you cot-quane go,  
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow  
For this nights watching.

*Ca.* No not a whit, what I haue watcht ere now,  
All night for lesser cause, and nere bene sicke.

*La.* I you haue bene a mouse-hunt in your time,  
But I will watch you from such watching now.

*Exit Lady and Nurse.*

*Ca.* A ieaalous hood, a ieaalous hood; now fellow, what is there?

*Enter three or foure with spits and logs,  
and Baskets.*

*Fel.* Things for the Cooke-sir, but I know not what.

*Ca.* Make halte, make haste sirra, fetch drier logs.  
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

*Fel.* I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,  
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.

*Ca.* Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,  
T'wou shalt be loggerhead, good father tis day.

*Play Musicke.*

The Countie will be here with musicke straight,  
For so he said he would, I heare him neare.

*Nurse*, wife, what ho, what *Nurse* I say?

*Enter*

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

*Enter Nurse.*

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,  
He go and chat with *Paris*, he, make haste,  
Make hast, the bridgroom, he is come already, make hast I say.

*Nur.* Mistris, what mistris, *Iuliet*, fast I warrant her she,  
Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you sluggabed,  
Why Loue I say, Madam, sweete heart, why Bride:  
What not a word, you take your penniworths now,  
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant  
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,  
That you shall rest but little, God forgite me.

Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleeper:  
I needs must wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,  
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,  
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?  
What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?  
I must needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady,  
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead.  
Oh we readay that euer I was borne,  
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord my Lady.

*Mo.* What noise is here?

*Nur.* O lamentable day.

*Mo.* What is the matter?

*Nur.* Looke, looke, oh heauie day!

*Mo.* O me, O me, my child, my onely life!

Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:

Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

*Enter Father.*

*Fa.* For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.

*Nur.* Shees dead: decest, shees dead, alack the day.

*M.* Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.

*Fa.* Hah let me see her, out alas shees cold,  
Her bloud is setled, and her ioynts are stiffe:  
Life and these lips haue long bene separated,  
Death lies on her like an vntimely frost,  
Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

K 2

*Nur.* O



*The most lamentable Tragedie*

*Nur.* O lamentable day!

*Mo.* O wofull time!

*Fa.* Death that hath tane her hēce to make me waile  
Ties vp my tongue and will not lee me speake.

*Enter Frier and the Countie.*

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

*Fa.* Ready to go but neuer to returne.

O sonne, the night before thy wedding day  
Hath death laine with thy wife, there she lies,  
Flower as she was, deflowred by him,  
Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,  
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,  
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.

*Par.* Haue I thought loue to see this mornings face,  
And doth it giue me such a sight as this?

*Mo.* Accurst, vnhappy, wretched hatefull day,  
Most miserable houre that ere time saw,  
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage,  
But one poore one, one poore and louing child,  
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,  
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

*Nur.* O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,  
Most lamentable day, most wofull day  
That euer, euer, I did yet bedold.  
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,  
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this,  
O wofull day, O wofull day.

*Par.* Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,  
Most detestable death, by thee beguild,  
By cruell, cruell, thee quite ouerthrowne,  
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in dearch.

*Fa.* Despilde, distressed, hated, martird, kild,  
Vncomfortable time, why canst thou now,  
To murder, murder, our sole munitie?  
O childe, O childe, my soule and not my childe,  
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,  
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

*Fri.* Peace

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

*Fri.* Peace ho for shame, confusions care liues not,  
In these confusions heauen and your selfe  
Had part in this faire maide, now heauen hath all,  
And all the better is it for the maide:  
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death.  
But heauen keeps his part in eternall life,  
The most you sought was her promotion,  
For twas your heauen she should be aduans't,  
And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduans't  
About the Cloudes, as high as heauen it selfe.  
O in this loue, you loue your child so ill,  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:  
Shees not well married, that liues married long,  
But shees best married, that dies married young.  
Drie vp your teares, and stick your Rosemarie  
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,  
And in her best array beare her to Church:  
For though some nature bids vs all lament,  
Yet natures teares are reasons merriment.

*Fa.* All things that we ordained festiuall,  
Turne from their office to black Funerall:  
Our instruments to melancholy bells,  
Our wedding cheare to a sad buriall feast:  
Our solemne himnes to sullen dyrges change:  
Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse:  
And all things change them to the contrarie.

*Fri.* Sir go you in, and Madam go with him,  
And go sir *Paris*, eutery one prepare  
To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:  
The heauens do lowre vpon you for some ill:  
Moue them no more, by crossing their high wil.

*Exeunt manet.*

*Musi.* Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.

*Nur.* Honest goodfellowes, ah put vp, put vp,  
For well you know, this is a pitifull case.

*Fid.* I my my troath, the case may be amended.

*Exit omnes*  
*Enter*

The most lamentable Tragedie

Enter Will Kemp.

Peter. Musitions, oh Musitions, harts ease, harts ease,  
O, and you will haue me liue, play harts ease.

Fidler. Why harts ease?

Peter. O Musitions, because my hart it selfe plaies my hart is  
O play me some merie dump to comfort me. (full:

Minstrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.

Peter. You will not then?

Minst. No.

Peter. I will then giue it you soundly.

Minst. What will you giue vs?

Peter. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.

I will giue you the Minstrell.

Minstrel. Then will I giue you the Seruing-creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the seruing-creatures dagger on your  
I will cary no Crochets; ilere you, Ilc fa (pate:  
You, do you note me?

Minst. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.

2. M. Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.  
Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my  
Answere me like men. (yron dagger.

When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then musique with  
her siluer sound.

Why siluer sound, why musique, with her siluer sound, what say  
you Simon Catling?

Minst. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound.

Peter. Prates, what say you Hugh Rebick?

2. M. I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for siluer.

Peter. Prates to, what say you Iames sound post?

3. M. Faith I know not what to say.

Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the singer.

I will say for you, it is musique with her siluer sound,

Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:

Then Musique with her siluer sound with speedy help doth  
lend redresse.

Exit.

Minst.

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Min. What a pestilent knaue is this same?

M. 2. Hang him lack, come weele in here, tarrie for the mour-  
ners, and stay dinner.

Exit.

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,  
My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand,  
My bosomes L. sits lightly in his throne:  
And all this day an vnaccustomd spirit,  
Lifs me aboue the ground with chearfull thoughts,  
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,  
Strange dreame that giues a deadman leaue to thinke,  
And Breathd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.  
Ah me, how sweete is loue it selfe posselt  
When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeos man.

Newes from Verona, how now Balthazer,  
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Friet?  
How doth my Lady, is my Father well:  
How doth my Lady Iuliet? that I aske againe,  
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Man. Then she is well and nothing can be ill,  
Her body sleepest in Capels monument,  
And her immortall part with Angels liues.  
I saw her laid lowe in her kindreds vault,  
And presently tooke poste to tell it you:  
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,  
Since you did leaue it for my office sir.

Rom. Is it in so? then I denie you starres.  
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,  
And hire post horses, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beseech you sir, haue patience:  
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and do import  
Some misaduenture.

Ro. Tush thou art deceiu'd,  
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

IIa/1

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

*Mantua.* No my good Lord.

*Exit.*

*Ro.* No matter get thee gone,  
And hyre those horses, Ile be with thee straight.  
Well *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to night:  
Lets see for meanes, O mischief thou art swift,  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.  
I do remember an Appothecarie,  
And here abouts a dwells which late I noted,  
In tattered weeds with overwelming browes,  
Culling of simples, meager were his lookes,  
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:  
And in his needie shop a tortoyes hang,  
An allegater staffe, and other skins  
Of ill shapte fishes, and about his shelves,  
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,  
Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie seedes,  
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses  
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.  
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,  
An if a man did need a poyson now,  
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,  
Here liues a Catiffe wretch would sell it him.  
O this same thought did but forerun my need,  
And this same needie man must sell it me.  
As I remember this should be the house,  
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.  
What ho Appothecarie.

*Appo.* Who calls so lowd?

*Ro.* Come hither man, I see that thou art poore.  
Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue  
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding gear,  
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,  
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,  
And that the Trunke may be discharged of breath  
As violently, as hastie powder fierd!

*Doth*

*of Romeo and Juliet.*

*Doth* hurry from the farall Canons wombe:

*Poti.* Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantua* lawe  
Is death to any he that vtters them.

*Ro.* Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,  
And fearest to die, famine is in thy cheekes,  
Need and oppression starueth in thy eyes,  
Contempt and beggerie hangs vpon thy backe:  
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,  
The world affoords no law to make thee rich:  
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.

*Poti.* My pouertie, but not my will consents.

*Ro.* I pray thy pouertie and not thy will.

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

*Ro.* There is thy Gold, worle poyson to mens soules;  
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,  
Then these poore cōpounds that thou maiest not sell,  
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,  
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy selfe in flesh.  
Come Cordiall and not poyson, go with me  
To *Juliet*s graue, for there must I vse thee.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.*

*Ioh.* Holy *Franciscan* Frier, brother, ho.

*Enter Lawrence.*

*Law.* This same should be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*,  
Welcome from *Mantua*, what sayes *Romeo*?  
Or if his minde be writ, giue me his Letter.

*Ioh.* Going to find a barefoote brother out,  
One of our order to assotiate me,  
Here in this Citie visiting the sicke,  
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne  
Suspecting that we both were in a house,  
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,  
Scald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,  
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

*L*

*Law. Who*

The most lamentable Tragedie

Who bare my Letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it, here it is againe,  
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,  
So fearefull were they of infection.

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

John. Brother ile go and bring it thee. (Exit.)

Lam. Now must I to the Monument alone,  
Within this three houres will faire Juliet wake,  
Shee will be shrewed much that Romeo  
Hath had no notice of these accidents:  
But I will write againe to Mantua,  
And keepe her at my Cell till Romeo come,  
Poore liuing Coarse, close in a dead mans Tombe.

Exit.

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch boy, hence and stand aloofe,  
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:  
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,  
So shall no foote vpon the Church-yard tread,  
Being loose, vnfirm with digging vp of Graues,  
But thou shalt heare it, whistle then to me  
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,  
Giue me those flowers, do as I bid thee, go.

Pa. I am almost afraid to stand alone,  
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will aduenture.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew  
O woe, thy Canapie is dust and stones,  
Which with sweete water nightly I will dewe,  
Or wanting that, with teares distild by mones,  
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe:

Nightly

of Romeo and Juliet.

Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue and weepe.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,  
What cursed foote wanders this way to night,  
To crosse my obsequies and true loues right?  
What with a Torch? muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo and Peter.

Ro. Giue me that mattocke and the wrenching Iron,  
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning,  
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,  
Giue me the light vpon thy life I charge thee,  
What ere thou hearest or seest, stand all aloofe,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.  
Why I descend into this bed of death,  
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:  
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,  
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must vse,  
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:  
But if thou seest me returne to prie  
In what I farther shall intend to doo,  
By heauen I will teare thee loynt by loynt,  
And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy limbs:  
The time and my intents are savage wilde,  
More fierce and more inexorable farre,  
Then emptic Tygers, or the tearing sea.

Pet. I will be gone sir, and not trouble ye.

Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship, take thou that,  
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this same, ile hide me here about,  
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Ro. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,  
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:  
Thus I enforce thy rotten lawes to open,  
And in despite ile cram thee with more foode.

Pa. This is that banisht haughtie Mountague,  
That murdered my loues Cozin, with which grieffe

L 2

It

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

It is supposed the faire creature died,  
And here is come to do some villainous shame  
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,  
Stop thy vnhalloved toyle vile *Mountague*:  
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?  
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee,  
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.

*Rom.* I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,  
Good gentle youth tempt not a desprate man,  
Flee hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,  
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,  
Put not an other sin vpon my head,  
By vrging me to furie, ô be gone,  
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,  
For I come hither armed against my selfe:  
Stay not, begone, liue, and her eafter say,  
A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.

*Par.* I do desie thy commiration,  
And apprehend thee for a Fellow here.

*Ro.* Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.

*O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.*

*Par.* O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,  
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.

*Rom.* In faith I will, let me peruse this face,  
*Mercutio*s kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,  
What said my man, when my betossed soule  
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke  
He told me *Paris* should haue married *Iuliet*,  
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,  
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,  
One wit with me in sower misfortunes booke,  
He burie thee in a triumphant graue.  
A Graue, O no, A Lanthorne slauhtred youth:  
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her bewtie makes  
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.

**Death**

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,  
How oft when men are at the point of death,  
Haue they bene merie? which their keepers call  
A lightning before death? Oh how may I  
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my wife,  
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet vpon thy bewtie:  
Thou art not conquerd, bewties ensigne yet  
Is crymson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.  
*Tybalt* lyest thou there in thy bloudie sheet?  
O what more fauour can I do to thee,  
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,  
To sunder his that was thine enemy?  
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*  
Why art thou yet so faire? I will belecue,  
Shall I beleue that vnsubstantiall death is amorous,  
And that the leane abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in darke to be his parramour?  
For feare of that I still will staie with thee,  
And neuer from this pallat of dym night.  
Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,  
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.  
O true Appothecarie!  
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.  
Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,  
With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here  
Will I set vp my euerlasting rest:  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres,  
From this world wearied flesh, eyes looke your last:  
Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you  
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse  
A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:  
Come bitter conduct, come vnfaoury guide,  
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing Rocks, thy seasick weary barks:  
Heeres to my Loue. O true Appothecary:  
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

L 3

*Enter*



The most lamentable Tragedie

Enter Friar with Lanthorne, Crowe,  
and Spade.

Friar. S. Frances be my speede, how oft to night  
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Whoes there?

Man. Heeres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.

Friar. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my friend  
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light  
To grubs and eyelesse sculles: as I discerne,  
It burneth in the Capels monument.

Man. It doth so holy sir, and theres my maister, one that you

Friar. Who is it? (loue,

Man. Romeo.

Friar. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Friar. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not sir.

My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,  
And fearefully did menace me with death  
If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Friar. Stay then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me,  
O much I feare some ill vnchristie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this yong tree heere,  
I dreamt my maister and another fought,  
And that my maister slew him.

Friar. Romeo.

A lack alack, what bloud is this which staines  
The stony entrance of this Sepulchre?  
What meane these maisterlesse and goatie swords  
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

Romeo, oh pale! who else, what Paris too?  
And sleept in bloud? ah what an ynkind hower.

Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?  
The Lady stires.

Iuli. O comfortable Friar, where is my Lord?  
I do remember well where I should be:

And there I am, where is my Romeo?

Friar. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest

Of

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,  
A greater power then we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,  
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:  
And Paris too, come ile dispose of thee,  
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:  
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming,  
Come go good Iuliet, I dare no longer stay.

Exit.

Iuli. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.  
Whats heere? a cup closd in my true loues hand?  
Poison I see hath bin his timelesse end:  
O churle, drunke all, and left no friendly drop  
To help me after, I will kisse thy lips,  
Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them,  
To make me dye with a restoratiue.  
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Leade boy, which way.

Iuli. Yea noyse? then ile be briefe. O happy dagger  
This is thy sheath, there rust and let me dye.

Watch boy. This is the place there where the torch doth burne.

Watch. The ground is bloudie, search about the Churchyard.  
Go some of you, who ere you find attach.

Pittifull sight, heere lies the Countie slaine,  
And Iuliet bleeding, warme, and newlie dead:

Who heere hath laine this two daies buried.

Go tell the Prince, runne to the Capulets,

Raise vp the Mountagues, some others search,

We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,

But the true ground of all these piteous woes

We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeos man.

Watch. Heres Romeos man, we found him in the Churchyard.

Chief. watch. Hold him in safecie till the Prince come hither.

Enter Friar, and another Watchman.

3. Watch. Here is a Friar that trembles, sighes, and weepes,

We

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,  
As he was comming from this Church-yards side.

*Chief watch.* A great suspicion, stay the Frier too too.

*Enter the Prince.*

*Prin.* What misadventure is so early vp,  
That calls our person from our morning rest?

*Enter Capels.*

*Ca.* What should it be that is so shrike abroad?

*Wife.* O the people in the street crie *Romeo*,  
Some *Juliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne  
With open outcry toward our Monument.

*Pr.* What feare is this which startles in your eares?

*Watch.* Soueraigne, here lies the County *Paris* slain,  
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* dead before,  
Warne and new kild. (comes.)

*Prin.* Search, seeke & know how this foule murder

*Wat.* Here is a Frier, and Slaught *Romeos* man,  
With Instruments vpon them, fit to open  
These dead mens Tombes.

*Enter Capulet and his wife.*

*Ca.* O heuens! O wife looke how our daughter  
This dagger hath mistane, for loe his house (bleeds!  
Is emptie on the back of *Mountague*,  
And it misheathd in my daughters bosome.

*Wife.* O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell  
That warnes my old age to a sepulcher.

*Enter Mountague.*

*Prin.* Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp  
To see thy sonne and heire, now earling downe.

*Moun.* Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,  
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath.  
What further woe conspires against mine age?

*Prin.* Looke and thou shalt see.

*Moun.* O thou vntaught, what maners is in this,  
To presse before thy father to a graue?

*Prin.* Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,  
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

And

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

And know their spring, their head, their true discent,  
And then will I be generall of your woes,  
And leade you euen to death, meane time forbear,  
And let mischance be slaue to patience,  
Bring foorth the parties of suspition.

*Frier.* I am the greatest able to do least,  
Yet most suspected as the time and place  
Doth make against me of this direfull murther:  
And heere I stand both to impeach and purge  
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excusde.

*Prin.* Then say at once what thou dost know in this?

*Frier.* I will be brieft, 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, thats *Romeos* faithfull wife:  
I married them, and their stolne marriage day  
Was *Tibalts* doomesday, whose vntimely death  
Banisht the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie,  
For whome, and not for *Tibalt*, *Juliet* pinde.

You to remoue that siege of griefe from her  
Betrothd and would haue married her perforce  
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,  
And with wild lookes bid me deuise some meane  
To rid her from this second marriage:  
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.

Then gaue I her (so tuterd by my art)  
A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect  
As I intended, for it wrought on her  
The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*  
That he should hither come as this dire night  
To help to take her from her borrowed graue,  
Being the time the potions force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, *Frier Iohn*,  
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight  
Returnd my letter back, then all alone  
At the prefixed hower of her waking,

M

Came

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,  
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,  
Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*.  
But when I came, some minute ere the time  
Of her awaking, here vntimely lay,  
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.  
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth  
And beare this worke of heauen with patience:  
But then a noyse did scare me from the Tombe,  
And she too desperate would not go with me:  
But as it seemes, did violence on her selfe.  
Al this I know, & to the marriage her Nurse is priuie:  
And if ought in this miscaried by my faule,  
Let my old life be sacrific'd some houre before his time,  
Vnto the rigour of seuerest law.

*Prin.* We still haue knowne thee for a holy man,  
Wheres *Romeos* man? what can he say to this?

*Balth.* I brought my maister newes of *Iuliet's* death,  
And then in poste he came from *Mantua*,  
To this same place. To this same monument  
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,  
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,  
If I departed not, and left him there.

*Prin.* Giue me the Letter, I will looke on it.  
Where is the Counties Page that raisd the Watch?  
Sirrah, what made your maister in this place?

*Boy.* He came with flowers to strew his Ladies graue,  
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did,  
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,  
And by and by my maister drew on him,  
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

*Prin.* This Letter doth make good the Friers words,  
Their course of Loue, the tidings of her death,  
And here he writes, that he did buy a poyson  
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall,  
Came to this Vault, to die and lye with *Iuliet*.  
Where be these enemies? *Capulet, Montague!*

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate  
That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue,  
And I for winking at your discords too,  
Haue lost a brace of kinsmen, all are punisht.

*Cap.* O brother *Montague*, giue me thy hand,  
This is my daughters ioynture, for no more  
Can I demaund.

*Monn.* But I can giue thee more,  
For I will raie her statue in pure gold,  
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,  
There shall no figure at such rate be set,  
As that of true and faithfull *Iuliet*.

*Capel.* As rich shall *Romeos* by his Ladies lie,  
Poore sacrifices of our enmitie.

*Prin.* A glooming peace this morning with it brings,  
The Sun for sorrow will not shew his head:  
Go hence to haue more talke of these sad things,  
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished,  
For neuer was a Storie of more wo,  
Then this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

F I N I S.

