PRESENTED

TO THE MEMBERS

OF

The New Shakspere Society

BY

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ONE OF THE VICE-PRESIDENTS OF THE SOCIETY.
ROME O AND JULIET.

Parallel Texts of the First Two Quartos,

(Q1) 1597—Q2, 1599.

EDITED BY

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NOTE TO THE READER
FRAGILE
THE PAPER IN THIS VOLUME IS BRITTLE
PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
INTRODUCTION.

In laying this work before the New Shakspere Society I wish it to be distinctly understood that I claim no credit for originality either of plan or execution.

The plan was suggested by Mr James Spedding, the Editor of Bacon's Works; and at Mr Furnivall's instance I undertook the work, which had indeed been already carried out, for German students, by Professor Tycho Mommsen in his parallel-text edition of the first two quartos of this play, published at Oldenburgh, in 1859. For the execution of it I am mainly indebted to the thorough and independent collations of the early texts contained in Professor Mommsen's book, and in the 'Cambridge Shakespeare' edited by Messrs W. G. Clark and W. Aldis Wright. Without the assistance afforded me by these important works I could not, or certainly would not, have engaged in this task; with it I have been enabled to compile a work which I believe will be found to be useful to the Shaksperean student.

The one object I have endeavoured to keep steadily in view has been the collection in a convenient form of every scrap of material afforded by the old editions which could possibly aid or be deserving of consideration in the great work of the restoration of Shakspere's text. And these materials I have endeavoured to free from the utterly useless rubbish which is found in all the old editions. In the text of the quartos here reprinted, no departure from the originals, however obviously corrupt, has knowingly been permitted; in the collations given in the margin, only the corrections and varied readings of the subsequent editions are recorded; the obvious blunders of those editions are excluded except in cases where they have given rise to a plausible variation in a later edition. For instance, in Act I. Sc. i. l. 127, I have not recorded the obvious blunder of Q3 and Fr. in printing honour for humour; but the obvious blunder of Fr. Act II. Sc. v. l. 51, in printing so well for not well is noted, as it accounts for the plausible conjectural emendation of the later Folios, so ill. So again, in Act III. Sc. ii. l. 57, bedaunde (for bedauwbde) of Q4 accounts for beleau'd of Q5, and has accordingly found a place in my margins. It will be seen however that I have not been severe in the application of this rule, and many varying errors have been admitted, which doubtless might have been rejected. Those who are curious to ascertain the amount of error in the old copies may consult the collations of Mommsen and the Cambridge editors, where they will find many instances of printers' blunders recorded, such as by no possibility could be deserving of a moment's consideration in the settlement of
the text. In saying this I must not be understood as casting a slur on the German and Cambridge editions; on the contrary, their editors in their minute collation of errors have done most excellent and invaluable work. They have accumulated decisive evidence as to the chronology of the old copies. That end however being attained, and the order and origin of each Quarto and Folio being finally determined, it would have been a waste of space and, worse, a hindrance, to encumber these pages with material which, having served its purpose, may now once for all be cast aside.

The dates and pedigree of the several Quartos and Folios are as here set out.

(Q1: 1597)  Q2: 1599
Q3: 1600

(Q1: N. D.)  F1: 1623
Q5: 1617
F2: 1632
F3: 1664
F4: 1685

The title-pages of Q3, 4, and 5 are as follows:—

Q3. THE | MOST EX-CELLENT AND | Lamentable Tragedie, of | Romeo and | Juliet. | As it hath bene fundrie times publiquely Acted, | by the Kings Maiesties Seruants | at the Globe. | Newly corrected, augmented, and amended: | [Printer’s (?) Device. Rose and Crown.] | LONDON | Printed for JOHN SMETHWICK, and | are to be sold | at his Shop in Saint Dunfannes Church-yard, | in Fleetetfrete | under the Dyall. | 1609.

Q4. THE MOST | EXCELLENT | And Lamentable Tragedie, | of ROMEO and | JULIET. | As it hath bene fundrie times publiquely Acted, | by the Kings Maiesties Seruants | at the GLOBE. | Newly Corrected, augmented, and amended. | [Smethwick’s Device. A smooth holding in its bill a scroll inscribed Wick. The motto, Non altum pede. I. S.] | LONDON, | Printed for JOHN SMETHWICK, and are to bee sold at | his Shop in | Saint Dunfannes Churchyard, in Fleetetfrete | under the Dyall.

[Note. ‘It is a curious fact that after some copies of the undated edition had been published, having Shakespeare’s name on the title-page, that name was omitted in the copies which were subsequently issued.’—Halliwell.

‘Its title-page bears for the first time the name of the author. After the word “Globe” and in a separate line we find the words: “Written by W. Shakespere.”’—Cam. Ed.

The copy in the British Museum (Press Mark, C. 34, k. 56) is without the author’s name. It is conjecturally dated, in the catalogue, ‘[1607]’ and is probably the ‘quarto in 1607’ mentioned by Knight.—Ed.]
Q5. THE MOST | EXCELLENT | And Lamentable Tragedie | of Romeo and | Juliet. | As it hath been fundry times publikely Acted | by the Kings Majesties | Servants | at the Globe. | Written by W. Shake-speare. | Newly corrected, augmented, | and amended. | [Smethwick’s Device.] | LONDON, | Printed by R. Young for John | Smethwicke, and are to be sold at | his Shop in St. Dunstans Church-yard in | Fleet street, | under the Dyall. 1637.

A hasty and separate perusal of (Q1) may leave the reader with the impression that it represents an earlier play than that given in the subsequent editions; read line for line with Q2 its true character soon becomes apparent. It is an edition made up partly from copies of portions of the original play, partly from recollection and from notes taken during the performance. Q2 gives us for the first time a substantially true representation of the original play. Still (Q1) is of great value as it affords the means of correcting many errors which had crept into the ‘copy’ from which Q2 was printed, and also, in its more perfect portions, affords conclusive evidence that that ‘copy’ underwent revision, received some slight augmentations, and, in some few places, must have been entirely re-written. This opinion is the result of my own independent investigations; but I do not put it forward as an original theory; I am happy to say that it places me in more or less close agreement with Mommsen, Collier, Grant White, the Cambridge editors, etc., to whose notes I refer the reader. As however the study of this question, on which great diversity of opinion has been entertained, may perhaps be facilitated by pointing out the evidences contained in the parallel texts which led me to the opinion expressed above, I have here set them forth as briefly as possible under their several headings.

TRUE REPRESENTATION IN (Q1) OF PORTIONS OF THE ORIGINAL PLAY.

Act I. Sc. i. lines 153—214. The Dialogue between Romeo and Benvolio is line for line and almost word for word the same in both quartos. So again nearly the whole of Act I. Sc. ii. between Capulet and Paris in the first instance, and then between Capulet’s servant and Romeo and Benvolio. Act I. Sc. iii. Juliet, her mother, and the Nurse; the first 28 lines of this scene are absolutely identical in both quartos. Act I. Sc. iv. Romeo and his friends prepare for their visit in masquerade to Capulet’s house; with the exception of some omissions, and the imperfect version of the Queen Mab speech, the two quartos are here again substantially identical. So again in Act I. Sc. v. from the entry of the guests to the end, allowing for omissions in (Q1) and evident revisions in Q2, both quartos are substantially identical. The same may be said for Act II. Sc. i. ii. the famous balcony scene; for Sc. iii. between Romeo and Friar Lawrence; and for the larger portion of Sc. iv. between Benvolio, Mercutio, Romeo, the Nurse and her man Peter.

Act III. Sc. ii. The Nurse announces to Juliet the banishment of Romeo. The Nurse’s speeches in this scene are substantially identical in both quartos. Act III. Sc. iii. Romeo in concealment at the Friar’s cell. By far the greater portion of this scene as given in (Q1) is substantially identical with Q2. Act III. Sc. v. The parting of the
Lovers in the first part of this scene is much alike in both quartos. So is the latter part of the scene, allowing for omissions in \( Q_1 \).

Act IV. Sc. i. At the Friar's cell. In both quartos the first part of this scene, till the exit of Paris, is almost identical. From this point to the end only scattered fragments of what I believe to have been the original play, as given in \( Q_2 \), are to be found in \( Q_1 \).

**SHORTENED PASSAGES.**

Act I. Sc. i. The Prince's speech when he arrives to part the fray.—The dialogue between Mountague, his wife, and Benvolio. (Benvolio's account of the fray breaks down after the first two lines; but that his description, as given in \( Q_2 \), was in existence when \( Q_1 \) was printed seems manifest when we examine his confused account in \( Q_1 \) of the fight in which Mercutio and Tibalt are slain (Act III. Sc. i.). There will be found one of the lines—"While we [they] were interchanging thrusts and blows"—which \( Q_1 \) here omits. Mountague omits the description of Romeo's melancholy humour, yet his remark—"Black and portentous must this humour prove," etc., is retained.) Other evidence of shortened representation will be found in the abruptness of the conclusion of this scene in \( Q_1 \), together with the absolute agreement of the additional lines, given in \( Q_2 \), with what had gone before. In Act I. Sc. iii. In the latter part of the scene, Lady Capulet's description of Paris, lines 66—81, was certainly not added in \( Q_2 \), therefore its non-appearance in \( Q_1 \) may fairly be set down as the result of omission.

For the rest the gaps made in the text of \( Q_1 \) in arranging it opposite that of \( Q_2 \) so clearly show the places where omissions are to be looked for, that it is needless to point them out here. I know of no passage of any importance throughout the play which was not probably in existence at the time \( Q_1 \) was printed. Here of course reserve must be made for substituted, revised, and slightly augmented passages.

**IMPERFECT REPRESENTATION.**

Compare in both Quartos, the Prologue, and, in the opening Scene, the dialogue between the Servants up to the actual commencement of the fray, and the summing up in \( Q_1 \) of the whole conduct of the fray in a descriptive stage direction. The impression this leaves on me is, that \( Q_1 \) is a text carelessly made up from imperfect notes. Other principal passages where this imperfect representation is apparent are Act I. Sc. iv., Mercutio's description of Queen Mab. Act II. Sc. v. Where the Nurse gives an account to Juliet of her embassage. Act III. Sc. i. In which occurs the fatal affair in which Mercutio and Tybalt are slain. Act III. Sc. ii. In which the Nurse brings the account of Tybalt's death and Romeo's banishment to Juliet. (It should be however noted, that in this scene the corruptions and omissions are almost exclusively confined to Juliet's speeches; those of the Nurse are nearly perfect. Of the twenty-eight lines given to her in \( Q_2 \), more than twenty are found in \( Q_1 \); and one of the additional lines of \( Q_2 \)—"Ah where's my man? give me some Aqua-vitae"—had been already given in \( Q_1 \) in Act II. Sc. v.)
Act III. Sc. v. After the departure of Romeo till the entry of Capulet.

Act IV. Sc. ii. to the end of the play. The greater portion of all this is evidently the result of rough notes carelessly made up. Here and there fragments more or less perfect of the original play are noticeable, and some passages (which I shall point out under their proper heading) seem to indicate a radical difference between the original play and that given in Q2. Note, as a particular instance of imperfect rendering, in Act V. Sc. i. Romeo’s soliloquy on the Apothecary and his Shop.

PASSAGES POSSIBLY RE-WRITTEN FOR Q2.

Act II. Sc. vi. Romeo and Juliet meet at the Friar’s cell to be married.
Act IV. Sc. v. The lamentations over the supposed dead body of Juliet.
Act V. Sc. iii. I. 12—17. Paris’ address before the tomb of Juliet.

The essential differences between the two quartos in these passages cannot be accounted for as the result of imperfect note-taking during the performance. If they really existed in the original play in anything like the form they present in (Q1) they must have been re-written for Q2.

EVIDENCE OF REVISION OF THE ‘COPY’ FROM WHICH Q2 WAS PRINTED.

Proofs of this revision will be found throughout the Play; but here I shall content myself with giving two instances, the whole evidence for which will be found in the parallel texts, and which, as they admit of no doubt, will best serve the purpose of directing attention to this peculiarity of Q2. Act II. Sc. iii. lines 1—4. ‘The grey eyde morne’ etc. Both quartos begin this scene with these four lines; but on comparison it will be seen that (Q1) has the better version: if, now, the reader will cast his eye higher up the page of Q2 he will find a third version of these four lines inserted in the midst of Romeo’s last speech in the preceding scene. How did it come there? Evidently this third version was intended by the author as a substitute for the inferior version that (by the carelessness of the transcriber) had got into the ‘copy’ prepared for the printer of Q2; it was written on the margin, or on a paper attached to it. ‘By an oversight, however, the original lines in the ‘copy’ were not struck through; and by a blunder the printer misplaced the revision where we now see it.

Act III. Sc. iii. lines 38—45. The admirable confusion these lines present in Q2 is here clearly the result of the revision of the ‘copy’ from which it was printed. The text of that copy must in the first instance have been identical with that presented by (Q1), which I here print in roman type, placing in the margin, in italics, the additions and revisions made on the ‘copy’ for Q2. I have also numbered the lines in the order it was intended they should appear.

1. And steale immortall kisses from her lips; 2. Who even in pure and restall modestie
4. But Romeo may not, he is banished. 3. Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.

5. Flies may doo this, but I from this must flie. 5. This may feyes do, when I from this must flie,
6. They are freemen but 7. And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death?
I am banished.
In the first line blessing was properly substituted for kisses; lines 2 and 3, which are purely parenthetical, should then alone have been introduced; but the printer took all the four lines (2, 3, 5, 7) which he found on the right-hand margin of his 'copy' and inserted them together, allowing the cancelled line (5), for which the marginal line 5 is a substitute, to remain in the text. Line 6, I must suppose, got into its proper place from having been written on the opposite margin.

For some other special instances of this revision I must refer the reader to the notes to my revised text of the Play. Act I. Sc. i. l. 122, 123, Sc. iv. l. 62—64; Act III. Sc. ii. l. 127, 127, Sc. v. l. 177—181; Act IV. Sc. i. l. 95—98, 110; Act V. Sc. iii. l. 102, 103, 107.

I have now only to add a few words in explanation of the plan of this work. Q1 is printed page for page and line for line with the original. The Acts and Scenes are numbered in the margin in accordance with the division of the 'Cambridge' and most modern editions. The lines of the text are numbered separately for each scene, but as printed lines, it not being possible in this reprint to number them metrically.

Q1, which is nearly one quarter less than Q2, (Q1) has 1232 lines, including Prologue; (Q2, 3007), has necessarily been printed with gaps in the text in order to bring the parallel passages of the two quartos as nearly opposite each other as possible. It is, however, printed line for line with the original, and the commencement of each page is marked with an asterisk.

The system I have adopted for the marginal notes is founded on that of the 'Cambridge Shakespeare,' and will present no difficulty to those accustomed to that edition. Q stands for Quarto; Qq for the agreement of Q1, 4, 5; F for Folio; Ff. for the agreement of all the Folios. Only those quartos and folios are mentioned which differ from the text of Q2. To save space where the difference between the text of Q2 and other editions is merely a matter of punctuation, I have given the notes of punctuation within brackets, thus, Act I. Sc. i. l. 23, 'maids.'] [?] Ff. [?] Q5, signifies that the Folios, instead of a period have a note of interrogation after maids and Q5 a note of exclamation. It is of course only in passages where the sense is affected that I have taken notice of the punctuation.

The writer is much indebted to the liberality of Mr F. W. Cosens for the loan of his valuable facsimiles (Achne's) of the Quarto editions, the temporary possession of which has greatly facilitated my task.

P. A. Daniel.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

A Parallel Text Edition of the First Two Quartos,

(Q1) 1597—Q2, 1599,

ARRANGED SO AS TO SHEW THEIR DIFFERENCES,

AND WITH

COLLATIONS OF THE OTHER QUARTOS AND THE FOLIOS.

EDITED BY

P. A. DANIEL.
AN EXCELLENT conceited Tragedie
OF Romeo and Iuliet.

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

LONDON,
Printed by John Danter.
1597.
THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE, OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

NEWLY CORRECTED, AUGMENTED, AND AMENDED:

AS IT HATH BENE SUNDRY TIMES PUBLIQUELY ACTED, BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN AND HIS SERVANTS.

LONDON
PRINTED BY THOMAS CREED, FOR CUTHBERT BURBY, AND ARE TO BE SOLD AT HIS SHOP NEARE THE EXCHANGE.
The Prologue.

TVo household Frends alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona, where we lay out Seene)
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
VVe ho se ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vn cleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
A paire of jarre-croft Loners tooke their life:
VVe ho se misaduentures, piteous overthroues,

(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,
And death-markt passage of their Parents rage)

Is now the two houres traffique of our Stage.
The which if you with patient cares attend,
VVe ho se here we want wee'ld finde to amend.
The Prologue.

Corus.

Two households both alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona where we lay our Scene)
From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,
where cuil bloud makes cuil hands uncleane :
From forth the fataall loynes of these two foes,
A paire of starre-croft louers, take their life :
whose misaduentur'd flightious overthrowes,
Doth with their death burie their Parents life.
The fearfull passage of their death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their Parents rage :
which but their childrens end nought could remove :
Is now the two hours traffique of our Stage.
The which if you with patient cares attend,
what heare shall misse, our toyle shall strive to mend.

A 2
The most excellent Tragedie of
Romeo and Juliet.

Enter 2. Serving-men of the Capulets.

G
Regorie, of my word Ile carrie no coales.
  2 No, for if you doo, you should be a Collier.
  1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.
  2 Euer while you liue, darwe your necke out of the
      the collar.
  1 I strike quickly being moo'd.
  2 I, but you are not quickly moo'd to strike.
  1 A Dog of the house of the Mountagues moues me.
  2 To moue is to firre, and to bee valiant is to stand
     to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be moo'd thou't
     runne away.
  1 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take
     the wall of.
  2 That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakest goes
     to the wall.
  1 That's true, therefore Ile thruf the men from the
     wall, and thruf the maids to the walls: nay, thou shalt
     see I am a tall piece of flesh.
  2 'Tis well thou art not fish, for if thou wert thou
     wouldst be but poore Iohn.
  1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile firft begin with the maids, &
     off with their heads.
  2 The
THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LAMENTABLE
Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet.

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 liue, 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 Montague moues me.
Greg. To moue is to firre, and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore if thou art moued thou runst away.
Samp. A dog of that houle shall moue me to stand:
I will take the wall of any man or maide of Mountagues.
Greg. That shewes thee a weake shame, for the weakest goes to the wall.
Samp. Tis true, & therfore women being the weakest vessel
are euer thrunt to the wall: therfore I wil puth Mountagues men from the wall, and thrunt 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 cuil with the maides, I will cut off their heads.

A 3 Greg. The
2 The heads of the maids?
1 I the heads of their Maides, or the Maidenheads, take it in what fence thou wilt.
2 Nay let them take it in fence that seele it, but heere comes two of the Mountagues.

Enter two Servingmen of the Mountagues.
1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.
2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.
1 Nay let vs have the law on our side, let them begin first. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.
2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile come after and frowne.
1 Moun: Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?
1 I bite my thumbe.
2 Moun: I but i'ft at vs?
1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our side?
2 No.
1 I bite my thumbe.
1 Moun: I but i'ft at vs? Enter Benevolo.
2 Say I, here comes my Masters kinsman.

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

Prince:
Greg. The heads of the maids.

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

Greg. They must take it sense that seele it.

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

Greg. Tis well thou art not fitt, if thou hadst, thou hadst bin poore John: draw thy toole, here comes of the house of Montagues.

Enter two other serving men.

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

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Fear me not.

Greg. No marrie, I fear thee.

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

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

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

Abram. Do you bite your thumb at vs fir?

Samp. I do bite my thumbe fir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at vs fir?

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

Greg. No.

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

Greg. Do you quarell fir?

Abr. Quarell fir, no fir.

Sa. But if you do fir, I am for you, I ferue as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Samp. Well fir. Enter Benvolio.

Gre. Say better, here comes one of my maisters kinmen.

Sam. Yes better fir.

Abr. You lie.

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

They fight.

Benv. Part foole, put vp your swords, you know not what you do.

Enter
Prince: Rebellious subjects enemies to peace,

On paine of torture, from those bloody handes
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.

Three Cituell brawles bred of an airie word,
By the old Capulet and Mountague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets.

If ever you disturb our streets againe,

Your
Enter Titus.

Titus. What art thou drawne among these hartlesse bindes? turne thee Benuo, looke vpon thy death.

Benuo. I do but kepe 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.

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Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs or partysons.

Off. Clubs, Bils and Partifons, strike, beate them downe, Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet in his gowne, and his wife.

Capu. What noyse is this? give 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 florishes 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 foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Eskeales, with his traine.

Prince. Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-flayned feste,

Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beasts:
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountains illuing from your veins:
On paine of torture from those bloudie hands,

Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And heare the sentence of your moued Prince.

Three ciuil brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old Capulet and Mountague,

Haue thrice disturb'd the quiet of our freights,
And made Neronas auncient Citizens,

Cast by there graue befeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,

Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate,
If euer you disturb our freights againe,

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

Exeunt.

M: wife. Who set this auncient quarrel first abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?
Benuo: Here were the seruants of your aduersaries,
And yours close fighting ere I did approch.

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

Benu: Madame, an houre before the worthipt sunne
Peeped through the golden window of the East,
A troubled thought drew me from companie:
Where underneath the grove Sicamoure,
That Westward rooteth from the Citties side,
So early walking might I see your sunne.
I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
And drew into the thicket of the wood:
I noting his affections by mine owne,
That most are busied when th'are most alone,

Pursued my honor, not pursuing his.
Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You Capulet shall go along with me,
And Mountague come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common judgement 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 servants of your aduerarie
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the infortunato came
The sierie 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, lift him in scorne:
While we were enterauching thruts 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.
Benuo. Madam, an hour before the worshipful Sun,
Pearde forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled minde drue me to walk abroad,
Where vnderneath the groud of Syramour,
That Westward rootheth from this Civie 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 fought, where most might not be
Being one too many by my weare selfe,
Purued my humor, not purueing his,
And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.

Mounta. Many a morning hath he there bin seene,

With
Moun: Black and portentious must this honor prove,
Vnleffe good counsile'doo the caufe remoue.

Ben: Why tell me Vnle do you know the caufe?

Enter Romeo.

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

Ben: See where he is, but stand you both aside,
Ile know his grievance, or be much denied.

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

Benue: Good morrow Coien.
Romeo: Is the day so young?
Ben: But new stroke nine.
Romeo: Ay me, sad hopes see me long.
Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben: It was, what sorrow lengthens Romeos houres?
ACT 1. SC. 1.]  

With tears augmenting the fresh mornings dewe,
Adding to clouds, more clowdes with his deepse sighes,
But all so soone, as the alcheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw,
The shadie curtaines from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steales home my heavie sone,
And priuate in his Chamber pennis himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous must this humor proue,
Vnleffe good counsell may the caufe remove.

Ben. My Noble Vncle do you know the caufe?
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
Ben. Have you importunde him by any meanes?
Moun. Both by my selfe and many other friends,
But he is owne affections counsellor,
Is to himselfe (I will not fay how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from founding and discouerie,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can spred his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his bewtie to the fame.
Could we but learne from whence his forrows grow,
We would as willingly guie cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Moun. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
Ile 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.

Ben. Good morrow Cousin.
Romeo. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new frooke nine.

Romeo. Ay me, sad houres seeme long:
Was that my father that went hence so faft?
Ben. It was: what sadneffe lengthens Romeo's houres?

B  Rom. Not
Romeo and Juliet (Q1 1597)

ACT I. SC. I.

Rom: Not having that, which having makes them
Ben: In love.
(Short.
Ro: Out.
Ben: Of love.
Ro: Out of her favor where I am in love.
Ben: Alas that love so gentle in her view.
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.
Ro: Alas that love whose view is muffled still,
Should without lawes guie path-ways to our will:
Where shal we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with love,
Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
O amie thing, of nothing first create!
O heauie lightnes serios vanitie!
Mishapen Caos of beft seeming thinges,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This love feele I, which feele no love in this.
Doest thou not laugh?
Ben: No Colie I rather weep.
Rom: Good hart at what?
Ben: At thy good hearts oppression.
Ro: Why such is loues transgression,
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,
Which thou wouldst propagate to haue them prevalent
With more of thine, this grieue that thou haist thowne,
Doth ad more grieue to too much of mine owne:
Loue is a smoke raisde with the fume of sighes
Being purgede, a fire sparking in louers eyes:
Being vext, a sea raging with a louers teares.
What is it elie? A madness most diuerset,
A stinking gall, and a preferuing sweet. Farewell Cofe.

Ben: Nay Ile goe along.
And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.

Ro:
Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes thē short.

Ben. In loue.

Rom. Out.

Ben. Of loue.

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

Ben. Alas that loue fo gentle in his view,
Should be fo tirannous and rough in prooфе.

Rom. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, fee pathwaies to his will:

Where shall we dine? ô 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 ô brawling loue, ô louing hate,

Q any thing of nothing firſt created:
O heauie lightneffe, serioes vanitie,
Mifhapen Chaos of welfeeling formes,
Feather of lead, bright fmoke, cold fier, fickle health,

Still waking sleepe that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,

Doest thou not laugh?

Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.

Rom. Good hart at what?

Ben. At thy good harts oppreſſion.

Rom. Why fuch is loues tranſgreſſion:
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breaſt,

Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preſſe,
With more of thine, this loue that thou haft shoune,
Doth ad more grieſe, too too much of mine owne.
Loue is a fmoke made with the fume of fighes,

Being purgd, a fire Sparkling in louers cies,
Being vext, a fea nourifht with louing teares,
What is it else? a madneffe, moft difcreete,
A choking gall, and a preferuing sweete:

Farewell my Coze.

Ben. Soft I will go along:
And if you leave me fo, you do me wrong.
Romeo and Juliet

ACT I. SC. I.

Romeo: Tut I have lost my selfe I am not here.
This is not Romeo, hee's in some other wher.

Benvolio: Tell me in sadnes whome the is you love?

Romeo: What shall I groan and tell thee?

Benvolio: Why no, but sadly tell me who.

Romeo: Bid a sickman in sadnes make his will.

Ah word ill vrgde to one that is so ill.

In sadnes Cofen I doo lose a woman.

Benvolio: I aime to right, when as you said you lou'd.

Romeo: A right good mark-man, and shee's faire I loue.

Benvolio: A right faire marke faire Cofe is soonest hit.

Romeo: But in that hit you mifie, shee'le not be hit

With Cupids arrow, the hath Dianas wit,

And in strong prove of chastitie well arm'd:

Gainst Cupids childish bow the liues vnharm'd,

Shee'le not abide the sedge of loving tearmes

Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold,

Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore,

That when the dies with beautie dies her store. Exeunt.
ACT 1. SC. 1.

Romeo and Juliet

Romeo.

Tut I have 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 shal I grone and tell thee?

Ben. Grone, why no: but falsly tell me who?
Ro. A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will:
A word ill vrgd to one that is fo ill:
In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.

Ben. I symde fo 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 nifte, sheel not be hit
With Cupids arrow, she hath Diane wit:
And in strong profe of chafticie well armd,
From loues weak childish bow the liues vncharmd.
Shee will not pay the siege of louing tarmes,
Nor bide th'incounter of affailing cies.

Noe ope her lap to lainct seducing gold,
O shee 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 chaffe?

Ro. She hath, and in that sparing, make huge wafe:
For bewtie steru'd with her feueritie,
Cuts bewtie off from all povertie.
She is too faire, too wise, wisely too fare.

To merit blisse by making me diipare:
Shee hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow,
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.

Ben. Be rule by me, forget to thinke of her.
Ro. O teach me how I shoule forget to thinke.

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

Ro. To the way to call hers (exquit) in questione more,
These happiest makes that his faire Ladies broues,
Being black, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget

B 2

The
Enter Countie Paris, old Capulet.

Of honorable reckoning are they both,
And pittie is they lye at ods so long:
But leaving that, what say you to my fute?
   Capu: What should I say more than I said before,
   My daughter is a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not yet attained to fourteene yeares:
Let two more sommers wither in their pride,
Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.
   Paris: Younger than the are happie mothers made.
   Cap. But too soone marde are these so early married:

But wone her gentle Paris, get her heart,
My word to her content is but a part.

This night I hold an old accustome'd feast,
Whereunto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love: yet you among the more,
One more most welcome makes the number more.
At my poore house you shall behold this night,
Earth treading flars, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as doo lusty youngmen feele,
When well apparaiald Aprill on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, even such delights
Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all fee,
   And
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost,
Shew me a mistress that is puffing faire,
What doth her bewtie ferue but as a note,
Where I may reade who paff that puffing faire:
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget,

Ben. 'Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. Exeunt.

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.

Capu. But Mountague is bound as well as I,
In penaltie alike, and its not hard I thinke,
For men so old as we to kekke the peace.

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

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

Pari. Younger then she, are happie mothers made.

Capu. And too faire mard are thofe so early made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Schees the hopefull Lady of my earth:

But wooe her gentle Paris, get her hart,
My will to her consent, is but a part.
And shee agreed, within her scope of choise
Lyes my consent, and faire according voyce:

This night I hold, an old accustomd feast,
Where to I haue invited many a guest:
Such as I love, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome makes my number more:

At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earthrading farres, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as do lustie young men feele,
When well appareld April on the heele,

Of limping winter treads, euyn fuch delight
Among frech fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all fee:

14. Earth] The earth
Q4.5. Earth up F4.3.4
swallowed; swallowed'd Q5.
15. Shees] She's F1. She
is Q4.5. F4.3.4
And like her mist, whose merit mist shalbe.
Such amongst view of many myne beeing one,
May stand in number though in reckoning none.

Enter Servuingman.
Where are you sirra, goe trudge about
Through faire Verona streets, and seeke them out:
Whole names are written here and to them say,
My house and welcome at their pleasure say.

Exeunt.

Ser: Seek thee them out whose names are written here,
and yet I knowe not who are written here: I must to
the learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as
the Taylor must meddle with his Laffe, the Shoomaker
with his needle, the Painter with his nett, and the Fisher
with his Penfell, I must to the learned.

Enter Benuolio and Romeo.

Ben: Tut man one fire burnes out another's burning.
One paine is lesned with another's anguist:
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,
One desperat grieue cures with another's anguist.
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will die.
Romeo: Your Planton leafe is excellent for that.
Ben: For what?
Romeo: For your broken thin.
Ben: Why Romeo art thou mad?
Rom: Not mad, but bound more than a madman is.
Shut vp in prifon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.
Ser: Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read,
Rom: I mine owne fortune in my miserie.
Ser: Perhaps you have learned it without booke:
but I pray you can read any thing you see?
Rom: I if I know the letters and the language.
Seru: Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.
Rom: Stay fellow I can read.
And like her most, whose merit most shall bee:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come go with me, go frith trudge about,
Through faire Verona, find those persons out,
Whole names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

Exit.

Serv. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the shoo-maker should meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his laft, the fishe with his penfill, & the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never 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 burns out, an others burning,
On paine is leined by an others anguish,
Turse giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One desperate greefe, cures with an others language:
Take thou some new infecction to thy eye,
And the rancke poyfon of the old will dye.

Romeo. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.

Ben. For what? I pray thee?

Romeo. For your broken thin.

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. Goddigeeden, I pray sir can you read?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser. Perhaps you have learned it without booke:

But I pray can you read any thing you see?

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

Ser. Yee say honestly, reft you merrie.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.
He reads the Letter.

Seigneur Martino and his wife and daughters, Countie
Anselme and his two sisters, the Lady widow of
Vitruvio, Seigneur Placentio, and his lovely Nieces,
Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine uncle Capu-
let his wife and daughters, my faire Niece Rosaline and
Luise, Seigneur Valentio and his Cosen Tibalt, Lucio
and the liuellie Helena.

A faire assembly, whether should they come?

Ser: Vp.
Ro: Whether to supper?
Ser: To our house.
Ro: Whose house?
Ser: My Masters.
Ro: Indeed I should have askt thee that before.
Ser: Now I'l'e tel you without asking. My Master is
the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of
Mountagues, I pray come and drink a cup of wine. Reft
Ben: At this fame aunccent feast of Capulets, [you merrie.
Sups the faire Rosaline whom thou st loues:
With all the admired beauties of Verona,
Goe thither and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.
Ro: When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintaine such faithfull, then turne teares to fire,
And these who often drownde could noer die,
Transparennt Heretiques be burnt for liers
One fairest than my loue, the all seeing sone
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.
Ben: Tut you saw her faire none els being by,
Her fellee payd with her felle in either eye:
But in that Cristall scales let there be waide,
Your Ladys love, against some other maide
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And the shall scant shew well that now seems best.
Rom: Ile goe along no such fight to be showne, But
He reads the Letter.

Seigneur Martino, & his wife and daughters: Countie Anselme
and his beuatious sisters: the Lady widow of Vtruvio, Seigneur
Placentio, and his louely Neece: Mercutio and his brother Val-
sentine: mine Uncle Capulet his wife and daughters: my faire Neece
Rosaline, Luia, Seigneur Valentio, and his Cofen Tybalt: Lucio
and the lively Hellenia.

A faire asemble, whither should they come?


Ro. Whither to supper?

Ser. To our house.

Ro. 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 drinck a cup of wine. Reft you merrie.

Ben. At this same auncient feast of Capulets,

Sups the faire Rosaline whom thou so loues:
With all the admired beauties of Verona,

Go thither, and with vnattainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall shew,

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,

Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fier:

And these who often downnde, could never die,

Transparent Heretiques 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 elite, being by,

Her selfe powst with her selfe in either eye:

But in that Chriftall scales let there be waide,

Your Ladies loue against some other maide:

That I will shew you shinning at this feast,

And she shall scant thew well that now seemes best.

Ro. Ile go along no such fight to be showne,
But to rejoyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulet's wife and Nurse.

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

Nurse: Now by my maiden head at twelve yeare old I had her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid. Where's this girlie? what Juliet.

Juliet: How now who calls?

Nurse: Your Mother.

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

Wife: This is the matter. Nurse give leaue a while, we must talke in secret. Nurse come back again I haue remembred me, thou'rt beare our counsiaile. Thou knowst my daughters of a prettie age.

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

Wife: Shee's not fourteene.

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

Wife: A fortnight and odd dayes.

Nurse: Even or odd, of all dayes in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene. Susan and she God refj all Chrifian soules were of an age. Velvel Susan is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said on Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee ma-rie I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake nowe e-leauen yeaeres, and she was wound I never shal forget it, of all the daies of the yeare upon that day: for I had then laid worme wood to my dogg, sitting in the sun under the Doue-houfe wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I do beare a braine; But as I said, when it did tuft the worme wood on the nipple of my dogg, & felt it biter, pretty foole to see it teache and full out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-houfe twas no need I trou to bid me trudge, and since that time it is aleaun yeare: for then could Juliet stande high longe, nay by the Roode, shee could have wandled vp and downe, for euyn the day before shee brake her brow, and then my husband God be with his
ACT 1. SC. 3.]  

Romeo and Juliet  Q2 2. 1599.  

But to rejoyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse wheres my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my maidenhead, at twelve yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie-bird, God forbid,

Wheres this Girlie? what Juliet.

Enter Juliet.

Juliet. How now who calls?

Nur. Your mother.

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

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse giue leave a while, we must talk in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred mee, thouis heare our counsel. Thou knowest my daughters of a pretie age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age untill a houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. Ile lay fourteeene 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. Even or odd, of all daies in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night, stille he be fourteene. Susan and shee, 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 he be fourteene, that shall shee marry, I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake now eleue yeares, and she was weaned. Neuer shall forget it of all the daies of the yeare upon that day: for I had then laide worme-wood to my dog, sitting in the sun under the Doue-house wall. My Lord and you weare then at Mantua, may I doe heare a braine. But as I said, when it did tasse the worme-wood on the nipple of my dog, 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 traw to kid me trudge: and since that time it is a leue yeares, for then she could stand hylone, my byth roode, she could have run and waddled all about: for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my hsuald, God be with his...
his soule, hee was a merrie man:
Doft thou fall forward, Iuliet? thou wilt fall backward when thou haft more wit: wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my holli-
dam, the pretty soule left crying and said I. To see how a
ieght shall come about, I warrant you if I should lie a hun-
dred yeares, I neuer shoulde forget it, wilt thou not Iuliet?
and by my troth she flinted and cried I.

Iuliet: And flint thou to too, I prethec Nurce say I.
Nurce: VTell goe thy wairs, God marke thee for his
grace, thou wert the prettisfl Bate that ever I nurel, might
I but live to see thee married once, I have my wifh.
VWife: And that same marriage Nurce, is the Theame
I meant to talke of: Tell me Iuliet, howe stand you af-
feeted to be married?
Jul: It is an honor that I dreame not off.
Nurce: An honor! were not I thy onely Nurce, I
would say thou hadst suckt wifedome from thy Trat.
VWife: Well grile, the Noble Countie Paris seeke
thee for his Wife.

Nurce: A man young Ladie, Ladie such a man as all
the world, why he is a man of waxe.
VWife: Veronaes Summer hath not such a flower.
Nurce: Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.
his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth he, doest thou fall vp on thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou haft more wit, wilt thou not Iule? And by my holy dam, the pretie wretch left crying, and said I: to seene how a~r~sh shall come about: I warrant, and I should live a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not Iule quoth he? and pretie foole it flinted, and said I.  

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

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chafe but laugh, to thinke it should leave crying, and say I: and yet I warrant it had vp on it brow, a bumpas big as a yong Cockrel, stoned a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst upon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commest toogue: wilt thou not Iule? It flinet, and said I.  

Juliet. And stilt thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.  

Nurse. Peace I have done: God marke thee too his grace, thou wast the pretiess tate that ere I nurs'd, and I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.  

Old La. Marrie, that marrie is the very theame  
I came to talke of, tell me daughter Juliet,  

How standes thy disposition 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 haft suckt wisdome from thy teate.  

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

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

Old La. Veronas Sommer hath not such a flower.  
Nurse. Nay hees a flower, in faith 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,
Jane: Well Juliet, how like you of Paris love.
Juliet: I see to like, if looking liking move,
But no more deep will I engage mine eye,
Then your content gives strength to make it flie.

[Enter Clowne.]

Clowne: Maddam you are cold for, supper is ready,
the Nurse curst in the Pantrie, all things in extremity,
make haste for I must be gone to waite.

Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.

Rom: What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apology.

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

Rom: A torch for me I am not for this stumbling.
ACT I. SC. 4.] Romeo and Juliet Q. 2. 1599. 31

And find delight, writ there with bewtis pen,
Examine euery married liuament,
And see how one an other lends content.
And what obculorde in this faire volume lies,
Finde written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound louver,
To bewtifie him, onely lacks a Couer.

72
The fift 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 clapses locks in the golden storie:
So shall you share all that he doth poissele,
By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

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

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

Iuli. I he looke to like, if looking liking moue.

But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your content gines strength to make fli. Enter Serving.

Ser. Madam the guests are come, supper seru’d vp, you cald,
my young Lady askt for, the Nurfe curft in the Pantrie, and euerie thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I befeech you follow straignt.

Mo. We follow thee, Iuliet the Countie flaies.

Nur. Go gyrl, fecke happie nights to happie dayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuilio, with fiae or fixe other Maskers, torchbearers.

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

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

Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling,
Beeing but heauie I will beare the light.

_Mer_: Beleeue me _Romeo_ I must haue you dance.

_Rom_: Not I beleue me you haue dancing shoes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead
So flake me to the ground I cannot sperre.

_Mer_: Gie me a cafe to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth cause deformitie.

_Rom_: Give me a Torch, let wantons light of hart
Tickle the senseles ruthes with their heele:
For I am prouerbe with a Grandire phrase,
Ille be a candleholder and looke on,
The game was nere to faire and I am done.

_Mer_: Tut dun's the moule, the Cunitables old word,
If thou beam Dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Of this surreuerence lone wherein thou stickit.
Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.

_Rom_: Nay thats not so. _Mer_: I meane sir in delay,
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,
Take our good meaning for our judgement fits

Three
ACT 1. SC. 4.]  Romeo and Juliet  Q’ 2. 1599.

Being but heauie I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gete 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 stakke me to the ground I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow Cupids wings,

And forre with them aboue a common bound.

Rom. I am too foure enpeeared with his shaft,

To forre with his light feathers, and fo bound,

I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,

Vnder loues heauie birthen do I fincke.

Horatio. And to fink in it should you burthen loue,

Too great oppreッション for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,

Too rude, too boystrous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue

Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe,

Gie me a caufe to put my village in,

A vior for a vior, what care I

What curious eye doth cote deformities:

Here are the beetle browes shall bluth for me.

Benu. Come knock and enter, and no nooner in,

But euery man betake him to his legs.

Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart

Tickle the feneceleff rufhes with their heele:

For I am prouerbd with a graunfire phrafe,

Ile be a cande-holder and looke on,

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

Mer. Tut, duns the moufe, the Confables own word

If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire

Or faue you reverence loue, wherein thou flickeft

Vp to the eares, come we burne daylight ho.

Ro. Nay thats not so.

Mer. I meane sir in delay

We waite our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:

Take our good meaning, for our judgemeunt fits,
Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.

Rom: So we meane well by going to this maske:

But tis no wit to goe.

Mer: Why Romeo may one aske?

Rom: I dreamt a dreame to night.

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

Mer: That dreamers often lie. (true.)

Rom: In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things.

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

Ben: Queene Mab whats she?

She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come

In shape no bigger than an Agget stone

On the forefinger of a Burgomaster,

Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,

Athisart men's notes when they lie a sleepe.

Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,

The couer, of the winges of Grasshoppers,

The traces are the Moone-shine watre beames,

The collers crickets bones, the lath of filmes,

Her waggoner is a small gray coated fie,

Not halfe so big as is a little worme,

Pickt from the ladie finger of a maide,

And in this sort the gallops vp and downe

Through Lovers braines, and then they dream of love:

O're Courtiers knees: who srait on curfies dreame

O're Ladies lips, who dreame on killies srait:

Which oft the angrye Mab with blisters plagues,

Becauze their breathes with sweate meats tained are:

Sometimes the gallops ore a Lawers lap,

And then dreams he of finelling out a fute,

And sometime comes he with a tithe pigs taile,

Tickling a Partons note that lies a sleepe,

And then dreams he of another beneficce:

Sometimes the gallops ore a fouldiers note,

And then dreams he of cutting foraine throats,

Of breaches ambucados, countermines,

Of healthes blae fadome depe, and then anon

Drums in his ore: at which he flartes and wakes,

And sweares a Praier or two and sleepe againe.

This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,

And proves them women of good cariage. (the night,

This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horfes in

And plats the Eliclocks in foule fluttifh haire,

Which once vntangled much misfortune breedes. Rom:
Five times in that, ere once in our wise wits.

Romeo. And we mean well in going to this Mask,

But is no wit to go.

Mercutio. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreampt a dreamer to night.

Merc. And so did I.

Romeo. Well what was yours?

Merc. That dreamers often lie.

Romeo. In bed asleep while they do dream things true.

Merc. Queen Mab hath bin with you:

She is the Fairies midwife, and the comes in shape no bigger than an Agate stone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little ottamie, ouer mens noses as they lie asleep: her waggōd spokes made of log spinners legs: the cuer, of the wings of Grafters, her traces of the finall web, her collors of the moonthies watry beams, her whip of Crickets bone, the lafh of Philome, her waggoner, a small grey coated Gnat, not half so big as a round little worme, prickt from the laziz finger of a man. Her Charriot is an emptie Hazel nut, Made by the loyner squirrel or old Grub, time out amind, the Fairies Coachmakers: and in this state the gallops by night by night, throughe lourers brains, and then they dreame of loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curfies straight, ore Lawyers fingers who stray dreame on fees, ore Ladies lips who stray one kites dream, which oft the angrize Mab with bliffered plagues, because their breath with sweete meates tainted are. Sometime the gallops ore a Courtiers nofe, and then dreames he of smellying out a fute: and sometime comes he with a tithpigs tale, tickling a Perfons nofe as a lies asleepe, then he dreams of an other Benefice. Sometime the drieth ore a fouldeiers neck, and then dreams he of cutting forrain throates, of breathes, amoucados, spanish blades: Of healths fiue fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his ear, at which he startes and wakes, and being thus frighted, sweare a prayer or two & sleepe againe; this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the night: and bakes the Ellocks in foule fluttifh haires, which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
Rom: Peace, peace, thou talkest of nothing.
Mer: True I talke of dreams,
Which are the Children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine fantasi,
Which is as thinne a substance as the aire,
And more inconstant than the winde,
Which woes euens now the froste bowels of the north,
And being angred pusses away in haste,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. (culs.
Ben: Come, come, this winde doth blow vs from our
Supper is done and we shall come too late.
Ro: I feare too earlie, for my minde milgiues
Some conseqeunce is hanging in the stars,
Which bitterly begins his afraid full date
With this nights reuels, and expirers the terme
Of a dissipled life, close in this breaf,
By some untimelie forset of vile death:
* But he that hath the fteerage of my course
Directs my faile, on lustie Gentlemen.
ACT I. SC. 5.

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 dreams:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but veinie phantaisie:
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,

And more inconstant then the wind who wooes,
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:
And being angered pusses away from thence,
Turning his side to the dewe dropping South.

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

Ro. I feare too earlie, for my mind miltiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date,
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a despised life clofde in my brest:
By some vile forfeiture of untimely death.

But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my fute, on lustie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike drum.

They march about the Stage, and Servignmen come forth with
Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helpe not to take away?
He shift a trencher, he scrape a trencher?

1. When good manners shal lie all in one or two mens hands
And they unwaft too, is a foule thing.

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

2. I Boy
Enter old Capulet with the Ladies.

Capu: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that have their toes unplagud with Corns
Will hang about with you, ah ha my Mirthfulles,
Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
Schee that makes daintie, thee he sware hath Corns.
Am I come nere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-
More lights you knowes, & turn these tables vp,
And quench the fire the roomue is growne too hote.
Ah firr, this unlookt for spord comes well,
Nay fit, nay fit, good Coen Capulect:
For you and I are pait our flanding dayes,
How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?

Cap: By Ladie fir tis thirtie yeares at leaft.
Cap: Tis not fo much, tis not fo much,
Tis since the mariage of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twentieth yeares, and then we maskt.
Cap: Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder far.
Cap: Will you tell me that it cannot be fo,
His sonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,
Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a jolly thing.
<table>
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<th>ACT I. SC. 5.</th>
<th>Romeo and Juliet</th>
<th>Q: 2. 1599.</th>
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<tr>
<td>2. I boy readie.</td>
<td>10. and call'd, cold F3. 4.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Ser. You are lookt for, and cal'd for, askt for, and sought for in the great chamber.</td>
<td>12. 3.] 1. Fl.</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes, Be brisk a while, and the longer luer take all.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Exeunt.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Enter all the guests and gentlewomen to the Maskers.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. Capu. Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you: Ah my mistesles, which of you all Will now denye to daunce, the that makes daintie, She Ile fwear hath Corns: am I come neare ye now? Welcome gentlemen, I haue feene the day That I haue worn a viror and could tell A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare: Such as would pleaue: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone, You are welcome, gentlemen come, Mufitions play. <strong>Musick plays and they dance.</strong></td>
<td>16. Ah my] Ah me, F2. 3. 4.</td>
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<td>24</td>
<td>23. gentlemen come, gent-</td>
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<tr>
<td>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 vulookt for spurt comes well: Nay sit, may sit, good Corin Capulet, For you and I are past our dauncing dayes: How long if now since laft your selfe and I Were in a maske?</td>
<td>gentlemen, come Q3. Fl.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. Capu. Berlady thirteye yeares.</td>
<td>25. yow, ye F2. 3. 4.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. Capu. What man tis not so much, tis not so much, Tis since the nuptiall of Lucientio: Come Pentycoft as quickly as it will, Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.</td>
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<td>36</td>
<td>32. Berlady, Byr lady F4.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>2. Capu. Tis more, tis more, his fonne is elder sir: His fonne is thirtie.</td>
<td>34. Lucientio: Lucientio, Lucientio, Lucientio, F1.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>His fonne was but a ward 2. yeares ago.</td>
<td>40. 2.] two Qq. Fl.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>C 3</strong></td>
<td>Romeo. What</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Row: What Latue, is that that sitteth in the hand
Of yonder Knight? to this day from the doctors to
burne bright.
It seemes the longs upon the lecture of light,
Like a rich jewel in an arraigne care.
Beaute too rich for Vice, for earth too rare:
So thines a snow-white Swan trapp'd up with Crows,
As this faire Latue, and her fellowes faireest.
The measure done, the watch her place of hand,
And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart done all now? Yet here it light,
I never saw true beauty till this night.

Te: This is the voice I saw, the Moneague,
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dyes the time
Come hither ouer'd with an Anike face.
To forme and here at our school. I
Now by the clocke and honor of my kin.
To strike him dead I hold it for no thin.
Ca: Why how now Ca. go, wherfore forme you so.
Te: Uncle this is the Moneague our foe,
A villaine that is neither come in sight.
To move at our noode in this night.
Ca: Young Romeo, is it not?
R: It is that villaine Romeo.
Ca: Let him alone; he scares him like a poorly gentle-

And to speake truth, Romeo sakes of him,
As of a vertuous and well generat youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
Here in my house soo him disparagement:
Therefore be quiet take no note of him.

Beo: a tane presence, and put off their frowne,
An ill becoming resemblance for a feath.
R: It fits when such a villaine is a guest,
Ro. What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not sir.

Ro. O she doth teach the torches to burn bright:
It seems she hangs upon the cheeke of night:
As a rich Jewell in an Ethiops ear,
Bewtie too rich for vs, for earth too deare:
So showes a snowie Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes:
The mesure done, Ie watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make bletted my rude hand.

Did my hart loue till now, forswearre it fight,
For I were few true bewtie till this night.

Tibal. This by his voyage, shoule be a Mountague.
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the slae
Come hither couerd with an antique face,
To fleere and fcorne at our solemnitie?
Now by the flocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

Capu. Why how now kinsman, wherefore ftorne
Tib. Uncle, this is a Mountague our foe: (you so?)
A villaine that is hither come in spight,
To fcorne at our solemnitie this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it.
Tib. Tis he, that villaine Romeo.
Capu. Content thee gentle Coge, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a vertuous and welgoverned 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,
Show a faire prefence, and put off these frownes,
An illbeseeming semblance for a feast.

Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a guest,
Ile not endure him.
   Ca: He shalbe indure, goe to I say, he shall,

Am I the Master of the house or you?
You’le not endure him?  God shall mend my soule
You’le make a mutenie amongst my guefts,
You’le set Cocke a hoope, you’le be the man.
   Ti: Vnle tis a shame.
   Ca: Goe too, you are a saucie knaue,

*This tricke will scath you one day I know what.

Well said my hartes.  Be quiet:
More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet.  (ting,
   Titale: Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee-
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings:
I will withdraw, but this intrution shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.
   Rom: If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,
This holie shrine, the gentle finne is this:
My lips two blufhing Pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth the rough touch with a gentle knife.
   Iuli: Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too
Which mannerly denotion shevves in this: (much,
For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,
And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kiffe.
   Rom: Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
   Iuli: Yes Pilgrime lips that they must vfe in praiser.
   Ro: Why then faire saint, let lips do what hands doo,
They pray, yeeld thou, leaft faith turne to dispaire.
   Iu: Saints doe not mooue though: grant nor praiser
   forfaie.
   Ro: Then mooue not till my prainers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours my fin is purgde.
   Iu: Then have my lips the fin that they have tooke.
   Ro: Sinne from my lips, O trefpaie sweeetly vrgde!
Ile not endure him.

**Capu.** He shall be endured.

What Goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,

Am I the matter here or you? go too,

Youle not endure him, god shall mend my soule,

Youle make a mutinie among my guestes:

You wil sett cock a hoop, youle be the man,

**Ti.** Why Vncl, is a shame.

**Capu.** Go too, go too,

You are a sawcie boy, if 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 princi, go.

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

Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.

**Ti.** Patience perforce, with willfull choller meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall

Now seeming sweet, convuent to bitteff gall. **Exit.**

**Ro.** If I prophane with my vnworthieth hand,

This holy shrine, the gentle fin is this,

My lips two blushing Pilgrims did readie stand,

To smoothe that rough touch with a tender kiss.

**Ju.** Good Pilgrim you do wring your had too much

Which mannerly deuocion thowes in this,

For saints haue hands, that Pilgrims haue hands too,

And palme to palme is holy Palmers kis.

**Ro.** Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?

**Iuli.** I Pilgrim, lips that they must vie in praire.

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

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

**Ju.** Saints do not moue, thogh grant for praiers fake.

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

Thus from my lips, by thing my fin is purgd.

**Ju.** Thee haue my lips the fin that they haue tooke.

**Ro.** Sin from my lips, o trepas sweetly vrgd:

**Gieur**
Give me my sinne againe.

_It:_ You knife by the booke.

_Nurfe:_ Madame your mother calleth.

_Rom:_ What is her mother?

_Nurfe:_ Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the house, and a good Lady, and a wife, and a vertuous. I nourish her daughter that you talk withall, I tell you, he that can lay hold of her shall have the chinkes.

_Rom:_ Is he a Mountague? Oh deare account,

_My life is my foes thrall._

_Ca:_ Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,

_We have a trifling foolish banquet towards._

_They whisper in his ear._

_I pray you let me intreat you. Is it so?_

_Well then I thank you honest Gentlemen,_

_I promise you but for your company,_

_I would have bin a bed an hour agoe:_

_Light to my chamber door._

_Escut._

_Iul:_ Nurfe, what is yonder Gentleman?

_Nur:_ The sonne and heire of old Tiberio.

_Iul:_ What is he that now is going out of door?

_Nur:_ That as I think is young Petrucho. (dance?)

_Iul:_ What is he that follows there that would not

_Nur:_ I know not.

_Iul:_ Go earne his name, if he be maried,

_My grave is like to be my wedding bed._

_Nur:_ His name is Romeo and a Mountague, the onely

_fonne of your great enemie._

_Iul:_ My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,

_Too early seene vnknowne and knowne too late:_,

_Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,

_That I should lose a loathed enemie._

_Nurfe:_ What is this? what is that?

_Iul:_
ACT 1. SC. 5.  Romeo and Juliet  Q. 2. 1599.

Gieue me my fin againe.

_ Iuli._ Youe kiffe bith booke.

_Nur._ Madam your mother craues a word with you.

_Ro._ What is her mother?

_Nur._ Marrie Batcheler,

Her mother is the Lady of the housfe,
And a good Ladie, and a wife and vertuous,

I Nurft her daughter that you talke withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall haue the chincks.

_Ro._ Is the a _Capulet_?

_Q deare account! my life is my foes debt._

_Ben._ Away begon, the sport is at the beft.

_Ro._ I so I feare, the more is my vnreft.

_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 honeste gentlemen, good night:
More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.

Ah sirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my reft.

_ Iuli._ Come hither Nurfe, what is yond gentleman?

_Nur._ The fonne and heire of old Tyberio.

_Iuli._ Whats he that now is going out of doore?

_Nur._ Marrie that I thinke be young _Petruchio_.

_Iu._ Whates he that follows here that wold not dauce?

_Nur._ I know not.

_Iuli._ Go ask his name, if he be married,

My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

_Nur._ His name is _Romeo_, and a _Mountague_,
The onely sonne of your great enemie.

_Iuli._ My onely loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too earlie scene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I must loue a loathed enemie.

_Nur._ Whates tis? whatts tis.
Iail: Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt even now of one I dance with.
Nurse: Come your mother stays for you, He goe a long with you. Exeunt.

Enter Romeo alone.

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

Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.

Enter Bonnalia Mercutio.

Ben: Romeo, my coven Romeo.

Mer: Doest thou heare he is wife,

Upon my life he hath holne him home to bed.

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

Call good Mercutio.

Mer: Call, may He conjure too.

Roo, madman, humors, passion, liuer, appeare thou in likenes of a figh: speake but one rime & I am satified, cry but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, speake to my gothip Venus one faire word, one nickname for her purblinde fonne and heire

young
Lu. A rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danc withall.

One cals within Juliet.

Nurf. Anon, anon:

Come lets away, the strangers all are gone.

Chorus.

Now old desir doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heire,
That fair for which loue gronde for and would die,
With tender Juliet match, is now not faire.

Now Romeo is beloued, and loues againe,
Alike bewitcht by the chaarme of lookes:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
And the steale loues sweete bait from fearful hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not have acceffe
To breathe such vowes as louers vfe to sweare,
And the as much in loue, her meanes much leff,

To meete her new beloued any where:
But passion lends them power, time meanes to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreeme sweete,

Enter Romeo alone.

Ro. Can I go forward when my heart is here,
Turne bache dull earth and find thyn Center out.

Enter Benuolio with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my Cozen Romeo, Romeo.

Mer. He is wife, and on my life hath holne him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way and leapt this orchard wall.

Call good Mercutio:

Nay Ile contrive too.

Mer. Romeo, humours, madman, passion louer,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a figh,
Speake but on rime and I am satisfied:
Crie but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and day,
Speake to my gothip Venus one faire word,
One nickname for her purreblind fonne and her,

D Young
young Abraham: Cupid hee
that shot so trim when young King Cophtina loued the
begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniure thee by
Rosalindes bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lip, her
prettie foote, straight leg, and quiuering thigh, and the
demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likenesse
thou appeare to vs.

Ben: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer: Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one shuld
raife a spirit in his Miftris circle of some strange fashioin,
making it there to stand till she had laid it, and coniurde
it downe, that were some spite. My inuocation is faire
and honest, and in his Miftris name I coniure onely but
to raife vp him.

Ben: Well he hath bid himselfe amongst those trees,
To be comforted with the humerous night,
Blinde in his loue, and beast befits the darke.
Mer: If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,
Now will he fit vnder a Medler tree,
And with his Miftris were that kinde of fruite,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
Ah Romeo that she were, ah that she were
An open Et cetera, thou a poprin Peare.
Romeo God night, il’e to my trundle bed:
This field bed is too cold for mee.
Come lets away, for tis but vaine,
To feeke him here that meanes not to be found.
Roe: He lefts at scars that neuer felt a wound:
But soft, what light forth yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the Sunne,
Arise faire Sunne, and kill the enuous Moone
That is alreadie sicke, and pale with grieue:
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 conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosalis 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 raife a spirit in his mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjured it downe,
That were some spight.

My invocation is faire & honest, in his mistresse name,
I conjure onely but to raife vp him.

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

Mar. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he fit vnder a Medler tree,
And with his mistresse were that kind of fruite,
As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.
Oh Romeo that she were, & that she were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare.

Romeo goodnight, ile to my truckle bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to fleepe,
Come shall we go?

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

Exit.

II. 2. Romeo. He jeaths at scarres that never felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the Sun.

Arise faire Sun and kill the envious Moone,
Who is alreadie sicke and pale with greefe,
That thou, her maid, art far more faire than she.
Do not her faire face be envious,
Her flesh's color is but pale and green,
And none but sages dare wear it, call it off.

She speaks, but she spares nothing. What of that?
Her eyes dissenteth, I will answer it.
I am too bold, it is not to me she speaks,
'Tis of the fairest stars, in all the skies,
Having some lustres, doe entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightness of her cheekes would shame those stars:
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
Would through the arie region flame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night.
Oh now the leaves her cheekes upon her hand,
I would I were the glome to that fame hand,
That I might kiss that cheeke.

Jul: Ay me.

Rom: She spakes, Oh spake againe bright Angell:
For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my

As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white vaulted wondrous eyes,
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he befriues the falee pacing cloudes,
And saies upon the boosome of the aire.

Jul: Ah Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
Denie thy Father, and refuse thy name,
Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my loue,
And il'e no longer be a Capulet.

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

Jul: Tun but thy name that is mine enimie.

What's Montague? It is nor hand nor foote,
That thou her maide art far more faire then she:
Be not her maide since she is enuious,
Her vestall liuery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, o it is my loue, o that she knew she wer,
She speakes, yet she saies nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it:
I am too bold, tis not to me the speakes:
Two of the fairest stares in all the heauen,
Having some busines to entreate her eyes,
To twinkell in their spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheek wold thame 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 leans her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

_Iu._ Ay me.
_Ro._ She speakes.
Oh speake againe bright Angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged messengre of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wonderinge eyes,
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he befrides the lazie puffinge Cloudes,
And sayles vpon the bosome of the ayre.

_Iuli._ Q _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 enemie:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a _Mountague_,
What _Mountague_? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.

What's in a name? That which we call a Rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retaine the divine perfection he owes:
Without that title Romeo part thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I haue.

Rom: I take thee at the word,
Call me but Lour, and I’ll be new Baptiste,
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

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

Ro: By a name I know not how to tell thee.
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemie to thee.
Had it written I would teare the word.

Jú: My eares have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongues vitterance, yet I know the found:
Art thou not Romeo and a Mountague?

Ro: Neyerth faire Saint, if eyther thee displease.

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

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

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

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

Jú: I would not for the world they shuld finde thee

Ro:
ACT II. SC. 2.] Romeo and Juliet Q2 1599.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>What's in a name that which we call a rofe, By any other word would sinell as sweete, So Romeo would wene he not Romeo cald, Retaine that deare perfecion which he owes, Without that tytle, Romeo doffe thy name, And for thy name which is no part of thee, Take all my selfe.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ro. I take thee at thy word:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde, Henceforth I neuer will be Romeo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Iuli. What man art thou, that thus bescreend in So flumleff on my counfell?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I My name deare saint, is hatefull to my selfe, Because it is an enemie to thee,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Had I it written, I would teare the word.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words Of thy tongus vterring, yet I know the found. Art thou not Romeo, and a Mountague?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ro. Neither faire maide, if ether thee dislike.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>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.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>Ro. With loues light wings did I orepearch these For stonie limits cannot hold loue out, And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt: Therefore thy kismen are no stop to me.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72</td>
<td>Iu. If they do fee 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 proffe against their enmitie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76</td>
<td>Iuli. I would not for the world they saw thee here.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

Jul: By whose directions foundst thou out this place.
Ro: By love, who first did prompt me to enquire,
I he gane me counseale and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre
As that vast shore, waft with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such Marchandise.

Jul: Thou knowst the maske of night is on my face,
Els would a Maiden blush bepaire my cheeks:
For that which thou haft heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,
What I haue spoke: but farewell complements.

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

Jul: O sweare not by the Moone the vnconstant
That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe, (Moone,
RA. I haue nights cloake to hide me fro 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.

LU. By whole direciton foundist thou out this place?
RA. By loue that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I leant him eyes:
I am no Pylat, yet wert thou as farre
As that vaft shore wafheth with the fartheft sea,
I shou'd adventure for such marchandlife.

LU. Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
ELF would a maiden bluflh paint my cheeke,
For that which thou haft heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue speake, but farwell complement.

DOEFT thou loue me? I know thou wilt say:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou feareth,
Thou maiest proue falfe at loosers peruries.
They say loue laughes, oh gentle Romeo,
If thou doft 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 elfe not for the world,
In truth faire Montague I am too fond:
And therefore thou maiest thinke my behauoir light,
But truft me gentleman, ile proue more true,
Then tofe that haue coying to be strange,
I should haue bene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou overheardst ere I was ware,
My truloe passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light lone,
Which the darkie night hath fo discovered.

RA. Lady, by yonder blessed Moone I vow,
That tips with fluer all these fruite tree tops.

LU. O swer not by the moone th'inconfant moone,
That monethly changes in her circle orbe,

Leaft that thy loue proue likewise variable.

Ro. What shall I sweare by?

Ju. Do not sweare at all:

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

Ro. If my hearts deare loue.

Ju. Well do not sweare, although I joy in thee:
I haue no joy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduised, too fudden,
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 bawtious flore 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 fo vnfatisfied?

Ju. What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?

Ro. Th’exchange of thy loues faithful vow for mine.

Ju. I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it:

And yet I would it were to giue againe.

Ro. Woldst thou withdrau’ it, for what purposel loue?

Ju. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,

And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bountie is as boundless 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 nurfe, sweete Mountague 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.

Ju. Three words deare Romeo, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,

Thy purpos marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that like procure to come to thee:
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And of my fortunes at thy grace: I'll lay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

_Ro:_ I see goes toward love like schoolboyes from
their bookes,
But love from love, to school with beautiful looks.

_Iul:_ Romeo, Romeo, Q for a falkner's voice,
To lure this Tulluell gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarie and may not criue aloud,
Else would I tear the cause where Echo lies
And make her airy voice as hoarie as mine,
With repetition of my _Romeo_ name.

_Romeo:_

_Ro:_ It is my foule that calles upon my name,
How sijuer sweet sound louers tongues in night.

_Iul:_ Romeo?

_Ro:_ Madame.

_Iul:_ At what a clocke to morrow shal I send?

_Ro:_ At the houre of nine.

_Iul:_ I will not faile, tis twentie yeares tild then.

_Romeo:_ I haue forgot why I did calle thee backe.

_Rom:_ Let me stay here till you remember it.

_Iul:_ I shall forget to haue thee till shee here,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.

_Rom:_ And if' ye stay still to haue thee till forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

_Iu:_ Tis almost morning I would haue thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird,
Who
ACT II. SC. 2.]  Romeo and Juliet  Q3. 2. 1599.

By one that ile 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 leave me to my griefs,
To morrow will I send.

Ro. So thriue my soule.

Ju. A thousand times goodnight.

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

Enter Iuliet againe.

Juli. Hift Romeo hift, 6 for a falkners voyce,
To lure this Taffel gentle back againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloude,
Elfe 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, found louers tongue by night,
Like softeft musick to attending eares.

Ju. Romeo.

Ro. My Neece.

Ju. What a clocke to morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Ro. By the house of nine.

Ju. I will not faile, tis twentie yeare till then,
I have forgot why I did call thee backe.

Ro. Let me stond here till thou remember it.

Ju. I shall forget to haue thee still stond there,
Remembering how I loue thy companie.

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

Ju. Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted giues,
And with a silke thred puls it backe againe,
Too louing icalous of his libertie.

_Ro_: Would I were thy bird.

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

_Rom_: Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy
I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to refl.

Now will I to my Ghostly fathers Cell,
His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.

Enter Frier Francis.

_Frier_: The gray ey’d morne smiles on the frowning
Checkring the Easterne clouds with streakes of light,
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reelles,
From forth daies path, and Titans ferie wheele:
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie,
We must vp fill this oasier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers,

Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In hearbes, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twilted gues,
And with a silken thread, plucks it backe againe,
So louing Jealous of his libertie.

**Ro.** I would I were thy bird.

**Iu.** Sweete so would I,
Yet I shou'd 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 vpone thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

**Ro.** Would I were sleepe and peace so sweete to rest
The grey eyde morne smilies on the frowning night,
Checking the Easterne Cloudes with freakes 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.

**I. 3.**

*Enter Friar alone with a basket.*

( _night._

Fri. The grey-eyed morne smilies on the frowning
Checking the Easterne cloudes with freakes of light:
And flecked darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:

Now ere the sun aduance his burning eie,
The day to cheere, and nights dancke dewe to drie,
I must vpfill this ofier 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 fucking on her naturall bofore 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 qualitie:

For
Romeo and Juliet (Q1 1597).

[ACT II. SC. 3.]

For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give:
Nor nought so good, but straint from that faire use,
Revolts to vice and stumbles on abuse:
Vertue it selfe turns vice being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.

Within the infant rinde of this small flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medecine power:
For this being smelt too, with that part cheares each hart,
Being tafted flais all fences with the hart.
Two such opposed foes incampe them still,
In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the canker death eats vp that plant.
Rom: Good morrow to my Ghosfly Confeffor.
Fri: Benedicite, what earlie tongue so foone saluteth
(me?)

Yong sonne it argues a distempered head,
So foone to bid good morrow to my bed.
Care keeps his watch in euerie old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep can neuer lie:
But where vnbruised youth with vnstufte braines
Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines:
Therefore thy earlines doth me affure,
Thou art vprowte by some distemperate.
Or if not so, then here I hit it righ
Our Romeo hath not bin a bed to night.
Rom: The lastt was true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri: God pardon sin, wert thou with Rofaline?
Rom: With Rofaline my Ghosfly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.
(Fri: Thats my good sonne: but where haft thou bin
Rom: I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,
I haue bin feasting with mine enemie:

Where on the fowaine one hath wounded mee

Thats
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some specill good doth glive:
Nor ought so good but striveing from that faire vie,
Revolts 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 refidence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part,
Being taftet, stais all fences with the hart.
Two such opposed Kings encamp them still,
In man as well as heares, grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

Ro. Goodmorrow father.

Fri. Benedicítie.

What early tongue so sweete saluteth me?
Young sonne, it argues a distempered bed,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:
Care keepest his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbrused youth with vnlustt braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raigne.

Thereby thy earliness doth me affure,
Thou art vprourd with some distemprature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not bene in bed to night.

Ro. That laft is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon fin, waft thou with Rosaline?
Ro. With Rosaline, my ghoeftly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names wo.

Fri. Thats my good son, but wher haft thou bin the?
Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou ask me agen:
I haue bene feastling with mine enemie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me:

E Thats
Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
With in thy help and holy phisicke lies,
I beare no hatred brellf man: for loe
My intercession likewise stedes my foe.

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

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

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

Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath waft thy fallow cheekes for Rofaline?
How much falt water cast away in waft,
To feallon love, that of love doth not taffe.
The funne not yet thy fighes from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
And loe vpon thy cheeke the staine doth fit,
Of an old teare that is not wafted off yet.
If euer thou wert thus, and thefe woes thine,
Thou and thefe woes were all for Rofaline,
And art thou change, pronounce this sentence then
Women may fal, when ther's no strength in men.

Rom: Thou chidst me oft for louing Rofaline.
Fr: For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.

Rom: And badst me burie loue.
Fr: Not in a graue,
To lay one in another out to haue.

Rom: I pree thee chide not, the whom I loue now
Thats by me wounded both, our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:
I beare no haired bleffed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steds my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeffion, findes but ridling thriift.
Ro. Then plainly know, my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combind, faue what thou muft 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. Frauncis what a change is here
Is Rofaline that thou didst loue so deare,
So fonne forfaken? young mens loue then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.
If eu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath wafht thy fallow cheeakes for Rofaline?
How much filt water throwne away in waife,
To season loue, that of it doth not taste.
The Sun not yet thy fighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ringing in mine auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the faine doth fit,
Of an old teare that is not waft off yet.
If ere thou waft thy felfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rofaline.
And art thou chang’de, pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when thers no strength in men.
Ro. Thou chidft me oft for louting Rofaline.
Fri. For doting, not for louting pupill mine.
Ro. And badit me burie loue.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in an other out to haue.
Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now.
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow: The other did not so.
Fr: Oh she knew well
Thy loue did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come yong Wauerer, come goe with mee, In one respect Ie thy assisitant bee:
For this aliaunce may so happie prowe,
To turne your Housholds rancour to pure loue. Execut.

Enter Mercutio, Benuatio.

Mer: Why whats become of Romeo? came he not home to night?
Ben: Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.
Mer: Ah that same pale hard hearted wench, that Ro-
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad. (saline,
Mer: Tybalt the Kinsman of olde Capolet
Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers Houle:
Some Challenge on my life.
Ben: Romeo will answere it.
Mer: I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.
Ben: Nay, he will answere the letters master if hee bee challenged.
Mer: Who, Romeo? why he is alreadie dead: stabd
with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the eare
with a lone fong, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the
blinde bow-boyes but-shaft. And is he a man to encounter
Tybalt?
Ben: Why what is Tybalt?
Mer: More than the prince of cattes I can tell you. Oh he is the courageous capitaine of complements. Cattio, he
fightes as you sing pricke-fong, keepes time dystance and proporition, refst me his minum refst one two and the thirde
in your boosome, the very butcher of a silken button, a Duel-
life a Duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first
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 young waueler, come go with me,
In one respect lie thy affiuent be:
For this alliance may so happie proue,
To turne your househoulds rancor to pure loue.

Ro. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden haft.

Fri. Wifely and flow, they stumble that run fast.

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

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

Ben. Not to his fathers, I spake with his man.

Mer. Why that fame pale hard hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kineman 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 mafter how he dares, being dared.

Mercu. Alas poore Romeo, he is alreadie dead, stabd with a white wenches blakke eye, runne through the eare with a lune fong, the very pinnne of his heart, cleat with the blinde bowe-boyses but-haft, and is hee a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ro. Why what is Tybalt?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the couragious captain of Complements: he fights as you fing pricksong, keeps time, distance & proportion, he reft, his minum refts, one two, and the third in your bosome: the very butcher of a filke button, a dualifft a dualift, a gentleman of the very first house of the first
and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto re-
uerfo, the Hay.

Ben: The what?

Me: The Poxe of such limping antique affecting fan-
tasticcoes thefe new tuners of accents. By Iefu a very good
blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why grand-
sir is not this a miserable cafe that we should be filil afiliated
with thefe strange flies: thefe fashionmongers, thefe par-
donnees, that fland fo much on the new forme, that they
cannot fitte at cafe on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr
bones.

Ben. Heere comes Romeo.

Mer: Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O feth feth
how art thou filified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that
Petrarch flowdin: Laura to his Lady was but a kitchin
drudg, yet she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dow-
dy Cleopatra a Gypifie, Hero and Hellen hildings and harle-
tries: Thishe a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior
Romeo bon iour, there is a French curtesie to your French
flop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yefternight.

Rom: What counterfeit I pray you?

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

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

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

Rom: A moft curteous exposition.

Me: Why I am the very pinke of curtesie.

Rom: Pinke for flower?

Mer: Right.

Rom: Then is my Pumpe well flour’d:

Mer: Well said, follow me nowe that left till thou haft
worne out thy Pumpe, that when the single sole of it is worn
the left may remaine after the wearing sole singuler. Rom: O
first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerfo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lipping afflicting 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 lamentable thing grandsire, that we should be thus affliicted with these strange flies: these fashion-mongers, these pardons mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot fit 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 fihified? now is he for the numbers that Petrach flowed in: Laura to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie she had a better love to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipsie, Hellen and Hero, hildings and harlots: Thisbie a grey eye or fo, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, Bonieur, there is a French salutation to your French flop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairly laft night.

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

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

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

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

Ro. Meaning to curtie.

Mer. Thou haft moft kindly hit it.

Ro. A moft curteous exposition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pincke of curtesie.

Ro. Pincke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Ro. Why then is my pump well flowerd.

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

Ro. O
Romeo and Juliet (Q. 1) 1597.

ACT II. SC. 4.

Rom: O single soald left sole singular for the singlenes.

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

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

Me: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chase, I have
done: for I am sure thou haft more of the good: in one of
thy wits, than I haue in al my floe: Was I with you there for
the gooie?

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

Me: Ile bite thee by the ear for that iest.

Rom: Nay good gooie bite not.

Me: Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp iauce

Rom: And was it not well seru'd in to a sweet gooie?

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

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

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

Ben: Stop there.

Me: Why thou wouldst haue me stoppe my tale against
the haire.

Ben: Thou wouldst haue made thy tale too long?

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

Rom: Heers goodly gear. Enter Nurse and her man.

Me: A faile, a faile, a faile.

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

Nur: Peter, pree thee give me my fan.

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

Nur: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

Me:
Ro. O single folde ieast, solie singulare for the singlenetle.

Mer. Come betwene vs good Benvoio, my wits saints.

Ro. Swits and spurs, swits and spurre, 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 whol: hunc. Was I with you there for the goose?

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

Mer. I will bite thee by the care for that ieath.

Rom. Nay good goose bite not.

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

Rom. And is it not then well sier’d in to a sweete goose?

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

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

Mer. Why is not this better now then groning for loue, now art thou lociable, 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 naturall 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 decei’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.

Mer: God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.
Nur: Is it godye gooden I pray you.
Mer: Tis no leffe I assure you, for the baudie hand of the diall is even now vpvn the pricke of noone.
Nur: Fie, what a man is this?
Rom: A Gentleman Nurle, that God hath made for himselfe to marre.
Nur: By my troth well said: for himselfe to marre quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong Romeo?
Rom: I can: but yong Romeo will bee elder when you haue found him, than he was when you sought him. I am the yongest of that name for fault of a worke.
Nur: Well said.
Mer: Yea, is the worft well? mas well noted, wife-ly, wisely.
Nu: If you be he fir, I desire some conference with ye.
Ben: O, belike he means to invite him to supper.
Mer: So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.
Rom: Why what hast found man?
Mer: No hare fir, vnlike it be a hare in a lenten pye, that is somewhat flate and hoare ere it be eaten.

He walkes by them, and fings.
And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore is verie good meate in Lent:
But a hare thists hoare is too much for a score,
it if it hore ere it be fient.
Youl come to your fathers to supper?
Rom: I will.
Mer. Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell sweete Ladie.  

Execut Benulio, Mercutio: 
Nur: Marry farewell. Pray what faucie merchant was this that was so full of his roperipe?
Rom: A gentleman Nurle that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in an houre than hee will stand to in a month.
Nur: If hee stand to anie thing against mee, Ile take him downe if he were lufier than he is: if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that thall: I am none of his flurgils, I am none of his skaines mates.
96 Mer. God ye goodden faire gentlewoman.
Nur. Is it good den?
Mer. Tis no leffe I tell yee, for the bawdie hand of the dyal,
is now vpon the prick of noone.
100 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 saith, for himselfe to mar quoth a?
Gêlemê cã any of you tel me whe I may find the yong Romeo?
104 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 worfe.
Nur. You say well.
108 Mer. Yea is the worft wel, very wel took, ifaith, wisefy, wisefly.
Nur. If you be he fir, I defire some confidence with you.
Ben. She will endite him to some supper.
Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.
112 Ro. What haft thou found?
Mer. No hare fir, vnleffe a hare fir in a lenten pie, that is some-
thing stale and hoare ere it be spented.
116 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.
120 Ro. I will follow you.
Mer. Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.
Exeunt.
Nur. I pray you fir, what sawcie merchant was this that was
so full of his roperie?
124 Ro. A gentleman Nurfe, that loues to heare himselfe talke,
and will spake more in a minute, then hee will stand too in a
moneth.
Nur. And spake any thing against me, Ile take him downe,
and a were lustier then he is, and twentie such Iacks: and if I
cannot, Ile finde those that shal: fcurrie knaue, I am none
of his furt gills, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou mift
stand
She turns to Peter her man.
And thou like a knaue must stand by, and see euerie Jacke vfe me at his pleasure.

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

Nurse: Now afore God he hath so vexed me, that euerie member about me quiuers: forvfe Iacke. But as I said, my Ladie bad me seeke ye out, and what shee bad me tell yee, that Ile keepe to my selfe: but if you should lead her into a fooles paradice as they saye, it were a verie groffe kinde of behauiour as they say, for the Gentlewoman is yong. Now if you should deale doubly with her, it were verie weake dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

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

Nurse: Good heart: yfaith Ile tell her so: oh she will be a joyfull woman.

Romeo: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

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

Romeo: Bid her get leaue to morrow morning
To come to shrift to Frier Laurence cell:
And say thou Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
My man shal come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackleed ftaire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my conduct in the secret night.

Hold, take that for thy paines.

Nurse: No, not a penie truly.

Romeo: I say you shall not chuse.

Nurse: Well, to morrow morning shee shall not faile.

Romeo: Farewell, be trustie, and Ile quite thy paine. Exit

Nurse:
stand by too and suffer euery knaue to vse me at his plea-
sure.

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

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vex, that euery part about me
quiuers, skuruiue 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 groffe kind of
beuavior as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: and there-
fore, if you should deale double with her, truly it were an ill
thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dea-
ling.

Rom. Nurfe, commend me to thy Lady and Mistreffe, I pro-
teft unto thee.

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

Ro. What wilt thou tell her Nurfe? 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 deuise some means to come to thrift this afternoon,
And there she shall at Frier Lawrence Cell

Be thrived 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 Nurfe behinde the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cordes made like a tackled stayre,
Which to the high topgallant of my ioy,

Ro. Muft be my conuoy in the secret night.

Nur. Now

Farewell be truftie, and ile quit thy paines:
Farewel, commend me to thy Mistreffe.
Nur.: *Peter,* take my fanne, and goe before. *Ex. omnes.*

*Enter* Juliet.*

*Jul.* The clocke stroke nine when I did send my Nurss, in halfe an houre she promisst to returne. Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so. Oh she is lazie, Loues heralds shou'd be thoughts, and runne more swift, than haffie powder fiered, Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

Ro. What fafit thou my deare Nurfe?

Nur. Is your man secret, did you here here say, two may keep counfell 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 little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in towne one Paris, that would faine lay knife aboord : but she good soule had as leeeue see a tode, a very tode as see him : I anger her sometymes, 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 Rosmarie and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Ro. I Nurfe, 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 pretieft fen
tentious of it, of you and Rosmarie, that it would do you good to hear it.

Ro. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times Peter.


Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke stooke nine when I did send the Nurfe,
In halfe an hour she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him, thats not so : 
Oh she is lame, loues heraulds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Suns beames,
Druing backe shadowes over lowing hills.
Therefore do nimble piniond doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind swift Cupid wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmoff hill,
Of this dayes journee, and from nine till twelve,
Is there long houres, yet she is not come,
Had she affections and warme youthfull bloud,
Enter Nurse.

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

Nur: Oh I am weary, let me rest a while. Lord how my bones ache. Oh where is my man? Give me some aqua vitae.

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

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

Jul: But tell me sweet Nurse, what sayes Romeo?

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

Jul: What of all this? tell me what sayes he to our marriage?
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 fain as they wer dead,

Unwieldie, floue, heauie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God the comes, δ hony Nurse what newes?
Haft thou met with him? scud thy man away.

Nur. Peter stay at the gate.

Iu. 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 fo fower a face.

Nur. I am a wearie, give me leve a while,
Fiie how my bones ache, what a launce haue I?

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

Nur. Iefu what haste, can you not sty a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou haste breath
To sty 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 sty the circumstance:

Let me be satisfield, ift good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choyfe, you know not
how to chuse a man: Romeo, no not he though his face be better
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, ferue
God. What haue you done at home?

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

Jul: Lord, Lord, how odly thou repliest? He fayes like a kinde Gentleman, and an honest, and a vertuous; wheres your mother?

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

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

Nur: Go, bye you straights to Friar Laurence Cell,
And frame a scufe that you must goe to thrift:
There fayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I must provide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your Lord must clime a birdes nest foone.
I must take paines to further your delight,
But you must beare the burden foone at night.
Doth this newes please you now?

Jul: How doth her latter words requite my hart.
Thankes gentle Nurfe, dispach thy busines,
And Ile not fail to meete my Romeo.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Frier.

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

Fr: Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.
My back a tother side, a my backe, my backe:
Bethe rewre your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with launings vp and downe.

Ju. Ifaithe I am forre thau art not well.

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

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

Ju. Where is my mother, why she is within, wher shuld 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 messagges your selfe.

Ju. Heres such a coyle, come what sayes Romeo?

Nur. Haue you got leave to go to shrift to day?

Ju. I haue.

Nur. Then high you hence to Frier Lawrence Cell,
There sayes a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Theil be in scarlett straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your loue
Must clime a birds neaft foone when it is darke,
I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight:
But you shal beare the burthen foone at night.

Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Juli. Hie to high fortune, honest Nurfe farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smiele the heauens vpon this holy aet,
That after houres, with forrow chide vs not.

Ro. Amen, amen, but come what forrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of joy.
Romeo and Juliet (Q1 1597)

[ACT II. SC. 6.

Rom: This morning here she pointed we should meet,
And consumate those never parting bands,
Witness of our harts love by ioyning hands,
And come she will.
Fr: I gesse she will indeed,
Youths love is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

Enter Juliet somewhat faft, and embraceth Romeo.

See where she comes.
So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:
Of love and ioy, see fe see the soueraigne power,

Jul: Romeo.

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

Jul: I am (if I be Day)
Come to my Sunne; shine foorth, and make me faire.

Rom: All beauteous fairenes dwelleth in thine eyes.

Jul: Romeo from thine all brightnes doth arise.

Fr: Come wantons, come, the thealeing houres do passe
Deler intreccements till some fitter time,
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,
Till holy Church have ioyned ye both in one.

Rom: Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.

Jul: Make halfe, make halfe, this lingring doth vs wrong.

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

Hale is a common hinderer in crofle way.

Exeunt omnes.
That one short minute giveth me in her sight:
     Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
     It is enough I may but call her mine.
     Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
     And in their triumph die like fier and powder:
Which as they kiss confuseth. The sweetest honey
     Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confoundeth the appetite.
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so,
    Too swift arriveth, as tardie as too slowe.


Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foote
Will nere weare out the everlastinge flint,
A lower may Besides the gosseamors,
    That ydeles in the wanton sommer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.
     Ju. Good even to my ghostly confessor.
     Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.
     Ju. As much to him, else is his thankes too much.
     Ro. Ah Juliet, if the mesure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre and let rich mucicke tongue,

Vnfold the imaginid happines that both
Receiueth in either, by this deare encounter.
     Ju. Conceite 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 love is growne to such excessive,
I cannot sum vp sum of halfe my wealth.
     Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
For by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
(Tworke,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

F 2

Enter.
Enter Benvolio, Mercutio.

Ben: I prethee good Mercutio let's retire,
The day is hot, the Capels are abroad.

Mer: Thou art like one of thofe, that when hee comes
into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the
boord, and fayes, God fend me no need of thee: and by
the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the
drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben: Am I like fuch a one?

Mer: Go too, thou art as hot a Jacke being mooode,
and as foone mooode to be moodie, and as foone moodie to
be moud.

Ben: And what too?

Mer: Nay, and if there were two fuch, wee should haue

none shortly. ADidst not thou fall out with a man for crak-
ing of nuts, having no other reafon, but because thou hadde
haff eyes? what eye but fuch an eye would haue pickt out

fuch a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee
waft thy dogge that lay a fleep in the Sunne? With a
Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Eafter: and
with another for tying his new foees with olde ribands.
And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

Ben: By my head heere comes a Capolet.

Enter Tybalalt.

Mer: By my heele I care not.

Tyb: Gentlemen a word with one of you.

Mer:
### Act III. Scene 1.

**Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and men.**

**Ben.** I pray thee good Mercutio let's retire,

The day is hot, the Cupids abroad:

And if we meete we shall not scape a brawl, for now these hot

daisies, is the mad blood flirring.

**Mer.** Thou art like one of thee fellowes, that when he enters

the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his sword upon the table,

and saies, 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 Jacke in thy moode as

any in Italie: and asfoone mounded to be moodie, and asfoone

moodie to be mounded.

**Ben.** And what too?

**Mer.** Nay and there were two such, we should have none

shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt

quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leffe in his

beard, then thou haft: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking

Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou haft hafel eyes:

what eye, but such an eye would spee out such a quarrel? thy head

is as full of quarelles, as an eggge is full of meate, and yet thy

head hath bene beaten as adule as an eggge for quarelling: thou

haft quarrel'd with a man for coiffing in the freete, because hee

hath wakened thy dogge that hath lainne asleep in the fun. Didst

thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet be-

fore Easter, with an other for tying his new shoes with olde ri-

band, and yet thou wilt tutter me from quarrelling?

**Ben.** And I was so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should

buy the fee-simpie of my life for an houre and a quarter.

**Mer.** The fee-simpie, 5 simpie.

**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.**
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Mer:</th>
<th>But one word with one of vs? You had beft couple it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow. Tyb:</th>
<th>I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mer:</td>
<td>Could you not take occasion?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tyb:</td>
<td>Mercutio thou conforts with Romeo?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mer:</td>
<td>Confort. Zwoones confort? the flae wil make fidlers of vs. If you doe firra, look for nothing but difcord: For heeres my fiddle-sticke.</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Enter Romeo.**

Tyb: Well peace be with you, heere comes my man. Mer: But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Mary go before into the field, and he may be your follower, fo in that fence your worship may call him man. Tyb: Romeo the hate I beare to thee can affoord no beter words then thefe, thou art a villaine. Rom: Tybalt the loue I beare to thee, doth excufe the appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, therfore I well perceiue thou knoweft me not.

Tyb: Bace boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore drawe. Ro: I doe protest I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee beter than thou canst deuife, till thou shalt know the reaon of my loue.

Mer: O dishonorable vile submiffion. Allaflocado
Mer. And but one word with one of vs, couple it with something, make it a word and a blowe.

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

Merc. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou comfortest with Romeo.

Mer. Confort, what dost 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: sounds confort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vs into some private place;
Or reason coldly of your greeuances:
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 fir, here comes my man.

Mer. But ile be hangd fir if he were your liuerie:
Marrie go before to field, heele be your followeer,
Your worship in that fens may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
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 injuries
That thou haft done me, therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I do protest I never Injured thee,
But loue thee better then thou canst devise:
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 submiffion:

F 3
it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

_Tyb:_ What wouldst with me?

_Mer:_ 'Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your nine lunes, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your scabard, leaft mine be about your eares ere you be aware.

_Rom:_ Stay _Tibalt_, hould _Mercutio_: _Benuolio_ beate downe their weapons.

_Tibalt_ under _Romeos_ arme thrusts _Mercutio_, in and flyes.

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

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

_Mer:_ Noe not so deepe as a Well, nor so wide as a barne doore, but it will ferue I warrant. What meant you to come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

_Rom:_ I did all for the beft.

_Mer:_ A poxe of your houfes, I am fairely dreft. Sirr goe fetch me a Surgeon.

_Boy:_ I goe my Lord.

_Mer:_ I am peperd for this world, I am sped yfaith, he hath made worms meate of me, & ye aske for me to morrow you shall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houfes, I shall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens shouldeRs: For your houfe of the _Mountegues_ and the _Capolets_: and then some peantly rogue, some _Sexton_, some base flauue shall write my Epitaph, that _Tibalt_ came and broke the Princes Lawes, and _Mercutio_ was slaine for the first and second caufe. Wher's the Surgeon?

_Boy:_ Hee's come Sir.

_Mer:_ Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the other side, come _Benuolio_, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your houfes.

_Exeunt

_Rom:_

_Alloflockado_ caries
ACT III. SC. 1.]

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72. wouldst] woulds Q 3, 4.
F 1, 2, 3.

Tib. What wouldst thou have with me?

M. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withall, and as you shalldbe mee hereafter drie beate the rest of the eight. Will you plucke your sword out of his pitcher by the eares? make haste, laest 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 Passado.

Rom. Draw Benvolio, beate downe their weapons, Gentlemen, for shame forbeare this outrage, Tibalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath

76. sword] sward Q 3, 4.

Forbid this bandying in Verona streetes, Hold Tybalt, good Mercutio.

Away Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague a both houfes, I am fped,

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 villain, fetch a Surgeon.

Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No tis not to deepe as a well, nor fo wide as a Church doore, but tis inough, t'will ferue: 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 houfes, founds a dog, a rat, a moufe, a cat, to scratch a man to death: a braggar, a rogue, a villain, 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 houfe Benvolio,
Rom: This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie.
My very frend hath tane this mortall wound
In my behalfe, my reputation slaine
With Tibalt's slaughter, Tybalt that an houre
Hath beene my kineman. Ah Iliet

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

Enter Benvolio.

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

Enter Tybalt.

Ben: Heere comes the furious Tibalt backe againe.
Rom: A liue in triumph and Mercutio flaine?
Away to heauen respectfuie lenity:
And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.
Now Tybalt take the villaine backe againe,
Which late thou gau't me: for Mercutios soule,
Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,
And staites for thine to beare him company.
Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

Fight, Tibalt fallas.

Ben: Romeo away, thou seest that Tibalt's flaine,
The Citizens approach, away, begone

Thou wilt be taken.

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

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

Enter Benuolio.

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

Ro. This dayes blace 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 heaven, respectieuen 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 aboue 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 cour soft him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Ro. This shall determine that.

They Fight. Tibalt fallles.

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
Rom: Ah I am fortunes slaue.

Exeunt

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Wher's he that slue Mercutio, Tybalt that villaine?

Ben: There is that Tybalt.

Watch: Vp

Vp sirra goe with vs.

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pry: Where be the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben: Ah Noble Prince I can discouer all
The moft vn lucky manmage of this brawle.
Heere lyes the man slaine by yong Romeo,
That flew thy kinman brave Mercutio,

-M: Titlalt, Tybalt, O my brothers child,
Vnhappie fight? Ah the blood is spilt
Of my deare kinman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, f hed bloud of Mountagen.

Pry: Speake Benuolio who began this fray?

Ben: Titlalt heere slaine whom Romes hand did flay.
Romeo who spake him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was.

But Titlalt still persitting in his wrong,

The flout Mercutio drewe to calme the storne,

Which Romeo seeing cal'd fay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,
ACT III. SC. 1.]

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Ro. Q I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why doft thou stay?

Enter Citizens.

Citti. Which way ran he that kild Mercutio?

Tybalt that murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

Citti. Vp fir, go with me:

I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet,
their wines and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. Noble Prince, I can discouer all:
The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,
There lies the man slaine by young Romeo,

That flew thy kifman, brave Mercutio.

Capu. Wi. Tybalt, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O the bloud is spild
Of my deare kifman, Prince as thou art true,

For bloud of ours, shead bloud of Mountague.

O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. Benuolio, who began this bloudie fray?

Ben. Tybalt here slain, whom Romeo hand did slay,

Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was, and vrgd withall
Your high displeasure all this vtrered,
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed

Could not take truce with the vnrvly spleene
Of Tybalt deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steale at bold Mercutios breast,
Who all as hot, turns deadly poynyt to poynyt,

And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It backe to Tybalt, whose dextertie
Retorts it, Romeo he cries aloud,

Hold friends, friends part, and swifter then his tongue,

His
And with his agill arme yong Romeo,
As fast as turg cryde peace, fought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thrulfs and blows,
Vnder yong Romeo laboring arme to part,
The furious Tybalt cast an envious thrift,
That rid the life of stout Mercutio.
With that he fled, but presently return'd,
And with his rapier braned Romeo:
That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.
And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did Tybalt fall,
And this way Romeo fled.

Mo: He is a Mountagew and speakes partiall,
Some twentie of them fought in this blace strife:
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I doo intreate sweete Prince thoult iustice giue,
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo may not liue.

Prin: And for that offence
Immediately we doo exile him hence.
I haue an interef in your hates proceeding,
My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
But Ie amerce you with so large a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
I will be deafe to pleasing and excuses,
Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.

Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still:

Mercie to all but murdrrers, pardoning none that kill.

Enter Julio.

Jul: Gallop space you fierie footed steedes

To
His aged arme beates downe their fatall pointes,
And twixt them rufhes, vnderneath whole arme,
An enious thruff from Tybalt, hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled,
But by and by comes backe to Romeo,
Who had but newly entreated revenge,
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 Benvolio die.

Ca. Wi. He is a kineman to the Mountague,
Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twentie could but kill one life.
I beg for Justice which thou Prince must giue:

Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not liue.

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

Cap. 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 brawls doth lie a bleeding.
But ile amerce you with so stroug a fine,
That you shall all repte the losse of mine.

It will be dece to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore vie none, let Romeo hence in haft,
Else when he is found, that hour is his last.

Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercie but murders, pardoning though that kill.

III. 2.

Enter Juliet alone.

Gallop space, you fierie footed steedes,

Exit.
To Phæbus mansion, such a Waggoner
As Phaeton, would quickly bring you thether,
And send in cloudie night immediately.

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

But how now Nurse: O Lord, why lookst thou sad?
What haft thou there, the cordes?
Towards Phæbus lodging, such a wagoner
As Phætan would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudie night immediately.
Spread thy close curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and Romeo
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseeene,

d Louers can fee to do their amorous rights,
And by their owne bewties, or if loute be blind,
It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou sober futed matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to looke a winning match,
Plaide for a pair of statsuette maydenhoods.
Hood my vnamand bloud baying in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,

Vnke true loue acted simple modestie:
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night,
Whiter then new snow vpon a Rauens backe :

Come gentle night, come louing black browd night,
Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little tharcs,
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 garilh Sun.
O I have bought the manion of a loue,
But not possesst it, and though I am fold,
Not yet enioyd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some settuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurfe.

Enter Nurfe with cords.

And she brings newes, and euery tongue that speakes
But Romes name, speakes heavenly eloquence:
Now Nurfe, what newes? what haft thou there,
The cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nur. 1,
Nur: I, I, the corde: alacke we are vndone,
We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone.

Iul: What diuell art thou that torments me thus?

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

Jul: This torture should be roard in dismall hell.

Can heauens be so enuious?

Nur: Romeo can if heauens cannot.

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes.
God faue the sample, on his manly breast:
A bloodie coarfe, a piteous bloodie coarfe,
All pale as ashes, I swounded at the sight.

Iul: Ah Romeo, Romeo, what disafater hap
Hath feuerd thee from thy true Juliet?
Ah why should Heauen so much confpire with Woe,
Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,
So soone to sunder vs by timeleffe Death?

Nur: O Tybalt, Tybalt, the beft frend I had,
O honeft Tybalt, curieous Gentleman.

Iul: What fforme is this that blowes fo contrarie,
Is Tybalt dead, and Romeo murdered:
My deare loude coufen, and my deareft Lord.

Then let the trumpet found a generall doome
These two being dead, then living is there none.

Nur:
Nur. I, I, the cords.

Iu. Ay me what news? why doth thou wring thy hāds?

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

40

Alack the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.

Iu. Can heauen be so envious?

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 shoule 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 answere 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 founded at the sight.

Iu. O breake my hart, poore bankrout break at once,

To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.

Vile earth too earth refigne, end motion here,

And thou and Romeo presse on heauie beare.

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

Q curteous Tybalt, honest Gentleman,

That euer I should liue to fee thee dead.

Iu. What florme is this that blowes so contrarie?

Is Romeo slauhtred? and is Tybalt dead?

My dearest Cozen, and my deare Lord,

Then dreadfull Trumpet found the generall doome,

For who is living, if those two are gone?

G 2

Nur. Tybalt
Nur: Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished.
Romeo that murmred him is banished.
Jul: Ah heavens, did Romeo hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nur: It did, it did, alacke the day it did.
Jul: O serpents hate, hid with a flowing face:

O painted sepulcher, including filth.

Was neuer booke containing so foule matter,
So fairly bound. Ah, what meant Romeo?

Nur: There is no truth, no faith, no honestie in men:
All false, all faithles, periuide, all forfworne.

Shame come to Romeo.
Jul: A bliffer on that tung, he was not borne to shame:

Upon his face Shame is ashamede to fit.

But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cofen?
That villaine Cofen would haue kild my husband.
Nur. Tybalt is gone and Romeo banished.

Romeo that kilm him he is banished.

Iuli. O God, did Romeo hand thead Tibalts bloud?

It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur. O ierpent heart, hid with a flowring face.

Ju. Did euer draggon kepe to faire a Cause?

Bewtfull tirant, fiend angelicall:
Rauenous douefeatherd raué, woulish rauening lambe,
Despiet substancie of diuineff showe:

Iuft opposite to what thou iuistly leem'f,
A dimme faint, an honourable villain:
O nature what hadst thou to do in hell
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend,
In mortall paradys of such sweete fleshe?
Was euer booke containing such vile matter
So farely bound? so that deceit shoule dwell
In such a gorgeous Palacc.

Nur. Theres no truist, no faith, no honestie in men,
All periurde, all forworne, all naught, all dillembleres,
Ah whereis my man? give me some Aqua-vitae:
These griefs, these woes, these forrows make me old,
Shame come to Romeo.

Ju. Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wilfe, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his browe flame is afham'd to fit:
For tis a throne where honoour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the vniuerfal earth.
O what a beaft was I to chide at him?

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

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

Which
All this is comfort. But there yet remaines
Worse than his death, which faine I would forget:
But ah, it presseth to my memorie,

*Romeo* is banished. Ah that word Banished

Is worse than death. *Romeo* is banished,

Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Iuliet,
All killd, all slaine, all dead, all banished.

Where are my Father and my Mother Nurse?
*Nur*: Weeping and wayling over Tybals coarse.

Will you goe to them?
*Iul*: I, I, when theirs are spent,
Mine shall he fled for Romeos banishment.
ACT III. SC. 2.]  

Romeo and Juliet  Q. 2. 1599.  

Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy,  
My husband liues that Tybalt would haue slaine,  
And Tybalt's dead that would haue slaine my husband:  
All this is comfort, wherefore wepe I then?  
Some word there was, worser then Tybalt's death  
That murdred me, I would forget it slaine,  
But oh it prey's 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 thonand Tybalt's: Tybalt's 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 the said Tybalt's dead,  
Thy father or thy mother, say or both,  
Which moderne lamentation might have moued,  
But with a rearward following Tybalt's 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, measure bound,  
In that words death, no words can that woe found.  
Where is my father and my mother Nurie?  
Nur. Weeping and wayling over Tybalt's course,  
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.  
J. Wafh they his wounds with teares? mine shall be  
When theirs are drie, for Romeo banishment.  
Take vp those cordes, poore ropes you are beguilde,  
Both you and I for Romeo is exile:  
He made you for a highway to my bed,  
But I a maide, die maidien widowed.  
Come cordes, come Nurie, ile to my wedding bed,  
And death not Romeo, take my maiden head.  
Nur. Hee to your chamber, Ile finde Romeo  
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:

G 3  
Harke
Nur: Ladie, your Romeo will be here to night,
Ile to him, he is hid at Laurence Cell.

Iul: Doo so, and beare this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his laft farewell. Exeunt.

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

Enter Romeo.
Rom: Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
VWhat Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
VWhich yet we know not.
Fr: Too familiar
Is my yong fonne with fuch foyre companie: 
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Rom: What leffe than doomes day is the Princes doome?
Fr: A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Rom: Ha, Banished? be mercifull, say death:
For Exile hath more terror in his loukes,
Than death it selfe, doo not say Banishment.
Fr: Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom: There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe.
Hence banished, is banisht from the world:
And world exile is death. Calling death banishment,
Thou cutf my head off with a golden axe,
And finileft vpon the stroke that murders me.
Fr: Oh monftrous finne, O rude vnthankfullnes:
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
(Taking thy part) hath rufhfd aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment:

This
Act III. Sc. 3.

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

Iu. O find him, gie this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

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 sowre companie?
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

Ro. What leffe then doomesday is the Princes doome?

Fri. A gentler judgement vanieth 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 blanished from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, misfermd, calling death banished,
Thou tufft my head off with a golden axe,
And smilset upon the stoke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin, o rude vnthankfulnes,
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath ruftt aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment.
This is mere mercy, and thou seeft it not.

Rom: Tis torture and not mercy, heaven is here

Where Juliet lies: and everie cat and dog,
And little moufe, euerie vnworthie thing
Lie here in heaven, and may looke on her,
But Romeo may not. More validitie,

More honourable state, more courtship lies
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may cease

On the white wonder of faire Julies skinne,
And iteale immortall kisses from her lips;

But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.
Oh Father hadst thou no strong poyson mixt,
No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,
Though were so meane, but banishment
To torture me withall: ah, banished.
O Frier, the damned vie that word in hell:
Howling attends it. How hadst thou the heart,
Being a Divine, a ghostly Confessor,
A finne abfoluer, and my friend profet,
To mangle me with that word, Banishment?

Fr: Thou fond mad man, heare me but speake a word.
Rom: O, thou wilt talke againe of Banishment.
Fr: Ile give thee armour to beare off this word,

Aduersities sweete milke, philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou be banished.

Rom: Yet Banished? hang vp philosophie,
Vnleffe philosophie can make a Juliet,
Divplant a Towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helps not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fr: O, now I see that madmen haue no cares.
Rom: How should they, when that wise men haue no eyes.

Fr:
<table>
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| This is deare mercie, and thou seest it not. Ro. Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is here Where 
| And little moue, euer vnworthy thing Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her, | 36 | 38. blessing] blessings F4. |
| But Romeo may not. More validitie, | 36 | |
| More honourable state, more courtship liues In carrion flies, then Romeo: they may feaze On the white wonder of deare Juliet's hand, | 36 | 42. sayest] saist Q2. Ft. |
| And steale inmortal blessing from her lips, Who euen in pure and vertall modestie | 36 | 44. 45. om. Ft. |
| Still blueth, as thinking their owne kifes fin. | 40 | 50. Howling attendis] Howling attends Ft. Howlings attend F3. 3. 4. |
| This may flyes do, when I from this must flie, | 44 | 52. sin obsolever] Sin-Ab- |
| And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death? | 44 | soluer Ft. |
| But Romeo may not, he is banishd. | 44 | 54. Then] Thou Q2. 5. |
| Flies may do this, but I from this must flie: They are freemen, but I am banishd. | 44 | om. F2. 3. 4. |
| Hadst thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife, No sudden meane of death, though here so meane, | 48 | a little; om. Ft. |
| But banishd to kill me: Banishd? | 48 | 62. | |
| O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell: Howling attends it, how haft thou the heart Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confeffor, | 52 | |
| A sin obsoleuer, and my friend profef, | 52 | 63. men] men Q2. Ft. |
| To mangle me with that word banishd? | 52 | 64. that; om. Q2. Ft. |
| Fri. Then fond mad man, heare me a little speake. Ro. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment. | 56 | 64. |
| Fri. Ile give thee armour to kepe off that word, Aduersities sweete milke, Philofophie, To comfort thee though thou art banishd. Ro. Yet banishd? hang vp philofophie, |
| Vnleffe Philofophie can make a Juliet, Difplant a towne, reuerfe a Princes doome, It helpe not, it preuailes not, tale no more. | 60 | 63. |
| Fri. O then I see, that mad man have no eares. Ro. How should they when that wife men have no eyes. |

Fri. Let
Fr: Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom: Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy Lune,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdred.
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hayre.
And fall upon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Nurse knockes.
Fr: Romeo arise, stand vp thou wilt be taken,
I hear one knocke, arise and get thee gone.

Nu: Hoe Fryer.

Fr: Gods will what wilfulness is this?

Shee knockes againe.

Nur: Hoe Fryer open the doore,
Fr: By and by I come. Who is there?
Nur: One from Lady Juliet.
Fr: Then come neare.
Nur: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,
Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's Romeo?
Fr: There on the ground, with his owne teares made drunk.

Nur: Oh he is eu'en in my Miftresse cafe.
Loth in her cafe. Oh wofull sympathy,
Piteous predicament, eu'en so Iyes thee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping.
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man.
For Juliets sake, for her fake rise and stand,
Why should you fall into so deep an O.

He rises.

Romeo: Nurse.

Nu: 
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Ro. Thou canst not speake of that thou dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thou looke,

68
An houre but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightst thou teare thy hayre,

72
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Enter Nurse, and knock.

Fri. Arise one knocks, good Romeo hide thy self.
Ro. Not I, vnleffe the breath of hartiscke groanes,

76
Myft-like infold me from the search of eyes.

They knocke.

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

Slud knock.

Run to my studie by and by, Gods will

80
What simpnelenes 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.

84
Fri. Welcome then.

Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,

88
Where's my Ladyes Lord? where's Romeo?
Fri. There on the ground,

88
With his owne teares made drunke.

Nur. O he is even in my mistreffe cafe,

92
Lust in her cafe. O wofull sympathy:
Fitious predicament, even so lies the,
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 fo deepe an O?

96
Rom. Nurse.

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

Rom: Spakest thou of Juliet, how is it with her?

Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,

Now I haue ftaine the childhood of her joy,

With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?

Where is she? and how doth she? And what sayes

My conceal'd Lady to our cancel'd loue?

Nur: Oh she fayth nothing, but weepes and pules,

And now falls on her bed, now on the ground,

And Tybalt cryes, and then on Romeo falls.

Rom: As if that name shot from the deadly leuel of a gun

Did murder her, as that names cursed hand

Murderd her kinsman. Ah tell me holy Fryer

In what vile part of this Anatomy

Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may fake

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

Nur: Ah?

Fr: Hold, stay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme

Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde aetes denote

The vnrefonable fures of a beast.

Vnfeemely woman in a feeming man,

Or ill befeeming beast in feeming both.

Thou haft amaz'd me. By my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better temper'd,

Haft thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou slay thy selfe?

And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?
ACT III. SC. 3.] Romeo and Juliet Q2. 1599.

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, 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 have staid the childhood of our joy,
With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what fayes
My concealed Lady to our concealed loue?

Nur. Oh shee fayes nothing sir, 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 again.

Ro. As if that name shot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names curied hand
Murderd her kin'sman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie

Doth my name lodge? Tell me that I may sacke
The hatefull manison.

Fri. Hold thy deperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womanith, thy wild aèts devote
The unreasonable furie of a beast.
Vnfeemely woman in a feeming man,
And ilbeseeming beast in feeming both,
Thou haft amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd.
Haft thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou sly thy selvie?
And sly thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate upon thy selvie?
Why raydlest 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 wig,
Which like a Vturer aboundst in all:
And vfeft none in that true vfe indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wig:
Thy Noble shape is but a forme of waxe,
Roufe vp thy spirits, thy Lady _Juliet_ liues,
For whose sweet face thou wert but lately dead:
There art thou happy. _Tybalt_ would kill thee,
But thou slueft _Tybalt_, there art thou happy too.

A packe of blessings lights upon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his best array:
But like a misbehaued and fullen wench
Thou frownst upon thy Fate that smiles on thee.
Take heede, take heede, for such dye miserable.
Goe get thee to thy loun as was decreed:
Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her.
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set:
For then thou canst not passe to _Mantua_.

_Nurfe_ presume all things in a readiness,
Comfort thy Mistresse, haffe the house to bed,
Which heauy sorrow makes them apt ynto.

_Nur_: Good Lord what a thing learning is.
I could haue stayd here all this night
To heare good counsell. Well Sir,
Ile tell my Lady that you will come.

_Rom_: Doe so and bidde my sweet prepare to childe,
Farwell good _Nurfe_.

_Nurfe_
Digreaffing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue sworne but hollow perjurie,
Killing that loue which thou haft vowd to cherish,
Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,
Mishapen in the condic of them both:
Like powder in a skillefe souldiers flaske,
Is set a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What rowfe thee man, thy Iuliet is alue,
For whose deare fake thou waft but lately dead.
There art thou happie, Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou fleweft Titali, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of bifflings light vpon thy backe,
Happines courts thee in her bifi array,
But like a mishaued and fullen wench,
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou slay not till the watch be fet,
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 twente hundred thousand times more ioy
Then thou wentst forth in lamentation.
Go before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haften all the house to bed,
Which heauie forrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.
Nur. O Lord, I could have fiied here all the night,
To heare good counsell, oh what learning is:
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.
Ro. Do so, and bid my sweete prepare to chide.
Nur. Here
Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe.

Nur: Here is a Ring Sir, that the bad me give you,
Rom: How well my comfort is reuied by this.

Exit Nurse.

Fr: Soiorne in Mantua, Ile finde out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time:
Every good hap that doth befall thee here.
Farwell.
Rom: But that a joy, past joy cryes out on me,
It were a griefe to breefe to part with thee.

Enter olde Capulet and his wife, with
County Paris.

Cap: Thinges have fallen out Sir so unluckily,
That we have had no time to moue my daughter.
Looke yee Sir, she lou'd her kinman dearely,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to dye,
Wife wher's your daughter, is she in her chamber?
I thinke she meanes not to come downe to night.

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

Paris offers to goe in, and Capulet

calles him againe.

Cap: Sir Paris? Ile make a desperate tender of my child.
I thinke she will be rulde in all respetes by mee:

But soft what day is this?
Par: Munday my Lord.
Cap: Oh then Wenſiday is too soone,
On Thurſday let it be: you shall be married.
Act III. Sc. 4. Romeo and Juliet Qu. 2. 1599.

Nur. Here sir, a Ring the bid me gie you sir:
Hie you, make haft, for it growes very late.
Ro. How well my comfort is reuied by this.

Fri. Go heèe, goodnight, & her he stands al your state:
Either be gone before the watch be fet,
Or by the breake of day disguised from hence,
Soiourne in Mantua, Ile find our your man,

And he shall signifie from time to time,
Euerie good hap to you, that chaunces here:
Gie me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Ro. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grieue, fo briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Exeunt.

III. 4.

Enter old Capulet, his wife and Paris.

Ca. Things haue falne out sir fo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, she lou’d her kinsmen Tybalt dearely
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 afoord no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night shees mewed vp to her heauines.

Ca. Sir Paris, I will make a desparte tender
Of my childes loue: I thinke she wil me rule:
In all respeets by me: say more, I doubt it not.
Wife go you to her ere you go to bed,

Accquaint her here, of my sonne Paris loue,
And bid her, marke you me? on wensday next.
But soft, what day is this?


Ca. Monday, ha ha, well wensday is too soone,
A thursday let it be, a thursday tell her

H 2

Sne
Wee'll make no great a doe, a frend or two, or so:
For looke ye Sir, Tybalt being slaine so lately,
It will be thought we held him carelessly:
If we should renew much, therefore we will have
Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe.
But what say you to Thurday.

Par: My Lorde I withe that Thurday were to mor-
row.

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window.

Iul: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke
That pierft the fearfull hollow of thine eare:
Nightly the sings on yon Pomegranate tree,
Believe me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morn,
And not the Nightingale. See Lone what enious Strakes
Doo lace the feuering crowdes in yonder East.
Nights candles are burnt out, and acond Day
Stands tiptoes on the mystic mountaine tops.
I must be gone and lie, or flay and dye.

Iul: You light is not day light, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.

Then stay awhile, thou shalt not goe soone.

Rom: Let me stay here, let me be tane, and dye:
If thou wilt have it so, I am content.

He say yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,
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 thine so late,
It may be thought we held him carlesly
Being our kinman, if we reuell much:

Therefore wee haue some halfe a doozen friends,
And there an end, but what say you to Thurday?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow.
Ca. Well get you gone, a Thurday be it then:

Go you to Juliet 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.

Exit.

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.

Ju. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierft the fearfull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly the singes on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the heraud of the morne,
No Nightingale, looke loue what enuious streares

Do lace the feuering cloudes in yonder East:
Nights candles are burnt out, and locand day
Stands tipto on the mytie Mountaine tops,
I must be gone and lue, or stay and die.

Ju. 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,
It is the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.
I say it is the Nightingale that beates
The vaultie heaven so high above our heads,
And not the Larke the Messenger of Morn.
Come death and welcome, Juliet wils it so.
What sayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.

Jul: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say, the Larke makes sweete Division:
This doth not so: for this divideth vs.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntsey to the day.
So now be gone, more light and light it growes.

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

Farewell my Loue, one kisse and Ile descend.

He goeth downe.

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

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

Jul: Oh, thinkst thou we shall euer mete againe.

Rom: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe shall ferue
For sweete discourses in the time to come.
ACT III. SC. 5.] Romeo and Juliet Q3 2. 1599.

20 Tis but the pale reflex of Cinthias brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whose noates do beate
The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to slay then will to go:

24 Come death and welcome, Juliet wills it so.
How if 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 Dicords, 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,

32 O now I would they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Huntfup 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.

Iuli. Then window let day in, and let life out.

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

Iu. Art thou gone so loute, Lord, ay husband, friend,
I must heare from thee every 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 convey my greetings loue to thee.

Iu. O thinkst thou we shall ever meete againe?

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

H 3

Iu. O
Jul: Oh God, I have an ill diuining foule.
Me thinkes I see thee now thou art below
Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:
Either mine ey-fight failes, or thou lookst pale.
Rom: And trust me Loue, in my eye so doo you,
Drie sorrow drinkes our blood: adieu, adieu.

Enter Nurse hastily.

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

Enter Juliets Mother, Nurse.

Moth: Where are you Daughter?
Nur: What Ladie, Lambe, what Juliet?
Jul: How now, who calls?
Nur: It is your Mother.
Moth: Why how now Juliet?
Jul: Madam, I am not well.
Moth: What euermore weeping for your Cozens death:
I thinke thoult wath him from his graue with teares.

Jul: I cannot chuse, haung so great a losse.
Moth: I cannot blame thee.
But it greues thee more that Villaine liues.
Jul: What Villaine Madame?
Moth: That Villaine Romeo.
Jul: Villaine and he are manie miles a funder.
## Act III, Scene 5

**Romeo and Juliet**, Q2, 1599

### Act III, Scene 5

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td><em>Ro.</em> O God I have an ill diuining soule, Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe, As one dead in the bottome of a tombe, Either my eye-fight failes, or thou lookst pale.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td><em>Rom.</em> And trust me loue, in my eye so do you;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Drie sorrow drinks our bloud. Adue, adue.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63</td>
<td>Exit.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td><em>Ju.</em> O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle, If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him That is renownd for faith? be fickle Fortune: For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long, But send him backe. Enter Mother.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67</td>
<td><em>La.</em> Ho daughter, are you vp?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td><em>Ju.</em> Who if that calls? It is my Lady mother.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84</td>
<td><em>La.</em> Wel gylle, thou weepst not so much for his death, As that the villaine liues which slaughterd him.</td>
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<tr>
<td>87</td>
<td><em>Ju.</em> What villaine Madam?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88</td>
<td><em>La.</em> That fame villaine <em>Romeo</em>.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>91</td>
<td>God pardon, I do with all my heart:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94</td>
<td>And yet no man like he, doth greeue my heart. La. That</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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**Notes:**

58. *lookst*] *lookst* Ft. Q5.  
63. *renownd*] *renown'd* Q4. *renown'd* Q5. Ft.  
67. *It is]* *Is it* Ft.  
68. *mother.*] [*] Fa. 3. 4.  
73. *What]* [*] Q5.  
83. *slaughtered*] *slaughtered* Q4.  
3. 4.
Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
I soone would tend to Mantua where he is,
That shoulde bestow on him so fure a draught,
As he shoulde soone beare Tybalt companie.

Jul: Finde you the meanes, and Ie finde such a man:
For whilst he liues, my heart shal neere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.
Thus for a Kinsman vext?

(newes?)

Moth: Well let that passe. I come to bring thee ioyfull

Jul: And ioy comes well in such a needfull time.

Moth: Well then, thou haft a carefull Father Girle,
And one who pitying thy needfull state,
Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.

Jul: What day is that I pray you?

Moth: Marry my Childe,

The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,
The Countie Paris at Saint Peters Church,
Early next Thurfday morning must pronide,
To make you there a glad and ioyfull Bride.

Jul: Now by Saint Peters Church and Peter too,
He shal not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.
La. That is because the Traytor murderer liues.
Ju. I Madam from the reach of thefe my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozen’s death.
La. We will have vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then wepe no more, Ile send to one in Mantua,
Where that fame banniift runnage doth liue,
Shall giue him such vnaccuftomd dram,
That he shall soone keepe Tybalt companie:
And then I hope thou wilt be satysfied.
Ju. Indeed I neuer shall be satysfied
With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinfman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it:
That Romeo shoulde 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 Gyrle.
Ju. And ioy comes well in such a needle time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?
M. Well, well, thou haft a carefull father child,
One who to put thee from thy heautines,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expexts not, nor I lookt not for.
Ju. Madam in happie time, what day is that?
M. Marrie my child, early next Thurday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie Paris at Saint Peters Church,
Shall happily make thee there a ioyfull Bride.
Ju. Now by S. Peters Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this hafte, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to wooe:
I pray
Are these the newes you had to tell me of?
Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie yet.
And when I doo, it shalbe rather Romeo whom I hate,
Than Countie Paris that I cannot loue.

Enter olde Capolet.

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

Capo: Why how now, euermore shorrowing?
In one little bodie thou re sembleft a sea, a barke, a storme:

For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating in thy euerringe teares,
And toft with sighs arisying from thy hart:
Will without succour shipwracke presently.
But heare you Wife, what haue you founded her, what faies she to it?

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

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

Jul: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:
Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,
But thankfull euon for hate that is ment loue.

Capo: Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud. What here, chyp logicke.
Proud me no prouds, nor thanke me no thankes,
But settle your fine ioynts on Thursday next
To goe with Paris to Saint Peters Church,
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thetler.
I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,  
I will not marry yet, and when I do, I sware  
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate

Rather then Paris, thefe 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 drifte deaw,

But for the Sunfet of my brothers founfe,  
It rains downright. How now a Conduit girlie, what fill in tears
Euermore fowring in one little body?

Thou counteftis. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:

For fill thy eyes, which I may call the fea,
Do ebbfe and flowe with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this falt flouf, the windefe thy fighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,

Without a fudden calme will ouerfeit
Thy tempfeit roffed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliered to her her decree?

La. I fir, but she will none, the gue you thankes,

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 gue vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bleff,

Vuworthie as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride?

Ju. Not proud you haue, but thankfull that you haue:

Proud can I never be of what I haft,

But thankfull euem for hate, that is meant loue.

Ca. How, bow, bowbow, chopft lodgick, what is this?

Proud and I thank you, and I thank you not,

And yet not proud mitreffe minion you?

Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But fettle your fine Ioynts gaffit Thurftday next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peters Church:

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.

**Iu**: Good father heare me speake?

*She kneels downe.*

**Cap**: I tell thee what, eyther resolue on thursday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church:
Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ythch.
Why wife, we thought that we were scarceely blest
That God had sent vs but this onely chyld:
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a croffe in hauing her.

**Nur**: Mary God in heauen bleffe her my Lord,
You are too blame to rate her so.
**Cap.** And why my Lady wisedome? hold your tung,
Good prudence smatter with your goffips, goe.
**Nur**: Why my Lord I speake no treason.
**Cap**: Oh goddegodden.

Vtter your gruaitie over a goffips boule,
For heere we need it not.
**Mo**: My Lord ye are too hotte.
**Cap**: Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleeeping,
Still my care hath beene to see her matcht.
And hauing now found out a Gentleman,
Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
Stuft as they say with honorable parts,
Proportioned as ones heart coulde with a man:
And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,
A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,
To say I cannot loun, I am too young, I pray you pardon mee?

But
Out you greene sickneffe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Ju. Good Father, I befeech you on my knees,

Hear me with patience, 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, replie not, do not answere me.
My fingers jitch, 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 curfe in hauing her:
Out on her hilding.

Nur. God in heauen bleffe 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 goffips go.

Nur. I speake no treafon,
Father, o 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 provided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly liand,
Stuft as they say, with honourable parts,

Proportiond as ones thought would with a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answere, ile not wed, I cannot louse:

I am too young, I pray you pardon me.

But
But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you,  
Graze where you will, you shall not holde with me.  
Looke to it, thinke out, I doe not vfe to left.  
  * I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,  
Lay hand on heart, aduise, bethinke your selue,  
If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frind:  
If not, hang, drowne, flaque, beg,  
Dye in the streetes: for by my Soule  
Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,  
Nor what I haue shal euuer doe thee good,  
Thinke out, looke toot, I doe not vfe to left.  
  Exit.  

_116:_ Is there no pitty hanging in the cloudes,  
That lookes into the bottom of my woes?  
I doe beseech you Madame, cast me not away,  
Defer this mariage for a day or two,  
Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed  
In that dimme monument where Tyfalt lyes.  
  Moth: Nay be assured I will not speake a word.  
Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee.  
  Exit.  

_116:_ Ah Nurse what comfort? what counsell canst thou giue me.  
  Nur: Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say:  
Your Romeo he is banisht, and all the world to nothing  
He neuer dares returne to challeggge you.  

Now I thinke good you marry with this County,  
Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, Romeo is but a dificlout  
In respect of him. I promise you.
ACT III. SC. 5.  Romeo and Juliet  Q. 2. 1599.

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 leeft. Thursday is neare, lay hand on hart, aduife, And you be mine, ile glue you to my friend, And you be not, hang, beg, starue, dye in the streets, For by my foule ile nere acknowledge thee, Nor what is mine shall never do thee good: Trust too't, bethinke 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 caft 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 Tit'alt lies.

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

Exit.

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

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 sleath. Then since the cafe so stands as now it doth, I thinke it beft you married with the Countie, O hees a louely Gentleman:

Romeos a difhclout to him, an Eagle Madam Hath not fo greene, fo quick, fo faire an eye As Paris hath, bethrow my very hart,
I thinks you happy in this second match.  
As part your husband he is dead:  
Or twere as good he were, for you have no vse of him.  
Jul: Speakst thou this from thy heart?  
Nur: And from my soule, or els bestraw them both.  
Jul: Amen.  
Nur: What say you Madame?  
Jul: Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,  
I pray thee goe thy wayes vnto my mother  
Tell her I am gone haung displeasde my Father.  
To Fryer Laurence Cell to confesse me,  
And to be absolu'd.  
Nur: I will, and this is wisely done.  

She looks after Nur.  

Jul: Auncient damnation, O most curfed fiend.  
Is it more finne to wif me thus foriworne,  
Or to dispraise him with the selfe fame tongue  
That thou hast praisde him with aboue compare  
So many thousand times? Go Councellor,  
Thou and my bofon henceforth shal be twaine.  
Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,  
If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.  

Exit.  

Enter Fryer and Paris.  

Fr: On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,  
Par: My Father Capolet will haue it so,  
And I am nothing slacke to flow his haft.  
Fr: You say you do not know the Ladies minde?  
Vnescen is the course, I like it not.  

Par: Immoderately she weepes for Tybalt's death,  
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.  
For Venus smiles not in a house of teares,  
Now Sir, her father thinkes it dangerous:  
That she doth give her sorrow so much swaye.  
And in his wisedome hafts our mariage,  
To stop the inundation of her teares.  
Which too much minded by her selfe alone  
May be put from her by societie.  

Now
I think you are happier in this second match,
For it excels your first, or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or twere as good he were,
As living here, and you no vice of him.

\*\*\*

Is it not more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue,
Which she hath praised him with about compare,
So many thousand times? Go Counselor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedy,
If all else faile, my selfe have power to die.

Exit.

Enter Friar and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday sir: the time is very short.
Par. My Father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing now to slacke his hate.

Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the couere, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore haue I little talke of love,

For Venus smiles not in a house of teares.
Now sir, her father counts it daungerous
That she do giue her sorrow so much way:
And in his wisedome haftes our marriage,

To stop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her selfe alone
May be put from her by societie.
Now doe ye know the reason of this haft.
Fr: I would I knew not why it should be lowd.

Enter Paris.

Heere comes the Lady to my cell,
Par: Welcome my lone, my Lady and my wife:
Lu: That may be fir, when I may be a wife,
Par: That may be, must be lone, on thursday next.
Lu: What must be thalbe.
Fr: Thats a certaine text.
Par: What come ye to confession to this Preyer.
Lu: To tell you that were to confessed to you.
Par: Do not deny to him that you love me.
Lu: I will confessed to you that I love him,
Par: So I am sure you will that you love me.
Lu: And if I doe, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your backe, than to your face.
Par: Poore soule thy face is much abus'd with teares.
Lu: The teares have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par: Thou wrongft it more than teares by that report.
Lu: That is no wrong sir, that is a truth:
And what I spake I spake it to my face.
Par: Thy face is mine and thou haft flaunded it.
Lu: It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leaseure holy Father now:
Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?
Fr: My leaseure serues me penitue daughter now.

My Lord we must entreate the time alone.
Par: God sheld I should disturbe devotion,
Lu:farewell, and keep this holy kisle.

Exit Paris.

Lu: Goe shut the doore and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me that am past cure, past help,
Fr: Ah Juliet I already know thy griefe,

I hear thou must and nothing may proroge it,
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be flowed.

Looke sir, here comes the Lady toward my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Pa. Happily met my Lady, and my wife.

Iu. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.

Pa. That may be, must be love, on Thursday next.

Iu. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certaine text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

Iu. To aunswered that, I should confess to you.

Pa. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Iu. I will confess to you that I love him.

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

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

Being spake behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poor soule thy face is much abused with tears.

Iu. The teares haue got small victorie by that,

For it was bad enough before their spight.

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

Iu. 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 flangred it.

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

Are you at leasure, holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

Fri. My leasure ferues me pensue daughter now,

My Lord we must entreate the time alone.

Par. Godshield, I should disturbe devotion,

Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowe yee,

Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse.

Exit.

Iu. O shut the doore, and when thou haft done so,

Come wepe with me, past hope, past care, past help.

Fri. O Iuliet I already know thy greefe,

It straines me past the compass of my wits,

I heare thou muf, and nothing may prorogue it.
On Thursday next be married to the Countie.

Jul. Tell me not Friar that thou hearst of it,
Valerio thou tell me how we may prevent it.

Give me some hidden counsell: els behold
Tis: my extremes and this bloody Knife
Shall play the Vindice. arbitrating that
Which the Commission of thy yeares and arte
Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Syeke not, be briefe: for I desire to die,
It that thou speakest, speake not of remedie.

Fr. Say Juliet. I doo ipe a kinde of hope,
Which comes as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate we would prevent.
It rather than to marrie Countie Paris
Thou haft the strength or will to play thy selfe,
Tis not unlike that thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this thame,
That coopit with death it telle to flye from blame.
And if thou dooest, hee give thee remedie.

Jul. Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie Paris)
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chaine me to some steepie mountaines top,
Where roaring Beares and Iunage Lions are:
Or that me nightly in a Charnell-houie,

With reekis thankes, and yealow charpes sullis:
Oh lay me in tumbe with oure new dead.
ACT IV. SC. 1.

On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

Vinlefe thou tell me, how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisedome 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 feald:
Shall be the Labell to an other deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,

Turne to an other, this shall slay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experienst time,
Giu me some present counsell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudie knife

Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commiission 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 remedy.

Fri. Hold daughter, I do spie a kind of hope,
Which cruas as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would preuent.

If rather then to marry Countie Paris
Thou haft the strenght of will to stay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this flame,

That coapse with death, hiselfe to scape from it:
And if thou dareft, Ile giue thee remeide.

In. Oh bid me leape, rather then marry Paris,
From of the battlemets of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuith wayes, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares,
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel houfe,
Orecouerd quite with dead mens ratling bones,

With reekie thanks and yelaw chapes fculs:
Or bid me go into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his,
Things that to heare them namde have made me tremble;
And I will doo it without feare or doubt,
To keep my selfe a faithfull vsitaind VVife
To my deere Lord, my deereft Romeo.

Fr: Hold Juliet, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
Let not thy Nurfe lye with thee in thy Chamber:
And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:

VWhen presently through all thy veynes shall run
A dull and beaie slumber, which shall feaze
Each vitall spirit: for no Puls e shall keepe
His naturall progresse, but surcease to beate:
No signe of breath shall testifie thou liust.

And in this borrowed likenes of shrunke death,
Thou shalt remaine full two and fortie houres.

And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,

Ile send in haft to Mantua to thy Lord,
And he shall come and take thee from thy graue.
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will do it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnfaid wife to my sweete loue.

Fri. Hold then, go home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie Paris: wendi:day is to morrow,

To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not the Nurse liue 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 pulce
Shall kepe his natue progresse but surcease,
No warmth, no breast shall testifie thou liuest,

The roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade:
Too many athes, thy eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he shutts vp the day of life.
Each part depriu'd of supple governement,

Shall stiffe and darke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of thrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and fortie houres,
And then awake as from a pleafant sleepe.

Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowfe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,

Is thy best robes vncovered on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou shall be borne to that fame nuncient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capuletts 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 thame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanifh feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Jul: Frier I goe, be sure thou send for my deare Romeo.

       Exeunt.

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

Capo: Where are you firra?
Ser: Heere forfooth.
Capo: Go, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes.
Ser: I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe
them by licking their fingers.
Capo: How canst thou know them so?
Ser: Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fin-
gers.
Capo: Well get you gone.

       Exit Servingman.

But wheres this Head-strong?

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

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

       Enter Juliet.

Moth: See here the commeth from Confesion,

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

Jul: Where I haue learned to repent the sin
Of froward wilfull opposition
Gainst you and your behents, and am enioynd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And craue remisfion of fo soule a fact.

       She kneees downe.

Moth: Why thats well said.

Capo: Now before God this holy reuerent Frier
All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.
Goe tell the Contie prentely of this,
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.

Jul:
ACT IV. SC. 2.]

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Iu. Give me, give me, O tell not me of feare

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this refolue, ile fende a Frier with speed

To Mantua, with my Letters to thy Lord.

Iu. Loue give me strenght, and strenght shall helpe afford:

Farewell deare father. (Exit.

IV. 2.

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and

Serving men, two or three.

Ca. So many gentles inuite as here are writ,

Sairrah, go hire me twentie cunning Cooke.

Ser. You shall haue none ill fir, for ile trie if they can lick their

fingers.

Capu. How canst thou trie them so?

Ser. Marrie fir, 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 vnfruitful for this time:

What is my daughter gone to Frier Laurence?

Nur. I forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her,

A peevish selfewield harlotry 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 fin

Of disobedient opposition,

To you and your behets, and am enioynd

By holy Laurence, to fall prostrate here,

To beg your pardon, pardon I beseech you,

Henceforward I am euer rude 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 Laurence Cell,

And gaue him what becomd loue I might,

Not flepping ore the bounds of modestie.

Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is wel, stand vp,

This is aft should be, let me see the Countie:

I marrie go I say and fetch him hither.

Now

125. of feare] of care F1.

[Execunt] Q. 2. 5.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

9. to. Prose in F1.

13. selfewield] selfe wilde Q3. selfe-wilde Q4. 5:

self-wild F1, 2, 3. self-wild F4.

16. me'rom Q. 2. 5.

22. Countie] Count F2.3.4.

25. becomd] becomed F1. becomed Q4. 5.

Jul: Nurse, will you go with me to my Closet,
To fort such things as shall be requisite
Against to morrow.
Moth: I pre thee doo, good Nurse goe in with her,
Helpe her to fort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,
And I will come unto you presently,
Nur: Come sweet hart, shal we goe:
Jul: I pre thee let vs.

Exeunt Nurse and Juliet.

Moth: Me thinks on Thursday would be time enough.
Capo: I say I will haue this dispatch to morrow,
Goe one and certifie the Count thereof.
Moth: I pray my Lord, let it be Thursday.
Capo: I say to morrow while shees in the mood.
Moth: We shall be short in our prouision.
Capo: Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
Now before God my heart is passing light,
To see her thus conformed to our will.

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

Exit.

Enter Mother.
Moth: What are you busie, doo you need my helpe?
Jul: No Madame, I desire to lye alone,
For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.

Moth: Well then good night, be stirring Juliet,
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow.

Exit.

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

_32_  _Ju._ Nurse, will you go with me into my Closet,
To helpe me fort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

_36_  _Mo._ No not till Thursday, there is time enough.

_Fa._ Go Nurse, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.

_Ext._

_30._ reverend holy] holy reverend i25.

Mo. We shall be short in our provis,ion,
Tis now neare night.

_Fa._ Tush, I will firre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to _Juliet_, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile 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 reclayned.

_Exit._

_40._

IV. 3.

_Enter Juliet and Nurse._

_Ju._ I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I have need of many oryfons,

To moue the heauens to smile vpon my estate,
Which well thou knowest, is croffe and full of sin.

_Enter Mother._

_Mo._ What are you busie ho? need you my helpe?

_Ju._ No Madam, we haue culd such necessaries

As are behoofeful for our estate to morrow:
So pleafe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night fit 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 haft need.

_Ext._

_Ju._ Farewell,
Juliet: Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete again.

Ah, I doo take a scarfull thing in hand.

What if this potion should not worke at all,
Must I of force be married to the Countie?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
What if the Frier should give me this drinke
To poyson mee, for scare I should disclose
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious Man:
I will not entertaine fo bad a thought.

What if I should be stifled in the Toomb?

Awake an hour before the appointed time:

Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke,

And playing with my dead forefathers bones.
ACT IV. SC. 3. ]

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16 Iu. Farewell, God knowes when we shall meete againe,
    I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veins,
That almoost freezes vp the heate of life:
    Ilc call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurfe, what should she do here?
    My dimmall face 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 poyfon which the Friar
Subtilly hath ministrad to haue me dead,
    Leaft in this marriage he should be dithonourad,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
    I feare it is, and yet me thinks it shoulde 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, thes a fearfull poynt:
Shall I not then be stilled 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,
Togethers with the terror of the place,
    As in a Vaulte, an auncient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred yeares the bones
    Of all my buried auncestors are packt,
Where bloudie Tybalt yet but greene in earth,
    Lies seerting in his throude, where as they say,
At some houres in the night, spirits refort:
    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 living mortalls hearing them run mad:
Q if I walke, shall I not be disfraught,
    Inuironed with all these hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ijynts? And

17. life] fue Fl.

21. Violl] Violl Qq. Fr
2. 3. Viol F4.
29 s] an Q5.
33. stiffe] stifled Fi. Q5.
40. these] these Qq. Fl.
47. shrikes] shrieks F4.
49. O if I walke] Or if I
    wake Q4. 5. Or if I
    walke F2, 3. 4. (walk
    F4.)
Dish out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I see
My Coffin Tykalt weltring in his bloud,
Seeking for Romeo: stay Tykalt stay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.

She sits upon her bed within the Curtaynes.

Enter Nurse with hearts, Mother.

Moth: Thats well saide Nurse, set all in redines,
The Countie will be heere immediatly.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Make haft, make haft, for it is almoast day,
The Curfewe bell hath rung, t'is fourere a clocke,
Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.

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

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

Moth: I you haue beene a moue hunt in your time.

Enter Servingman with Logs & Coales.

Cap: A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood: How now sirra?
What haue you there?

Ser: Forfooth Logs.

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

Ser: Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to
choose a Log.

Exit.

Cap: Well goe thy way, thou shalt be logger head.
Come, come, make haft call vp your daughter,
The Countie will be heere with musicke straigt.
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his thowde,
And in this rage with some great kinismans bone,
As with a club dash out my despate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body
Vpon a Rapiers poynt : fly Tybalt, fly ?
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the houfe and Nurfe.

"La. Hold take thefe keies & fetch more fpices Nurfe.
Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the Paftrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come, fir, fir, fir, the second Cock hath crowed.
The Curchew bell hath roong, tis three a clock :
Looke to the bakte meates, good Angelica,
Spare not for coft.

Nur. Go you cot-queue go,

Get you to bed, faith youle be ficke to morrow
For this nights watching.

Ca. No not a whit, what I haue watcht ere now,
All night for leffer caufe, and nere bende ficke.

La. I you haue bene a moufe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from fuch watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurfe.

Ca. A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is there ?
Enter three or foure with fpits and logs,
and Baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke fir, but I know not what.

Ca. Make hafe, make hafe sirra, fetch drier logs.
Call Peter, he will fhew thee where they are.

Fel. I have a head fir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble Peter for the matter.

Ca. Maffe and well faid, a merrie horfon, ha,
Twou shalt be loggerhead, good father tis day.

Play Muficke.
The Countie will be herc with muficke ftraight,
For fo he faid he would, I heare him neare.

Nurfe, wife, what ho, what Nurfe I fay?

Enter
Gods me hees come, Nurfe call vp my daughter.

*Nur*: Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady birde ?fast I warrant. What *Juliet*? well, let the County take you in your bed: yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next night, the Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest that you shal rest but little. What lambe I say, fast still: what Lady, Loue, what bride, what *Juliet*? Gods me how sound the sleepe? Nay then I see I must wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on your bed, dreft in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the day, some Aqua vitae hoe.

*Enter Mother.*

*Moth*: How now whats the matter?

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

*Moth*: Accuruf, vnhappy, miserable time.

*Enter Oldeman.*

*Cap*: Come, come, make haft, wheres my daughter?

*Moth*: Ah shees dead, shees dead.

*Cap*: Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.

Accurfed time, vnfortunate olde man.
Enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with Paris, hie, make haste,
Make haste, the bridgroome, he is come already, make haste I say.

Nur. Mistris, what mistris, Juliet, faist I warrant her the,
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 reft,
That you shall rest but little, God forgive me.

Marrie and Amen: how sound is the a sleepe:
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 dreft, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I mufet needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead.
Oh wreeaday that euer I was borne,

Some Aqua-vite hoe, my Lord my Lady.
Mo. What noife 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.
Reuine, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring Juliet forth, her Lord is come.
Nur. Shees dead: decency, 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 fetled, and her joynts are fliffe:
Life and these lips have long bene separatid,
Death lies on her like an untimely frost,
Vpon the sweeteet flower of all the field.
Enter Fryer and Paris.

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

Cap: Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.

O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as the is,
Deflowerd by him, see, where the lyes,
• Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue.

Par: Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it now present such prodegies?
Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,
Forlorn, forlaken, destitute I am:
Borne to the world to be a flaue in it.
Distreft, remedles, and unfortunat.
O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To liue so vile, so wretched as I shall.

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

All at once cry out and wring their hands.

All cry: And all our joy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, loft, vndone, abluent, wholly fled.

Cap: Cruel, vniust, impartiall definies,
Why to this day have you preferc’d my life?
To see my hope, my flay, my joy, my life,
Deprived of fence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vnjust, impartiall definies.

Cap: O sad fac’d sorrow map of misery,
Why this sad time haue I desird to see.
This day, this vniust, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop’d to see my comfort full,
To be deprived by suddaine definie.

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

Alacke the day, alacke, and welladay.
Nur. O lamentable day!
Mo. O wofull time!
Fa. Death that hath tane her héece to make me waile
Ties vp my tongue and will not let 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 the lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him,
Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all life liuing, all is deaths.

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

Mo. Accurft, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw,
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and laving 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 blace a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.

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

Fat. Depliide, diisreisde, hated, martir'd, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why canst thou now,

To murther, murther, our solemnitie?
O childe, O childe, my foule and not my childe,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my joyes are buried.
Fr: O peace for shame, if not for charity.

Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to with it otherwife.

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

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

They all but the Nurse goe forth, casting Rosemary on her and shutting the Curtains.

Enter Mufitions.

Nur: Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull case.

1. I by my troth Mifresse is it, it had need be mended.

Enter
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 maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keeps his part in etemall life,
The moost you sought was her promotion,
For twas your heauen she should be aduanst,
And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduanst
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as heauen it selfe.
O in this louse, you louse 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 Rofemarie
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
And in her best array bear her to Church:
For though some nature bids vs all lament,
Yet natures teares are reasons merriment.
Fa. All things that we ordained fettuiall,
Turne from their office to black Funerall :
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheare to a fad buriall feast :
Our solemn hymnes to fullen dygres 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 fr Paris, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue :
The heauens do lowre vpon you for some ill :
Mowe them no more, by croffing their high wil.

Exeunt manet.

Myfi. 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 cafe.

Fid. I my my troath, the cafe may be amended. [Exit omnes.}
Enter Servingman.

Ser: Alack alack what shal I doe, come Fidlers play me some mery dumpe.
1. A sir, this is no time to play.
Ser: You will not then?
1. No marry will wee.
Ser: Then will I give it you, and soundly to.
1. What will you give us?

Ser: The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile fol you.

1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.

Ser: I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with my wodden wit. Come on Simon found Pot, Ile poe you,
1. Lets heare.
Ser: When gyping griefe the heart doth wound, And dolefull dumpe the minde oppresse:
Then musique with her filuer sound,
Why filuer sound? Why filuer sound?
1. I think becaufe mufccke hath a sweet sound.
Ser: Pretie, what say you Mathew minikine?
2. I think becaufe Mufitions sound for filuer.
Ser: Prettie too: come, what say you?
3. I say nothing.
Ser: I think so, Ile speake for you becaufe you are the Singer. I saye Siluer sound, becaufe such Fellowes as you haue soldome Golde for sounding. Farewell Fidlers, farewell.
Exit.

1. Farewe'l
Enter Will Kemp.

Peter. Musitions, oh Musitions, harts eafe, harts eafe;
O, and you will haue me lieue, play harts eafe.

Fidler. Why harts eafe?

Peter. O Musitions, becaus 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 Serauing-creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the seruing-creatures dagger on your
I will carie no Crochets, ile re you, Ile 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 grieves the hart doth wound, then musique with
her filuer found.

Why filuer found, why musique, with her filuer found, what say
you Simon Catling?

Minst. Mary fir, becaus filuer hath a sweet found.

Peter. Prates, what say you Hugh Rebeck?

2. M. I say filuer found, becaus Musitions found for filuer.

Peter. Prates to, what say you James found poft?

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

Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the finger.
I will say for you, it is musique with her filuer found,
Because Musitions have no gold for founding:

Then Musique with her filuer found with speedy help doth lend redresse.

Exit.

Minst.
1. Farewell and be hangd: come lets goe.  

   Exeunt.

   Enter Romeo.

   Rom: If I may truft the flattering Eye of Sleepe,  
   My Dreame prefagde some good euent to come.  
   My boforme Lord fits cheerfull in his throne,  
   And I am comforted with pleasing dreames.  
   Me thought I was this night alreadie dead:  
   (Strange dreames that giue a dead man leauue to thinke)  
   And that my Ladie Juliet came to me,  
   And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,  
   That I reuieide and was an Emperour.

   Enter Balthasar his man booted.

   Newes from Verona.  How now Balthasar,  

   How doth my Ladie?  Is my Father well?  
   How fares my Juliet?  that I aske againe:  
   If she be well, then nothing can be ill.  
   Balt: Then nothing can be ill, for she is well,  
   Her bodie sleepe in Capels Monument,  
   And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.

   Pardon me Sir, that am the Messenger of such bad tidings.

   Rom: Is it euen so? then I defie my Starres.  

   Goe get me incke and paper, hyre poft horfe,  
   I will not stay in Mantua to night.  
   Balt: Pardon me Sir, I will not leauue you thus,  
   Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare:  
   I dare not, nor I will not leauue you yet.  
   Rom: Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,  
   And hyre those horfe: stay not I say.  

   Exit
Min. What a pestilent knave is this noise?
M. 2. Hang him Jack, come weele in here, tarrie for the mourners, and stay dinner.

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames preface some joyfull newes at hand,
My bosomes L. fits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an vnaccustomd spirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerfull thoughts,
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreame that gives a deadman leauie to thinke,
And Breathd such life with kisles in my lips,
That I reuiede and was an Emperor.

Ah me, how sweete is love it selfe possibl
When but loues shadowes are so rich in joy.

Enter Romeos man.

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

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

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

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

Ro. Tush thou art deceiu’d,
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. Haft
Exit Balthasar.

Well Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.
Let's see for means. As I do remember

Here dwells a Po thecarie whom oft I noted

As I past by, whose needle shop is stuff'd
With beggarly accounts of emptie boxes:
And in the same an Algara hangs,

Olde endes of packthread, and cakes of Roses,
Are thiny strewed to make vp a show.
Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought:
And if a man should need a poyson now,
(Whose present sale is death in Mantua)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwells.

Being Holiday the Beggers shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.

Enter Apothecarie.

Apo: Who calls, what would you sir?

Rom: Heeres twentie duckates,
Gie me a dram of some such speeding geere,

As will diapatch the weareie takers life,

As suddenly as powder being fired
ACT V. SC. 1.]  

Romeo and Juliet  
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32 Haft thou no Letters to me from the Frier?  
May. No my good Lord.  

Ro. No matter get thee gone,  
And hyre those horse, Ile be with thee straights.

36 Well Iuliet, I will lie with thee to night;  
Lets see for meanes, Q mischief thou art swift,  
To enter in the thoughts of desperat men.  
I do remember an Apothecarie.

40 And here abouts a dwells which late I noted,  
In tattred weeds with overwhelming browes,  
Culling of simples, meager were his looks,  
Sharpe miserie had wore him to the bones:

44 And in his needle shop a tortoyes hung,  
An allegater fluff, and other skins  
Of ill shapte fishe, and about his shelues,  
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,

48 Greene earthen pots, bladder and stuffe seedes,  
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of roses  
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.  
Noting this penury, to my felie I said,

52 An if a man did need a poyson now,  
Whole sale is present death in Mantua,  
Here liues a Catiffe wretch would fell it him.  
O this same thought did but forerun my need,  
And this same needle man must fell it me.

56 As I remember this should be the house,  
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.  
What ho Apothecarie.

Appo. Who calls so loud?  

Kom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,  
Hold, there is fortie duckettes, let me have  
A dram of poyson, such isone speeding geare,

64 As will dispare it selfe through all the veins,  
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,  
And that the Truuke may be discharge of breath,  
As violently, as haffte powder fiere  

[Exit Man.] Ft.  

40. a] om. Ft. he Fa, 3, 4.  
Q5.  


[Enter Apothecarie.] Ft.  


63. spreading] spreading  
Q5.  

From forth a Cannons mouth.

_Apo_: Such drugs I haue of force confeffe,
But yet the law is death to those that fell them.

_Rom_: Art thou so bare and full of povertie,
And doost thou feare to violate the Law?
The Law is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend,
And therefore make no conscience of the law:
Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miferie,
And starued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.

_Apo_: My povertie but not my will consents.
_Rom_: I pay thy povertie, but not thy will.
_Apo_: Hold take you this, and put it in anye liquid thing
you will, and it will serue had you the liues of twenty men.

_Rom_: Hold, take this gold, worse poyson to mens soules

Than this which thou haft giuen me. Goe hye thee hence,

Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into flesh.
Come cordiall and not poyson, goe with mee
To Juliets Graue: for there must I see thee.  

*Exeunt.*

_Enter Frier John._

_John_: What Frier Laurence, Brother, ho?

_Laur_: This fame shoule be the voyce of Frier John.
What newes from Mantua, what will Romeo come?

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

_Laur_:
Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.
  Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but Mantuas lawe
Is death to any he that vters them.
  Ro. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fearst to die, famine is in thy cheeke
Need and oppreッション farueth 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 povertie, but not my will contents.
  Ro. I pray thy povertie 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, worie poyson to mens soules,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Then these poore coppers that thou sakest not fell,
I sell thee poyson, thou haft fod me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy sole in flesh.
Come Cordiall and not poyson, go with me
To Juliets graue, for there must I see thee.

Exeunt.

V. 2.

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

Ioh. Holy Francifcan Frier, brother, ho.

Enter Lawrence.

Law. This fame should be the voyce of Frier Iohn,
Welcome from Mantua, what saies Romeo?

Or if his minde be writ, gie me his Letter.

Ioh. Going to find a barefooted brother out,
One of our order to assiate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sickes,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a houfe,
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doore, and would not let vs forth,
So that my spede to Mantuas there was flaid.

Law. Who

[Enter Frier Lawrence] Ff.
Laur: Who bare my letters then to Romeo?  
John: I haue them fill, and here they are.

Laur: Now, by my holy Order,  
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.

Goe get thee hence, and get me presently  
A spade and mattock.

John: Well I will presently go fetch thee them.  
Laur: Now muſt I to the Monument alone,  
Leaſt that the Ladie should before I come  
Be wakned from sleepe. I will hye  
To free her from that Tombe of miserie.

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

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

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

Boy: I will my Lord.

Paris fliues the Tomb with flowers.

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

Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite doſt containe,  
The perfect modell of eternitie:

Faire Iuliet that with Angells doſt remaine,  
Accept this lateſt favoure at my hands,  
That living honoured thee, and being dead  
With funerall praifes doo adorne thy Tombe.
ACT V. SC. 3.]  Romeo and Juliet  Q. 2. 1599.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to Romeo?
John. I could not fend it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.
Law. Vnhapie fortune, by my Brotherhood,
The Letter was not nice but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the negleeting it,
May do much danger: Frier John go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it strait
Vnto my Cell.
John. Brother ile go and bring it thee.  (Exit.
Law. Now muft I to the Monument alone,
Within this three hours will faire Juliet wake,
Shee will befhrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of thefe accidents:
But I will write againe to Mantua,
And keepe her at my Cell till Romeo come,
Poore liuing Coarfe, cloife in a dead mans Tombe.
Exit.

V. 3.

Enter Paris and his Page.
Par. Give me thy Torch boy, hence and fland aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be fene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare clofe to the hollow ground,
So fhall no foote vpon the Church-yard tread,
Being loofe, vnharme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou fhalt heare it, whitle then to me
As signall that thou hearest fome thing approach,
Give me thofe flowers, do as I bid thee, go.
Pa. I am almost afraid to fland alone,
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will aduenture,
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew
Q woe, thy Canapie is duft and ftones,
Which with fweete water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares diifild by mones,
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe:

Nightly
Boy whistles and calls. My Lord.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, a maatocke, and a crow of yron.

* Par: The boy giues warning, something doth approach. What curfed foote wanders this was to night, To stay my obsequies and true loues rites? What with a torch, muffle me night a while.

Rom: Giue mee this maatocke, and this wrrentching Iron.
And take these letters, early in the morning,
See thou deliuers them to my Lord and Father.

So get thee gone and trouble me no more.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face,
But chiefely to take from her dead finger,
A precious ring which I must vfe
In deare imployment, but if thou wilt stay,
Further to prie in what I undertake,

By heaven Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And firewe thyss hungery churchyard with thy lims.
The time and my intents are fauage, wilde.

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

Romeo opens the tombe.

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

Par: This is that baniifht haughtie Mountague,
That murderd my loues cofen, I will apprehend him. Stop
Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue and weep.

_Whistle Boy._

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,
What curfed foote wanders this way to night,

To crosse my obsequies and true loues right?
What with a Torch? muffe me night a while.

_Enter Romeo and Peter._

_Ro._ Guie me that mattocke and the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father,
Guie me the light ypon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou heareft or feest, stnd 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 imployment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou jealous doft returne to prie
In what I farther shall intend to doo,
By heauen I will teare thee Ioynt by Ioynt,
And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy lims:
The time and my intents are saufage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring sea.

_Pet._ I will be gone sir, and not trouble ye.

_Ro._ So shalt thou shew me friendshid, take thou that,
Lieu and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

_Pet._ For all this fame, ile hide me here about,

His lookees I feare, and his intents I doubt.

_Ro._ Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morrell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten lawes to open,
And in despithe ile cram thee with more food.

_Pa._ This is that banifht haughtie Mountague,
That murderd my loues Cozin, with which greefe
Stop thy unhallowed toyle vile Mountague.
Can vengeance be pursu'd further then death?
I doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
The Law condemneth thee, therefore thou must dye,
Rom: I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good youth be gone, tempt not a desperate man.

Hespe not another sinne vpon my head
By shedding of thy blooud, I doe protest
I loue thee better then I loue my selfe:
For I come hyther armde against my selfe,

Par: I doe despe thy conjurations:
And doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
Rom: What doft thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

They fight.
Boy: O Lord they figh, I will goe call the watch.
Par: Ah I am slaine, if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with Juliet.
Rom: Yea faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercurius kinisme, noble County Paris?
What stild my man, when my bestowed soule
Did not regard him as we paft along.
Did he not say Paris should haue maried
Juliet? eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so.

But I will satisfe thy last request,
For thou haft prizd thy loue aboue thy life.

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

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth tempt not a desperate man,
Fie hence and leave me, thinke upon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,
Put not an other sin upon my head,
By vrging me to furie, & be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither armde against my selfe:
Stay not, begone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.

Par. I do defe thy commiration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.

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

Q Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

Par. Q I am flaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with Iuliet,
Rom. I faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutius kinisme, 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 talk of Iuliet,
To thinke it was so? O give me thy hand,
One writ with me in foure misfortunes booke,
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.

A Graue, Q no. A Lanthorne slaughtred youth:
For here lies Iuliet, and her bewtie makes
This Vault a feastings prescence full of light.
Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
How off have many at the house of death
Beene blith and pleasant? which their keepers call
A lightning before death But how may I
Call this a lightning. Ah deare Juliet,

How well thy beauty doth become this grave?
O I believe that unsubstantiall death,
Is stonary, and doth court my lour.

Therefore will I, O hearre, O ever heare,
Not up my everlasting rest
With wootnes, that are thy chamber mayds.

Come desparete Pilot now at once runne on
The dashing rockes thy sea-shake weary barge.
Heare to my lour. O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are twill: thus with a knife I lye.
ACT V. SC. 3.]  Romeo and Juliet  Q. 2. 1599.

88  Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,
89  How oft when men are at the point of death,
90  Have they bene merie? which their keepers call
91  A lightning before death? Oh how may I
92  Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my wife,
93  Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
94  Hath had no power yet upon thy sweetie:
95  Thou art not conquerd, beauties ensigne yet
96  Is crymson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
97  And deaths pale flag is not advanc'd there.
98  Tybalt liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
99  O what more favour can I do to thee,
100  Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
101  To funder his that was thine enemy?
102  Forgive me Couzen. Ah deare Juliet
103  Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleue,
104  Shall I beleue that vnsubstantiall death is amorous,
105  And that the leane abborred monster keepes
106  Thee in darke to be his parrarmour?
107  For feare of that I still will flie with thee,
108  And never from this pallat of dy Journal.
109  Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,
110  Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumbleft in.
111  O true Apothecarie!
112  Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
113  Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,
114  With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here
115  Will I set vp my everlafting rest:
116  And shake the yoke of inauspicious staires,
117  From this world weariest steele, eyes looke your last:
118  Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
119  The doores of breath, seize with a righteous kisse
120  A datelesse bargain to ingroffing death:
121  Come bitter conduit, come vnfaoury guide,
122  Thou desperat Filot, now at once run on
123  The daffing Rocks, thy fastick weary barke:
124  Here's to my Loue. O true Apothecary:
125  Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

L 3  Enter
Enter Friar with a Lantern.

How at my right hand there my aged seer, 2
remitted his grimoire in my hand, 3
while there:

"Man. A remembrance that knowes you well.

Friar. Why, that remembrance is in the dead,

Man. What more? if I be not accounted.

Friar. He knowes a manner in stone monument;

Man. If thou wert now in, and there some

Friar. Stands on record.

Man. Why?

Friar. The stone.

Man. How long hath it been here?

Friar. None time in time more.

Man. Goeth with me, lament.

"Man. I am not to see the knowes not I am here:
On none so soon he charge me to be gone,
And let of a sudden turn in his enterprise.
For then must I give my uncle prelager ill.

Friar, loops and voices on the blood and weapons.

What sound is this that damns the entrance
Or this marble stony monument?

What meanes those nunneries and goomy weapons?

Friar. I doubt, whole heere! what Romeo, dead?

Who and Paris too? what unlucky hour
Is necessary to to curse a time?

Juliet rises.

The Lady rises.

"Friar, comfortable Friar.

I do remember well where I should be,
And what we talked of; but yet I cannot see
Him for whose sake I undertake this hazard.

My lady come forth, I heare some noyse at hand,
Act V. Sc. 3. Romeo and Juliet Q. 2. 1599.

Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crowe, and Spade.

Frier. S. Frances be my speed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbed at graues? Whoes there?
Man. Heeres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.

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

Man. It doth so holy fir, and theres my maifter, one that you
Frier. Who is it? (lowe.

Man. Romeo.

Frier. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Frier. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not fir.

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

Frier. Stay then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.

O much I feare some ill vnthriftie thing.

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

Frier. Romeo.

Alack alack, what bloud is this which flaines
The flony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane these maifterlesse and goarie swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

Romeo, oh pale! who elfe, what Paris too?
And fiept in bloud? ah what an vnkind hower
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?

The Lady frires.

Juli. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my Romeo?

Frier. I heare some noyfe Lady, come from that neft
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep,
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 dispofe of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming,
Come go good Juliets, I dare no longer stay.

Juli. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup cold in my true loues hand?
Poison I see hath bin his timeless end:
O curle, drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Haply some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me dye with a restorative.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Leadeth boy, which way.
Juli. Yea noife? then ile be briefe. O happy dagger
This is thy sheath, there rufft 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 are you find attach.
Pittifull fight, heere lies the Countie slaine,
And Juliets bleeding, warme, and newlie dead:
Who heere hath laine this two daies buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the Capulets,
Raise vp the Montagues, some others search,
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumsence defery.

Enter Romeo man.

Watch. Heres Romo man, we found him in the Churchyard.
Chief. waie. Hold him in safetie till the Prince come hither.
Frier, and another Watchman.

3. Watch. Here is a Frier that trembles, shiges, and weepes,
Fitte to ope a tombe.

_Cap:_ A great suspicion, keep him safe.

*Enter one with Romeos Man.*


_Capt:_ Kepe him to be examinde.

*Enter Prince with others.*

_Prin:_ What early mischiefe calls vs vp so soone.

_Capt:_ O noble Prince, see here

Where _Juliet_ that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,

_Warme_ and freth bleeding, _Romeo_ and _Countie Paris_

Likewise newly slaine.

_Prin:_ Search seeke about to finde the murderers.

*Enter olde Capolet and his Wife.*

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

_Moth:_ The people in the streetes crie _Romeo_,

And some on _Juliet_: as if they alone

Had been the caufe of such a mutinie.

_Capo:_ See Wife, this dagger hath mistooke:

For (loe) the backe is empty of young _Montague_,

And it is sheathed in our Daughters breast.

*Enter olde Montague.*

_Prin:_ Come _Montague_, for thou art early vp,

_To see thy Sonne and Heire more early downe._

_Mount:_ Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,

And yong _Benvolio_ is deceafed too:

What further mischiefe can there yet be found?

_Prin:_ First come and see, then speake.

_Mount:_ O thou vntaught, what manners is in this

To preffe before thy Father to a graue.

_Prin:_ Come seale your mouthes of outrage for a while,

And let us seeke to finde the Authors out
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yardes side.

*Chief watch.* A great surfition, say the Frier too too.

**Enter the Prince.**

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

**Enter Capel.**

**Ca.** What shoulde it be that is so shrike abroad?
**Wife.** O the people in the streete 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.** Soueraine, here lies the County *Paris* flain,

And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* dead before,

Warme and new kild.

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

**Wat.** Here is a Frier, and Slaughter *Romeos* man,

With Infrumets upon them, fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.

**Enter Capulet and his wife.**

**Ca.** O heauens! O wife looke how our daughter

This dagger hath misfane, for loe his house (bleeds!)
Is eempie on the back of *Mountague,*
And it misheathd in my daughters bofore.

**Wife.** O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell

That warnes my old age to a fepulcher.

**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 fonnes exile hath flopt her breath.

What further woe conspires against mine age?

**Prin.** Looke and thou shalt se.
**Moun.** O thou vnought, what maners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a graue?

**Prin.** Seal vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,
Of such a hainous and feld seene mischaunce.

Bring forth the parties in suspition.

Fr: I am the greatest able to doo leaff.

Moost worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth.

And Ile informe you how these things fell out.

Juliet here shine was married to that Romeo,

Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:

The Nurse was privie to the marriage.

The balefull day of this vnhappie marriage,

VVas Tybalts doomeclay: for which Romeo

VVas banished from hence to Mantua.

He gone, her Father sought by foule constraint

To marrie her to Paris: But her Soule

(Loathing a seconde Contracl) did refuse

To giue consent; and therefore did she urge me

Either to finde a meanes she might avoyd

VVhat fo her Father sought to force her too:

Or els all desperately she threatned

Euen in my presence to diispatch her selfe.

Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)

A potion that should make her seeme as dead:

And told her that I would with all post speed

Send hence to Mantua for her Romeo,

That he might come and take her from the Toombe.

But he that had my Letters (Frier John)

Seeking a Brother to afficiate him,

VVhereas the sicke infection remaind,

VVas stayed by the Searchers of the Towner,

But Romeo vnderstanding by his man,

That Iuliet was deceaside, returnde in post

Vnto Verona for to see his loue.

VVhat after happened touching Paris death,

Or Romes is to me vnknowne at all.
And know their spring, their head, their true descent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And leade you euen to death, meane time forbear,
And let mischance be flauce to patience,
Bring forth the parties of fulpition.

Frier. I am the greatest able to do leaft,

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 excuse.

Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know in this?
Frier. I will be briefe, 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 fioine marriage day
Was Tibalt's doomsday, whose vntimely death
Banish't the new-made Bridegroome from this Cittie.
For whome, and not for Tibalt, Juliet pynce.
You to remoue that siege of grieue from her
Betrothd and would haue married her perforce
To Countie Paris. Then comes she to me,
And with wild lookes bid me dainty some meane
To rid her from this secondd mariage:
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gave I her (so tured by my art)
A sleepinge 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 shoulde hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the potions force shoulde cease.
But he which bore my letter, Frier John,
Was stayed by accident, and yeasternight
Returnd my letter back, then all alone
At the prefixed hower of her waking,

M Came
But when I came to take the Lady hence,
I found them dead, and she awak from sleepe:
VWhom faine I would haue taken from the tomb.
VVWhich she refus’d seeing Romeo dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
VVhat afterhappened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought have miscaried.
* By me, or by my means, let my old life
Be sacrific’d some houre before his time.
To the most strickest rigor of the Law.

Pray: VVhe still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
VVheres Romes’ man, what can he say in this?  
Balth: I brought my maister word that shee was dead,
And then he poastd straignt from Mantua, 
Vnto this Toombe. These letters he deliuered me,
Charging me early to give them to his Faither.

Prin: Lets see the Letters, I will read them ouer.
VVhere is the Counties Boy that calld the VVatch?

Boy: I brought my Maister vnto Juliets graue,
But one approaching, straignt I calld my Maister.
At laft they fought, I ran to call the VVatch.
And this is all that I can say or know.

Prin: These letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,

Come Capulet, and come olde Mountague."
Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could tend to Romeo.
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here vntimely lay,
The Noyle Paris, and true Romeo dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
And bære this worke of heauen with patience:
But then a noyle did scare me from the Tombe,
And the too desperate would not go with me:
But as it feemes, did violence on her selfe.
Al this I know, & to the marriage her Nurfe is priuie:
And it ought in this mischance by my fault,
Let my old life/be sacrifíc’d some hour before his time,
Vnto the rigour of heauens law.

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Wheres Romeus man? what can he say to this?
Balth. I brought my maister newes of Juliets death,
And then in poete he came from Mantua,
To this same place. To this same monument
This Letter he early bid me give his Father,
And threatened me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

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

Boy. He came with flowres to streue his Ladies grave,
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 courfe of Loue, the tidings of her death,
And here he writes, that he did buy a poyfon
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall,
Came to this Vault, to die and lye with Juliets.
Where be these enemies? Capulet, Moutagur?

See
Where are these enemies? see what hate hath done,

Cap: Come brother Mountague give me thy hand,
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
Can I bestowe on her, thats all I haue.
Moun: But I will give them more, I will erect
Her statue of pure golde:
That while Verona by that name is knowne.
There shall no statue of such price be set,
As that of Romeo oued Juliet.
Cap: As rich shall Romeo by his Lady lie,
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.
Prin: A gloomy peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let vs hence,
To have more talke of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned and some punished:
For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

FINIS.
See what a scourge is taide upon your hate?
That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue,
And I for winking at your discords too,
Haue loft a brace of kinfmen, all are punisht.

Cap. O brother Mountague, give me thy hand,
This is my daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demaund.

Moun. But I can guie 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 have more talke of thefe sad things,
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.
For neuer was a Storie of more wo,
Then this of Iuliet and her Romeo.

FINIS.
Romeo and Juliet.

Reprint of (Q° 1) 1597.

EDITED BY
P. A. DANIEL.

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NOTICE.

Romeo and Juliet.

(Q1) 1597.

This reproduction of the earliest, and imperfect, edition of Romeo and Juliet has been printed directly from the facsimile prepared by Mr E. W. Ashbee, under the direction of Mr J. O. Halliwell (Phillipps), and has been carefully compared with the Quarto in the British Museum (Press mark, C. 34. k. 58). It is printed line for line, and page for page, with the original.

The collation of Steevens’s, Mommsen’s, and the Cambridge Editors’ reprints of this play, given with Mr H. H. Furness’s reprint in the first volume of his ‘New Variorum Shakespeare,’ has been of great assistance to me in my endeavour to secure accuracy for this reprint.

One peculiarity of the original should be mentioned, as it is not here reproduced. From Signature E, inclusive, to the end of the play, a smaller type is used than that with which the preceding pages are printed; and the running title is changed from ‘The most excellent Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet’ to ‘The excellent Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.’

In some few places I have not deemed it necessary to reproduce the typographical phenomena of the original, such as turned letters, &c.

For the loan of his valuable copy of the facsimile the Society is greatly indebted to the liberality of Mr F. W. Cosens.

P. A. Daniel.
AN
EXCELLENT
conceited Tragedie
OF
Romeo and Iuliet.
As it hath been often (with great applaufe)
plaid publiquely, by the right Ho-
nourable the L. of Hunsdon
his Servants.

LONDON,
Printed by John Danter.
1597.
The Prologue.

To household Frends alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene)
From cuill broyles broke into enmitie,
Whose cuill warre makes cuill hands unclean.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
A paire of flarre-croft Lovers tooke their life:
Whose misadventures, piteous overthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,
And death-markt passage of their Parents rage)
Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want wee'l studie to amend.
The most excellent Tragedie of
Romeo and Iuliet.

Enter 2. Serving-men of the Capolets.

G
Regorie, of my word Ile carrie no coales.

2 No, for if you doo, you shoulde be a Collier.
   1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.

2 Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the
   the collar.
   1 I frike quickly being mou’d.
   2 I, but you are not quickly mou’d to frike.
   1 A Dog of the house of the Mountagues moves me.

2 To moue is to fhire, and to bee valiant is to stand
   to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be moued thou’rt
   runne away.
   1 There’s not a man of them I meete, but Ile take
   the wall of.

2 That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakeft goes
   to the wall.
   1 Thats true, therefore Ile thrust the men from the
   wall, and thrust the maids to the walls: nay, thou shalt
   see I am a tall peece of flesh.

2 Tis well thou art not fishe, for if thou wert thou
   wouldst be but poore John.

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

2 The heads of the maids?

a—Q1.
The most excellent Tragedie,

1 I the heads of their Maides, or the Maidenheades, take it in what fence thou wilt.
2 Nay let them take it in fence that feele it, but heere comes two of the Mountagues.

Enter two Servingmen of the Mountagues.

1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.
2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.
1 Nay let vs haue the law on our fide, let them begin firft. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.
2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile come after and frowne.

1 Moun: Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?
2 Moun: I bite my thumbe.
1 Moun: I but i'lt at vs?
2 Moun: I bite my thumbe, is the law on our fide?
2 No.
1 Moun: I bite my thumbe.

Enter Beneulio.

1 Moun: I but i'lt at vs?
2 Say I, here comes my Masters kinsman.

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

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

Yours
of Romeo and Juliet.

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

Exeunt.

M: wife. Who set this ancient quarrel first abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben: Here were the servants of your aduersaries,
And yours close fighting ere I did approach.
Wife: Ah where is Romeo, saw you him to day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben: Madame, an hour before the worshipt sunne
Peeped through the golden window of the East,
A troubled thought drew me from companie:
Where vnderneath the grove Sicamore,
That Westward rooteteth from the Citties side,
So early walking might I see your sonne.
I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
And drew into the thicket of the wood:
I noting his affections by mine owne,
That most are busied when th’are most alone,
Pursued my honor, not pursuing his.

Moune: Black and portentous must this honor prove,
Vnlesse good counsaille doo the caufe remoue.

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

Enter Romeo.

Moune: I neyther know it nor can leare of him.

Ben: See where he is, but stand you both aside,
Ile know his grieuance, or be much denied.
The most excellent Tragedie,

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

Ben: Good morrow Cofen.

Romeo: Is the day so young?
Ben: But new frowne nine.

Romeo: Ay me, sad hopes feeme long.

Was that my Father that went hence so faft?

Ben: It was, what sorrow lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom: Not having that, which having makes them

Ben: In love.

Ro: Out.

Ben: Of love.

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

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

Ro: Alas that love whose view is muffled still,
Should without lawes guie path-waies to our will:
Where shall we dine? Gods me, what tray was here?
Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with love,
Why then, O brawling lone, O louing hate,
O anie thing, of nothing first create!
O heauie lightnes serions vanitie!

Mifhapen Caos of beft seeming things,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This lone feele I, which feele no lone in this.

Doeft thou not laugh?

Ben: No Cofe, I rather weep.

Rom: Good hart at what?

Ben: At thy good hearts oppreßion.

Ro: Why such is lounes transfresion,

Griefes
of Romeo and Juliet.

Griefes of mine owne lie heanie at my hart,
Which thou wouldst propagate to haue them pret
With more of thine, this griefe that thou haft showne,
Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne:
Lone is a smoke raifld with the fume of sighes
Being purgde, a fire sparkling in louers eyes:
Being vext, a sea raging with a louers teares.
What is it elfe?  A madness most difcreet,
A choking gall, and a preferring sweet.  Farewell Cofe.
   Ben: Nay Ile goe along.
And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.
   Ro: Tut I haue lost my selle I am not here,
This is not Romeo, hee's some other where.
   Ben: Tell me in sadnes whome the is you loue?
   Ro: What shal I grope and tell thee?
   Ben: Why no, but falsely tell me who;
   Ro: Bid a fickman in sadnes make his will.
Ah word ill yrgde to one that is so ill.
In sadnes Cofton I doo loue a woman.
   Ben: I aimde fo right, when as you said you lou'd.
   Ro: A right good mark-man, and thee's faire I loue,
   Ben: A right faire marke faire Cofe is soonest hit.
   Ro: But in that hit you miife, thee'l not be hit
With Cupids arrow, the hath Dianas wit,
And in strong prove of chaftitie well arm'd:
Gainsf Cupids childifh bow the liues vnharmin,
Shee'l not abide the fledge of ouing tearmes,
Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold,
Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore,
That when the dies with beautie dies her flore.  Exe.

Enter Countie Paris, old Capulet.
Of honorable reckoning are they both,
The most excellent Tragedie,

And pitte tis they lieue at ods so long:
But leaung that, what say you to my fute?

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

Paris: Younger than she are hapie mothers made.

Cap: But too soone made are these so early married.
But woe too gentl Paris, get her heart,
My word to her content is but a part.
This night I hold an old accustum'd Feaft,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love: yet you amongst the flore,
One more most welcome makes the number more.
At my poore house you shall behold this night,
Earth treading stars, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as doo lusty youngmen feel.
When well apparailated April on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, even such delights
Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see,
And like her most, whose merite most halbe.
Such amongst view of many myne being one,
May stand in number though in reckoning none.

Enter Servingman.

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

Exeunt.

Ser: Seeke them out whose names are written here
and
of Romeo and Juliet.

and yet I knowe not who are written here: I must to the learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as the Tailor must meddle with his Laffe, the Shoemaker with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher with his Penfill, I must to the learned.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

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

Romeo: Your Planton leafe is excellent for that.
Ben: For what?
Romeo: For your broken thin.
Ben: Why Romeo art thou mad?
Rom: Not mad, but bound more than a madman is.
Shut vp in prision, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormentted, and Godden good fellow.

Ser: Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read,
Rom: I mine owne fortune in my mileric.
Ser: Perhaps you have learned it without booke:
but I pray can you read any thing you see?
Rom: If I know the letters and the language.
Seru: Yee say honefly, reft you merrie.
Rom: Stay fellow I can read.

He reads the Letter.

Seigneur Martino and his wife and daughters, Countie
Anfelm and his beauteous fisters, the Ladie widdow of
Vrtnuio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louelie Neeves,
Mercentio and his brother Valentine, mine uncle Capu-
let his wife and daughters, my faire Neeve Rosaline and

Liuia
The most excellent Tragedie,

Livio, Seigneur Valentio and his Cofen Tibalt, Lucio
and the livelie Hellena.
A faire assembly, whether should they come?
Ser: Vp.
Ro: Whether to supper?
Ser: To our house.
Ro: Whole house?
Ser: My Masters.
Ro: Indeed I should have asked thee that before.
Ser: Now ill' te tel you without asking. My Master is
the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of
Mountagues, I pray come and drink a cup of wine. Rest
you merry.

Ben: At this famous ancient feast of Capulets,
Sups the faire Rosaline whom thou so loves
With all the admired beauties of Verona,
Goe thither and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
Ro: When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falsehood, then turne tears to fire,
And these who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers
One fairer than my love, the all seeing sone
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben: Tut you saw her faire none els being by,
Her selle payd with her selle in either eye:
But in that Cristall scales let there be waide,
Your Ladyes love, against some other maide
That I will shew you thining at this feast,
And the shall cant shew well that now seemes best.
Rom: He goe along no such fight to be showne,
of Romeo and Juliet.

But to rejoyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.

Wife: Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to mee.

Nurce: Now by my maiden head at twelve yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid. Wher's this girle? what Julieth. Enter Julieth.

Julieth: How now who cal's?

Nurce: Your Mother.

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

Wife: This is the matter. Nurce give leave a while, we must talke in secret. Nurce come back again I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsaille. Thou know est my daughters of a prettie age.

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

Wife: Shee's not fourteen.

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

Wife: A fortnight and oddy dayes.

Nurce: Euen or odd, of all dayes in the yeare come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen. Sufan and the God refi all Christien foules were of an age. Well Sufan is with God, she was too good for me: But as I faid on Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen, that shall shee ma-rue I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake nove e-leauen yeares, and she was wroond I never shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare upon that day: for I had then laid wormwood to my dag, sitting in the sun under the Doue-house wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, may I do beare a braine; But as I faid, when it did taft the wormwood on the nipple of my dag, & felt it litter, pretty fiole
The most excellent Tragedie,

to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the 
Dove-house twas no need I trow to bid me toudge, and since 
that time it is alcaen yeare: for then could Iuliet fiande 
high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could have walld vp and 
downe, for even the day before she brake her brow, and then 
my husband God be with his soule, hee was a merrie man: 
Dyst thou fall forward, Iuliet? thou wilt fall backward when 
thou haft more wit: wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my holli-
dam, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see how a 
foal shall come about, I warrant you if I should live a hun-
dred yeare, I never should forget it, wilt thou not Iuliet? 
and by my truth she flinted and cried I.

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

Nurce: VWell goe thy waies, God marke thee for his 
grace, thou wert the prettieist Babe that ever I nurst, might 
I but live to see thee married once, I have my wiff.

VWife: And that fame marriage Nurce, is the Theame 
I meant to talke of: Tell me Iuliet, howe stand you aff-
feeted to be married?

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

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

VWife: Well girlie, the Noble Countie Paris seekes 
thee for his Wife.

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

VWife: Veronaes Summer hath not such a flower.

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

VWife: Well Iuliet, how like you of Paris loue.

Iuliet: He looke to like, if looking liking moue,

But no more deepe will I engage mine eye,

Then your consent giues strenght to make it flie.

Enter Clowne.
of Romeo and Juliet.

Clowne: Maddam you are call'd for, supper is ready,
the Nurse curst in the Pantrie, all things in extreamitie,
make haste for I must be gone to waite.

Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.

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

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

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

Mer: Believe me Romeo I must haue you dance.

Rom: Not I believe me you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a sole of lead
So stekes me to the ground I cannot strive.

Mer: Give me a cafe to put my viage in,
A vihor for a vihor, what care I
What curious eye doth coste deformitie.

Rom: Give me a Torch, let wantsons light of hart
Tickle the fencers ruthes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a Grandfire phrafe,
Ile be a candleholder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire and I am done.

Mer: Tut dun’s the mouse, the Cunstables old word,
If thou beeft Dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Of this furreuence loue wherein thou flickit.
Leane this talke, we burne day light here.

C

Rom: Nay
The most excellent Tragedie,

Rom: Nay thats not so. Mer: I meane sir in delay,
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,
Take our good meaning for our judgement fits
Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.
Rom: So we meane well by going to this maske:
But tis no wit to goe.
Mer: Why Romeo may one aske?
Rom: I dreamt a dreame to night.
Mer: And so did I. Rom: Why what was yours?
Mer: That dreamers often lie.
Rom: In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things
Mer: Ah then I see Queene Mab hath bin with you.
Ben: Queene Mab what's she?
She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come
In shape no bigger than an Aggat stone
On the forefinger of a Burgomaster,
Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,
Asthwart mens noxes when they lie a sleepe.
Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,
The couer, of the winges of Grasshoppers,
The traces are the Moone-shine waterie beames,
The collers crickets bones, the lafe of filmes,
Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie,
Not halfe fo big as is a little worme,
Pickt from the lasse finger of a maide,
And in this fort she gallops vp and downe
Through Louers braines, and then they dream of love:
O're Courtiers knees: who strait on curfies dreame
O're Ladies lips, who dreame on kifles strait:
Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breathes with sweetmeats tainted are:
Sometimes she gallops ore a Lawers lap,

And
of Romeo and Juliet.

And then dreames he of smelling out a fute,
And sometime comes the with a tithe pigs taile,
Tickling a Parfons nofe that lies a sleepe,
And then dreames he of another benefice:
Sometime the gallops ore a fouldiers nofe,
And then dreames he of cutting fororraine throats,
Of breaches ambuscados, countermines,
Of healthes fuch fadome sleepe, and then anon
Drums in his eare: at which he startes and wakes,
And sweares a Praier or two and sleepe againe.
This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,
And proues them women of good cariage. (the night,
This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horfes in
And plats the Elfelocks in foule fluttifh hair,
Which once untangled much misfortune breedes.

Rom: Peace, peace, thou talkt of nothing.

Mer: True I talke of dreames,
Which are the Children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine fantafie,
Which is as thinne a substanse as the aire,
And more inconstant than the winde,
Which woos even now the froste bowels of the north,
And being angred pusses away in haste,
Turning his face to the dew-droppingouth. (selsnes.

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

Ro: I feare too earlie, for my minde miifguies
Some confequence is hanging in the fars,
Which bitterly begins his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme
Of a dispiied life, cloife in this breast,
By fome vntrimelie forfet of vile death:

C 2 But
The most excellent Tragedie,

But he that hath the fleerage of my cours
Directs my faile, on lustie Gentlemen.

Enter old Capulet with the Ladies.

Cap: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that have their toes unplug'd with Corns
Will have about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,
Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
Shee that makes dainty, shee Ile sweare hath Corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-
More lights you knaues, & turn these tables vp,

And quench the fire the roome is grown too hote.
Ah firra, this vnlookt for sport comes well,
Nay fit, nay fit, good Cofen Capulet:
For you and I are past our standing dayes,
How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?

Cof: By Ladie fir tis thirtie yeares at leaft.

Cap: Tis not fo much, tis not fo much,
Tis since the mariage of Lucentio,

Come Pentecost as quicklie as it will,
Some fuce and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

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

Cap: Will you tell me that it cannot be so,
His sonne was but a Ward three yeares age,

Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a jolly thing

Rom: What Ladie is that that doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight? O shee doth teach the torches to

burne bright!

It seemes she hangs upon the cheeke of night,
Like a rich ieweell in an Aethiops care,
Beautie too rich for vfe, for earth too deare:

So thines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes showes.
of Romeo and Juliet.

The measure done, ie watch her place of fland,
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now? For swere it fight,
I neuer saw true beautie till this night.

Th: This by his voice shoule be a Mountague,
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the flau
Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,
To scorne and ieere at our solemnitie?
Now by the rocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it for no fin.

Ca: Why how now Co fen, wherfor fforme you so.

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

Ca: Young Romeo, is it not?

Ti: It is that villaine Romeo. (man,

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

Ti: It fitts when fuch a villaine is a gueft,
Ile not indure him.

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

Ti: Vncle tis a thame.

Ca: Goe
The most excellent Tragedie,

Ca: Goe too, you are a fauëc knaue,
This tricke will seath you one day I know what.
Well saied my hартes. Be quiet:
More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet.
   Tibalt: Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee-
Makes my fleth tremble in their different greetings:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shal
Now seeming sweet, convext to bitter gall.
   Rom: If I prophan with my vnworthie hand,
This holie shrine, the gentle finne is this:
My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready fland,
To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kiffe.
   Iuli: Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too
Which mannerly devotion shewes in this:
   much,
For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,
And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kiffe.
   Rom: Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
   Iuli: Yes Pilgrime lips that they must vfe in praiser.
   Ro: Why then faire saint, let lips do what hands doo,
They pray, yeeld thou, leaft faith turne to dispaire.
   Iu: Saints doe not moue though: grant nor praiser
   forfake.
   Ro: Then moue not till my praiers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours my fin is purged.
   Iu: Then haue my lips the fin that they haue tooke.
   Ro: Sinne from my lips, O trepāfle sweetly vrgde!
Give me my finne againe.
   Iu: You kiffe by the booke.
Nurse: Madame your mother calleth.
   Rom: What is her mother?
Nurse: Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the
   house, and a good Lady, and a wife, and a vertuous. I nurft
   her
of Romeo and Juliet.

her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can
lay hold of her shall have the chinks.
Rom: Is she a Mountague? Oh deare account,
My life is my foes thrall.
Ca: Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

They whisper in his ear.
I pray you let me intreat you. Is it so?
Well then I thank you honest Gentlemen,
I promise you but for your company,
I would have bin a bed an hour agoe:
Light to my chamber hoe.

Exeunt.

Iul: Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?
Nur: The sonne and heire of old Tiberio.
Iul: Whats he that now is going out of dore?
Nur: That as I thinke is yong Petruchio. (dance?
Iul: Whats he that followes there that would not
Nur: I know not.
Iul: Go to learne his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nur: His name is Romeo and a Mountague, the onely
sonne of your great enemie.
Iul: My oney Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene vnknowne and knowne too late :
Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,
That I should loue a loathed enemie.
Nurse: What's this? what's that?
Iul: Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt eu'n now of
one I dance with.
Nurse: Come your mother stales for you, He goe a long
with you.

Exeunt.

Enter
The most excellent Tragedie,

Enter Romeo alone.

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

Enter Benvolio Mercutio.

Ben: Romeo, my cofen Romeo.
Mer: Doest thou heare he is wife,
Vpon my life he hath flolne him home to bed.

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

Mer: Call, ny Ile conjure too.

Romeo, madman, humors, pafion, liuer, appeare thou ir likenes of a figh: speake but one rime & I am satified, cry but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, speake to my gollip Venus one faire word, one nickname for her purblinde sonne and heire young Abraham: Cupid bee that shot fo trim when young King Cophetua loued the begger wench. Hee heares me not, I conjure thee by Rofalindes bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lip, her prettie foote, straight leg, and quiuering thigh, and the demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likeneffe thou appeare to vs.

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

Mer: Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one shuld raife a spirit in his Miftris circle of some strange fathion, making it there to stand till she had laid it, and conjurde it downe, that were some spite. My inuocation is faire and honest, and in his Miftris name I conjure onely but to raife vp him.

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

Mer:
of Romeo and Juliet.

Mer: If louse be blind, louse will not hit the marke,
Now will he fit under a Medler tree,
And with his Misfris were that kind of fruit,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
Ah Romeo that the were, ah that the were
An open Et cetera, thou a poprin Peare.
Romeo God night, il'e to my trundle bed:
This field bed is too cold for mee,
Come lets away, for tis but vain,
To seeke him here that meanes not to be found.

Roe: He iefts at scars that neuer felt a wound:
But soft, what light forth yonder window breakes?
It is the East, and Juliet is the Sunne,
Arie faire Sunne, and kill the envious Moone
That is alreadie sicke, and pale with griefe;
That thou her maid, art far more faire than the.
Be not her maide since the is enious,
Her vestall luerie is but pale and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, cutt it off.
She speakes, but she fayes nothing. What of that?
Her eye disconrseth, I will answere it.
I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes,
Two of the fairest flares in all the skies,
Hauing some busines doe entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their sphaeres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnes of her cheekes would flame those flars:
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heaven,
Would through the arie region flame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night.
Oh now she leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
I would I were the glowe to that same hand,
The most excellent Tragedie,

That I might��e that cheeke.

JUL.: Ay me.

ROM.: She speakes, Oh speake againe bright Angell:
For thou art as glorious to this night beeinge ouer my
As is a winged messenger of heaven.

Vito the white vpturned wondring eyes,
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lisse pacing cloudes,
And failes upon the boosome of the aire.

JUL.: Ah! ROMEO, ROMEO, wherefore art thou ROMEO?
Denie thy Father, and refuse thy name,
Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my love,
And i'le no longer be a Capulet.

ROM.: Shall I hearing, or shall I speake to this?

JUL.: Tis but thy name that is mine enemie.

What's Montana? It is nor hand nor foote,
Nor armes, nor face, nor any other part.

What in a name? That which we call a Rose,
By any other name would stiell as sweet:
So ROMEO would, were he not ROMEO call'd,
Retaine the divine perfection he owes:
Without that title ROMEO part thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I have.

ROM.: I take thee at thy word,
Call me but love, and i'le be neuer Baptiste,
Henceforth I never will be ROMEO.

JUL.: What man art thou, that thus beakind in night,
Dost thou rumble on my count'rale?

ROM.: By a name I know not how to tell thee.
My name dear Saint is hauftfull to my felfe,
Because it is an enemie to thee.
of Romeo and Juliet.

Had I it written I would teare the word.

Iul: My eares have not yet drank a hundred words
Of that tongues utterance, yet I know the found:
Art thou not Romeo and a Mountague?
Ro: Neithee faire Saint, if eyther thee displeafe.
Iu: How camst thou hether, tell me and wherfore?
The Orchard wallis are high and hard to clime,
And the place death considering who thou art,
If any of my kinfmen finde thee here.
Ro: By lous light winges did I oreperch thefe wals,
For fonic limits cannot hold loun out,
And what loun can doo, that dares loun attempt,
Therefore thy kinfmen are no let to me.
Iul: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.
Ro: Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
Then twentie of there swordes, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enmitie.

Iul: I would not for the world they shuld find thee
Ro: I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their flight,
And but thou loun me let them finde me here:
For life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroged wanting of thy loun.

Iu: By whose directions foundst thou out this place.
Ro: By lous, who firft did prompt me to enquire,
I he gane me counfaile and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre
As that vaft thore, wafht with the furthest fea,
I would adventure for fuch Marchandife.
Iul: Thou knoweft the mafke of night is on my face,
Els would a Maiden blush bepaire my cheeks:
For that which thou haue heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,
The most excellent Tragedie,

What I haue spoke: but farewell complements.
Doest thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt say I,
And I will take thy word: but if thou swearte,
Thou maiest prove false:
At Louers perjuries they say I loue smiles.
Ah gentle Romeo, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinke I am too efeely wonne,
Il'e frowne and say thee nay and be pernere,
So thou wilt wooe: but els not for the world,
In truth faire Mountague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauior light:
But truft me gentleman Ile prove more true,
Than they that haue more cunning to be strange.
I should haue bin strange I must confesse,
But that thou ouer-heardst ere I was ware
My true loues Pasion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath so discoevered.

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

Iul: O sweare not by the Moone the vnoconstant
That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe,
Leaft that thy loue prove likewise variable.

Ro: Now by

Iul: Nay doo not sweare at all,
Or if thou sweare, sweare by thy glorious felse,
Which art the God of my Idolatrie,
And Il'e beleue thee.

Ro: If my true harts loue

Iul: Sweare not at al, though I doo ioy in
I haue small ioy in this contracd to night,
It is too rath too sodaine, too vnaduitide,
Too like the lightning that doth cease to bee
Ere one can say it lightens. I heare some comming,
Deare loue adew, sweet Mountague be true,
Stay but a little and il'e come againe.
Romeo: O blest blest night, I fear being night,
All this is but a dreame I heare and see,
Too flattering true to be substantiall.
Juliet: Three words good Romeo and good night in-
If that thy bent of loue be honourable? (deed.
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow
By one that il'e procure to come to thee:
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And all my fortunes at thy foot il'e lay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.
Romeo: Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from
their bookes,
But loue from loue, to schoole with heauie lookes.
Juliet: Romeo, Romeo, O for a falkners voice,
To lure this Taffell gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarse and may not cry aloud,
Els would I tear the Cauce where Eccho lies
And make her airie voice as hoarse as mine,
With repetition of my Romes name.
Romeo?
Romeo: It is my foule that calleth upon my name,
How siller sweet sound louers tongues in night.
Juliet: Romeo?
Romeo: Madame.
Juliet: At what a clocke to morrow shal I send?
Romeo: At the houre of nine.
Juliet: I will not faile, tis tventie yeares till then.
Romeo I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

D3

Romeo
The most excellent Tragedie,

Rom: Let me stay here till you remember it.
Iul: I shall forget to have thee still stay here,
Remembirning how I love thy companie.
Rom: And I'll stay till to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Ia: 'Tis almost morning I would have thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted guises,
And with a silke thred pul she backe againe,
Too lousy jealous of his libertie.
Rol: Would I were thy bird.
Iul: Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherrishing thee.
Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall lay good night till it be morrow. (breath,
Rom: Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace on thy
I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to rest.
Now will I to my Ghostrly fathers cell,
His help to crave, and my good hap to tell.

Enter Frier Francis. (night,

Frier: The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning
Checkring the Eastern clouds with freakes of light,
And flecked darknes like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dais path, and Titans fierie wheelles:
Now ere the Sunne advance his burning eye,
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie,
We must vp fill this oafier Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious iuyced flowers,
Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In hearebes, plants, ftones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth liue,
of Romeo and Juliet,

But to the earth some special good doth give:
Nor nought so good, but strained from that faire vife,
Revolts to vice and stumble on abuse:
Vertue it selfe turns vice being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rinde of this small flower,
Profit hath residence, and medicne power:
For this being melted too, with that part cheares ech hart,
Being tawed flaes all fences with the hart.
Two such oppofed foes incamp me till,
In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
And where the worer is predominant,
Full sone the canker death eats vp that plant.

Rom: Good morrow to my Ghostly Confeffor.

Fri: Benedicte, what earlie tongue so sone saluteth
Yong sone it argues a diftempered head, (me?)
So sone to bid good morrow to my bed.
Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep can never lie:
But where vnbrufed youth with vnftufte braines
Doth couche his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines:
Therefore thy earlines doth me affure,
Thou art vprovd by sone diftemperature.
Or if not so, then here I hit it righ
Our Romeo hath not bin a bed to night.

Ro: The laft was true, the sweeter reft was mine.

Fr: God pardon sin, vert thou with Rosaline?

Ro: With Rosaline my Ghostly father no,

I haue forgot that name, and that names woe. (then?)

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

Ro: I tell thee ere thou ask me againe,

I haue bin feafling with mine enemie:

Where
The most excellent Tragedie,

Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee
That by me wounded, both our remedies
With in thy help and holy phisick lies,
I bear no hatred blesed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steades my foe.
   Frier: Be plaine my sonne and homely in thy drift,
   Ridling confession findes but ridling thrift.
   Rom: Then plainly know my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers likewise on mine,
And all combind, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
If e tell thee as I passe: But this I pray,
That thou content to marrie vs to day.
   Fri: Holy S. Francis, what a change is here?
Is Rosaline whom thou didst loue so deare
So sonne forsooke, loe yong mens loue then lies
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.
   Jefu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath waft thy fallow cheekes for Rosaline?
How much falt water cast away in waste,
To feasen loue, that of loue doth not taste.
The sunne not yet thy fighes from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient ears,
And loe upony thine cheeke the slime doth fit,
Of an old teare that is not waft off yet.
   If euer thou wert thus, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline,
And art thou changde, pronounce this sentence then
Women may fail, when ther's no strength in men.
   Rom: Thou chidst me oft for loving Rosaline.

   Frier
of Romeo and Juliet.

Fr: For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.
Rom: And bade me bury loue.
Fr: Not in a grave,
To lay one in another out to haue.
Rom: I pree thee chide not, the whom I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not so.
Fr: Oh she knew well
Thy loue did read by rote, and could not speell.
But come yong Waauerer, come goe with mee,
In one respect Ile thy assistance bee:
For this alliance may so happie proue,
To turne your Houtholds rancour to pure loue. Exeunt.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.

Mer: Why what become of Romeo? came he not home to night?
Ben: Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.
Mer: Ah that fame pale hard hearted wench, that Ro-
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad. (saine,
Mer: Tybalt the Kineman of olde Capulet
Hath sent a letter to his Fathers House:
Some Challenge on my life.
Ben: Romeo will answere it.
Mer: I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.
Ben: Nay, he will answere the letters matter if hee bee challenged.
Mer: Who, Romeo? why he is already dead: stabd
with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the eare
with a loue sough, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the
blinde bow-boyes but-shaft. And is he a man to encounter
Tybalt?
Ben: Why what is Tybalt?
Mer: More than the prince of cattes I can tell you. Oh
he is the courageous captive of complements. Catfo, he
E fights
The excellent Tragedie

fightes as you sing pricke-fong, keepes time dyfance and proportion, rests me his minum rest one two and the thirde in your bofome, the very butcher of a silken button, a Duellift a Duellift, a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause, ah the immortall Pallado, the Punto reuerfo, the Hay.

Ben: The what?

Me: The Poxe of such limping antique affecting fantasficoes thef new tuners of accents. By Jefu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why ground-fir is not this a miserable cafe that we should be till afflicted with these strange flies: these fashionmongers, these pardonnees, that stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot fitte at cafe on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr bones.

Ben. Heere comes Romeo.

Mer: Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. O flesh flesh how art thou fishified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowd: Laura to his Lady was but a kitchen drudg, yet she had a better love to berime her: Dido a dowdy Cleopatra a Gypfie, Hero and Hellen hildings and harletries: Thibbie a gray eye or fo, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo bon jour, there is a French curtefie to your French flop: yee gauve vs the counterfeit fairely yeastnight.

Rom: What counterfeit I pray you?

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

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

Mer: Oh thats as much to say as such a cafe as yours wil contraine a man to bow in the hams.

Rom: A moft curteous exposition.

Me: Why I am the very pinke of curtefie.

Rom: Pinke for flower?

Mer: Right.

Rom: Then is my Pumpe well flour’d:

Mer: Well said, follow me nowe that ieft till thou haft worn
of Romeo and Juliet.

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

Rom: O single foald left sole single for the singlenes.
Me: Come between vs good Benwollio, for my wits faile.
Rom: Swits and spurres, swits & spurres, or Ie cry a match.
Mer: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chase, I haue done: for I am sure thou haft more of the goose in one of thy wits, than I haue in al my fiue: Was I with you there for the goose?
Rom: Thou wert never with me for any thing, when thou wert not with me for the goose.
Me: Ile bite thee by the care for that ieff.
Rom: Nay good goose bite not.
Mer: Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp sauce
Rom: And was it not well iert’d in to a sweet goose?
Mer: Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that stretceth from an ynych narrow to an ell broad.
Rom: I strecht it out for the word broad, which added to the goose, proues thee faire and wide a broad goose.
Mer: Why is not this better now than groning for lone? why now art thou foiable, now art thou thy selfe, nowe art thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This drineling lone is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.
Ben: Stop there.
Me: Why thou wouldst haue me stopp my tale against the haire.
Ben: Thou wouldst haue made thy tale too long?
Mer: Tut man thou art deceived, I meant to make it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale? and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.
Rom: Heers goodly geare.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Mer: A faile, a faile, a faile.

E a

Ben: Two
The excellent Tragedie

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

Nur: Peter, pree thee give me my fan.

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

Nur: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

Mer: God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

Nur: Is it godlygooden I pray you.

Mer: Tis no lefe I assure you, for the baudle hand of the diall is enen now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nur: Fie, what a man is this?

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

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

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

Nur: Well saide.

Mer: Yea, is the worfe well? mas well noted, wife-

ly, wifely.

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

Ben: O, belike the means to invite him to supper.

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

Rom: Why what haft found man?

Mer: No hare sir, vuleffe it be a hare in a lenten pye,

that is somewhat tale and hoare ere it be eaten.

He walke by them, and fongs.

And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore

is verie good meate in Lent:

But a hare thats hoare is too much for a score,

if it hore ere it be spent.

Youl come to your fathers to supper?

Rom: I will.

Mer: Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell sweete Ladie.

Exceunt Benvolio, Mercutio:

Nur: 
of Romeo and Juliet.

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

Rom: A gentleman Nurfe that loies to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in an houre than hee will stand to in a mouth.

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

She turns to Peter her man.

And thou like a knaue must stand by, and see euerie Jacke vfe me at his pleasure.

Pet: I see no bodie vfe you at his pleasure, if I had, I would foone haue drawn: you know my toole is as foone out as others if I see time and place.

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

Rom: Nurfe, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I proftef.

Nov: Good heart: yfaith Ile tell her so: oh she will be a joyfull woman.

Rom: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

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

Rom: Bid her get leave to morrow morning
To come to thirft to Frier Laurence cell:
And say thou Nurfe behinde the Abbey wall,
My man shall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackleed shaire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

E 3

Muff
*The excellent Tragedie*

Muft be my conduct in the secret night.
Hold, take that for thy paines.

*Nur*: No, not a penie truly.

*Rom*: I say you shall not chuse.

*Nur*: Well, to morrow morning the shall not faile.

*Rom*: Farewell, be truitive, and I le quite thy paine. *Exit*

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

*Enter Iuliet.*

*Jul*: The clocke stroke nine when I did fend my Nurfe
In halfe an houre the promisf to returne.
Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not fo.
Oh the is lazie, Loues heralds shouold be thoughts,
And runne more swift, than haffie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

*Enter Nurfe.*

Oh now the comes. Tell me gentle Nurfe,
What fayes my Loun? 

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

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

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

*Jul*: But tell me sweet Nurfe, what fayes Romeo?

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

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

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

*Jul*: Lord, Lord, how odly thou replieft? He fayes like a
kinde
of Romeo and Juliet.

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

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

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

Nur: Goe, hys you straight to Friar Laurence Cell,
And frame a sçufe that you must goe to shrift:
There sayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I must prouide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your Lord must clime a birds neft soone.
I must take paines to further your delight,
But you must beare the burden soone at night.
Doth this newes please you now?

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

_Exeunt._

Enter Romeo, Frier.

Rom: Now Father Laurence, in thy holy grant
Confits the good of me and Juliët.

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

Rom: This morning here the pointed we shold meet,
And consumate thos e neuer parting bands,
Witnes of our harts lone by ioyning hands,
And come she will.

Fr: I geffe she will indeed,
Youths lone is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

_Enter Juliët somewhat fadder, and embraces Romeo._

See where she comes.
So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:
Of lone and ioy, fee fee the foueraigne power,

Jul: Romeo,

_a—Q1. 3_
The excellent Tragedie

Rom.: My Iuliet welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloaft in Nights myfts) attend the frolicke Day,
So Romeo hath expected Iuliet,
And thou art come.
Jul.: I am (if I be Day)
Come to my Sunne: shine foorth, and make me faire.
Rom.: All beauteous fairnes dweleth in thine eyes.
Jul.: Romeo from thine all brightnes doth arife.
Fr.: Come wantons, come, the ftealing houres do paifie
Defer imbracements till fome ftrer time,
Part for a while, you fhall not be alone,
Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.
Rom.: Lead holy Father, all delay femeles long.
Jul.: Make haft, make haft, this lingring doth vs wrong.
Fr.: O, foft and faire makes sweeteft worke they fay.
Haft is a common hinderer in croffe way.  Execunt omnes.

Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.

Ben.: I pree thee good Mercutio lets retire,
The day is hot, the Capels are abroad.
Mer.: Thou art like one of thofe, that when hee comes
into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the
boord, and fayes, God fend me no need of thee: and by
the operation of the next cup of wine, he draws it on the
drawer, when indeed there is no need.
Ben.: Am I like fuch a one?
Mer.: Go too, thou art as hot a Jacke being mooode,
and as foone mooode to be moodie, and as foone moodie to
be mooode.
Ben.: And what too?
Mer.: Nay, and there were two fuch, wee fhould haue
none shortly. Didft not thou fall out with a man for crack-
ing of nuts, hauing no other reafon, but becaufe thou hadft
haill eyes? what eye but fuch an eye would haue pickt out
fuch a quarrell? With another for coughing, becaufe hee
wakd
of Romeo and Iuliet.

wakd thy dogge that lay a sleepe in the Sunne? With a Taylor for wearing his new daublet before Easler: and with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands. And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

_Ben_: By my head herce comes a Capolet.

_Enter Tybalt._

_Mer_: By my heele I care not.

_Tyb_: Gentlemen a word with one of you.

_Mer_: But one word with one of vs? You had beft couple it with some what, and make it a word and a blow.

_Tyb_: I am apt enuffe to that if I haue occasion.

_Mer_: Could you not take occasion?

_Tyb_: Mercysto thou confortes with Romeo?

_Mer_: Confort. Zwoones confort? the flauce wil make fid-lers of vs. If you doe sirra, look for nothing but discord: For herce my fiddle-flicke.

_Enter Romeo._

_Tyb_: Well peace be with you, herce comes my man.

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

_Tyb_: Romeo the hate I beare to thee can affoord no better words then thefe, thou art a villain.

_Rom_: Tybalt the loun I beare to thee, doth excufe the appertaining rage to such a word: villain am I none, ther-fore I well perceize thou knowe me not.

_Tyb_: Bace boy this cannot ferue thy turne, and therefore drawe.

_Ro_: I doe protest I never intired thee, but loun thee bet-ter than thou canst deuife, till thou shalt know the reason of my loun.

_Mer_: O dhonorable vile submiffion. Allaflockado caries it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

_Tyb_: What wouldeft with me?

_F_
The excellent Tragedie.

Mer: Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your nine lines, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your scabard, leaft mine be about your eares cre you be aware.
Rom: Stay Tybalt, howld Mercutio: Benvolio beate downe their weapons.

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

Mer: Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your houfes.
Rom: What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.
Mer: Noe not so deepe as a Well, nor so wide as a barne doore, but it will ferue I warrant. What meant you to come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.
Rom: I did all for the beft.
Mer: A poxe of your houfes, I am fairely dref. Sirr goe fetch me a Surgeon.
Boy: I goe my Lord.
Mer: I am peperd for this world, I am fped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to morrow you shall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houfes, I shall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens houlders: For your houfe of the Mountegues and the Capalets: and then fome peafantly rogue, fome Sexton, fome bafe flau e shall write my Epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the Princes Lawes, and Mercutio was faine for the first and second caufe. Wher's the Surgeon?
Boy: Hee's come fir.
Mer: Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the other fide, come Benvolio, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your houfes.

Rom: This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,
My very frend hath tane this mortall wound
In my behalfe, my reputation flaind
With Tybalt's flaunder, Tybalt that an houre
Hath bee ne my kinifman. Ah Juliet

Thy
of Romeo and Juliet.

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

Enter Benuolio.

Ben: Ah Romeo Romeo brave Mercutio is dead,
That gallant spirit hath a spir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely scornd the lowly earth.
Rom: This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend
This but begins what other dayes must end.

Enter Tibalt.

Ben: Heere comes the furious Tibalt backe againe.
Rom: A liue in triumph and Mercutio flaine?
Away to heaven respectiue lenity:
And sier eyed fury be my conduct now.
Now Tibalt take the villaine backe againe,
Which late thou gau'ft me: for Mercutio soule,
Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,
And faies for thine to beare him company.
Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

Fight, Tibalt falles.

Ben: Romeo away, thou feest that Tibalt's flaine,
The Citizens approach, away, begone
Thou wilt be taken.
Rom: Ah I am fortunes flane.

Exeunt

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Wher's he that flue Mercutio, Tybalt that villaine?
Ben: There is that Tybalt.

F 2

Watch: Vp
The excellent Tragedie

Vp sirra goe with vs.

Enter Prince, Capulet's wife.

Pry: Where be the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben: Ah Noble Prince I can discover all
The most unlucky manage of this brawle.
Heere lyes the man flaine by yong Romeo,
That flew thy kinfman brane Mercutio,
M: Tibalt, Tybalt, O my brothers child,
Vnhappie fight? Ah the blood is spilt
Of my deare kinfman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, feth bloud of Mountague.

Pry: Speke Benuallo who began this fray?

Ben: Tibalt heere flaine whom Romes hand did slay.
Romeo who spake him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was.
But Tibalt still persiffig in his wrong,
The stout Mercutio drew to calme the florne,
Which Romeo seeing cal'd flay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,
And with his agil arme yong Romeo,
As fast as tyme cryde peace, sought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
Vnder yong Romes laboring arme to part,
The furious Tybalt cast an envious thrust,
That rid the life of stout Mercutio.
With that he fled, but presently return'd,
And with his rapier braued Romeo:
That had but newly entertain'd revenge.
And ere I could draw forth my raper
To part their furie, downe did Tybalt fall,
And this way Romeo fled.

Mu: He is a Mountague and speakes partiall,
Some twelie of them fought in this blake strife:
And all thote twenty could but kill one life.

I doe
of Romeo and Iuliet.

I doo intreate sweete Prince thoulte Juftice gue,
Romeo flew Tybalt, Romeo may not live.

Prin: And for that offence
Immediately we doo exile him hence.
I haue an interest in your hates proceeding,
My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
But Ile armerce you with fo large a fine,
That you shall all repent the loffe of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.
Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still:
Mercie to all but murdrrers, pardoning none that kill.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul: Gallop apace you fierie footed steedes
To Phoebus mansion, such a Waggoner
As Phaeton, would quickly bring you therether,
And feud in cloudie night immediately.

Enter Nurfe wringing her hands, with the ladder
of cordes in her lap.
But how now Nurfe: O Lord, why lookft thou sad?
What haft thou there, the cordes?

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

Iul: What diuell art thou that torments me thus?

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

Iul: This torture shoulde be roard in difmall hell.
Can heauens be fo envious?

Nur: Romeo can if heauens cannot.
I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes.
God saw the sample, on his manly breath:
A bloodie coaife, a piteous bloodie coaife,
All pale as athes, I sawounded at the fight.

Iul:
The excellent Tragedie

Iul: Ah Romeo, Romeo, what disaster hap
Hath severed thee from thy true Juliet?
Ah why should Heaven so much conspire with Woe,
Or Fate enjoin our happy Marriage,
So soon to sunder us by timeless Death?

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

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

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

Iul: Ah heavens, did Romeos hand shed Tybalts blood?

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

Iul: O serpents hate, hid with a flouring face:
O painted sepulcher, including filth.
Was never booke containing so foule matter,
So fairly bound. Ah, what meant Romeo?

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

Iul: A blifter on that tung, he was not borne to shame:
Upon his face Shame is afhamde to fit.
But wherefore villain didst thou kill my Cousen?
That villain Cousen would have kild my husband.
All this is comfort. But there yet remains
Worse than his death, which faine I would forget:
But ah, it preffeth to my memorie,
Romeo is banished. Ah that word Banished
Is worse than death. Rom.o is banished,
Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Iulet,
All killed, all slaine, all dead, all banisht d.
Where are my Father and my Mother Nurie?

Nur: Woe ping and wayling ouer Tybalts coarse.

VWll
vvill you goe to them?

Iul: I, I, when theirs are spent,
Mine shall he fled for Romeo's banishment.

Nur: Ladie, your Romeo will be here to night,
Ile to him, he is hid at Laurence Cell.

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

Enter Frier.

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

Enter Romeo.

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

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

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

Fr: A gentler judgement vaniht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

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

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

Rom: There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe.
Hence banished, is banish't from the world:
And world exile doth death. Calling death banishment,
Thou cutt my head off with a golden axe,
And smite upon the stroke that murders me.

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

And
The excellent Tragedie

And turnd that blacke word death to banishment:
This is mere mercy, and thou feelest it not.

Rom: Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
Where Juliet lines: and euerie cat and dog,
And little moufe, euerie vnworthie thing
Lie heere in heauen, and may looke on her,
But Romeo may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtshipe lines
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may feaze
On the white wonder of faire Iuliet's skinne,
And steale immortall kiffes from her lips;
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.
Oh Father hadst thou no strong poyson mixt,
No sharpe ground knife, no p[resent meane] of death,
Though nere fo meane, but banishment
To torture me withall: ah, banished.
O Friar, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howling attends it. How hadst thou the heart,
Being a Divine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sinne abhauer, and my frend profet
To mangle me with that word, Banishment?

Fr: Thou fond mad man, heare me but speake a word.
Rom: O, thou wilt talke againe of Banishment.

Fr: Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,
Aduersectes sweete milke, philosopie,
To comfort thee though thou be banished.
Rom: Yet Banished? hang vp philosopie,
Vnlesse philosopie can make a Juliet,
Dissipalt a Towne, reuerie a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fr: O, now I see that madman haue no eares.
Rom: How should they, when that wise men haue no eyes.

Fr: Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom: Thou canst not speake of what thou doest not feele.

Wert
of Romeo and Juliet.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy Lune,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdering.
Dying like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou tear thy hair.
And fall upon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Nurse knocks.

Fr.: Romeo arise, stand vp thou wilt be taken,
I heare one knocke, arise and get thee gone.
Nu.: Hoo Fryer.
Fr.: Gods will what wilfulness is this?

Shee knocks againe.

Nu.: Hoo Fryer open the doore,
Fr.: By and by I come. Who is there?
Nu.: One from Lady Juliet.
Fr.: Then come nere.
Nu.: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,
Where is my Ladies Lord? Wheres Romeo?
Fr.: There on the ground, with his owne teares made drunke.
Nu.: Oh he is euen in my Mifresse cafe.
Inst in her cafe. Oh wofull sympathy,
Pitteous predicament, euen fo lyes shee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping:
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man.
For Juliets sake, for her sake rise and stand,
Why should you fall into so deep an O.

He rises.

Romeo: Nurse.

Nu.: Ah sir, ah sir. Wel death’s the end of all.

G

Rom:
The excellent Tragedie

Rom: Spakest thou of Juliet, how is it with her?
Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,
Now I haue stainde the childhood of her joy,
With bloud remou’d but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? And what fayes
My conceal’d Lady to our cancel’d love?
Nur: Oh she faith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,
And Tybalt cries, and then on Romeo calles.
Rom: As if that name shott from the deadly leuel of a gun
Did murder her, as that names curfed hand
Murderd her kinifman. Ah tell me holy Fryer
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may facke
The hatefull mansion?

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

Nur: Ah?
Fr: Hold, flay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme
Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote
The vnreconable furyes of a beast.
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
Or ill becumynge beast in seeming both.
Thou haft amaz’d me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd,
Haft thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou flay thy selfe?
And flay thy Lady too, that lies in thee?
Roufe vp thy spirts, thy Lady Juliet lies,
For whose sweet sake thou wert but lately dead:
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slueft Tybalt, there art thou happy too.
A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his best array:
But like a misbehaude and fullen wench
Thou frownst vpon thy Fate that finilles on thee.

Take
of Romeo and Juliet.

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

Nur: Good Lord what a thing learning is.
I could have stayde heere all this night
To heare good counsell. Well Sir,
Ile tell my Lady that you will come.

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

Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe.

Nur: Here is a Ring Sir, that she bad me giue you,
Rom: How well my comfort is renuad by this.

Exit Nurse.

Fr: Soiorne in Mantua, Ile finde out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time:
Every good hap that doth befall thee heere.
Farwell.

Rom: But that a ioy, past ioy cries out on me,
It were a grieue so breese to part with thee.

Enter olde Capulet and his wife, with County Paris.

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

G 2  Looke
The excellent Tragedie

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

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

Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet  
calles him again.

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

Par: Munday my Lord.

Cap: Oh then Wenesday is too soone,  
On Thursday let it be: you shalbe maried.  
Wee’le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or fo:  
For looke ye Sir, Tybalt being flaine fo lately,  
It will be thought we held him carelesly:  
If we shoulde reuell much, therefore we will haue  
Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe.  
But what say you to Thursday.

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter.
of Romeo and Juliet.

Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window.

Iul: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day,
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear:
Nightly the fings on yon Pomegranate tree,
Beleeue me loute, it was the Nightingale.

Rom: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,
And not the Nightingale. See Lone what enuous strakes
Doo lace the feuering clowdes in yonder East.
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond Day
Stands tiptoes on the mydfie mountaine tops.
I must be done and lue, or fray and dye.

Iul: You light is not day light, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhaules,
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Then fray awhile, thou shalt not goe foone.

Rom: Let me fray here, let me be tane, and dye:
If thou wilt hane it fo, I am content.
Ile fray you gray is not the Mornings Eye,
It is the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.
Ile fray it is the Nightingale that beates
The vaultie heauen fo high aboue our heads,
And not the Larke the Meffenger of Morne.
Come death and welcome, Juliet wils it fo.
What fayes my Lone? lets talke, tis not yet day.

Jul: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.
It is the Larke that fings fo out of tune,
Straining harfh Discords and vnplesing Sharpes.
Some fray, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:

G 3. Thia
The excellent Tragedie

This doth not so: for this diuideth vs.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
I would that now they had chang’d voyces too:
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntivp to the day.
So now be gone, more light and light it growes.
Rom: More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.
Farewell my Loun, one kiffe and Ile descend.

He goeth downe.

Jul: Art thou gone so, my Lord, my Loun, my Frend?
I must heare from thee euerie day in the hower:
For in an hower there are manie minutes,
Minutes are dayes, so will I number them:
Oh, by this count I shal be much in yeares,
Ere I see thee againe.
Rom: Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
That may conneigh my greetings loue to thee.
Isl: Oh, thinkft thou we shall euere meete againe.
Rom: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe shal be
For sweete discourses in the time to come.
Jul: Oh God, I haue an ill dunique soule.
Me thinkes I see thee now thou art below
Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:
Either mine eyght failles, or thou lookft pale.
Rom: And trust me Loun, in my eye fo doo you,
Drie sorrow drinkes our blood: adieu, adieu.  Exit.

Enter Nurse hastily.

Nur: Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,
Your Mother’s comming to your Chamber, make all fure.
She goeth downe from the window.  Enter
of Romeo and Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet's Mother, Nurse.

Moth: Where are you Daughter?

Nur: What Ladie, Lambe, what Iuliet?

Iul: How now, who calls?

Nur: It is your Mother.

Moth: Why how now Iuliet?

Iul: Madam, I am not well.

Moth: What euermore weeping for your Cofens death:

Iul: I cannot chuf(e, having so great a losse.

Moth: I cannot blame thee.

But it greenes thee more that Villaine liues.

Iul: What Villaine Madame?

Moth: That Villaine Romeo.

Iul: Villaine and he are manie miles a funder.

Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man.

I foone would send to Mantua where he is,

That shold beftow on him so frere a draught,

As he shold foone beare Tybalt companie.

Iul: Finde you the means, and Ile finde such a man:

For whilest he lices, my heart shhall nere be light.

Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.

Thus for a Kinrnan vext? (newes?)

Moth: Well let that paife. I come to bring thee ioyfull

Iul: And ioy comes well in such a needfull time.

Moth: Well then, thou haft a carefull Father Girle.

And one who pittyng thy needfull state,

Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.

Iul: What day is that I pray you?

Moth: Marry my Childe,
The excellent Tragedie

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

Iul: Now by Saint Peters Church and Peter too,
He shall not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.
Are these the newes you had to tell me of?
Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie yet.
And when I doo, it shalbe rather Romeo whom I hate,
Than Countie Paris that I cannot loue.

Enter olde Capolet.

Moth: Here comes your Father, you may tell him so.
Capo: Why how now, euermore showring?
In one little bodie thou resemblest a sea, a barke, a storme:
For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating in thy euering falling teares,
And toft with figure arising from thy hart:
Will without succour shipwrecke preffently.
But heare you Wife, what haue you founded her, what faies the to it?

Moth: I haue, but she will none she thankes ye:
Would God that she were married to her graine.
Capo: What will she not, doth she not thanke vs, doth
the not wexe proud?

Iul: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:
Proud can I never be of that I hate,
But thankfull euuen for hate that is ment loue.

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

Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.

Iu: Good father heare me speake?

She kneels downe.

Cap: I tell thee what, yther refolue on thursday next
To goe with Paris to Saint Peters Church:
Or henceforth never looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytech.
Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest
That God had sent vs but this onely chyld:
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a croffe in hauing her.

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

Cap. And why my Lady wisedome? hold your tung.
Good prudence finmatter with your goffips, goe.

Nur: Why my Lord I speake no treaflon.

Cap: Oh goddegodden.

Vitter your grauity over a goffips boule,
For heere we need it not.

Mo: My Lord ye are too hotte.

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

But if you cannot wedde Ie pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not hause with me.
Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vfe to left.
The excellent Tragedie

I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,
Lay hand on heart, adieu, bethinke your selfe,
If you be mine, Ile gieue you to my frend:
If not, hang, drowne, flarue, beg,
Dye in the streetes: for by my Soule
Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,
Nor what I have shal euer doe thee good,
Thinke on't, looke toot, I doe not vfe to ieft.  

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

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

Iul: Ah Nurse what comfort? what counsell cauft thou give me.

Nur: Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say:
Your Romeo he is banisht, and all the world to nothing
He neuer dares returne to challengde you.
Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, Romeo is but a dithclout
In respect of him. I promise you
I thinke you happy in this second match.
As for your husband he is dead:
Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vfe of him.

Iul: Speakst thou this from thy heart?
Nur: I and from my foule, or els befew small them both.
Iul: Amen.

Nur: What say you Madame?

Iul: Well, thou haft comforted me wondrous much,
I pray thee goe thy waies into my mother
Tell her I am gone haung displeased my Father.
To Fryer Laurence Cell to confeffe me,
And to be abfolu'd.
of Romeo and Juliet.

Nur: I will, and this is wisely done.  

She looks after Nurfe.

Iul: Ancient damnation, O most curst fiend.  
Is it more finne to with me thus forsworne,  
Or to dispraise him with the selfe fame tongue  
That thou haft praisde him with aboue compare  
So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shal be twaine.  
Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,  
If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.

Exit.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Fr: On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,  
Par: My Father Capulet will haue it so,  
And I am nothing slacke to drow his haft.

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

Par: Immoderately the weepes for Tybals death,  
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.  
For Venus smiles not in a house of teares,  
Now Sir, her father thinks it dangerous:  
That the doth give her sorrow so much sway.  
And in his wisedome hafts our mariage,  
To stop the inundation of her teares.  
Which too much minded by her selfe alone  
May be put from her by societie.  
Now doe ye know the reason of this haft.  
Fr: I would I knew not why it should be flowd.

H 2

Enter
The excellent Tragedie

Enter Paris.

Heere comes the Lady to my cell,
Par: Welcome my lowne, my Lady and my wife:
Iu: That may be fir, when I may be a wife,
Par: That may be, must be lowne, on thurftday next.
Iu: What must be shalbe.
Fr: Thats a certaine text.
Par: What come ye to confession to this Fryer.
Iu: To tell you that were to confeffe to you.
Par: Do not deny to him that you loue me.
Iul: I will confeffe to you that I loue him,
Par: So I am sure you will that you loue me.
Iu: And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, than to your face.
Par: Poore foule thy face is much abuf'd with teares.
Iu: The teares haue got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par: Thou wrongfit it more than teares by that report.
Iu: That is no wrong fir, that is a truth:
And what I spake I spake it to my face.
Par: Thy face is mine and thou haft flaundred it.
Iu: It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leasure holy Father now :
Or shall I come to you at euening Maffe?
Fr: My leasure furnes me penfine daughter now.
My Lord we must entreate the time alone.
Par: God heild I shoule disturb deuotion,
Juliet farwell, and keep this holy kiffe.

Exit Paris.

Iu: Goe shut the doore and when thou haft done so,
Come wepe with me that am passe cure, passe help,
Fr: Ah Juliet I already know thy griefe,
I heare thou muft and nothing may proroge it,
of Romeo and Iuliet.

On Thursday next be married to the Countie.
Iul: Tell me not Frier that thou heareft of it,
Vuleffe thou tell me how we may prevent it.
Give me some sudden counsell: els behold
Twixt my extremes and me, this bloodie Knife
Shall play the Vnpeere, arbitrating that
Which the Commission of thy yeares and arte
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Speake not, be briefe: for I desire to die,
If what thou speakest, speake not of remedie.
Fr: Stay Iuliet, I doo pite a kinde of hope,
VVhich craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate we would prevent.
If rather than to marrie Countie Paris
Thou haft the strenght or will to slay thy selfe,
Tis not unlike that thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chyde away this shame,
That coop'd with death it selfe to flye from blame.
And if thou doo, Ile give thee remedie.
Iul: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie Paris)
From off the battlemens of yonder tower:
Or chaine me to some steepie mountaines top,
VVhere roaring Beares and fawge Lions are:
Or flut me nightly in a Charnell-houfe,
VVith reekie thankes, and yeelow chaples sculls:
Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:
Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble,
And I will doo it without feare or doubt,
To keep my selfe a faithfull vonfaind VVife
To my decre Lord, my deereft Romeo.
Fr: Hold Iuliet, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
Let not thy Nurfe lyfe with thee in thy Chamber:
And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:
VVhen prentently through all thy veynes shall run
A dull and heanie flumber, which shall cease

H. 3.  

Each
The excellent Tragedie

Each vitall spirit: for no Pulfe shal kepe
His naturall progresse, but surceafe to beate:
No signe of breath shal teftifie thou liuift.
And in this borrowed likenes of shrunke death,
Thou shalt remaine full two and fortie houres.
And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,
Ile send in haft to Mantua to thy Lord,
And he shal come and take thee from thy graue.

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

Exeunt.

Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurfe, and Servingman.

Capo: Where are you sirra?
Ser: Heere fortooth.
Capo: Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes.
Ser: I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe them by licking their fingers.
Capo: How canst thou know them so?
Ser: Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fin-
gers.
Capo: Well get you gone.

Exit Servingman.

But wheres this Head-firong?
Moth: Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier Laurence Cell
To be confett.
Capo: Ah, he may hap to doo some good of her,
A headstrong selfewild harlotrie it is.

Enter
of Romeo and Juliet.

Enter Juliet.

Moth: See here the commeth from Confession,
Capo: How now my Head-strong, where haue you bin gadding?
Jul: Where I haue learned to repent the sin
Of froward wilfull opposition
Gainst you and your behets, and am enioynd
By holy Laurence to fall profirate here,
And craue remifion of fo foule a fact.

She kneels downe.

Moth: Why thats well saide.
Capo: Now before God this holy reverent Frier
All our whole Citie is much bound unto.
Goe tell the Countie prefently of this,
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.
Jul: Nurse, will you goe with me to my Closet,
To fort such things as shall be requisite
Against to morrow.

Moth: I pree thee doo, good Nurse goe in with her,
Helpe her to fort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chains,
And I will come unto you prefently.

Nur: Come sweet hart, shal we goe:
Jul: I pree thee let vs.

Exeunt Nurse and Juliet.

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

Capo:
The excellent Tragedie

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

Exeunt.

Enter Nurse, Juliet.

Nur: Come, come, what need you anie thing else?
Jul: Nothing good Nurse, but leaue me to my selfe:
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.

Nur: Well there's a cleane smocke under your pillow, 
and so good night.  

Exit.

Enter Mother.

Moth: What are you busie, doo you need my helpe?
Jul: No Madame, I desire to lye alone,
For I haue manie things to thinke upon.

Moth: Well then good night, be stirring Juliet,
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow.  

Jul: Farewell, God knowes when we shall meete a-

Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.
What if this Potion should not worke at all, 
Must I of force be married to the Countie?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
What if the Frier should giue me this drinke 
To payson mee, for feare I should disclose
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious Man:
I will not entertaine so bad a thought.
What if I should be stillest in the Toomb?
of Romeo and Juliet.

Awake an hour before the appointed time:
Ah then I fear I shall be lunaticke,
And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
Drown out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I see
My coffin Tybalt weltring in his blood,
Seeking for Romeo: stay Tybalt stay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drink to thee.
She falls upon her bed within the Curtain.

Enter Nurse with herbs, Mother.
Moth: Thats well said Nurse, set all in redines,
The Countie will be here immediately.

Enter Oldeman.
Cap: Make haft, make haft, for it is almost day,
The Curneue bell hath rung, tis foure a clocke,
Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.
Nur: Go get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you
will be fieke anone.
Cap: I warrant thee Nurse I haue ere now watcht all
night, and haue taken no harme at all.
Moth: I you haue beene a moue hunt in your time.

Enter Servingman with Logs & Coales.

Cap: A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood: How now sirra?
What haue you there?
Ser: Forthoeth Logs.
Cap: Go, goe chooë dryer. Will will tell thee where
thou shalt fetch them.
Ser: Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to
I choose...
The excellent Tragedie

choose a Log.

Exit.

Cap: Well goe thy way, thou shalt be logger head.
Come, come, make hast call vp your daughter,
The Countie will be heere with muficke straignt.
Gods me hees come, Nurfe call vp my daughter.

Nur: Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady
birde? fast I warrant. What Iuliet? well, let the County take
you in your bed: yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next
night, the Countie Paris hath set vp his rest that you shal rest
but little. What lambe I say, fast still: what Lady, Loue,
what bride, what Iuliet? Gods me how found the sleepe? Nay
then I fee I must wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on
your bed, drest in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the
day, some Aqua vitae hoe.

Enter Mother.

Moth: How now whats the matter?
Nur: Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.
Moth: Accurst, vnhappy, miserable time.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Come, come, make hast, wheres my daughter?
Moth: Ah hees dead, hees dead.
Cap: Stay, let me fee, all pale and wan.
Accurst time, vnfortunate olde man.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Par: What is the bride ready to goe to Church?
Cap: Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flowr as she is,
Deflowerd by him, fee, where she lyes,

Death
of Romeo and Juliet.

Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I gie all that I haue.

Par: Hauie I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it now present such prodegies?
Accurft, vnhappy, miserable man,
Forlorn, forfaken, destitute I am:
Borne to the world to be a flane in it.
Distreft, remedilies, and vnfortunate.
O heavens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To liue so vile, so wretched as I shall.

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

All at ones cry out and wring their hands.

All cry: And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, loft, vndone, absented, wholly fled.

Cap: Cruel, vniust, impartial defilies,
Why to this day hauie you preferu'd my life?
To see my hope, my flay, my ioy, my life,
Depriued of fence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vniust, impartial defilies.

Cap: O fad fac'd forrow map of misery,
Why this fad time hauie I desir'd to see.
This day, this vniiust, this impartial day
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
To be depriued by suddaine defilies.

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

Fr: O peace for flame, if not for charity.
Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to with it otherwise.

I 2 Come
The excellent Tragedie

Come flocke your Rofemary in this dead coarfe,
And as the custome of our Country is,
In all her beft and sumptuous ornaments,
Convey her where her Ancestors lie tomb'd,

Cap: Let it be so, come wofull forrow mates,
Let vs together taflfe this bitter fate.

They all but the Nurfe goe foorth, cafling Rofemary on
her and shutting the Curtens.

Enter Musitions.

Nur: Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull cafe. 

1. I by my troth Mifrefle is it, it had need be mended.

Enter Servuingman.

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

1. A fir, this is no time to play.

Ser: You will not then?

1. No marry will wee.

Ser: Then will I giue it you, and roundly to.

1. What will you giue us?

Ser: The fидler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile fol you.

1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.

Ser: I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with
my wodden wit. Come on Simon found Pot, Ile poe you,
1 Lets heare.

Ser: When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
And dolefull dumps the minde opprefle:
Then mufique with her filuer sound,
Why filuer found? Why filuer found?

1. I thinke becaufe muficke hath a sweet sound.

Ser: Pretie, what say you Mathew minikine?
of Romeo and Juliet.

2. I thinke because Mutitions found for siluer.
   Ser: Prettie too: come, what say you?
3. I say nothing.
   Ser: I thinke so, Ile speake for you becase you are the
   Singer. I saye Siluer found, because suche Fellowes as you
   have sildeome Golde for founding. Farewell Fidlers, fare-
   well.          
   Exit.
1. Farewell and be hangd: come lets goe.          
   Exeunt.

Enter Romeo.

Rom: If I may truft the flattering Eye of Sleepe,
My Dreame prefagde some good euent to come.
My bofome Lord fits cheerfull in his throne,
And I am comforted with pleaing dreames.
Me thought I was this night alreadie dead:
(Strange dreames that giue a dead man leau to thinke)
And that my Ladie Juliet came to me,
And breathd suche life with knives in my lips,
That I reuife and was an Emperour.

Enter Balthafar his man booted.

Newes from Verona. How now Balthafar,
How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I aske againe:
If she be well, then nothing can be ill.
Balt: Then nothing can be ill, for she is well,
Her bodie sleepees in Capels Monument,
And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.
Pardon me Sir, that am the Meslenger of such bad tidings.
Rom: Is it euin so? then I defie my Starres.

I 3

Goe
The excellent Tragedie

Goe get me incke and paper, hyre poft horfe,
I will not stay in Mantua to night.

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

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

Exit Balthafar.

Well Iuliet, I will lye with thee to night.
Lete fee for meane. As I doo remember
Here dwells a Pohtecarie whom oft I noted
As I paft by, whose needie shop is full of
With boggery accounts of emptie boxes:
And in the fame an Aligarta hanggs,
Olde enes of packtherd, and cakes of Roies,
Are thinly firewed to make vp a shouw.
Him as I noted, thus with my felfe I thought:
And if a man shoud need a poynon now,
(Whose perent sale is death in Mantua)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwels.
Being Holiday the Beggers shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.

Enter Apothecarie.

Apo: VVho calls, what would you fir?
Rom: Heeres twentie duckates,
Give me a dram of fome fuch speeding geere,
As will dispatch the wearey takers life,
As suddenly as powder being fierd
From forth a Cannons mouth.

Apo: Such drugs I haue I mift of force confefse,
But yet the law is death to thofe that fell them.
of Romeo and Juliet.

Rom: Art thou so bare and full of puerite,
And doost thou fear to violate the Law?
The Law is not thy friend, nor the Lawes friend,
And therefore make no conscience of the law:
Upon thy backe hangs ragged Miserie,
And starved Famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

Apo: My puerite but not my will contents.

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

Apo: Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquide thing
you will, and it will serue had you the lines of twenty men.

Rom: Hold, take this gold, worse poyfon to mens foules
Than this which thou haft given me. Goe hye thee hence,
Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into flesh,
Come cordiall and not poyfon, goe with mee
To Juliets Graue: for there muft I vse thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier John.

John: What Frier Laurence, Brother, ho?

Laur: This same should be the voyce of Frier John.

What newes from Mantua, what will Romeo come?

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

Laur: Who bare my letters then to Romeo?

John: I haue them still, and here they are.

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

a—Qi.
The excellent Tragedie

A spade and mattocke.

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

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

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

Par: Put out the torch, and fye thee all along
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare close to the hollow
ground.
And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard,
Staighte give me notice.

Boy: I will my Lord.

Paris frewes the Tomb with flowers.

Par: Sweete Flower, with flowers I frew thy Bridale
bed:
Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite doft containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie:
Faire Iuliet that with Angells doft remaine,
Accept this lastest favoure at my hands,
That living honourd thee, and being dead
With funerall praises doo adorne thy Tombe.

Boy whistles and calls. My Lord.

Enter Romeo and Balthafar, with a torch, a
a mattocke, and a crow of yron.

Par.
of *Romeo and Juliet*.

Par: The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What curfed foote wanders this was to night,
To say my obsequies and true lones rites?
What with a torch, muffle me night a while.

Rom: Give mee this mattocke, and this wrentching I-

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

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

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

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

*Romeo opens the tombe.*

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

Par: This is that banished haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my lones cofen, I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhalowed toyle vile *Mountague*.
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
I doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou must dye,

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

K

Heape
The excellent Tragedie

Heape not another finne vpon my head
By theding of thy bloud, I doe protest
I love thee better then I love my selfe:
For I come hyther armde against my selfe,
   Par: I doe defie thy comiurations:
And doe attach thee as a fallen heere.
   Rom: What doft thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

They fight.

   Boy: O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.
   Par: Ah I am flaine, if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with Juiet.
   Rom: Yfaith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutio kinman, noble County Paris?
What said my man, when my betossed foule
Did not regard him as we past along.
Did he not say Paris should haue maried
Juiet? eyther he said fo, or I dreamd it fo.
But I will satisfie thy last requesst,
For thou haft prizd thy love above thy life.
Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft haue many at the houre of death
Beene blith and pleasent? which their keepers call
A lightning before death But how may I
Call this a lightning. Ah deare Juiet,
How well thy beauty doth become this graue?
O I beleuee that vnsubstantiall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my love.
Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
Set vp my everlasting reft
With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.
Come desperate Pilot now at once runne or
The daithing rockes thy fea-sicke weary barge.
Heers to my lone. O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kiffe I dye.

Falls.

Enter
of Romeo and Iuliet.

Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.

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

Man. A friend and one that knowes you well.

Fr: Who is it that conforteth so late the dead,

What light is yon? if I be not deceived,

Me thinkes it burnes in Capelis monument?

Man. It doth so holy Sir, and there is one

That loues you dearely.

Fr. Who is it?

Man: Romeo.

Fr: How long hath he beene there?

Man: Full halfe an houre and more.

Fr: Goe with me thether.

Man: I dare not sir, he knowes not I am heere.

On paine of death he charge me to be gone,

And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize.

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

Fryer floops and lookes on the blood and weapons.

What bloud is this that staines the entrance
Of this marble stony monument?

What meanes these maisterles and goory weapons?

Ah me I doubt, whose heere? what Romeo dead?

Who and Paris too? what vnluckie houre
Is necessity to so foule a finne?

Iuliet rifes.

The Lady sturres.
Enter one with Romets Man.

1. Here's Romeo's Man.

Capt: Keep him to be examined.

Enter Prince with others.

Prin: What early mischief calls us now so soon.

Capt: O noble Prince, see here

Where Juliet that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,

Warm and fresh bleeding, Romeo and Countie Paris

Likewise newly slain.

Prin: Search seek about to finde the murderers.

Enter olde Capolet and his Wife.

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

Moth: The people in the streetes crie Romeo,

And some on Juliet: as if they alone

Had been the cause of such a mutiny.

Capo: See Wife, this dagger hath misfouke:

For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong Mountague,

And it is sheathed in our Daughters breaf.

Enter olde Montague.

Prin: Come Mountague, for thou art early vp,

To see thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.

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

And yong Benoilio is deceafed too:

What further mischief can there yet be found?

Prin: First come and see, then speake.

Mount: O thou vnought, what manners is in this

To preffe before thy Father to a graue.

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

And let vs seek to finde the Authors out

Of such a hainous and field scene mischiefance.

Bring forth the parties in sustitution.

Fr: I am the greatest able to doe least.

Moff worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth.

K 3 And
The excellent Tragedie

And Ile informe you how these things fell out.
Juliet here flaine was married to that Romeo.
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:
The Nurfe was priuie to the marriage.
The balefull day of this vnhappie marriage,
VVas Tybaltz doomedday: for which Romeo
VVas banished from hence to Mantua.
He gone, her Father fought by foule contraint
To marrie her to Paris: But her Soule
(Loathing a secong Contraé) did refuse
To give consent; and therefore did she urge me
Either to finde a meane the might avoyd
VVhat fo her Father fought to force her too:
Or els all desperately she threatened
Euen in my presence to dispatch her selfe.
Then did I giue her, (tutor by mine arte)
A potion that should make her seeme as dead:
And told her that I would with all poft speed
Send hence to Mantua for her Romeo,
That he might come and take her from the Toombe.
But he that had my Letters (Frier John)
Seeking a Brother to associate him,
VVhereas the sicke infection remaind,
VVas slayed by the Searchers of the Towne,
But Romeo vnderflanding by his man,
That Juliet was deceasde, returnede in poft
Vnto Verona for to see his loure.
VVhat after happened touching Paris death,
Or Romeros is to me vnknowne at all.
But when I came to take the Lady hence,
I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep:
VVhom flaine I would have taken from the tombe,
VVWhich she refused seeing Romeo dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
VVhat afterhappened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought have miscarried.

By
of Romeo and Juliet.

By me, or by my meanes let my old life
Be sacrific'd some hour before his time.
To the most strickest rigor of the Law.

Pray: We still have known thee for a holy man,
Wheres Romeo's man, what can he say in this?

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

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

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

Prin: These letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,
Come Capulet, and come olde Montague.
Where are these enemies? See what hate hath done,

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

Mourn: But I will give them more, I will er ct
Her statute of pure golde:
That while Verona by that name is knowne,
There shal not statute of such price be set,
As that of Romoos loned Juliet.

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

Prin: A gloomy peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let us hence,
To have more talke of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned and some punish'd:
For nere was heard a storie of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

FINIS.
Romeo and Juliet.

Reprint of Q<sup>o</sup> 2. 1599.

EDITED BY

P. A. DANIEL.

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NOTICE.

Romeo and Juliet.

Q2, 1599.

This reproduction of the first complete edition of Romeo and Juliet has been printed directly from the facsimile prepared by Mr E. W. Ashbee, under the direction of Mr J. O. Halliwell (Phillipps), and has been carefully compared with the Quarto in the British Museum (Press mark, C. ii. g. 18). It is printed line for line, and page for page, with the original.

With the exception of the facsimile above-mentioned, and the reprint in Prof. Tycho Mommsen’s parallel-text edition, published at Oldenburg, in 1859, no other reproduction of this, the most important of the old editions, has ever been made, and as but a very limited number of the facsimile was printed, and in a very costly form, this may be said to be the first time that it has been placed within reach of the English public. Mommsen’s reprint was apparently made from a corrected copy of Steevens’s reprint of Q2 1609 (Q3 of Cambridge Editors), and almost necessarily partakes of the peculiarities of that edition. It has however been of great use to me in my endeavour to secure accuracy in this reprint.

For the loan of his valuable copy of the facsimile the Society is greatly indebted to the liberality of Mr F. W. Cosens.

P. A. Daniel.
THE
MOST EXCELLENT AND LAMENTABLE
Tragedie, of Romeo
and Iuliet.

Newly corrected, augmented, and amended:

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

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at his shop neare the Exchange.
1599.
The Prologue.

Corus.

Two households both alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona where we lay our Scene)
From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,
where cuill bold makes cuill hands vncheane:
From forth the fatall lynes of these two foes,
A paire of starre-croit louers, take their life:
whose mifaduentur'd pitious overthrowes,
Doth with their death burie their Parents strife.
The fearfull passaże of their death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their Parents rage:
which but their childrens end nought could remove:
Is now the two houseres trafficque of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
what heare shall miffe, our toyle shall mrieue to mend.

A 2
THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LAMENTABLE
TRAGEDIE, OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

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 liue, 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 moves me.
Greg. To moue is to stirre, and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore if thou art moued thou runft away.
Samp. A dog of that house shall moue me to stand:
I will take the wall of any man or maide of Mountague.
Greg. That snewes thee a weake flane, for the weakest goes to the wall.
Samp. Tis true, & therfore women being the weaker vessills are ever thrust to the wall: therfore I will 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 civil with the maides, I will cut off their heads.

a—Q2. 1 A 3 Grego. The
The most lamentable Tragedie

Grego. The heads of the maids.
Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what sense thou wilt.
Greg. They must take it sense that feel it.
Samp. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand, and this knowne I am a pretie pece of flesh.
Greg. Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst bin poore Iohn: draw thy toole, here comes the house of Mountagus.

Enter two other serving men.
Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarrell, I will back thee.
Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?
Samp. Feare me not.
Greg. No marrie, I feare thee.
Sam. Let vs take the law of our sides, let them begin.
Gre. I will frown as I passe by, and let them take it as they lift.
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 fir?
Samp. I do bite my thumbe fir.
Abra. Do you bite your thumbe at vs fir?
Samp. Is the law of our fide if I say I?
Greg. No.
Samp. No fir, I do not bite my thumbe at you fir, but I bite my thumbe fir.
Greg. Do you quarrell fir?
Abra. Quarrell fir, no fir.
Sä. But if you do fir, I am for you, I ferue as good a man as you.
Abra. No better.
Samp. Well fir. Enter Benuolio.
Greg. Say better, here comes one of my maidens kinsmen.
Sam. Yes better fir.
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 Juliet.

Enter Tíbalt.

Tíbalt. What art thou drawne among these hartleffe hindes? turne thee Beniuilio, looke vpon thy death.

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

Tíbalt. 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 partysons.

Offici. Clubs, Bils and Partitions, strike, beate them downe, Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet in his gowne, and his wife.

Capu. What noyfe 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 florishes his blade in spight of me.

Enter old Mountague and his wife.

Mount. Thou villaine Capuilet, hold me not, let me go.

M. Wife. 2. Thou shalt not flir one foote to feeke a foe.

Enter Prince Escales, with his traine.

Prince. Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-fayned steele,
Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beasts:
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountaines influing from your veines:
On paine of torture from thofe bloodie hands,
Throw your misчемpered 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 disturbe the quiet of our freets,
And made Neronas auncient Citizens,
Caft by their graue befeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canred with peace, to part your cancred hate,
If ever you disturbe our freets againe,

Your
The most lamentable Tragedie

Your lines shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You Capulet shall go along with me,
And Mountague come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleasure in this cafe:
To old Free-towne, our common judgement 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?

Benc. Here were the servants of your aduerarie
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 cares,
He swooning about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hift him in fcorne:
While we were enterchaunging thrauts 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, faw you him to day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Benvolo. Madam, an houre before the worshippt Sun,
Peerde forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled minde drue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the grove 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 meauring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, where most might not be
Being one too many by my weareie selfe, (found:
Purified my humor, not pursuiing his,
And gladly thunned, who gladly fled from me.

Mounta. Many a morning hath he there bin seene,
of Romeo and Juliet.

With teares augmenting the freth mornings deawe,  
Adding to cloudes, more clowdes with his deepe sighes,  
But all so soone, as the alcheering Sunne,  
Should in the farthest East begin to draw,  
The shadie curtaines from Aurora’s bed,  
Away from light fleales home my heaule sonne,  
And privy 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 prove,  
Vnlefe 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 counsellor,  
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)  
But to himselfe so secret and so close,  
So farre from founding and disouerrie,  
As is the bud bit with an envious worme,  
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,  
Or dedicate his beutie to the same.  
Could we but learne from whence his sorrows grow,  
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benu. See where he comes, so please you step aside,  
Ile know his greeuance or be much denide.  
Moun. I would thou wert so happie by thy flay,  
To heare true shrift, come Madam lets away.

Exeunt.

Benual. Good morrow Cousin.  
Romeo. Is the day so young?  
Ben. But new strooke nine.  
Romeo. Ay me, ad hours seeme long:  
Was that my father that went hence so faile?  
Ben. It was: what sadneffe lengthens Romeo’s houres?

B Rom. Not
The moft 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 fo gentle in his view,
Should be fo tirannous and rough in proofe.

Romoe. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled fill,
Should without eyes, fee pathwaies to his will:
Where shall we dine? 6 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 6 brawling loue, 6 louing hate,
O any thing of nothing first created:
O heauie lightneffe, serous vanitie,
Mithapen Chaos of welfeeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright fmoke, cold fier, fieke health,
Still wakine sleepe that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Doeft thou not laugh?

Benu. No Coze, I rather weepe.

Rom. Good hart at what?

Benu. At thy good harts oppression.

Romoe. 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 haft showne,
Doth ad more greife, too too much of mine owne.
Loue is a fmoke made with the fume of fìghes,
Being purgd, a fire sparkling in louers eies,
Being vext, a fea nourifh with louing teares,
What is it else? a madneffe, moft difcreete,
A choking gall, and a preferving sweete:
Farewell my Coze.

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

But
of Romeo and Juliet.

Rom. Tut I haue loft my selfe, I am not here,
This is not Romeo, hees some other where.
Ben. Tell me in madnesse, who is that you loue?
Ro. What shal I griue and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no; but sadly tell me who?
Ro. A fickle man in madnesse makes his will:
A word ill vrgd to one that is so ill:
In madnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.
Ben. I aynde so neare, when I supposde you lou’d.
Ro. A right good mark man, and thees faire I loue.
Ben. A right faire marke faire Coze is foneest hit.
Romeo. Well in that hit you misse, theel not be hit
With Cupids arrow, the hath Diana wit:
And in strong prooфе of chastite well armd,
From lones weak childlike bow the lines vncharmd.
Shee will not stay the siege of louting tearmes,
Nor bide th’incounter of affailing eies.
Nor ope her lap to fainct seducing gold,
O he is rich, in bewtie onely poore,
That when he dies, with bewtie dies her flore.
Ben. The he hath fworkd, that she wil til liue chaft?
Ro. She hath, and in that sparing, make huge waite:
For bewtie steru’d with her feuerite,
Cuts bewtie off from all potterite.
She is too faire, too wife, 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 giving libertie vnto thine eyes,
Examine other bewties.
Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquisif) in qeuestion more,
These happie maskes that his faire Ladies browes,
Being black, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget

B 2

The
The most lamentable Tragedie

The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost,
Shew me a minder that is passing fair,
What doth her bewite ferue but as a note,
Where I may reade who past that passing faire:
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget,
\[Ben.\] Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. \[Exeunt.\]

\[Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.\]

\[Capu.\] But Mountague is bound as well as I,
In penaltie alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men to old as we to keepe the peace.
\[Par.\] Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis, you liu’d at ods fo long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my fute?
\[Capu.\] But saying ore what I haue faid before,
My child is yet a straunger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteen yeares,
Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.
\[Pari.\] Younger then she, are happie mothers made.
\[Capu.\] And too soone mard are thofe fo early made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle Paris, get her hart,
My will to her consent, is but a part.
And thee agreed, within her scope of choise
Lyes my consent, and faire according voyce:
This night I hold, an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have inuited many a guest:
Such as I love, and you among the flore,
One more, moft welcome makes my number more:
At my poore hous, looke to behold this night,
Earthreading farres, that make darke heaven light:
Such comfort as do lustie young men feele,
When well appareld Aprill on the heele,
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fesh fenell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my hous, heare all, all see:

And
of Romeo and Juliet.

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 firrath trudge about,
Through faire Verona, find those perfons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

Exit.

Serv. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his laft, the fiffer with his penfill, & the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those perfons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing perfon 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 anguith,
Tune giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One desperate greefe, cures with an others languith:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rancke poyfon of the old will dye.

Romeo. Your Plantan leafe 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 prifon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

Serv. Godgigoden, I pray fir can you read?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you see?

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

Serv. Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.
The most lamentable Tragedie

He reads the Letter.

Seigneur Martino, & his wife and daughters: Countie Anselme and his beauteous sisters: the Lady widdow of Vtrunio, Seigneur Placentio, and his lonely Neece: Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine Uncle Capulet his wife and daughters: my faire Nece Rosaline, Liua, Seigneur Valentio, and his Cofen Tybalt: Lucio and the lively Helena.

A faire assemble, whither should they come?


Ro. Whither to supper?

Ser. To our house.

Ro. Whole house?

Ser. My Maiisters.

Ro. Indeed I should have askt you that before.

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

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

Ro. When the devout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne tears to fier:
And thefe who often drownde, could neuer die,
Transparent Hereticques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue, the all seene Sun,
Nere faw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut you faw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe poyst 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 thinning at this feast,
And he shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

Ro. Ile go along no fuch fight to be showne,
of Romeo and Juliet.

But to rejoice in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.

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

Nurse. Now by my maidenhead, at twelve yeare old I had her come, what Lamb, what Ladie-bird, God forbid,

Wheres this Girlie? what Juliet.

Enter Juliet.

Juliet. How now who calls?

Nur. Your mother.

Juliet. 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 remembred mee, thou'le heare our counsile. Thou knowest my daughters of a prettie age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age unto 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 odda dayes.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all daies in the yeare come Lammas Ewe at night, shal she be fourteene. Susan and she, God resall Christian soules, were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said, on Lammas Ewe at night, shal she be fourteene, that shal shee marrie, I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake now eleven yeares, and she was weaned. Never, shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare upon that day: for I had then laide worme-wood to my dog sitting in the sun under the Dowse-house wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I doo bære a braine. But as I said, when it did taue the worme-wood on the nipple of my dog, and felt it bitter, prettie simple, to see it teachie and fall out with the Nugge. Shake quoth the Dowse-house, twas no need I trow to bid me trudge: and since that time it is a eleven yeares, for then she could stand hylone, nay byth roode, she could haue run and wadled all about: for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, God be with his
The most lamentable Tragedie

his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth he, doest thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? And by my holy dam, the pretie wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a seaf shall come about: I warrant, and I should live a thousand yeares, never should forget it: wilt thou not Iule quoth he? and pretie foole it flinted, 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 lumpast big as a young Cockrel's stone: a perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst upon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not Iule? It flinted, and said I.

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

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

Old La. Marrie, that marrie is the very theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married?

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

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

Old La. Well think 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 sekes 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, in faith 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 beuities pen,
Examine euerie 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 unbound louer,
To bewitifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The first liones in the sea, and tis much pride
For faire without the faire, within to hide:
That booke in manie 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 leste.

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

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

Iuli. He looke to like, if looking liking mooue.

But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your consent givens strenght to make flie. Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam the guestes are come, supper fered vp, you cald,
my young Lady askt for, the Nurse curst in the Pantrie, and euery thing in extremitye: I must hence to wait; I beseech you follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, Iuliet the Countie staines.

Nur. Go gyrle, seeke happie nights to happie dayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuilio, with fiue or fiixe other

Maskers, torchbeares.

Romeo. What shall this speche be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we ou without appologie?

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

Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling,
The most lamentable Tragedie

Being but heanie I will beware the light.

Merc. Nay giste Romeo, we must have you dance.

Ro. Not I beleene me, you have dancing fhooes
With nimble foles, I have a foule of Leade
So flakes me to the ground I cannot move.

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

Rom. I am too fore enpearced with his shaft,
To fore with his light feathers, and fo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder lones heanie birthen do I fincke.

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

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boyptrous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe,
Give me a cafe to put my vifage in,
A vifor for a vifor, what care I
What curious eye doth cote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes shall bluth for me.

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

Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the fenceflefe ruthes with their heelles:
For I am prouerbd with a gruifire phrafe,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere fo faire, and I am dum.

Mer. Tut, duns the moufe, the Confables own word
If thou art dun, weelee draw thee from the more
Or faue you reverence loue, wherein thou flinkeft
Vp to the eares, come we burne daylight ho.

Ro. Nay thats not so.

Mer. I meane fir in delay
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our indigement fits,
of Romeo and Juliet.

Fine times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
  
  Ro. And we meane well in going to this Mask,
But tis no wit to go.
  
  Mer. Why, may one ask?
  
  Rom. I dreamt a dreamt 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 the
an Aquot stone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne with
a teeme of little otamie, ouer mens noses as they lie asleep: her
waggō spokes made of log 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
lah of Philome, her waggoner, a small grey coated Gnat, not
half so big as a round little worme, prickt from the lazie finger of
a man. Her Charriot is an emptie Hafel nut, Made by the foyner
squirrel or old Grub, time out amind, the Fairies Coatchmakers:
and in this flate she gallops night by night, through loners brains,
and then they dreame of done. On Courtiers knees, that dreame
on Curfies frait, ore Lawyres fingers who frait dreame on fees,
ore Ladies lips who frait one kifles dream, which oft the angrie
Mab with blisters plagues, because their breath with sweete
meates tainte are. Sometime shee gallops ore a Courtiers nofe,
and then dreames he of smelling out a fute: and sometime comes
she with a thripes tale, tickling a Perfons nofe as a lies asleep,
then he dreams of an other Benefice. Sometime she driveth ore
a fouldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting forrain throates,
of breache, ambuscados, spianifh blades: Of healths fine fadome
depee, and then anon drums in his eare, at which he startes and
wakes, and being thus frighted, sweares a praire or two & sleepe
again: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the
night: and bakes the Elklocks in foule fluttifh haires, which
once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.
The most lamentable Tragedie

This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That presses them and learnes 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 talk of dreams:
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 woos,
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:
And being angered pusses away from thence,
Turning his side to the dewe dropping South.

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

Ro. I feare too earlie, for my mind misgives,
Some consequence yet hanging in the flarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date,
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a defpised life cloide in my brest:
By some vile sofret of untimely death.
But he that hath the farrage of my courfe,
Direft my fute, on lustie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike drum.

They march about the Stage, and Servingsmen come forth with Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helps not to take away?
He shift a trencher, he scrape a trencher?

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

Ser. Away with the ioynstooles, remove the Courtcubbert,
look to the plate, good thou, faine me a peece of March-pane,
and as thou loves me, let the porter let in Sufan Grindstone, and
Nell, Anthonie and Potpan.

2. I Boy
of Romeo and Iuliet.

2. I boy readie.

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter all the guesfs and gentlewomen to the
Maskers.

1. Capu. Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
Unplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my misteffes, which of you all
Will now denie to daunce, the that makes daintie,
She Ile sweare hath Corns: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome gentlemen, I haue seene the day
That I haue worn 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, Musitians play.

Musick playes and they dance,

A hall, a hall, glue roome, and foote it gyrls,
More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp:
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah frrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:
Nay fit, nay fit, good Cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dauncing dayes:
How long ift now since laft your selfe and I
Were in a maske?


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

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

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

a—Q2. 2 C 3 Romeo. What
The most lamentable Tragedie

Ro. What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not sir.
Ro. O the doth teach the torches to burn bright:
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night:
As a rich J ewel in an Ethiope eare,
Beautie tooe rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So showes a snowie Done trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellows showes:
The measure done, Ile watch her place of fland,
And touching hers, make blest my rude hand.
Did my hart loute till now, forswere it fight,
For I nere faw true beautie till this night.
Tibal. This by his voyce, shoulde be a Mountague.
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the flame
Come hither couerd with an antique face,
To fleere and scorne at our solemnitie?
Now by the flocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a fin.
Capu. Why how now kinsman, wherefore storne
Tib. VnCLE, this is a Mountague our foe: (you so?)
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.
Capu. 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 respeckt,
Shew a faire prefence, and put off these frownes,
An illbeeming semblance for a feast.
Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a gueft,
Ille not endure him.

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

Ti. Why Uncle, tis a shame.

Capu. Go too, go too,
You are a fawcie boy, if so indeed?
This trick may chance to seath 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 fleth tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intrution shall
Now seeming sweet, convert to bittreft gall. Exit.

Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthieft hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle fin is this,
My lips two blushing Pylgrims did readie stand,
To smoothe that rough touch with a tender kis.

Iu. Good Pilgrim you do wróg your hād too much
Which mannerly deuocien thoues 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?

Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vfe in praire.

Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) let faith turne to diuaine.

Iu. Saints do not moue, thogh grant for praiers fake.

Ro. Then moue not while my praiers effect I take,
Thus from my lips, by thine my fin is purgd.

Iu. The haue my lips the fin that they haue tooke.

Ro. Sin from my lips, ô trefpas sweetly vrgd: Ginu
The most lamentable Tragedie

Giuie me my sin againe.

_Iuli._ Yone kiffe bith booke.

_Nur._ Madam your mother craves a word with you.

_Ro._ What is her mother?

_Nur._ Marrie Batcheler,

Her mother is the Lady of the housse,
And a good Ladie, and a wife and vertuous,
I Nurft her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chincks.

_Ro._ Is the a _Capulet_?

_O deare account! my life is my foes debt._

_Ben._ Away begun, the sport is at the beft.

_Ro._ I fo I feare, the more is my vureft.

_Capu._ Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolith banquet towards:
Is it ene fo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honest gentlemen, good night:
More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah firrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Hle to my rest.

_Iuli._ Come hither Nurfe, what is yond gentleman?

_Nur._ The sonne and heire of old Tyberio.

_Iuli._ What is that now is going out of doore?

_Nur._ Marrie that I thinke be young Petruchio.

_Iu._ What is that follows here that wold not dace?

_Nur._ I know not.

_Iuli._ Go ask his name, if he be married,

My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

_Nur._ His name is Romeo, and a Mountague,

The onely sonne of your great enemie.

_Iuli._ My onely love springt from my onely hate,
Too earlie seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of lone it is to mee,
That I must lone a loathed enemie.

_Nur._ What is tis? what is tis.

_Iu._ A
of Romeo and Juliet.

In. A rime I learnt eues now
Of one I daunger withall.

One call within Juliet.

Nur. 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 heir,
That faire for which love gronde for and would die,
With tender Juliet match, is now not faire.
Now Romeo is beloued, and loves againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of looke:
But to his foe supposed he must complaine,
And the steale loves sweete bait from fearful holkes:
Being held a foe, he may not have accesse
To breathe such vowes as lovers vie to sweare,
And she as much in love, her means much less,
To meete her new beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreme sweete,

Enter Romeo alone.

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

Enter Benuolio with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my Cofen Romeo, Romeo.

Mer. He is wife, 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 couière too,

Mer. Romeo, humours, madman, passion lover,
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 gothip Venus one faire word,
One nickname for her purblind sonne and her,

Young
The most lamentable Tragedie

Young Abraham: Cupid he that shot so true,
When King Cophetua saw'd the beggar mayd.
He hear'st not, he sitteth not, he moneth not,
The Ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosalines bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeanors, that there adiacent lie,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

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

Mer. This cannot anger him, twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till the had laid it, and conjured it downe,
That were some spight.
My invocation is faire & honest, in his mistres name,
I conjure onely but to raise vp him.

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

Mar. If lone be blind, lone cannot hit the marke,
Now will he sit under a Medler tree,
And with his mistresse were that kind of fruites,
As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.
O Romeo that she were, o that she were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare.
Romeo goodnight, ile to my truckle bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we go?

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

Ro. He jears at scharres that never felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the Sun.
Aripe faire Sun and kill the enious Moone,
Who is alreadie sicke and pale with griefe,
of Romeo and Juliet.

That thou her maide art far more faire then she:
Be not her maide since she is envious,
Her vei fall luery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fools do weare it, caft it off:
It is my Lady, ô it is my lone, ô that she knew she wer,
She speakes, yet she faies nothing, what of that?
Her eye diffcourses, I will answere it:
I am too bold, tis not to me the 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 flame those stars,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region fireame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
See how she leans her cheeke upon her hand.
O that I were a glowe upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Iu. Ay me.

Ro. She speakes.

Oh speake againe bright Angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged messanger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondering eyes,
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he befrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And stayles uppon the boforme 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 iie no longer be a Capulet.

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

Iu. Tis but thy name that is my enemie:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a Mountague,
What Mountague? it is nor hand nor foote,
The most lamentable Tragedie

Nor arme nor face, do be some other name
Belonging to a man.
What's in a name that which we call a rose,
By any other word would smell as sweet,
So Romeo would were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that tittle, Romeo doff thee 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 I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I neuer will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus befoolest 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 enemie to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Jul. My eares have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue vittering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Mountague?

Ro. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.

Jul. 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 kinmen find thee here.

Ro. With loues light wings did I o'rereach these
For honie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinmen are no stop to me.

Jul. 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 sweet,
And I am proof against their enmitie.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Ro. I
of Romeo and Juliet.

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

Ju. By whose direction foundst thou out this place?

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

Ju. Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haft 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 swearest,
Thou maist proue false at louers perjuries.
They say loueLaughes, oh gentle Romeo,
If thou dosta 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 woe, but else not for the world,
In truth faire Montague I am too fond:
And therefore thou maist think my behauior light,
But truut me gentleman, ile proue more true,
Then thosse that haue coying to be strange,
I shoulde have bene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou overheardst ere I was ware,
My truloue passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath so discouered.

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

Ju. O swear not by the moone th'incontinent moone,
That monethly changes in her circle orbe,
The most lamentable Tragedie

Leaft that thy loue prone likewise variable.

Ro. What shall I sweare by?

Ju. Do not sweare at all:
Or if thou wilt, sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,
And Ile beleue thee.

Ro. If my hearts deare loue.

Ju. Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rafe, too vnaduifl, too fudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceafe to bee,
Ere one can lay, it lightens, sweete goodnight:
This bud of loue by Sommers ripening breath,
May prone a bewtious floure when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repote and reft,
Come to thy heart, as that within my bref.

Ro. O wilt thou leaue me so vnfatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaccion canst thou haue to night?

Ro. Th'echange of thy loues faithful vow for mine.

Ju. I gaue thee mine before thou diuift request it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.

Ro. Woldst thou withdraw it, for what purpofe loue?

Ju. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I with but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundleffe as the sea,
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare some noyfe within, deare loue adue:
Anon good nurfe, sweete Mountague be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.

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

Ju. Three words deare Romeo, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,
Thy purpofe marriage, fend me word to morrow,
of Romeo and Juliet.

By one that icle procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my fortunes at thy foote icle lay,
And follow thee my L. throughout the world. Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do befeech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To ceaze thy strife, and leave me to my grief,
To morrow will I send.

Ro. So thriue my foule.

Ju. 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 looks.

Enter Juliet againe.

Juli. Hift Romeo hist, d for a falkners voyce,
To lure this Taifel gentle back againe,
Bondage is hoarf, and may not speake aloue,
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarf, then
With repetition of my Romeo.

Ro. It is my foule that calls upon my name.
How filuer sweete, found louers tongues by night,
Like softef musick to attending eares.

Ju. Romeo.

Ro. My Neece.

Ju. What a clocke to morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Ro. By the houre of nine.

Ju. I will not faile, tis twentie yeare till then,
I have forget why I did call thee baccke.

Ro. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Ju. I shall forget to have thee till stand there,
Remembring how I love thy companie.

Ro. And Ile till stay, to have thee till forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Ju. Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons bird,

That
The most lamentable Tragedie

That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted guses,
And with a silken thread, plucks it backe againe,
So loving Jealous 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 dwell uppon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
   Ro. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to reft
The grey eyde morne finiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Cloudes with frequest of light,
And darknesthe fleckted like a drunkard reedes,
From forth daies pathway, made by Tytans wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghoftly Friers close cell,
His helpe to crave, and my deare hap to tell.

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. The grey-eyed morne finiles on the frowning
Checking the Easterne cloudes with frequest of light:
And fleckeld darknesthe like a drunkard reedes,
From forth daies path, and Titans burning wheeles:
Now ere the sun advance his burning eie,
The day to cheere, and nights dancke dewe to drie,
I must vpfill this offer 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 fucking on her naturall boforme finde:
Many for many, vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O nickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, hearbes, stones, and their true quallities:

Exit.
of *Romeo and Juliet*.

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth lie,
But to the earth some speciall good doth give:
Nor ought so good but harm'd from that faire vice,
Revolts from true birth, stumblung on abuse,
Vertue it selve turns 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 tafted, fiaies all fences with the hart.
Two such oppossed 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.

*R.* Goodmorrow father.

*Fri.* Benedictie.

What early tongue so sweete saluteth me?
Young fonne, it argues a distempered bed,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodges, sleepe will never lye:
But where vnbruised youth with vnbruist braine
Doth couch his limes, there golden sleepe doth raigne.
Therefore thy earliness doth me affure,
Thou art vnproud with some distemperature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not bene in bed to night.

*R.* That laft is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

*Fri.* God pardon fin, waft thou with *Rofaline*?

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

*Fri.* Thats my good fin, but wher haft thou bin the?

*R.* Ie tell thee ere thou ask me agen:
I haue bene feasting with mine enemie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me:

E

Thats
The most lamentable Tragedie

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

Fri. Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling conference, findes but ridling thrift.

Ro. Then plainly know, my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combind, save 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. Frauncis what a change is here?
Is Rosaline that thou didst loue so deare,
So file forfaken? young mens loue then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.
Iefu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath waft thy fallow cheekes for Rosaline?
How much salt water throwne away in waifte,
To season loue, that of it doth not taste.
The Sun not yet thy fighes, from heauen clears
Thy old grones yet ringing in mine auncient cares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the stainde doth fit,
Of an old teare that is not waft off yet.
If ere thou waft thy selfe, and these soes thine,
Thou and these soes were all for Rosaline.
And art thou chang'd, pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there no strenght in men.

Ro. Thou childst me oft for louing Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.

Ro. And badit me burie loue.

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

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

Doth
of Romeo and Juliet.

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

Fri. O she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, that could not spell:
But come young waanker, come go with me,
In one respect tell thy assistent be:
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turne your households rancor to pure love.

Ro. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haft.

Fri. Wifely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

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

Ben. Not to his fathers, I spake with his man.

Mer. Why that fame pale hard hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the kinsman 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, being dared.

Mercu. Alas poore Romeo, he is alreadie dead, stabd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loute fong, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde bowe-boyes butt-haft, and is hee a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ro. Why what is Tybalt?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the courageous captain of Complements: he fights as you fing prickfong, keeps time, distance & proportion, he refs, his minum refs, one two, and the third in your boforme: the very butcher of a fike button, a dualift a dualift, a gentleman of the very first house of the
The most lamentable Tragedie

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

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lifping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: by Iefu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing grandifir, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies: these fashion-mongers, these pardous mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot fit 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 flefh, flefh, how art thou fishified? now is he for the numbers that Petrach flowed in: Laura to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipie, Hellen and Hero, hildings and harlots: Thiskie a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, Bonieur, theres a French salutation to your French flop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairly last night.

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

Mer. The flip fir, the flip, can you not conceiue?

Ro. Pardon good Mercutio, my buifie was great, and in such a cafe as mine, a man may straine curtisie.

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

Ro. Meaning to curtisie.

Mer. Thou haft most kindly hit it.

Ro. A most curtuous exposition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pinck of curtisie.

Ro. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Ro. Why then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit follow me this ieat, now till thou haft worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is wore, the ieat may remaine after the wearing, foly fingular.

Ro. O
of Romeo and Juliet.

Ro. O sngle solde ieast, solie sngular for the singlenesse.
Mer. Come betweene vs good Benualio, my wits fants.
Ro. Swits and spurs, swits and spures, or ile crie a match.
Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wildgoose chafe, I am done:
For thou haft more of the wildgoose in one of thy wits, then I
am sure I haue in my whole fuye. Was I with you there for the
goole?
Ro. Thou wart neuer with me for any thing, when thou wart
not there for the goole.
Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieast.
Rom. Nay good goole, bite not.
Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting, it is a moft sharp fawce.
Rom. And is it not then well feru’d in to a sweete goole?
Mer. Oh heres a wit of Cheuerell, that fretches from an
ynch narrow, to an ell broad.
Ro. I fretch it out for that word broad, which added to the
goole, prones thee farre and wide a broad goole.
Mer. Why is not this better now then groining for Ioue, now
art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo: now art thou what thou
art, by art as well as by nature, for this driueling Ioue is like a
great naturall that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable
in a hole.
Ben. Stop there, stop there.
Mer. Thou desirft me to stop in my tale against the haire.
Ben. Thou wouldft else haue made thy tale large.
Mer. O thou art deceu’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 layle, a layle.
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.

a—Q2. 3 E 3  Mer. God
The most lamentable Tragedie

Mer. God ye goodden faire gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it good den?

Mer. Tis no leff: I tell yee, for the bawdie band of the dyal, is now vpou the prick of noone.

Nur. Out vpou you, what a man are you?

Rø. One gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is well said, for himselfe to mar quoth a?

Gëtleme că any of you tel me wher I may find the yong Romeo?

Rø. I can tell you, but young Romeo will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you fought him: I am the youngeft of that name, for fault of a worfe.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worft wel, very wel took, ifaith, wisely, wisely.

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

Ben. She will endite him to some supper.

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

Rø. What haft thou found?

Mer. No hare fyr, vnleffe a hare fyr in a lenten pie, that is some-thing stale and hoare ere it be fpent.

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 fcore, when it hores ere it be fpent.

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

Rø. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Execut.

Nur. I pray you fyr, what fawcie merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?

Rø. A gentleman Nurfe, that loues to heare himselse talke, and will speake more in a minute, then hee will fland too in a moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, and a were luffier then he is, and twentie fuch Iacks: and if I cannot, ile finde those that flall: fcurrie knaue, I am none of his flurt gillis, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou muft fland
of Romeo and Juliet.

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

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quiets, skurrie kneue: pray you sir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what the bid me say, I will keepe to my self: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very grost kind of behavior as they say: for the Gentlewoman is young: and therefore, if you shold deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offerd to any Gentlewoman, and very weake deal-

Rum. Nurfe, commend me to thy Lady and Miftreffe, I protest unto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and ye faith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyfull woman.

Ro. What wilt thou tell her Nurfe? thou dost 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 thrift this afternoon, And there she shall at Frier Lawrence Cell Be shrewed and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly sir not a penny.

Ro. Go too, I say you shall.

Nur. This afternoon sir, well she shall be there.

Ro. And say good Nurfe behind the Abbey wall, Within this hour my man shall be with thee, And bring thee cordes made like a tackled layre, Which to the high topgallant of my hoy, Must be my convoy in the secret night. Farewell be truifie, and ile quit thy paines: Farewel, commend me to thy Miftreffe.

Nur. Now
The most lamentable Tragedie

Ro. What saist thou my deare Nurfe?
Nur. Is your man secret, did you neere here say, two may keep counsell putting one away.
Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as freele.
Nur. Well sir, my Miffreffe is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in town one Paris, that would faigne lay knife aboord: but the good soule had as leene fee a tode, a very tode as fee him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I say fo, she lookes as pale as any clout in the verfull world, doth not Rosemarie and Romeo begin both with a letter?
Ro. I Nurfe, 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 pretieft fententious of it, of you and Rosemarie, that it would do you good to heare it.
Ro. Commend me to thy Lady.
Nur. I a thousand times Peter.

Enter Juliet.

Ju. The clocke strooke nine when I did send the Nurfe,
In halfe an hour she promis'd to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him, thats not fo:
Oh she is lame, longes heraunds shouold be thoughts,
Which ten times fafter glides then the Suns beames,
Driving backe shadowes ouer lowring hills,
Therefore do nimble piniond dunes draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind swift Cupid wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmoft hill,
Of this dayes journey, and from nine till twelvene,
Is there long hours, yet she is not come,
Had the affections and warme youthfull bloud,
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 fain as they wer dead,
Unwieldie, flowe, heanie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurfe.

O God the comes, o hony Nurfe what newes?
Haft thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur. Peter stay at the gate.

Iu. Now good sweete Nurfe, O Lord, why lookest thou sad?
Though newes be sad, yet tell them merily.
If good, thou shaldest the muficke of sweete newes,
By playing it to me, with so fower a face.

Nur. I am a wearie, give me leave a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iounce haue I?

Iu. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurfe speake.

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

Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou haft 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? answer to that,
Say either, and ile stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, ift good or bad?

Nur. Well, you have made a simple choyfe, you know not
how to chufe a man: Romeo, no not he though his face be better
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 curtefe, but ile
warrant him, as gentle as a lamme: go thy wayes wench, ferue
God. What haue you diner at home?

Iu. No, no. But all this did I know before.
What fayes he of our marriage, what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beats as it would fall in twentie peces.
The most lamentable Tragedie

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

_Is._ If faith I am forrie that thou art not well.
_Sweete._ Sweete, sweete, sweete Nurse, tell me what fayes my loue?

_Nurse._ Your loue fayes like an honest gentleman,
An a Courteous, and a kinde, and a handforme,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?

_Is._ Where is my mother, why she is within, wher should she be?

How odly thou replieth:
Your loue fayes like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?

_Nurse._ O Gods lady deare,
Are you so hot, marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones:
Henceforward do your meffiges your selfe.

_Is._ Heres such a coyle, come what fates Romeo?

_Nurse._ Have you got leave to go to thrift to day?

_Is._ I haue.

_Nurse._ Then high you hence to Frier Laurence Cell,
There fayes a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Theile be in scarlet straignt at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your loue
Muff clime a birds neaft foone when it is darke,
I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen foone at night.
Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

_End._ Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse farewell.

_Exeunt._

_Enter Frier and Romeo._

_Fri._ So smile the heavenes vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.

_Romeo._ Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteraile the exchange of joy

That
of Romeo and Iuliet.

That one short minute gies me in her sight:
Do thou but clofe our hands with holy words,
Then bune-depouring death do what he dare,
It is noUGH 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 confume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne delicousneffe,
And in the taffe confoundes the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so,
Too swift arriues, as tardie as too flowe.

Enter Iuliet.
Here comes the Lady, Oh fo light a foote
Will nere weare out the everlafting flint,
A louer may bestride the goffamours,
That ydeles in the wanton fommer ayre,
And yet not fall, fo light is vanitie.

Iu. Good even to my golightly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shal thanke thee daughter for vs both.

Iu. As much to him, else is his thankes too much.

Ro. Ah Iuliet, if the meafure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To bla/non it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre and let rich muficke tongue,
Unfold the imagind happines that both
Receive in either, by this deare encounter.

Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his subfance, not of ornament,
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to fuch exceffe,
I cannot sum vp sum of halfe my wealth.

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

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and men.

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

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that when he enters
the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his sword upon the table,
and fayres, 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 Jacke in thy moode as
any in Italie: and affoone moued to be moodie, and affoone
moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two such, we should have none
shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt
quarell with a man that hath a hairre more, or a hairre leffe in his
beard, then thou haft: thou wilt quarell with a man for cracking
Nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hafel eyes:
what eye, but such an eye would spee out such a quarrel? thy head
is as full of quarrelles, as an eggge is full of meate, and yet thy
head hath bée beaten as adde as an eggge for quarrelling: thou
haft quarelld with a man for coiffing in the freete, 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 before
Easter, with an other for tying his new shooes with olde ri-
band, and yet thou wilt turer me from quarrelling?

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

Mer. The fee-simple, o 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 Juliet.

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

Tib. You shall find me apt enouh to that fir, and you wil give me occasion.

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

Tib. Mercutio, thou confortest with Romeo.

Mer. Confort, what doest thou make vs Minstrels? and thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to hear nothing but discord: heeres my fiddleflecke, heeres that shall make you daunce: zounds con-fort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vs to some private place,
Or reason coldly of your greeuances:
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.

Tib. Well peace be with you fir, here comes my man.

Mer. But ile be hangd fir if he weare your liuerie:
Marrie go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that senfe may call him man.

Tib. Romeo, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

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

Tib. Boy, this shall not excufe the injuries
That thou haft done me, therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I do protest I never injured thee,
But loue thee better then thou canst deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And fo good Capulet, which name I tender
As dearly as mine owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submiffion:

F 4

Alia
The most lamentable Tragedie

_Alla fiucatho_ carries it away,
_Tibalt_, you ratcatcher, will you walke?
_Tib._ What vouldfft thou have with me?

_M._ Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues,
that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shalffe mee
hereafter drie beate the rest of the eight. Will you plucke your
sword out of his pilcher by the eares? make haste, lest 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 Paflado.

_Rom._ Draw _Benuolio_, beate downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage,
_Tibalt, Mercutio_, the Prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying in _Verona_ fiereetes,
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? goe villaine, fetch a Surgion.
_Ro._ Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.
_Mer._ No tis not fo deepe as a well, nor fo wide as a Church
door, but tis inough, twill ferue: 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, founds a dog, a rat, a moufe,
a cat, to scratch a man to death: a bragart, 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 beft.
_Mer._ Helpe me into some house _Benuolio_,

Or
of Romeo and Juliet.

Or I shall faint, a plague a both your houses,
They have made worms meate of me,
I have it, and foundly, to your houses.

_Ro._ This Gentleman the Princes neare alle,
My very friend hath got this mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation staind
With Tybalts launder, Tybalt that an houre
Hath bene my Cozen, O sweete _Juliet_,
Thy bewtie hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper foftned valours feele.

_Enter Benuolio._

_Ben._ _O Romeo, Romeo_, braue _Mercutio_ is dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Crowdes,
Which too untimely here did fororne the earth.

_Ro._ This daies 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_ flaine,
Away to heaven, respecktue lenitie,
And fier end furie, be my conduct now,
Now _Tybalt_ take the villaine backe againe,
That late thou gaueft me, for _Mercutio_ foule
Is but a little way aboue 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 côfort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

_Ro._ This shall determine that.

_They Fight._ _Tibalt fulles._

_Ben._ _Romeo_, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and _Tybalt_ flaine,
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 doft 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 Montague, Capulet,
their wives and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discoever all:
The vallackie manmage of this fatall brall,
There lies the man flaine by young Romeo,
That flew thy kifman, braue Mercutio.

Capu. Wi. Tybalt, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O the bloud is spild
Of my deare kifman, Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, thead bloud of Mountague.
O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. Benuolio, who began this bloudie fray?
Ben. Tybalt here flain, whom Romeo hand did slay,
Romeo that spake him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was, and vrgd withall
Your high displeasure all this vtered,
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruyl spleene
Of Tybalt deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steale at bold Mercutios breaste,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly poynet to poynet,
And with a Martaill scorne, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other ends
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 Juliet.

His aged arme beates downe their fatall points,
And twixt them rufhes, vnderneath whole arme,
An envious thrift 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 Benvolto die.

Ca. Wi. He is a kifman to the Mountague,
Affection makes him falle, he fpeakes not true:
Some twentie of them fought in this blace frieve,
And all those twentie could but kill one life.
I beg for Iulice which thou Prince must giue:
Romeo flew Tybalt, Romeo must not liue.

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

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

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

Exit.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Gallopp space, you fierie footed fleedes,
The most lamentable Tragedie

Towards Phæbus lodging, such a wagoner
As Phætan would whip you to the west,
And bring in cowdie night immediately.
Spread thy close curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawyes eyes may wincke, and Romeo
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseeene,
Louers can fee to do their amorous rights,
And by their owne bewties, or if loue be blind,
It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou fober futed matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loofe a winning match,
Plaide for a paire of slaineffe maydenhoods.
Hood my vamand 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 vpou the wings of night,
Whiter then new snow vpou a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come lousing black browd night,
Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in litle flarres,
And he will make the face of heauen so fine,
That all the world will be in loun with night,
And pay no worship to the garish Sun.
O I haue bought the mansion of a loun,
But not poificat it, and though I am fald,
Not yet enjoyd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before somme festiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurfe.

Enter Nurfe with cords.

And the brings newes, and euery tongue that speakes
But Romeo name, speakes heavenly eloquence:
Now Nurfe, what newes? what haft thou there,
The cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?
of Romeo and Juliet.

Nur. I, I, the cords.

In. Ay me what news? why doft thou wring thy hāds?

Nur. A weraday, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,

We are vndone Lady, we are vndone,

Alack the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.

In. Can heauen be so enuious?

Nur. Romeo can,

Though heauen cannot. O Romeo, Romeo,

Who euer would haue thought it Romeo?

In. What diuell art thou that doft torment me thus?

This torture shoulde be rored in dismall hell,

Hath Romeo flaine himselfe? say thou but I,

And that bare vowel I shall poyson more

Then the death aring eye of Cockatrice,

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

Or thoe eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:

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

Briefe, founds, determine my weale or wo.

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

God saue the marke, here on his manly breft,

A piteous coarfe, a bloudie piteous coarfe,

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawbre in bloud,

All in goare bloud, I founded at the fight.

In. O break my hart, poore banckrout break at once,

To prifon eyes, nere looke on libertie.

Vile earth too earth resigne, end motion here,

And thou and Romeo preffe on heemie beare.

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

O curteous Tybalt, honest Gentleman,

That euer I shoulde liue to fee thee dead.

In. What formes this is that blowes so contrarie?

Is Romeo slauhtred? and is Tybalt dead?

My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord,

Then dreadfull Trumpet found the generall doome,

For who is lying, 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.

Iu. O God, did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood? It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur. O serpent heart, hid with a flowing face.

Iu. Did euer dracoon keepe so faire a Cauce?

Bewtiful tirant, fiend angelical: Rauenous douefeatherd raué, woluifh rauening lamb, Deplifed substante of divinesh showe: Iust oppoiste to what thou saflly seemfit, A dimme faint, an honourable villain: 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 suche vile matter So fairely bound? ó that deceit shoulde dwell In such a gorgious Pallace.

Nur. Therese no truft, no faith, no honestie in men, All perurde, all forfowrne, all naught, all diffeemblers, Ah wheres my man? giue me some Aqua-vitae: These griefs, these woes, these forrowes 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 flame is afham'd to fit:
For tis a throne where honour may be crownd Sole Monarch of the vnuuerfal earth.
O what a beast was I to chide at him?

Nur. Wil you speake wel of him that kild your cozyn?

Iu. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poor my lord, what tongue shal smooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?
But wherefore villain didst thou kill my Cozin?
That villain Cozin would haue kild my husband:
Backe foolifh teares, backe to your natuer spinge,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which
of Romeo and Juliet.

Which you mistaking offer vp to joy,
My husband liues that Tybalt would haue slaine,
And Tybalt's dead that would haue slaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
Some word there was, worser then Tybalt's death
That murdred me, I would forget it faine,
But oh it preffes to my memorie,
Like damned guiltie deeds to finners minde,
Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished:
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand Tybals: Tybalt's 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 Tybalt's dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue moved,
But with a reareward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished: to speake that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slaine, all dead: Romeo is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe found.
Where is my father and my mother Nurse?
Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer Tybalt's course,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Is. Wath 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 comforthe you, I wot well where he is:

\[a-Q2. \quad 4 \quad G \quad 3 \quad Harke\]
The most lamentable Tragedie

Harke ye, your Romeo will be here at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at Lawrence Cell.
  _Iu._ O find him, give this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

  Exit.

  Enter Friar and Romeo.

  _Fri._ Romeo come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamourd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamity.
  _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 lette 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 blanished from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, mifernd, calling death banished,
Thou cuttest my head off with a golden axe,
And slayest upon the stroke that murders me.
  _Fri._ O deadly sin, o rude unthankfulnes,
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath ruft aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment.

This
of Romeo and Juliet.

This is deare mercie, and thou seest it not.
    Ro. 'Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is here
Where Juliet lies, and every cat and dog,
And little moue, every vnworthy thing
Looke here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But Romeo may not. More validitie,
More honourable flate, more courtship lyues
In carrion flies, then Romeo: they may feaze
On the white wonder of deare Juliets hand,
And feale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and vestall modestie
Still blith, as thinking their owne kidles fin.
This may flyes 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 here to meane,
But banished to kill me: Banished?
    O Friar, the damned vfe that word in hell:
Howling attends it, how haft thou the heart
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sin oblouer, 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. Ile gine thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduerities sweete milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou art banished.
    Ro. Yet banished? hang vp philosophie,
Vnleffe Philosophie can make a Juliet,
Displant a towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helps not, it preuailles not, talke no more.
    Fri. O then I see, that mad man have no eares.
    Ro. How should they when that wife men have 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 love,
An house but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightst thou teare thy hayre,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Enter Nurse, and knocke.

Fri. Arise one knocks, good Romeo hide thy selfe.
Ro. Not I, vnlees the breath of hartifike grones,
Myrf-like infold me from the searce of eyes.

They knocke.

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

Stand knock.

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

Knocke.

Who knocks so hard? whose come you? what will your will?

Enter Nurse.

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

Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Where's my Ladys Lord? where's Romeo?
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.

Nur. O he is euene in my miitreffe cafe,
Inst in her cafe. O woeful sympathy:
Futious predicament, euene so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For Juliet fake, for her fake rife and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O?

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah
of Romeo and Juliet.

_Nur._ Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.
_Ro._ Speakest thou of _Juliet_? how is it with her?
Doth not the thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I have staind the childhood of our ioy,
With bloud remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?

_Nur._ Oh she sayes nothing sir, 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 lenell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names curfed hand
Murderd her kinffman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me that I may fackle
The hatefull manfaction.

_Fri._ Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The vnrcaonable furie of a beast.
Vnseemly woman in a seeming man,
And ilbeseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou haft amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd.
Haft thou staine _Tybalt_? wilt thou fly thy selfe?
And flye thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing dammed hate vpun thy selfe?
Why raylest thou on thy birth? the heaven and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth all three do meet,
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loose.
Fie, fie, thou shameft thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a V purer aboundit in all:
And vfeft none in that true vfe indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy Noble shape is but a forme of waxe,
The most lamentable Tragedie

Digreessing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue sware but hollow perjurie,
Killing that loue which thou haft vowed to cherisht
Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,
Mithapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſfe souldiers flaske,
Is set a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou disinembred with thine owne defence.
What rowfe thee man, thy Iuliet is alieue,
For whose deare fake thou waft but lately dead.
There art thou happie, Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou flewef Tidalt, 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 beft array,
But like a mithaued and fallen 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 canft 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 wentft forth in lamentation.
Go before Nurfe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haften all the house to bed,
Which heanie forrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could have flaid here all the night,
To heare good counsell, oh what learning is:
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.

Ro. Do fo, and bid my sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Here
of Romeo and Juliet.

Nur. Here sir, a Ring the bid me give you sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
Ro. How well my comfort is reuin'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,
Every good hap to you, that chaunces here:
Give me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.
Ro. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a griefe, so briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, his wife and Paris.

Ca. Things hue falne out sir so unluckily,
That we have had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, the lou'd her kineman 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 hour ago.

Paris. Thesfe 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 thees mewed vp to her heauynes.

Ca. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my childes loue: I thinke she will me rulde
In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my sonne Paris lone,
And bid her, marke you me? on wensday next.
But soft, what day is this?


Ca. Monday, ha ha, well wensday is too soone,
A thursday let it be, a thursday tell her

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 carelessly  
Being our kinman, 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 Juliet 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.  

Enter Romeo and Juliets aloft.  

Ju. 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 ear,  
Nightly she singes on yond Pomgranet tree,  
Beleeue me lourve, it was the Nightingale.  

Rom. It was the Larke the herauld of the morne,  
No Nightingale, looke lourve what envious starkekes  
Do lase the feauering cloudes in yonder East:  
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocand day  
Stands tiptoe on the mystitie Mountaine tops,  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.  

Ju. 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 have it so.  
Ile say you gray is not the the mornings eye,
of Romeo and Juliet.

Tis but the pale reflex of Cinthias 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 wille to go:
Come death and welcome, Juliet wille it so.
How ift my soule? lets talke it is not day.

Juliet. It is, it is, his hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that fings fo out of tune,
Straining harth Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:
This doth not fo: for the 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 Huntfup 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 Madam and Nurse.

Nurse. Madam.

Juliet. Nurse.

Nurse. Your Lady Mother is cuming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Juliet. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Romeo. Farewell, farewell, one kiss and Ile descend.

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

Romeo. Farewell:
I will omit no opportunitie,
That may convey my greetings loue to thee.

Juliet. O thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe?

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

H 3

Juliet. O
The most lamentable Tragedie

Ro. O God I haue an ill diuing foule,
Me thinke I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
Either my eye-fight failes, or thou lookest pale.
Rom. And truff me loue, in my eye so do you:
Drie sorrow drinkes our bloud. Adeue, adeue.

Exit.

Ju. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renownd 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?
Ju. Who is t that calls? It is my Lady mother.
Is she not downe so late or vp so early?
What vnaccustomed cause procures her hither?

La. Why how now Juliet?
Ju. Madam I am not well.

La. Evermore weeping for your Cozens death?
What wilt thou wash him from his grave with teares?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him liv:e:
Therfore haue done, some griefe shews much of love,
But much of griefe, shews still some want of wit.

Ju. Yet let me weep, for such a feeling losse.
La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Ju. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weep the friend.

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

Ju. What villaine Madam?
La. That same villaine Romeo.

Ju. Villaine and he be many miles a funder:
God padon, I do with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth greece my heart.

La. That
of Romeo and Juliet.

La. That is because the Traytor murderer liues.

Lu. I Madam from the reach of thefe my hands:
    Would none but I might venge my Cozens death.

La. We will have vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile fend to one in Mantua,
Where that fame banniift runnagate doth liue,
Shall glie him such an vnaccusftamd dram,
That he shall soone keepe Tybalt companie:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfiied.

Lu. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfiied
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 poftion, 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 slaufterd him.

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

Lu. And ioy comes well in such a needie time,
What are they, befeech your Ladyship?

M. Well, well, thou haft a carefull father child,
One who to put thee from thy heauines,
Hath forted out a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expctst not, nor I lookest not for.

Lu. 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.

Lu. 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 shoule be husband comes to wooe:

I pray
The most lamentable Tragedie

I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I do, I swears
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 drile deaw,
But for the Sunset of my brothers sonne,
It rains downright. How now a Conduit girle, what still in tears
Eremore shoving in one little body?
Thou countefaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Saying in this salt blood, the windes thy fighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouerfet
Thy tempest toffed body. How now wife,
Hauue you delievered to her our decree?

La. I fir, but she will none, she give you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her grave.

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

Ju. Not proud you haue, but thankful that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull even for hate, that is meant love.

Ca. How, how, howhow, choft lodgick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud miitrefle minion you?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine Jouynts gainst Thurs'day next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peters Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

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

La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Fu. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, 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, replie not, do not anfwere me.
My fingers itch, wife, we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely childe,
But now I fee this one is one too much,
And that we have a curfe 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 wifdome, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence smatter, with your goffips go.

Nur. I speake no treafon,
Father, o Godigeden,
May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Gofhips 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 liuid,
Stuff as they fay, with honourable parts,
Proportioand as ones thought would with a man
And then to haue a wretched pulling foole,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To anfwere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.

But
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 live to leef.
Thursday is near, lay hand on hart, aduise,
And you be mine, ile glue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, beg, flarue, dye in the streets,
For by my foule ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:
Truft too’t, bethinke you, ile not be foriworne.

Exit.

Iu. Is there no pittie fitting in the cloudes
That fees into the bottome of my greefe?
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where Titus lies.
Mo. Talke not to me, for ile not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Exit.

Iu. O God, o Nurse, how shall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vuileffe that husband fend it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? comfort me, countaile me:
Alack, alack, that heauen shoulde practife stratagemes
Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
What sayst thou, haft 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 standes as now it doth,
I thinke it beft you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:
Romio a difficout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quick, so faire an eye
As Paris hath, befothrow my very hart,
of Romeo and Iuliet.

I thynke 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 living here, and you no vfe of him.  

Iu. Speakst thou from thy heart?  
Nur. And from my soule too, else behrew them both.  
Iu. Amen.  

Nur. What?  
Iu. Well thou haft comforted me marvellous much,  
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,  
Hauing displease d my father, to Laurence Cell,  
To make confession, and to be obfolu'd.  
Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.  
Iu. Auncient damnation, o moft wicked fiend,  
Is it more fin to wish me thus forsworne,  
Or to dispraise my Lord with that fame tongue,  
Which she hath praifed him with aboue compare,  
So many thousand times? Go Counfellor,  
Thou and my bofome henceforth shall be twaine:  
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,  
If all else fail, my felfe haue power to die.  

Exit.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.  

Fri. On Thursday fir: the time is very short.  
Par. My Father Capulet will haue it fo,  
And I am nothing low to flacke his hate.  
Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies minde?  
Vnueen is the course, I like it not.  

Par. Immoderately she weepes for Tybalts death,  
And therefore haue I little talke of love,  
For Venus smiles not in a house of teares.  
Now fir, her father counts it daungerous  
That she do give her sorrow so much fway:  
And in his wisedome haftes our marriage,  
To stop the inundation of her teares.  
Which too much minded by her felfe alone  
May be put from her by societie.
The most lamentable Tragedie

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why is should be flowed.

Looke sir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Pa. Happily met my Lady and my wife.

Iu. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.

Pa. That may be, must be lone, on Thursday next.

Iu. What must be shall be.

Fri. Thats a certaine text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Iu. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Pa. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Iu. I will confess to you that I love him.

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

Iu. 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 abused with tears.

Iu. The tears have got small victory by that,

For it was bad enough before their spight.

Pa. Thou wrongest it more than tears with that report.

Iu. 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 slandered it.

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

Are you at leisure, holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at evening Mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me penitence daughter now,

My Lord we must entreat the time alone.

Par. Godshield, I should disturb devotion,

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rowse thee,

Till then adieu, and keepe this holy knife.

Exit.

Iu. O shut the door, and when thou hast done so,

Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past help.

Fri. O Juliet I already know thy grief,

It strains me past the compass of my wits,

I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it.

On
of Romeo and Juliet.

On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

Is. Tell me not Frier, that thou hearest of this,
Vnleffe thou tell me, how I may preuent it:
If in thy wisedome thou canst giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my resolution wife,
And with this knife Ile helpe it prefently.
God Ioynd my heart, and Romeo thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to Romeo seald:
Shall be the Labell to an other deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous revolt,
Turne to an other, this shall Icly them both:
Therefore out of thy long experiencft time,
Give me some present counsell, or behold
Twixt my extreme and me, this bloudie knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
Could to no ifuse of true honour bring:
Be not fo long to speake, I long to die,
If what thou speakft, speake not of remedie.

Fri. Hold daughter, I do speie a kind of hope,
Which cranes as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie Paris
Thou haft the strenght of will to fay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vudertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coapt with death, himselfe to escape from it:
And if thou dareft, Ile giue thee remedie.

Is. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie Paris,
From of the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuith wayes, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares,
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel house,
Orecouerd quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie shanks and yeallow chapels fculs:
Or bid me go into a new made grane,
And hide me with a dead man in his,

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

Fri. Hold then, go home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie Paris: wendiday 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 pulfe
Shall keepe his natuie progreffe but furceafe,
No warmth, no breaste shall teftifie thou lineft,
The rotes in thy lips and cheekes shall fade:
Too many athes, thy eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he shuts vp the day of life.
Each part depriu’d of supple governement,
Shall flife and flarke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenes of thrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and fortie houres,
And then awake as from a pleasanf 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 countrie is,
Is thy best robes vncouered on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou shalt be borne to that fame auncient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie,
In the meane time againft 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 womanith feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Ia. Giue
of Romeo and Juliet.

In. Give me, give me, O tell not me of fear

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolute, I will send a Frier with speed

To Mantua, with my Letters to thy Lord.

In. Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford:

Farewell dear father. (Exit.

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and

Servant men, two or three.

Ca. So many guests invited as here are writ,

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.

Ser. You shall have none ill sir, for I shall try if they can lick their fingers.

Capu. How canst thou try them so?

Ser. Marrie sir, tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fingers: 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 peccifhselfwield harlottry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where she comes from thrift with merie looke.

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

In. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin

Of disobedient opposition,

To you and your beheds, and am enioynd

By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here,

To beg your pardon, pardon I beseech you,

Henceforward I am ever rude by you.

Ca. Send for the Countie, go tell him of this,

Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.

In. I met the youthfull Lord at Lawrence Cell,

And gaue him what becomd lone I might,

Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

Cap. Why I am glad out, this is wel, fland vp,

This is as I should be, let me see the Countie:

Now I marrie go I say and fetch him hither.
The most lamentable Tragedie

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

_Iu._ Nurse, will you go with me into my Closet,
To helpe me fort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

_Mo._ No not till Thursday, there is time enowth.

_Fa._ Go Nurse, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.

_Exeunt._

_Mo._ We shall be short in our provision,
'Tis now neare night.

_Fa._ Take, 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 felfe
To Countie _Paris_, to prepare vp him
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this fame wayward _Gyrle_ is so reclayned.

_Exit._

_Enter Juliet and Nurfe._

_Iu._ Those attires are best, but gentle Nurfe
I pray thee leave me to my felsey to night:
For I have need of many oryfons,
To move the heunens to smil upon my state,
Which well thou knowest, is crofe and fall of sin.

_Enter Mother._

_Mo._ What are you bufie ho? need you my helpe?

_Iu._ No Madam, we have culd such necessaries
As are behoofefull for our state to morrow:
So plesse you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurfe this night fit vp with you,
For I am sure you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.

_Mo._ Good night.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou haft need.

_Exeunt._

_Iu._ Farewel.
of Romeo and Juliet.

I. Farewell, God knowes when we shall meete againe,
I have a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should I do here?
My dimmall feane 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 poiyon which the Frier
Subtilly hath minifird to haue me dead,
Leaft in this marriage he should be dihonourd,
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 poynyt:
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 live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Togethier with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulite, an auncient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred yeares the bones
Of all my buried auncestors are packt,
Where bloudie Tybalt yet but greene in earth,
Lies fettring in his shroude, where as they say,
At some hours in the night, spirits reftor:
Alack, alack, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome simels,
And shrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That living mortalls hearing them run mad:
O if I walke, shall I not be diftraught,
Inuironed with all these hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers joynys?

K

And
The most lamentable Tragedie

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shrowde,
And in this rage with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club dath out my desprate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghoff,
Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body
Upon a Rapiers poyn: slay Tybalt, slay?
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

La. Hold take these keies & fetch more spices Nurse.
Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the Pafrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come, sirr, sirr, sirr, 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-queane go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.

Ca. No not a whit, what I have watcht ere now,
All night for leffer caufe, and nere bene sicke.

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

Exit Lady and Nurse

Ca. A jealous hood, a jealous hood, now fellow, what is there?

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

Fel. Things for the Cooke sirr, but I know not what.
Ca. Make haft, make haft sirr, fetch drier logs.
Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

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

Ca. Maftre and well said, a merrie hor fon, ha,
Twou shalt be loggerhead, good father tis day.

Play Muficke.

The Countie will be here with muficke straignt,
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,
Ile go and chat with Paris, hie, make haste,
Make haste, the bridgourne, he is come already, make haste I say.

Nur. Myfris, what myfris, Iuliet, fast I warrant her she,
Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you fluggabed,
Why Loue I say, Madam, sweete heart, why Bride:
What not a word, you take your pennewhrs now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie Paris hath fet vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me.
Marrue and Amen: how found is the a sleepe:
I needs must wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele frieht you vp yfaith, will it not be?
What dreeft, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead.
Oh wereaday that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord my Lady.

Mo. What noife 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.

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

Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For thame bring Iuliet forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. Shees dead: deceafe, shees dead, alack the day.

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

Fa. Hah let me fee her, out alas shees cold,
Her bloud is setled, and her ioynts are stifte:
Life and these lips haue long bene separeated
Death lies on her like an vntimely froft,
Upon the sweeteft flower of all the field.

K 2

Nur. O
The moft lamentable Tragedie

Nur. O lamentable day!
Mo. O woeful time!
Fa. Death that hath tane her héece to make me waile
Ties vp my tongue and will not let 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 fonné, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death laine with thy wife, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him,
Death is my fonné in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life living, all is deaths.

Par. Haue I thought lone to fee this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a fight as this?
Mo. Accurft, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Moft 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 caht it from my fight.

Nur. O wo, O woeful, woeful, woeful day,
Moft lamentable day, moft woeful day
That eu(er), eu(er), I did yet bedold.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blace a day as this,
O woeful day, O woeful day.

Par. Beguild, divorced, wronged, spighted, flaine,
Moft detestable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell, thee quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.

Fat. Despifde, disreyfled, hated, martird, kild,
Uncomfortable time, why camst thou now,
To murther, murther, our solemnitie?
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 Juliet.

*Fri.* Peace ho for shame, confusions care liaes 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 maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life,
The most you sought was her promotion,
For twas your heauen she should be aduanft,
And weep ye now, seeing she is aduanft
Above the Cloudes, as high as heauen in selfe.
O in this lune, you lose your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
Shees not well married, that liues married long,
But shees beft married, that dies married young.
Drie vp your teares, and stick your Rofemarie
On this faire Coarfe, and as the custome is,
And in her beft array beare her to Church:
For though some nature bids vs all lament,
Yet natures teares are reaons merriment.
*Fa.* All things that we ordained feliuall,
Turne from their office to black Funerall:
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our weddeng cheare to a sad buriall feast:
Our solemn hynmes to fullen dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarfe:
And all things change them to the contrarie.
*Fri.* Sir go you in, and Madam go with him,
And go for Paris, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarfe into her grave:
The heauens do lowre vpon you for some ill:
Mowe them no more, by crosting their high wil.

*Exeunt manet.*

*Muft.* 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 cafe.
*Fid.* I my my troath, the cafe may be amended.

*Exit omnes.*
The moft lamentable Tragedie

Enter Will Kemp.

Peter. Mufitions, oh Mufitions, harts eafe, harts eafe,
O, and you will haue me line, play harts eafe.

Fuller. Why harts eafe?

Peter. O Mufitions, becaufe my hart it felfe plaies my hart is
O play me fome merie dump to comfort me. (full:

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

Peter. You will not then?

Minfl. No.

Peter. I will then giue it you foundly.

Minfl. What will you giue vs?

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

I will giue you the Minfrell.

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

Peter. Then will I lay the Seruing-creatures dagger on your

I will cary no Crochets, ile re you, Íle fa (pate.

You, do you note me?

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

2. M. Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.

Then hone at you with my wit.

Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my

Anfwere me like men. (yron dagger.

When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then musique with
her filner found.

Why filner found, why musique, with her filner found, what fay
you Simon Catling?

Minfl. Mary sir, becaufe filner hath a sweet found.

Peter. Prates, what fay you Hugh Rebick?

2. M. I fay filner found, becaufe Mufitions found for filner.

Peter. Prates to, what fay you James found poft?

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

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

I will fay for you, it is musique with her filner found,

Becaufe Mufitions have no gold for founding:

Then Musique with her filner found with fpready help doth
lend redreife.

Exit.

Minfl.
of Romeo and Juliet.

Min. What a pestilent knaue is this name?  
M. 2. Hang him Jack, come weele in here, tarrie for the mourners, and stay dinner.

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,  
My dreams prefage some joyfull newes at hand,  
My bosome L. sits lightly in his throne:  
And all this day an vnaccustomd spirit,  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerfull thoughts,  
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,  
Strange dreame that giues a deadman leave to thinke,  
And Breathd such life with kisles in my lips,  
That I reuioed and was an Emperor.  
Ah me, how sweete is louse it selfe possest  
When but louses shadowes are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeos man,

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

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

Rom. Is it in so? then I denye you starrs,  
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,  
And hire poft horfes, I will hence to night.

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

Ro. Tush thou art deceiu'd,  
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
The most lamentable Tragedie

Haft thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
   Man. No my good Lord.

   Ro. No matter get thee gone,
And hyre thofe horfes, Ile be with thee straight.
Well Juliet, I will lie with thee to night:
   Lets see for means, O mischief thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
I do remember an Apothecarie,
   And here abouts a dwells which late I noted,
In tattred weeds with overwelming browes,
   Culling of simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miferie had warned him to the bones:
   And in his needle shop a tortoyes hung,
An allegater fluff, and other skins
Of ill thapte fishes, and about his shelues,
   A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie feedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Rofes
   Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyfon now,
   Whole face is present death in Mantua,
Here liues a Catiffe wretch would fell it him.
O this same thought did but forerun my need,
   And this same neddie man must fell it me.
As I remember this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie.

   Appo. Who calls so lowd
   Kom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue
   A dram of poyfon, such foone speeding geare,
   As will dispargar it selle through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
   And that the Trunke may be discharged of breath,
   As violently, as haffie powder fierd

Doth
of *Romeo and Juliet*.

Doth hurry from the fatall Canous wombe.

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

*Ro.* Art thou so bare and full of wretchednefe,
And feareth to diz, 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 afoords no law to make thee rich :
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.

*Poti.* My poueritie, but not my will contents.

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

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

*Ro.* There is thy Gold, worfe poyfon to mens soules,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Then thefe poore copeounds that thou maieft not fell,
I fell thee poyfon, thou haft fold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy selfe in fleth.
Come Cordiall and not poyfon, go with me
To Iuliete graine, for there must I vse thee.

_Exeunt._

*Enter Frier John to Frier Lawrence.*

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

_Enter Lawrence._

*Law.* This fame shoule be the voyce of Frier John,
Welcome from *Mantua*, what fayes *Romeo*?
Or if his minde be writ, give me his Letter.

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

*Law.* Who
The most lamentable Tragedie

Law. Who bare my Letter then to Romeo?
John. I could not send it, here it is again,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearfull were they of infection.
Law. Unhappie 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 straught
Vnto my Cell.
John. Brother ile go and bring it-thee. (Exit.
Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire Julieet wake,
Shee will behew me 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, cloode in a dead mans Tombe.
Exit.

Enter Paris and his Page.
Par. Give 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 care close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foote upon the Church-yard tread,
Being looke, vnforme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it, whillife then to me
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Give 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 adventure.
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 diltild by mones,
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe:

Nightly
of Romeo and Juliet.

Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy gives warning, something doth approach,
What cursed foot wanders this way to night,
To cross my obeisances and true loves right?
What with a Torch? muzzle me night a while.

Enter Romeo and Peter.

Ro. Give me that mattock and the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father,
Give me the light upon thy life I charge thee,
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 vfe,
In dear employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou jealous dost returne to prie
In what I farther shall intend to doo,
By heaven I will teare thee Ioynt by Ioynt,
And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are sauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring fea.

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

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

Pet. For all this fame, Ile hide me here about,
His looks I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Ro. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morfell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in despight Ile cram thee with more fooode.

Pa. This is that banish'd haughtie Mountague,
That murdred my louses Cozin, with which greefe
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 unhallowed toyle vile Mountague:
Can vengeance be pursu’d 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 desperate man,
Flee hence and leave me, think upon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to furie, be gone,
By heaven I love thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither armed against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, life, and hereafter say,
A mad man’s mercy bid thee run away.

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

Ro. Wilt thou provoke me? then have 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 Juliet,

Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face,

Mercutioskinsman, Noble Countie Paris,
What said my man, when my besoffed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should haue married Juliet,
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of Juliet,
To thinke it was so? O give me thy hand,
One writ with me in fowre misfortunes booke,
Ile bury thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue, O no. A Lanthorne slaughtred youth:
For here lies Juliet, and her bewtie makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death
of Romeo and Juliet.

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 bewayt:
Thou art not conquerd, bewayt enigne yet
Is crymfon in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And deaths pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt lyest thou there in thy bloudie sheet?
O what more favoure can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To funder his that was thine enemie?
Forgive me Conzen. Ah deare Juliet
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleue,
Shall I beleue that vnsubstantiall death is amorous,
And that the leane abhorred monifter keepes
Thee here in darke to be his parramour?
For feare of that I flyll will stialle 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 Apothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I die.
Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here
Will I set vp my everlafting rest:
And shake the yoke of inaupicious flarres,
From this world wearied flesh, eyes looke your laft:
Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kiffe
A dateleffe bargain to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnfaunoury guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The daunling Rocks, thy seafick weary barke:
Heeres to my Loue. O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I die.
The most lamentable Tragedie

Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crows, and Spade.

Frier. S. Frances be my speed, how oft to night
Have my old feet stumble at graves? Whoes there?

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

Frier. Blinde be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleffe scullies: as I diserne,
It burneth in the Capels monument.

Man. It doth so holy fir, and there is my maister, one that you
Frier. Who is it? (lone.

Man. Romeo.

Frier. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Frier. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not fir.

My Maiher knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death
If I did flay to looke on his entents.

Frier. Stay then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.

O much I feare some ill vnthriftie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe under this yong tree heere,
I dreampt my maister and another fought,
And that my maister flew him.

Frier. Romeo.

Alack alack, what bloud is this which staines
The stony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane these maisterlefe and goarie swordes
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale! who else, what Paris too?
And sleept in bloud? ah what an vnkind hower
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?

The Lady firres.

Juliet. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my Romeo?

Frier. I heare some noyfe Lady, come from that neft
of Romeo and Juliet.

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

Exit.

Juliet. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup close in my true lovs hand?
Poison I see hath bin his timelesse end:
O churl, drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Haply some poiyon yet doth hang on them,
To make me dye with a restorative.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Leade boy, which way.
Juliet. Yea nozfe? then ile be briefe. O happy dagger
This is thy sheath, there rust and let me dye.

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

Watch. The ground is bloudie, search about the Churchyard,
Go some of you, who eere you find attach.
Pittiful fight, heere lies the Countie slaine,
And Juliet bleeding, warme, and newlie dead:
Who heere hath laine this two daies buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the Capuletts,
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 defcry.

Enter Romeo's man.

Watch. Heres Romeo's man, we found him in the Churchyard.
Chief. watch. Hold him in safetie till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. Watch. Here is a Frier 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 supperition, stay the Frier too too.

Enter the Prince.

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

Enter Capels.

Ca. What should it be that is so thrice 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 fear is this which startles in your ears?

Watch. Soueraine, here lies the County Paris plain,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet dead before,
Warne and new kild.

Prin. Search, seeke & know how this foule murder

Wife. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter Romeo's man,
With Instruments vpon them, fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.

Enter Capulet and his wife.

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

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

Enter Mountague.

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

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Grieue of my sonnes exile hath flopt 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 preffe before thy father to a grave?

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

And know their spring, their head, their true difcenc,  
And then will I be generall of your woes,  
And leade you even to death, meane time forbeare,  
And let mischance be flane to patience,  
Bring forth the parties of sufpiration.

Frier. I am the greatest able to do least,  
Yet moost suspeeted as the time and place  
Doth make against me of this direfull murther:  
And here I stand both to impeach and purge  
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.

Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know in this?  
Frier. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath  
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.  
Romeo there dead, was husband to that Juliet,  
And the there dead, that is Romeo's faithfull wife:  
I married them, and their stolne marriage day  
Was Titalth doome day, whose untimely death  
Banisht the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie,  
For whom, and not for Titali, Juliet pinde.  
You to remove that siege of grieffe from her  
Betrothd and would have married her perforce  
To Countie Paris. Then comes she to me,  
And with wild lookes bid me deuice some meane  
To rid her from this secondo mariage:  
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.  
Then gave I her (so tured 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 shoulde hither come as this dire night  
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,  
Being the time the potions force should cease.  
But he which bore my letter, Frier John,  
Was stayed by accident, and yeffernight  
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 conveniently could send to Romeo.
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here vn timely 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 farr me from the Tombe,
And the 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 privie:
And if ought in this miscaried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific’d some houre before his time,
Vnto the rigour of feuerest law.

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Whereas Romes man? what can he say to this?

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

Prin. Give me the Letter, I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that raifi’d the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your maister in this place?

Boy. He came with flowers to shew his Ladies grave,
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 courfe of Loue, the tidings of her death,
And here he writes, that he did buy a poyon
Of a poore Pothe crazie, and therewithall,
Came to this Vault, to die and lye with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet Mountague? See
of Romeo and Iuliet.

See what a scourge is laid upon your hate?  
That heaven finds means to kill your loves with lone,  
And I for winking at your discords too,  
Haue loft a brace of kinisme, all are punisht.

Cap. O brother Mountague, giue me thy hand,  
This is my daughters ioyniture, for no more  
Can I demaund.

Moun. But I can giue thee more,  
For I will raise 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 Romes 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 hauie more talke of these sad things,  
Some shal be pardinoned, and some punished.  
For neuer was a Storie of more wo,  
Then this of Iuliet and her Romeo.

FINIS.
ROMEo AND JULIET.

REVISED EDITION OF THE SECOND, OR 1599, QUARTo.
Romeo and Juliet.

REVISED EDITION OF THE SECOND, OR 1599, QUARTO.

EDITED BY
P. A. DANIEL.

PUBLISHED FOR
The New Shakspere Society
BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, E.C., 1875.
INTRODUCTION.

The text of this edition of 'Romeo and Juliet' is, as it professes to be, revised on that of Q2, 1599. The punctuation, which in the original is extremely confused and confusing, has been carefully regulated throughout; the lines metrically arranged and numbered, separately for each scene; passages of verse printed as prose in the original, and passages of prose printed as verse, have been restored to their proper form; corruptions of the text, which are very numerous in this play, have to the best of my ability been remedied on the authority, such as it is, of the other old editions. Where they fail, the ingenuity and learning of the several commentators and editors have been called in aid, and as a last resource I have myself attempted in some few instances to correct the errors of the original. All alterations of the text, however trifling, or however certainly restorations, have been recorded; but as no rule is without an exception, I must add that I have not always noted the alterations or additions made to the 'stage directions'. Where what I considered an improvement in this respect has been found in any of the old editions, I have given them the preference; but in many cases I have adopted silently so much of my predecessors' work as seemed to me desirable and to be justified by the text. Also, in some few instances, where words in the original are printed in an abbreviated form, as mā for man, thē for them or then, gēle for gentle, etc., I have given the word in full, without note.

All additions to the text, from whatever source, are enclosed in the text in brackets [ ], and are of course also recorded in the Notes; but for corrections of the text the reader must turn to the Notes only: it was not possible to mark them without greatly disfiguring the text itself and distracting the reader's attention at every step by signs and marks referring to notes which when found, in nine cases out of ten, turn out to be of no importance. Reference to or from the Notes will be found perfectly easy by means of the numbered lines.

As a guide in metrical pronunciation I have adopted what appears to have been the rule of Shakespeare and his contemporaries: errors excepted, the 'e,' whether it be an essential part of the verb, as in loved, or merely a part of its inflection, as in angered, is always, when not to be pronounced, either simply ejected, or ejected and its place marked with an apostrophe, or it is transposed to the end of the word: thus loved, love'd or love, angered, anger'd or anger'de are all usual forms and indifferently used to mark the metrical pronunciation, and I have accordingly conformed to this practice throughout, generally finding where it had been
Introduction.

neglected in Q2, the means of correction either in (Q1) or in some one of the later quartos or the folios.

In no other cases, where the sense of the passage was not obscured, have I interfered with the orthography of my original, however uncouth to our modern eyes the spelling of words in many instances must appear. Neither have I deemed it any part of my duty to reduce to an uniform system the printing of compound words: in the original they are sometimes printed with the hyphen, as neighbour-stayed; sometimes as one word, as alchoering; and sometimes as separate words, as saint eduing. The pleasant variety, or, as some may think, the barbarous irregularity, of the printers of Q2 has been religiously respected by me; and the very few cases in which I have ventured to differ from them I have been careful to record. To me this variety is very pleasant as a relic of the most glorious period of our literature; yet I must admit that my experience in preparing this work for the press has convinced me of the wisdom of the reasoning of the Cambridge Editors when deciding on 'modern' spelling for their invaluable edition. 'What is called 'modern' spelling is, in fact, not so much an alteration of the old spelling as a reduction to uniformity, which obviates unnumberless misinterpretations'; and I think that some uniform system of spelling must be adopted for any really critical work. At the same time I am of opinion that that standard of orthography should be sought for in Shakespeare himself: the Cambridge Editors themselves have made one step in that direction in retaining the 'ld' as an abbreviation for 'would'; the modern form 'd' being used indifferently as an abbreviation of 'would' and 'had'.

Other restorations as valuable as this might no doubt be made, to the great improvement of our 'modern' system; but we must first familiarize ourselves with the orthography of the original editions, and as a means to that end the revised texts proposed by the New Shakspere Society should be most valuable.

The original editions as a rule are not readable; in them sense and metre are often obscured and sometimes altogether lost by the grossest blunders of arrangement and punctuation, and they are infested with corruptions, many of which have been certainly cured by the labour and devotion of generations of editors and commentators. With these acknowledged sins of the old printers "burnt and purgd away" the reader of our revised texts should have but little difficulty in making the acquaintance of Shakespeare in his habit as he lived, and with this acquaintance will also come a clearer appreciation of the difficulties which still beset the text, and perhaps in some cases the long-desired solution of them; for we are yet far from having reached that point in textual perfection at which nothing remains but to rest and be thankful.

The position of our text, in the first instance, is that of a careless copy of the play, revised and altered in many places by its author, but having those revisions and alterations again corrupted by the printer. The first and most important source to which the editor must look for assistance in his endeavour to remedy these corruptions is found in a previous edition of the play (Q1), which, though it

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1 For evidence of the truth of this statement and of the character of Q1 as given in the following paragraph, I must refer the reader to the Parallel-texts edition of the play, and to my notes at the end of this revised text.
Introduction.

presents merely a garbled and imperfect rendering of its original, is yet invaluable as a check on its more complete follower, from the fact of its being derived from the same source; then from our text itself (Q2) proceeds a series of quarto and folio editions in all of which some corrections may be found together with additional corruptions. These are what may be called the original materials with which the editor has to deal, and then follow the results of the labours of the known editors and commentators, founded necessarily on conjecture. At every step the judgment of the editor is called into play, in selecting, combining, and correcting: nor can he lay down, in the case of this play, any fixed rules for his guidance in the work. In ordinary cases where a poet had distinctly revised and altered his original conception, the editor who should restore the first reading, however preferable, would clearly exceed the limits of his function; but in this case many evidently revised passages are also as evidently corrupted by the printer, and it is absolutely necessary to go back to the earlier draft in order to piece out a probable restoration of the intended lines. In some instances this has proved too difficult a task for many editors, and they have cut the Gordian knot by the simple process of rejecting the revisions altogether, and restoring bodily the original draft,—see, for instance, note on lines 177-181 Act III. Sc. 5. This plan, however, of escaping from a difficulty cannot be justified, though in some cases the greatness of the difficulty may serve as an excuse; an evident revision cannot be altogether ignored; and I should think it a safer course to allow the corrupted revision to stand in all its enormity, until the time came and the man who could supply the remedy.

On the other hand, our respect for the last will of the author must not blind us to the importance of making the utmost possible use of the first draft in cases of corrupted revision, even to the extent of restoring the whole of the first draft when this can be done with due respect to the revision itself, for we have clear proof occasionally that words and lines were struck out, not by the author, but by the printer. Take, for instance, as an indisputable case, the lines restored by Malone, 41, 42, Act II. Sc. 2:

Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

In (Q1) we find only the first line, as here given; the words of the second line are first given in Q2; but see how the printer of Q2 mutilates the first and corrupts the second:

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

Again, in Act I. Sc. 4, lines 7 and 8 are omitted in Q2—

Nor no without-book Prologue, faintly spoke
After the Prompter, for our entrance.—
and it is not possible to suppose that these lines were struck out by the author. Knowing therefore how the printer has mutilated his 'copy', it becomes the duty of an editor to restore all such omitted lines as do not interfere with the harmony of the revised edition. At the worst, if some line rejected by Shakespeare should be recalled to the text, we may be sure to find sufficient beauty in it to make us thankful for its preservation. But after all is said and done, and that the editor
Introduction.

has bestowed his utmost care and made use of all his ability in accomplishing his
task, he must rise at its completion with a deep sense of his powerlessness to right
all the wrong he has past in review, and a profound regret that the Author him-
self did not think fit to set forth and oversee his own writings. And with this
feeling I leave the reader to enjoy what he has left us: thankful, on the one hand,
for what we have; sorry, on the other, that we have it not in a more complete
form.

My best thanks are due to the Rev. F. G. Fleay, M.A., for his valuable and
valued assistance and advice throughout this work; to Dr Brinsley Nicholson for
much friendly criticism, whereby I have been saved from some errors into which
I was like to have fallen; and to Mr F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Director of the
Society, for criticism, sympathy, and encouragement from the commencement of
my task.
THE

Most Excellent and Lamentable Tragedie

of

ROMEO AND JULIET.

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

_Newly Revised and Corrected on the first complete edition, that of 1599, Qv. 2._

BY

P. A. DANIEL.

PUBLISHED FOR

The New Shakspere Society

BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, E.C., 1875.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALES, Prince of Verona.
PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.
MOUNTAUGE, Heads of two houses at variance with each other.
CAPULET, An old man, of the Capulet Family.
ROMEO, son to Mountague.
MERCUITO, kinsman to the Prince,
BENVOLIO, nephew to Mountague,
TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet,
FRIAR LAWRENCE, a Franciscan.
FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order.
BALTHAZAR, servant to Romeo.
ABRAM, servant to Mountague.
SAMPSON, Servants to Capulet.
GREGORIE, Servants to Capulet.
Other servants to Capulet.
PETER, servant to Juliet's Nurse.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Three Watchmen.
Page to Paris.
Citizen.
LADY MOUNTAUGE, wife to Mountague.
LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.
JULIET, daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.
Kinsfolk and retainers of both houses; citizens of Verona; Peace officers; Guards; Watchmen; Maskers and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: Verona: Mantua.
The Prologue.

Chorus.

Two households, both alike in dignitie,
In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene,
From auncient grudge breake to new mutiny

Where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes
A paire of flarre-croft louers take their life;
Whose misaduentur'd pittious overthrows

Doth, with their death, burie their Parents firiše.
The fearfull passage of their death-marke loose,
And the continuance of their Parents rage,
Which, but their childrens end, nought could remove,

Is now the two houres traffique of our Stage;
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here shall missē, our toyle shall firiue to mend.
THE MOST EXCELLENT and lamentable
Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet.

I. 1. Enter Sampson and Gregorie, of the house of Capulet, with Swords and Bucklers.

Samp. Gregorie, on my word, weele not carrie Coales.
Greg. No, for then we shou'd be Collyers.
Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.
4 Greg. I, while you liue, draw your necke out of collar.
Samp. I srike quickly, being moued.
Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to srike.
Samp. A dog of the house of Mountague moves me.
8 Greg. To moue is to sffe, 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 Mountague.
12 Greg. That shewes thee a weake flaye; for the weakest goes
to the wall.
Samp. Tis true; & therfore women, being the weaker vessels,
16 are ever thrust to the wall: therfore 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.
20 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.
Greg. The
GREG. The heads of the maids; and, the heads of the maids, or their maiden heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

SAMP. No, they shall take it while I am able to stand; and this is known: I am a gentle person of fashion.

GREG. To well thou art not fit, if thou hast, thou hast bin poorer than. Drown thy toils; here comes one of the house of Montagues.

LEON. Alarum and another, joining men of the Montagues.

SAMP. My undressed weapon is out; quarell, I will back thee.

GREG. How! pasture thy haunch and ramme?

SAMP. Forsee me not.

GREG. No, marry; I scarce thee! 

SAMP. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

GREG. I will shew as I passe by; and let them take it as they lift.

SAMP. Nay, as they there. I will bite my thumb at them; which is damage to them, if they heare it.

ALTON. Do you bite your thumb at vs, sir?

SAMP. I do bite my thumb, sir.

ALTON. Do you bite your thumb at vs, sir?

SAMP. [Aside to GREG.] Is the law of our side, if I say 'I'?

GREG. No.

SAMP. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

GREG. Do you quarell, sir?

ALTON. Quarell, sir? no, sir.

SAMP. But if you do, sir, I am for you; I ferue as good a man as you.

ALTON. No better.

SAMP. Well, sir. [Enter, at opposite sides, Benuolio and Thibalt.

GREG. [Aside to SAMP.] Say 'better,' here comes one of my matters kinsmen.

SAMP. Yes,
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Samp. Yes, better, sir.

Abram. You lie.

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

[They fight.

Ben. Part, fools! [Beating down their weapons.

Put vp your swords; you know not what you do.

Tib. What, art thou drawne among these hartlefe hindes?

Turne thee, Benvolio, looke vpon thy death!

Ben. 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:

Have at thee, coward! [They fight.

Enter severall of both houses who join the fray; then

Citizens and Officers, with Clubs and Partifans.

Confused cries.

‘Clubs, Bils and Partifans!’—‘Strike!’—‘Beate them downe!’—

‘Downe with the Capulets!’—‘Downe with the Mountagues!’

Enter, at oppofite fides, old Capulet, in his gowne, with

Lady Capulet, and old Mountague with Lady Mountague.

Cap. What noyfe is this?—Glue me my long fword, hoe!

Lady C. A crowch, a crowch! why call you for a fword?

Cap. My fword, I say!—Old Mountague is come,

And florishes his blade in fpright of me.

Mount. Thou villain, Capulet!—Hold me not, let me go.

Lady M. Thou halt not fir one foote to feeke a foe.

Enter Prince Escalies, with his traine.

Prince. Rebellious fubiefts, enemies to peace,

Prophaners of this neighbour-fayned fleene,—

Will they not heare?—What ho! you men,—you beafts!—

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

With purple fountaines ifling from your veines!
ACT I. SC. 1.]

The most lamentable Tragedie

On paine of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mischance and weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your mowed Prince.—

84 Three ciuill brawles, bred of an arie word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Mountague,
Haue thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets,
And made Veronas auncient Citizens

88 Cast by their grave beeing ornements,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cancered with peace, to part your cancred hate;
If euer you disturb our streets againe,

92 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Mountague, come you this afternoone,

96 To know our farther pleasure in this cafe,
To old Free-towne, our common judgement place.
Once more, on paine of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt all but Mountague, Lady Mountague,
and Benvolio.

Mount. Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?

100 Speake, Nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the servants of your aduerarie,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came

104 The fierie Tybalt, with his sword preparde;
Which, as he breath’d defiance to my ears,
He fwoong about his head, and cut the windes,
Who, nothing hurt withall, hift him in forne:

108 While we were entrichaung thrifs and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Lady M. O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to day?

112 Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipt Sun
Peered forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled minde drawe me to walke abroad;
116 Where,—vnderneath the groue of Sycamour,
That Westward rooteth from the Citie’s side,—
So early walking did I see your fonne:
Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,
120 And stole into the couer of the wood:
I, meafuring his affections by my owne,—
Which then most fought where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my wearie felle,—
124 Pursued my humor, not purfuing his,
And gladly fhunn’d who gladly fled from me.
Mount. Many a morning hath he there bin feene,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings daewe,
128 Adding to cloudes, more clowdes, with his deepe fighes:
But all fo fonne as the alccheering Sunne
Should in the farthest East begin to draw
The fladie curtaine from Aurora’s bed,
132 Away from light feales home my heavie fonne,
And priuate in his Chamber penes himfelle;
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,
And makes himfelle an artificiall night:
136 Blacke and portentous muft this humor prove,
Vnleffe good counfell may the caufe remove.
Ben. My Noble Uncle, do you know the caufe?
Mount. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
140 Ben. Have you importunde him by any meanes?
Mount. Both by my felle and many other friends:
But he, his owne affections counfeller,
Is to himfelle—I will not fay how true—
144 But to himfelle fo secret and fo clofe,
So farre from founding and difcouerie,
As is the bud bit with an enuius worme,
Ere he can fpread his fweete leaues to the ayre,
148 Or dedicate his bewtie to the fun.
Could we but learne from whence his forrows grow,
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

Enter
ACT I. SC. 1.]

The most lamentable Tragedie

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes: fo pleafe you fiep aside,

152 Ile know his greeuance, or be much denide.

Mount. I would thou wert fo happie by thy flay,
To heare true thrift.—Come, Madam, lets away.

[Exeunt Mount. and Lady M.

Ben. Good morrow, Coufn.

Rom. Is the day fo young?

156 Ben. But new frooke nine.

Rom. Ay me! fad hours feeme long.

Was that my father that went hence fo faft?

Ben. It was. What fadneffe lengthens Romeos houres?

Rom. Not hauing that, which, hauing, makes them short.

160 Ben. In loue?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of loue?

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

164 Ben. Alas, that loue, fo gentle in his view,
Should be fo tirannous and rough in proofe!

Rom. Alas, that loue, whole view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, fee pathwaies to his will!

168 Where fhall we dine?—fo 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, fo brawling loue! fo louing hate!

172 O any thing, of nothing firft create!
O heauie lightneffe! ferior vanitie!
Mifhapen Chaos of welfeeming formes!
Feather of lead, bright finoke, cold fier, ficke health!

176 Still waking fieepe, that is not what it is!—
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this.
Doft thou not laugh?

Ben. No, Coze, I rather wepe.

Rom. Good hart, at what?

Ben. At thy good harts oppreffion.

Rom. Why,
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of Romeo and Juliet.

180 Rom. Why, such is loues transgression.
Griefes of mine owne lie heavtie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate, to haue it preaft
With more of thine: this loue, that thou haft thowne,

184 Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne.
Louve is a smoke made with the fume of fighes;
Being purgd, a fire sparkling in loners eies;
Being vext, a sea nourished with louiing teares:

188 What is it else? a madneffe most diccreete,
A choking gall, and a preferring sweete.
Farewell, my Coze.

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

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

Ben. Tell me in madneffe: who is't that you loue?

Rom. What, shall I groane and tell thee?

Ben. Grone! why, no!

196 But sadly teell me:—who?

Rom. Bid a fieke man in madneffe make his will:—
A, word ill vrgd to one that is fo ill!—

In madneffe, Cozin, I do loue a woman.

Ben. I aymde fo neare, when I supposide you lou’d.

Rom. A right good mark-man!—And thees faire I loue.

Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is foonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you mifle: heel not be hit

200 With Cupids arrow; the hath Diens wit,
And, in strong prove of chastitie well armd,
From loues weak childish bow the liues vnharmed.
Shee will not lay the siege of louing tearmes,

204 Nor bide th’incounter of affailing eies,
Nor ope her lap to vainé seducing gold:
O, she is rich in bewtie! onely poore,
That, when she dies, with bewtie dies her flore.

212 Ben. Then the hath sworn, that she wil til lieue chaffe?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waft;

For
For bewtie, sfer'ed with her seueritie,
Cuts bewtie off from all potterie.

216 She is too faire, too wife, wifely too faire,
To merit blisse by making me dispaire:
Shee hath forsworne to love; and in that vow
Do I live dead, that line to tell it now.

220 Ben. Be rule by me, forget to thinke of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to thinke.
Ben. By giuing libertie vnto thine eyes;
Examine other bewties.

Rom. Tis the way

224 To call hers (exquisit) in question more:
Thefe happie maskes, that kis faire Ladies browes,
Being black, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is frooken blind, cannot forget

228 The precious treafure of his eye-fight loft:
Shew me a mistrefle that is paffing faire;
What doth her bewtie ferue, but as a note
Where I may reade, who paff that paffing faire?

232 Farewel; thou canft not teach me to forget.
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[Exeunt.

I. 2.

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and Servant.

Cap. But Mountague is bound as well as I,
In penaltie alike; and tis not hard, I thinke,
For men fo old as we to keepe the peace.

4 Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pittie tis, you liu'd at ods fo long.
But now, my Lord, what say you to my fute?

Cap. But laying ore what I have saide before:

8 My child is yet a ftraunger in the world;
Shee hath not feene the chaunge of fourteen yeares:
Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.

12 Par. Younger then she are happie mothers made.

Cap. And
Cap. And too soone mard are thofe so early made.
The earth hath swallow’d all my hopes but she;
She is the hopeful Lady of my earth:
16 But wooc her, gentle Paris; get her hart;
My will, to her content, is but a part;
And, shee agreed, within her scope of choice
Lyes my content, and faire according voyce.
20 This night I hold an old accustomd feaft,
Whereeto I haue invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
24 At my poore house, looke to behold, this night,
Earth-treading starres, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort, as do lustie youngmen feele
When well appareld Aprill on the heele.
28 Of lumping winter treads, euene such delight
Among fresh female buds shal you this night
Inherit at my house; heare all, all fee,
And like her most, whose merit most shal bee:
32 Such amongst, view o’er many, mine being one
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through faire Verona; find thofe perfons out,
36 Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exeunt Capulet and Paris.

Ser. Find them out, whose names are written here! It is written
that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the
tayler with his laft, the fisher with his pennfill, & the painter with
his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are
here writ, and can neither find what names the writing person
hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

Enter Bennolio, and Romeo.

44 Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out an others burning,
One paine is les’n’d by an others anguish;
ACT I. SC. 2.]  The most lamentable Tragedie

Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning;
One depravate greefe cures with an others languish:
48 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
   And the rancke poyfon of the old will dye.
   Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
   Ben. For what, I pray thee?
   Rom. For your broken thin.
52 Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
   Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
   Shut vp in prifon, kept without my foode,
   Whipt and tormented, and—Godden, good fellow.
56 Ser. Godgigoden. I pray, sir, can you read?
   Rom. I, mine owne fortune in my miferie.
   Ser. Perhaps you have learned it without booke: but, I pray,
   can you read any thing you see?
60 Rom. I, if I know the letters and the language.
   Ser. Yee fay honestfly. Reft you merrie!
   Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.
   He reade the Letter.

`Seigneur Martino, & his wife, and daughters:

64 Countie Anfelmio, and his bountious fisters:
The Lady widdow of Vitruvio:
Seigneur Placentio, and his louely Neece:
Mercutio, and his brother Valentine:

68 Mine Vnca Capulet, his wife, and daugethers:
My faire Neece Rosaline, [and] Liuia:
Seigneur Valentio, and his Cofen Tybalt:
Lucio, and the liuely Hellena.'

72 A faire affembly: whither shoulde they come?
   Rom. Whither?
   Ser. To supper; to our house.
76 Rom. Whole houfe?
   Ser. My Maiesters.
   Rom. Indeed, I shoulde have askt you that before.
   Ser. Now ile tell you without asking. My maiester is the great rich
ACT I. SC. 3.] of Romeo and Juliet.

86 rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie! [Exit.

Ben. At this same ancien feast of Capulets
Sups the faire Rosaline, whom thou so loues,

84 With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

88 Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fiers!
And thence,—who, often drownde, could never die,—
Transparent Heretiques, be burnt for liers!

92 One fairer then my loue! the all seeing Sun
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, tut! you saw her faire, none else being by,
Her selfe poyf'd with her selfe in either eye:

96 But in that Christall scales let there be waide
Your Ladie-lone against some other maide
That I will shew you, thinning at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now thewes best.

100 Rom. He go along, no such sight to be showne,
But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

[Exeunt.

I. 3.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Lady C. Nurse, wheres my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelve yeare old,—
I had her come.—What, Lamb! what, Ladies-bird!—

4 God forbid!—Where's this Girle?—What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

Lady C. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave a while,

We
ACT I. SC. 3.] The most lamentable Tragedie

8 We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come backe againe;
I have remembered mee, thou'rt heare our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughters of a pretie age.
Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

12 Lady C. She's not fourteene.
Nurse. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teene be it spok'n, I have but foure,—
Shees not fourteene. How long is it now
To Lammas tide?

Lady C. A fortnight and odder dayes.

16 Nurse. Euen or odd, of all daies in the yeare,
Come Lammas Eve at night, that she be fourteen.
Sufan and she,—God resl all Christian soules!—
Were of an age. Well, Sufan is with God;

20 She was too good for me.—But, as I said,
On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marrie; I remember it well.
This since the Earth-quake now eleven yeares;

24 And she was weaned,—I neuer shall forget it,—
Of all the daies of the yeare, upon that day:
For I had then laide worme-wood to my dog,
Sitting in the sun under the Dowse-housfe wall;

28 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 dag, and felt it bitter,—pretie foolke!

32 To see it teache, and fall out wi' th' Dugge!
Shake, quoth the Dowse-housfe: twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven yeares:

36 For then she could stand hylone; nay, by th' roode,
She could haue run and waddled all about:
For even the day before, she broke her brow;
And then my husband—God be with his soules!

40 A was a merrie man—tooke vp the child:
'Yea,' quoth he, 'does not thou fall upon thy face?'
ACT 1. SC. 3.] of Romeo and Juliet.

Thou wilt fall backward when thou haft more wit;
Wilt thou not, Iule? and, by my holy dam,
44 The pretie wretch left crying, and saide 'I:'
To see now, how a vnaught shall come about!
I warrant, and I should live a thousand yeares,
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Iule?' quoth he;
48 And, pretie foolo, it flinted, and said 'I:'
Lady C. Inough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.
Nurfe. Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuse but laugh,
To thinke it should leave crying, and say 'I:'
52 And yet, I warrant, it had vpon it brow
A bump as big as a young Cockrels stone;
A perilous knock; and it cryed bitterly,
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fallst vpon thy face?
56 Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age:
Wilt thou not, Iule? It flinted, and said 'I:'
Juil. And thinkest thou too, I pray thee, Nurfe, say I.
Nurfe. Peace, I haue done: God marke thee to his grace!
60 Thou wast the prettiest babe that er I knew:
And I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.
Lady C. Marrie, that 'marrie' is the very themef
64 I came to talke of:—Tell me, daughter Julieth,
How standeth your disposition to be married?
Juil. It is an honour that I dreame not of.
Nurfe. An honour! were not I thine onely Nurfe,
68 I would say thou hadst suckt wisedome from thy teate.
Lady C. Well, thinke of marriage now; yonger then you,
Here in Verona, Ladies of esteeme,
Are made alreadie mothers. By my count,
72 I was your mother much vpon these yeares
That you are now a maide. Thus then, in briefe:
The valiant Paris seeke you for his loue.
Nurfe. A man, young Lady! Lady, such a man,
76 As all the world—Why, hees a man of waxe! Lady C. Veronas Sommer hath not such a flower.

Nurfe.
ACT I. SC. 4.] The most lamentable Tragedie

Nurse. Nay, hee a flower; in faith, a very flower.
Lady C. What say you? can you lone the Gentleman?

80 This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Reade ore the volume of young Paris face,
And find delight writ there with beauties pen;
Examine every married lieniament,
84 And see how one an other lends content;
And what obscrude in this faire volume lies,
Finde written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of love, this vnbound lover,
88 To bewitifie him, onely lacks a Counter.
The fifth liues in the sea; and is much pride,
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie,
92 That in gold clafpes locks in the golden florue:
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
By hauntin him, making your selfe no leffe.

Nurse. No leffe! nay, bigger: women grow by men.

96 Lady C. Speake briefly, can you like of Paris love?
Juliet. He looke to like, if looking liking moue:
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your content givis strengthe to make it flie.

Enter a Servingman.

100 Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper set vp, you cald,
my young Lady askt for, the Nurse court in the Pantrie, and e-
erie thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait; I beseech you,
follow straight. [Exit Servingman.

104 Lady C. We follow thee.—Juliet, the Countie states.
Nurse. Go, gyrl, seeke happy nights to happy dayes.
[Exeunt.

I. 4. Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with five or sixe
other Maskers, and torchbearers.

Rom. What, shall this speche be spoke for our excufe?
Or shall we on without appologie?

Ben.
ACT I. SC. 4.]  of Romeo and Juliet.  19

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie:
4 Weele have no Cupid, hudwinckt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper;
[Nor no without-booke Prologue, faintly spoke
8 After the Prompter, for our entrance:]
But, let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure, and be gone.
Rom. Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;
12 Being but heanie, I will beare the light.
Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must haue you dance.
Rom. Not I, beleue me: you haue dancing flooers,
With nimble soles: I haue a soule of Leade
16 So flakes me to the ground, I cannot moue.
Mer. You are a Louer; borrow Cupids wings,
And fore with them above a common bound.
Rom. I am too fore enpearced with his shaft,
20 To fore with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Vnder loues heanie birthen do I fincke.
Mer. And, to fink in it, shoulde you burthen loue;
24 Too great oppreッション for a tender thing.
Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boyfrous; and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue;
28 Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe.—
Give me a cafe to put my vifage in:
A vifor for a vifor! what care I
What curious eye doth cote deformities!
32 Here are the beetle browes shalblueth for me.
Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me: let wantous, light of heart,
36 Tickle the fenceleffe rufhes with their hecles;
For I am prouerbd with a graunfire phrafe,—
Ile be a candle-holder, and looke on,—
ACT I. SC. 4]  The most lamentable Tragedie

The game was nere to faire, and I am done.

40  Mer. Tut! duns the moufe, the Constables own word:
    If thou art dun, wee draw thee from the mire,
    Or, faue your reverence, loue, wherein thou flieke
    Up to the cares. — Come, we burne daylight, ho.

44  Rom. Nay, thats not so.
     Mer.            I meane, sir, in delay
    We waite our lights in vaine, light lights by day;
    Take our good meaning, for our judgement fits
    Fine times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

48  Rom. And we meane well, in going to this Mask;
    But tis no wit to go.
     Mer.            Why, may one aske?
    Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.
     Mer.            And so did I.
    Rom. Well, what was yours?
     Mer.            That dreamers often lie.

52  Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
     Mer. O, then, I see, Queene Mab hath bin with you.
     [Ben. Queen Mab! what she?]
     Mer. She is the Fairies midwife; and she comes

56  In shape no bigger then an Agot stone
    On the forefinger of an Alderman,
    Drawne with a teeme of little atomies
    Over mens nofes as they lie asleep.

60  Her Charriot is an emptie Hafel nut,
    Made by the Ioyner squirrel, or old Grub,
    Time out amind, the Fairies Coachmakers:
    Her waggon spokes made of long spinners legs;

64  The couer, of the wings of Grasshoppers;
    Her traces, of the smalllest spider web;
    Her collors, of the moonshines watry beams;
    Her whip, of Crickets bone; the lafh of filme;

68  Her waggoner, a small grey coated Gnat,
    Not half so big as a round little worme
    Prickt from the lazie finger of a maid:

And
And in this state the gallops night by night
72 Through louers brains, and then they dreame of loue;
Ore Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curfies frrait;
Ore Lawyers fingers, who fret dreame on fees;
Ore Ladies lips, who fret on kifles dream,
76 Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweete meates tainted are.
Sometime the gallops are a Courtiers nofe,
And then dreames he of smelling out a fute:
80 And sometime comes he with a tithpigs taele,
Tickling a Persones nofe as a lies aleepe,
Then he dreams of an other Benefice.
Sometime the druithe is a fouldiers neck,
84 And then dreames he of cutting forrain throates,
Of breaches, ambucados, spanish blades,
Of healths fufe fadome deepe: and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
88 And, being thus frighted, sweares a praiere or two,
And sleepe againe. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the Elfl로cks in foule fluttish haires,
92 Which, once entangled, much misfortune bodes.
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:
96 This is the—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mecutio, peace!
Thou talkst of nothing.

Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantacie;
100 Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more inconstant than the wind, who woees
Euen now the frozen boisme of the North,
And, being angered, pusses away from thence,
104 Turning his face to the dewe dropping South.
ACT I. SC. 5.] The most lamentable Tragedie

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows vs from our selues; 
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
Rom. I feare, too earlie: for my mind misgues,
108 Some confecution, yet hanging in the flarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date
With this nights reuels; and expire the terme
Of a defpiied life, close in my brest,
112 By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the flirrage of my courfe,
Direct my faile!—On, lustrie Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike, drum.

[They march about the Stage, and Exeunt.

I. 5. Servingmen come forth with Napkins.

1 Ser. Wheres Potpan, that he helpes not to take away?
He shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!
2 Ser. When good manners shall lie all in one or two mens
hands, and they vnwaft too, tis a foule thing.
1 Ser. Away with the ioynstooles, remove the Courtcubbert,
looke to the plate. Good thou, fante me a piece of March-paone;
and, as thou loues me, let the porter let in Susian Grindstone, and
8 Nell.—Anthonie! and Potpan!
2 Ser. I, boy; readie.
1 Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and sought for,
in the great chamber.
12 3 Ser. We cannot be here and there too.—Cearley, boyes;
be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all.
[They retire behind.

Enter Capulet, etc. with the Guefts, and the Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that haue their toes
Unplagued with Cornes, will walke a bout with you:—
16 Ah ha, my mistifes! which of you all
Will now denie to daunce? the that makes daintie,
She, Ile swear, hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I haue seene the day,

That
ACT I. SC. 5.[

20 That I haue worme a viñor, 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, Mufitions, play.
24 A hall, a hall! giue roome, and foote it, gyrls!

[Musick playes, and they dance.

More light, you knaues; and turne the tables vp,
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this vnlookt for fport comes well.
28 Nay, fit, nay, fit, good Cozin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dauncing dayes:
How long ist now, since laft your selfe and I
Were in a maske?


32 Cap. What, man! tis not so much, tis not so much:
Tis since the nuptiall of Lucentio,
Come Pentycoft as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty yeares; and then we maskt.
36 2. Cap. Tis more, tis more: his fonne is elder, sir;
His fonne is thirtie.

Cap. Will you tell me that?
His fonne was but a ward two yeares ago.—

[Good youths, I faith! Oh, youth's a jolly thing!]

40 Rom. What Ladies that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not, sir.
Rom. O, the doth teach the torches to burn bright!

44 Her Beauty hangs vpon the cheeke of night
Like a rich Jewel in an Ethiops eare;
Bewtie too rich for vfe, for earth too deare!
So showes a showie Doue trooping with Crowes,
48 As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes.
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make bleffed my rude hand.
Did my hart loue till now? forweare it, fight!

52 For I nere saw true bewtie till this night. Tib
ACT I. SC. 5.] The most lamentable Tragedie

Tib. This, by his voyce, shou'd be a Mountague.—
Fetch me my Rapier, boy.—What! dares the flauce
Come hither, couerd with an antiquue face,
56 To fleere and scorne at our solemnitie?
Now, by the flouke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore ftorne you so?

60 Tib. VnCLE, this is a Mountague, our foe;
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.

64 Cap. Content thee, gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona braggs of him,
To be a vertuous and welgouvernd youth:
68 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 refpeçt,
72 Shew a faire preference, and put off these frownes,
An illbefecomg semblance for a feast.
Tib. It fits, when such a villaine is a guest:
He not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured:

76 What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall:—go too;—
Am I the matter here, or you?—go too.
Youle not endure him!—God shall mend my foule—
Youle make a mutinie among my guefts!
80 You wil set cock a hoope! youle be the man!
Tib. Why, VnCLE, tis a flame.

Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a fawcie boy:—if so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to fcauth you;—I know what—
84 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!
I'll make you quiet; what!—Chearly, my hearts!

88  Tib.  Patience perforce, with full choller meeting,
     Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting,
     I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
     Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall.  [Exit.

92  Rom.  If I prophan with my vnworthieft hand
     This holy shrine, the gentle fin is this,—
     My lips, two blushing Pilgrims, readie stand
     To smothe that rough touch with a tender kis.

96  Iul.  Good Pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
     Which mannerly deocion thoues in this;
     For saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
     And palme to palme is holy Palmers kis.

100 Rom.  Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
  Iul.  I, Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in praise.
  Rom.  O, then, deare Saint, let lips do what hands do;
     They pray, grant thou, least faith turne to dispaire.

104 Iul.  Saints do not moue, thogh grant for praieres fake.
  Rom.  Then moue not, while my praiers effect I take.
     Thus from my lips, by thine, my fin is purgd.
  Iul.  Then haue my lips the fin that they haue tooke.

108 Rom.  Sin from my lips? ô treipas sweetly vrgd!
     Give me my fin againe.
  Iul.  You kisse bith booke.
  Nurfe.  Madam, your mother craues a word with you.
  Rom.  What is her mother?
  Nurfe.  Marrie, Batcheler,

113 Her mother is the Lady of the house,
     And a good Ladie, and a wife and vertuous:
     I Nurft her daughter, that you talkt withall;
     I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,

116 Shall haue the chincks.
  Rom.  Is she a Capulet?
  O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
  Ben.  Away, begun; the spirt is at the best.

Rom.
ACT I. SC. 5.]  The moft lamentable Tragedie

Rom. I, fo I feare; the more is my vnreft.
120 Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone; We haue a trifling foolifh banquet towards.— Is it ene fo? why, then, I thanke you all; I thanke you, honest gentlemen, good night:—

134 More torches here!—Come on then, lets to bed. Ah, firrah, by my faie, it waxes late; Ile to my ret. [Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurfe.

Iul. Come hither, Nurfe: what is yond gentleman?

Nurfe. The fonne and heire of old Tyberio.

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

Nurfe. Marrie, that, I thinke, be young Petruchio.

Iul. Whats he, that follows there, that wold not dance?

Nurfe. I know not.

Iul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,

My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurfe. His name is Romeo, and a Mountague;

136 The onely fonne of your great enemie.

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,

140 That I must loue a loathed enemie.

Nurfe. Whats this? whats this?

Iul. A rime I learnt euen now

Of one I danck withall. [One calls within 'Juliet.'

Anon, anon:—

Nurfe. Come, lets away; the strangers all are gone. [Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,

And young affectiun gapes to be his heire;

That faire, for which loue gronde for, and would die,

With tender Juliet matcht, is now not faire.

Now Romeo is beloued, and loues againe,

Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes,

But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
ACT II. SC. 1.]

of Romeo and Juliet. 27

8 And the steale lones sweete bait from fearful hookes:
   Being held a foe, he may not haue accessfe
   To breathe such vowes as louers vie to sweare:
   And the as much in loue, her meanes much leffe

12 To meete her new beloved any where:
   But passion lends them power, time meanes, to meete,
   Tempring extremities with extreme sweete.

II. 1.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe, dull earth, and find thy Center out.
   [He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my Cofen Romeo! Romeo!
   Mer. He is wife;

4 And, on my life, hath flowne him home to bed.
   Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this Orchard wall:
   Call, good Mercutio.
   Mer. Nay, he conjure too.—
   Romeo! humorous madman! passionate lover!

8 Appeare thou in the likenesse of a figh,
   Speake but one rime, and I am satisfied;
   Crie but 'ay me'! couple but 'loue' and 'doure';
   Speake to my gothip Venus one faire word,

12 One nickname for her purblind sonne and heir,
   Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot fo trim
   When King Cophe tua lou'd the beggar mayd!—
   He heareth not, he stirreth not, he mouth not;

16 The Ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
   I conjure thee by Rosalines bright eyes,
   By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
   By her fine foot, straight leg, and quiuering thigh,

20 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.
ACT II. SC. 2.] The most lamentable Tragedy

Mer. This cannot anger him: twould anger him
24 To raise a spirit in his mistrefle circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjured it downe;
That were some spight: my invocation
28 Is faire & honest, and, in his mistres name,
I conjure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees,
To be comforted with the numerous night:
32 Blind is his loue, and beft befits the darke.

Mer. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke.
Now will he fit vnnder a Medler tree,
And with his mistrefle were that kind of fruite,
36 As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.
O, Romeo, that the were, o that the were
An open et cetera, thou a Poprin Peare!
Romeo, goodnight;—ile to my truckle bed;
40 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleepe:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for tis in vaine
To seeke him here, that means not to be found.

[Exeunt Ben, and Mer.

II. 2.

Romeo comes forward.

Rom. He jeafts at scarres, that neuer felt a wound.—

[Enter Juliet above.

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the East, and Juliet is the Sun!—
4 Arise, faire Sun, and kill the envious Moone,
Who is alreadie sicke and pale with greefe,
That thou her maide art far more faire then she:
Be not her maide, since she is envious;
8 Her vestall linery is but sicke and greenne,
And none but foole do weare it; cast it off.—
It is my Lady; o, it is my loue!
O, that she knew she were!—
12 She speakes, yet she faies nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it.—
I am too bold, tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some busines, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return;
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the ayrie region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, now she leaves her cheeke vpon her hand!
O, that I were a ghole vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke!

\textit{Iul.}  
\textit{Rom.}  

\textit{Ay me!}

She speaks:—

Oh, sheake againe, bright Angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being ore my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie pacing Cloudes,

And flyles vpon the boforme of the ayre.

\textit{Iul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?}
Denie thy father, and refuse thy name!
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworne my lune,

And ile no longer be a \textit{Capulet}.

\textit{Rom.} Shal I heare more, or shall I sheake at this?
\textit{Iul.} Tis but thy name that is my enemie;
Thou art thy selfe, though not a \textit{Mountague}.

Whats \textit{Mountague}? it is nor hand, nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
Whats in a name? that which we call a rofe,

By any other name would smell as sweete;
So \textit{Romeo} would, were he not \textit{Romeo} cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that tylte.—\textit{Romeo}, doffe thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my service.
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but loue, and Ie be new baptizde;
Henceforth I neuer will be Romeo.
Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bespreending in night,
So stumblest on my counsell?
Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, deare saint, is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemie to thee;
Had I it written, I would teare the word.
Jul. My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongueues vtering, yet I know the found:
Art thou not Romeo, and a Mountague?
Rom. Neither, faire maide, if either thee dislike.
Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tel me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinship find thee here.
Rom. With loues light wings did I oresearch these walls;
For tonie limits cannot hold loue out:
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt;
Therefore thy kinship are no stope to me.
Jul. If they do fee thee, they will murther thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twentie of their swords: looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enmitie.
Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from 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.
Jul. By whose direction foundst thou out this place?
Rom. By Loues, that first did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pylot; yet, wert thou as tarre...
As that vast shore waft with the farthest sea,
84 I shoulad adventure for such marchandise.

  Iul. Thou knowest, the mask of night is on my face;
Elfe would a maiden bluh bepainted my cheeke,
For that which thou haft heard me speake to night.

88 Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine denie
What I haue spoke; but farwell complemet!
Dost thou loue me? I know thou wilt say 'I',
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swerfre,

92 Thou maist prove falfe: at louers periuries,
  They say, loue laughs. Oh, gentle Romeo,
If thou doft loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkeft I am too quickly wonne,

96 Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woote; but, elfe, not for the world.
In truth, faire Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou maist think my hauior light;

100 But trust me, gentleman, ile prove more true
Then those that haue more cunning to be strange.
I should haue bene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouerheardst, ere I was ware,

104 My true loues passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yeielding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath so discovered.

  Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed Moone I vow,

108 That tips with filuer all these frute tree tops,—

  Iul. O, sweare not by the moone, th’insconftant moone,
That monethly changes in her circled orbe,
Leaft that thy loue proue likewife variable.

112  Rom. What shal I sweare by?

  Iul. Do not sweare at all;
Or, if thou wilt, sweare by thy gracious felfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,
And Ile beleue thee.

  Rom. If my hearts deare loue—

116  Iul. Well, do not sweare: although I joy in thee,
I haue no joy of this contract to night:
ACT II. SC. 2.] The most lamentable Tragedie

It is too rash, too vnadvised, 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 prove a bewtious floure when next we meete.
Goodnight, goodnight! as sweete repose and rest.

124 Come to thy heart, as that within my brest!
Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so, unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to night?
Rom. Th'exchange of thy loues faithful vow for mine.

128 Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Woldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, lune?
Jul. But to be franke, and give it thee again.

132 And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bountie is as boundlesse as the sea,
My loue as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.

136 I heare some noyse within; deare loue, adue!—
Anon, good Nurse!—Sweete Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,

140 Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweete to be substantiall.

[Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Three words, deare Romeo, & goodnight indeed.
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,

144 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt performe the right;
And all my fortunes at thy foote ile lay,

148 And follow thee my Lord throughout the world:—

[Nurse within: Madam!

I come, anon.—But if thou meanst not well,

[Nurse within: Madam!

I do beseech thee—By and by, I come.—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my griefe:

152 To morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my foule,—

Iul. A thousand times goodnight! [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—

Louve goes toward loue, as schooleboyes from their bookes;

156 But loue from loue, toward schoole with heauie lookes.

[Retiring slowly.

Enter Juliet again.

Iul. Hift! Romeo, hift!—O, for a falkners voyce,

To lure this Taffel gentle back againe!

Bondage is hulft, and may not speake aloude;

160 Else would I tear the Cause where Eccho lies,

And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse then [Fame,

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom.]

Rom. It is my foule, that calls vpon my name:

How fluer sweete found louers tongues by night,

Like softest musicke to attending eares!

164 Iul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweete?

Iul. What a clocke to morrow

168 Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the houre of nine.

Iul. I will not faile: tis twentie yeare till then.

I haue forget why I did call thee backe.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

172 Iul. I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there,

Remembrance how I loue thy companie.

Rom. And Ie still stay, to haue thee still forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

176 Iul. Tis almost morning; I would haue thee gone:

And yet no farther then a wantons bird,

That lets it hop a little from his hand,

Like a poore prisoner in his twisted gins,

180 And with a filke thread plucks it backe againe,
ACT II. SC. 3.]

Being tafted, flaes all fences with the hart.
Two such opposed Kings encamp them still
28 In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

[Enter Romeo.

Rom. Goodmorrow, father.

Fri. L. Benedict !

32 What early tongue fo sweete saluteth me?—
Young fonne, it argues a dimper'd bed,
So fonne to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;
Care keepes his watch in every old mans eye,
And where care lodges, sleepe will never lye;
But where vnbruft youth with vnvtuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raigne:
Therefore thy earlineesse doth me affure
Thou art vproued with some disemprature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not bene in bed to night.

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter reft was mine.

44 Fri. L. God pardon fin ! waft thou with Rosaline?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I haue forgot that name, and that names wo.

Fri. L. Thats my good son: but wher haft thou bin then?

Rom. Ile tell thee, ere thou ask me it me agen.
I haue bene feasting with mine enemie;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That by me wounded: both our remedies

Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:
I haere no hatred, blessed man; for, loe,
My intercession likewise fleads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plaine, good fonne, and homely in thy drift

Rom. Then plainly know, my harts deare loue is fet
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is fet on mine;

And all combind, faue 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,
64 That thou consent to marrie vs to day.
   Fri. L. Holy S. Frauncis! what a change is here!
   Is Rosaline, that thou didst loue so deare,
So soone forfaken? young mens loue then lies
68 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.
Iefu Maria! what a deale of brine
Hath wafht thy fallow cheekes for Rosaline?
How much salt water throwne away in waffe,
72 To seafon loue, that of it doth not taffe!
The Sun not yet thy fighes from heauen clears,
Thy old grones yet ring in mine auncient eares;
Lo, here vpon thy cheeke the flaine doth fit
76 Of an old teare that is not wafht off yet:
If ere thou wafht thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou chang’d? pronounce this sentence then:
80 Women may fall, when thers no strenght in men.
   Rom. Thou chidst me oft for louing Rosaline.
   Fri. L. For doting, not for louing, pupill mine.
   Rom. And bidst me burie loue.
   Fri. L. Not in a grave,
84 To lay one in, an other out to haue.
   Rom. I pray thee, chide me not: her I loue now,
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow;
The other did not so.
   Fri. L. O, she knew well,
88 Thy loue did reade by rote, that could not spell.
But come, young wauerer, come, go with me,
In one respect ile thy affistant be;
For this alliance may so happie prove,
92 To turne your households rancor to pure loue.
   Rom. O, let vs hence; I stand on suddon haft.
   Fri. L. Wifely and slow; they stumble that run faft.

[Exeunt.]
II. 4. Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deule shoulde this Romeo be?—Came hee not home to night?

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

Mer. Why, that fame pale hard hearted wench, that Rosaline, Torments him so, that he will fure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the kinsman to old Capulet, Hath sent a letter to his fathers house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letters maister, how he dares,

being dared.

Mer. Alas, poore Romeo! he is alreadie dead! flabb'd with a white wenches blacke eye; runne through the eare with a lone fong; the very pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde bowe-boyes but-shaft: and is hee a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats, [I can tell you.] Oh, hees the courageous captain of Complements. He fights as you fing prickfong, keeps time, distance & proportion; he refis [me] his minum refit, one, two, and the third in your bosome: the very butcher of a filke button, a duellist a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal Paflado! the Punto reuerfo! the Hay!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Fox of such antique, liaping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—By Iefu, a very good blade!—‘a very tall man!’—’a very good whore!’—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grundifir, that we should be thus afflicted with these fraunge flies, these fation-mongers, these pardon-

mees, who fland so much on the new forme, that they cannot fit at eafe on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!
ACT II. SC. 4.] The most lamentable Tragedie

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering:—O flesh, flesh,

56 how art thou fifhifiéd!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch
flowed in: Laura, to his Lady, was [but] a kitchen wench;—
marrke, she had a better loue to berime her:—Dido, a dowdie;
Cleopatra, a Gipkie; Hellen and Hero, hildings and harlots;

40 Thisbie, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior
Romeo, Bon jour! there's a French fulation to your French
flop. You gaue vs the counterfeit fairly lat night.

Rom. Goodmorrow to you both. What counterfeit did I giue

you?

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

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my buifie was great; and in

such a cafe as mine, a man may fraine curteefie.

48 Mer. Thats as much as to fa,——such a cafe as yours contrains

a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to curtie.

Mer. Thou haft moft kindly hit it.

52 Rom. A moft curtuous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of curteefie.

Rom. Puck for flower.

Mer. Right.

56 Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit: follow me this ieaft now, till thou haft wore

out thy pump; that, when the singlle sole of it is wore, the ieaft
may remaine, after the wearing, soly singular.

60 Rom. O singlle sole: ieaft, folie singular for the singlenesse!

Mer. Come between us, good Benuolio, my wits faints.

Rom. Swits and Ipuris, fwis and Ipurres; or ile cre a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wildgoose chafe, I am done;

64 for thou haft more of the wildgoose in one of thy wits, then, I

am sure, I haue in my whole fine. Was I with you there for the
goose?

Rom. Thou wait neuer with me for any thing, when thou wait

68 not there for the goofe.
Act II. Sc. 4. of Romeo and Juliet.

Mer. I will bite thee by the care for that leaf.
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 ync narrow, to an ell broad!
Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad'; which, added to
76 the goose, provest thee, farre and wide, a broad goose.
Mer. Why, is not this better now then groning for lone? now
art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou
art, by art as well as by nature: for this drineling lone is like a
80 great naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable
in a hole.
Ben. Stop there, stop there.
Mer. Thou desyreth me to stop in my tale against the haire.
Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.
Mer. O, thou art deceive'd; I would have made it short: for I
was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to
occupie the argument no longer.
Rom. Heere's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and her man, Peter.

Mer. A sayle, a sayle!
Ben. Two, two; a shert, and a smocke.
Nur. Peter!
Pet. Anon?
Nur. My fan, Peter.
Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.
Mer. God ye goodden, faire gentlewoman.
Nur. Is it good den?
Mer. Tis no lefe, I tell yee; for the bawdie hand of the dyal
is now upon the prick of noone.
Nur. Out upon you! what a man are you!
Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himselfe to mar.
Nur. By my troth, it is well saide; 'for himselfe to mar,
quoth a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tel me wher I may find
104 the yong Romeo?
    Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you fought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worle.
    Mer. Yea, is the worst wel? very wel took, ifaith; wisely, wisely,
    Nur. If you be he, fir, I defire some confidence with you.
112 Ben. She will endite him to some supper.
    Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud! So ho!
    Rom. What haft thou found?
    Mer. No hare, fir; vnleff a hare, fir, in a lenten pie, that is
116 something stale and hoare ere it be fpent.

[He walks by them and sings.
    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 fpent.—

Romeo, will you come to your fathers? weele to dinner thither.
    Rom. I will follow you.
    Mer. Farewell, auncient Lady; farewell, Lady, Lady,
124 [Exeunt Mercutio and Bennolio. Nur. [Marry, farewell!]?—I pray you, fir, what fawcie merchant was this, that was fo full of his roperie?
    Rom. A gentleman, Nurfe, that loues to heare himselfe talke;
128 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 luffier then he is, and twentie such Jacks; and if I
132 cannot, Ile finde thole that shall. Scruvie knaue! I am none
        of his flurf gills; I am none of his skaines mates.—And thou must
        stand by too, and suffer euery knaue to vle me at his plea-
        sure!
136 Pet. I saw no man vle you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon
        shuld quickly haue bin out, I warrant you: I dare draw asloone
as an other man, if I see occasion, in a good quarrel, & the law on
my side.

140 Nur. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me
quiers. Skuruie 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 selle; but first let me tell ye, if ye shoule
144 lead her in a fooles paradise, as they say, it were a very grofie
kind of behauior, as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong;
and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it
were an ill thing to be offred to any Gentlewoman, and very
148 weake dealing.

Rom. Nurfe, commend me to thy Lady and Miestre. [Tell
her] I protest—

Nur. Good heart! and, yfaith, I will tel her as much: Lord,
152 Lord, she will be a joyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, Nurfe? thou doest not marke
me.

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

Rom. Bid her denote
Some means to come to thrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Frier Lawrence Cell
160 Be thrieued and married. Here is for thy paines.

Nur. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go too; I say, you shall.

Nur. This afternoone, sir? well, the shall be there.

164 Rom. And stay, good Nurfe, behind the Abbey wall:
Within this house my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cordes made like a tackleed stayre;
Which to the high topgallant of my hoy
168 Must be my conuoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be truffie, and ille quit thy paines:
Farewel; commend me to thy Misstre.


172 Rom. What faith thou, my deare Nurfe?

Nur. Is your man secret? Did you here here say,
Two may keep counsell, putting one away.
ACT II. SC. 5.]  The most lamentable Tragedie

Rom. [I warrant thee; my mans as true as fleele.
176  Nur. Well, fir; my Misfreife is the sweetest Lady—Lord, Lord!—when twas a little prating thing—O, there is a Noble man in towne, one Paris, that would faine lay knife aboard; but the, good foule, had as leeue fee a tode, a very tode, as see him.
180 I anger her sometimmes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, ile warrant you, when I say so, she looke as pale as any clout in the verfall world. Doth not Rofemarie and Romeo begin both with a letter?
184  Rom. I, Nurfe; what of that? both with an R.
   Nur. A, mocker! thats the dogs letter; R. is for the [dog].—
   No; I know it begins with some other letter:—and the hath the pretieft sententious of it, of you and Rofemarie, that it would do you good to heare it.
Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.  [Exit.
   Nur. I, a thousand times.—Peter!
   Pet. Anon?

II. 5.

Enter Juliet.

Iut. The clocke stroke nine when I did send the Nurfe;
In halfe an hour the promis’d to returne.
Perchance she cannot meete him:—thats not so.—
4 Oh, she is lame! loues heraulds shoulde be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Suns beames,
Druing backe shadowes ouer lowing hills:
Therefore do nimble piniond doues draw louve,
8 And therefore hath the wind swift Cupid wings.
Now is the Sun vpon the highmoft hill
Of this dayes journey, and from nine till twelue
Is three long houres; yet she is not come.
12 Had the affections, and warme youthfull bloud,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandie her to my sweete loue,
And his to me:
16 But old folks, many fain as they wer dead;
Vnwieldie, slowe, heauie and pale as lead.
Enter Nurse and Peter.

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

20 Nur. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit Peter.

Jul. Now, good sweete Nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

Though newes be sad, yet tell them merily;

If good, thou slangeth the muficke of sweete newes

24 By playing it to me with fo lower a face.

Nur. I am a weare; give me leaue a while.

Fie, how my bones ake! what a launce haue I [had]?

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

28 Nay, come, I pray thee, speake;—good, good Nurse, speake.

Nur. Iefu, what haue! can you not stay a while?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haft breath

32 To stay to me, that thou art out of breath?

The excufe, that thou doest make in this delay,

Is longer then the tale thou doest excufe.

Is thy newes good, or bad? answer to that;

36 Say either, and let stay the circumstancie:

Let me be satisfied, ift good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choyce; you know not how to chuse a man: Romeo/ no, no he; though his face be bet-

39 ter then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens; and for a hand, and a fote, and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of curtseie, but, ile warrant him, as gentle as a lamme.—Go thy wayes, wench; ferue

44 God.—What, haue you dind at home?

Jul. No, no. But all this did I know before.

What fayes he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur. Lord, how my head akes! what a head haue I!

48 It beates as it would in twentie pceces.

My back a tother side,—a, my backe, my backe!—

Befrew your heart, for fending me about,

To catch my death with aumning vp and downe!
ACT II. SC. 6.] The most lamentable Tragedie

52  Iul. Faith, I am forrie that thou art not well.
  Sweete, sweete, sweete Nurfe, tell me, what fayes my loue?
  Nur. Your loue fayes, like an honest gentleman, and a
  Courteous, and a kinde, and a handfome, and I warrant a
56 vertuous,—Where is your mother?
  Iul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within;
  Wher shuld she be? How odly thou replieft!
  'Your loue fayes, like an honest gentleman,—
60 Where is your mother?'
  Nur. O, Gods lady deare!
  Are you fo hot? marrie, come vp, I trow;
  Is this the poultis for my aking bones?
  Henceforward do your meffages your felfe.
64  Iul. Heres such a coyle!—come, what faies Romeo?
  Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to thrift to day?
  Iul. I haue.
  Nur. Then high you hence to Frier Laurence Cell;
68 There fayes a husband to make you a wife:
  Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheeke,
  Theile be in scarlet straight at any newes.
  Hie you to Church; I must an other way,
72 To fetch a Ladder, by the which your loue
  Muft clime a birds neaft foone, when it is darke
  I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight;
  But you shal beare the burthen foone at night.
76 Go, ile to dinner; hie you to the Cell.
  Iul. Hie to high fortune!—honest Nurfe, farewell.

[Exeunt.

II. 6. Enter Frier Lawrence and Romeo.

  Fri. L. So smale the heauens vpon this holy act,
  That after houres with forrow chide vs not!
  Rom. Amen, amen! but come what forrow can,
4 It cannot counterawile the exchange of ioy
  That one short minute gives me in her fight:
  Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
  Then loue-deouuring death do what he dare,
ACT III. SC. 1. of Romeo and Juliet.

8 It is enowgh I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent endes,
And in their triumph die: like fier and powder,
Which, as they kiffe, confume. The sweetest honey
12 Is loathfome in his owne deliciouinesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite:
Therefore loue moderately; long loue doth foe;
Too swift arris as tardie as too flowe.

[Enter Juliet.

16 Here comes the Lady:—Oh, fo light a foote
Will nere weare out the everlaffing flint.
A loner may bestride the golflamours
That ydeles in the wanton sommer ayre,
20 And yet not fall; fo light is vanitie.

Jul. Good euen to my ghosfly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thanke thee, daughter, for vs both.

Jul. As much to him, elie is his thankes too much.

24 Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the meafure of thy joy
Be heart like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blafon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich mufickes tongue
28 Unfold the imagind happines that both
Receive in either, by this deare encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his subsidence, not of ornament:

32 They are but beggers that can count their worth;
But my true loue is growne to such exceffe,
I cannot sum vp sum of halfe my wealth.

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

36 For, by your leaues, you shall not stay alone, (worke;
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

[Exeunt.

III. 1. Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, Page, and men.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, lets retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meete, we shall not scape a brawle;
ACT III. SC. 1.] The most lamentable Tragedie

4 For now, these hot daisies, is the mad blood firring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters
the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his sword upon the table,
and fayes, 'God fend me no need of thee!' and, by the opera-
tion 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 Jacke in thy moode, as
any in Italia; and astroone mowed to be moodie, and astroone
moodie to be mowed.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should have none
shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt
quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leffe, in his
beard, then thou haft: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking
Nuts, having no other reason, but because thou haft hafel eyes;
what eye, but such an eye, wold spie out such a quarrel? Thy
head is as full of quarelles, as an egge is full of meate; and yet
thy head hath bene beaten as addle as an egge, for quarrelling:
thou haft quarrel'd with a man for coffing in the streeete, 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 before Easter? with an other, for tying his new shooes
with olde riband? and yet thou wilt tutter me from quarrelling!

Ben. And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art; any man should
buy the fee-fimple of my life for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-fimple? d simple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head! here comes the Capulets.

Mer. By my heele, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.—

Gentlemen, Good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it with
something; make it a word and a blowe.

Tib. You shall find me apt enouh to that, sir, and you wil gue
me occasion.
Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

40 Tyb. Mercutio, thou comfortest with Romeo,—

Mer. Confort! what, doest thou make vs Minfrels? and thou
make Minfrels of us, looke to hear nothing but discords: heeres
my fiddlesticke; heeres that shal make you daunce. Zounds,

44 confort!

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
Or reafon coldly of your greuances:

48 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.

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

Mer. But iche be hangd, sir, if he ware your liuerie:
Marrie, go before to field, heele be your follower;
Your worship, in that senfe, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee, can affoord

56 No better terme then this:—thou art a villaine.

Rom. Tybalt, the reafon that I have to love thee,
Doth much excufe the appertaining rage
To such a greating:—villaine am I none;

60 Therefore, farewell; I fee thou know’st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shal not excuse the injurys
That thou haft done me; therefore turne and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I neuer inuird thee;

64 But love thee better then thou canst deuife
Till thou shalt know the reafon of my love:
And go, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearely as mine owne,—be satisfied.

68 Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submification!

Alla fioccata carries it away.

[Draws.

Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

Tib. What wouldst thou haue with me?

72 Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lines,
that I meane to make bold withall, and, as you shall vfe mee
hereafter, drie beate the rest of the eight. Will you plucke your sword out of his pilcher by the eares? make haste, leaft mine be 76 about your eares ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you. [Drawing.
Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy Rapier vp.
Mer. Come, sir, your Passado. [They fight.

80 Rom. Draw, Benuolio; beate downe their weapons:—
Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage!—
Tibalt,—Mercutio,—the Prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying in Verona freetees:—

84 Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!
[Tibalt undre Romes arme thrusts Mercutio in,
and flies with his followers.

Mer. I am hurt;—
A plague a both [your] houes!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

88 Where is my Page?—go, villain, fetch a Surgeon.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore; but tis inough, twill ferue: aske for me to morrow, and

92 you shall finde me a graue man. I am peppered, I warrant,
for this world:— a plague a both your houes!—soulds, a dog,
a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart,
a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmatick!—Why,

96 the deule, came you betweene vs? I was hurt undre your arme.
Rom. I thought all for the beft.
Mer. Helpe me into some houfe, Benuolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague a both your houes!

100 They haue made wormes meate of me:
I haue it, and foulndly too:—your houes!

104 In my behalfe; my reputation staine

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benuolio.]

Rom. This Gentleman, the Princes neare alie,
My very friend, hath got this mortall hurt

104 In my behalfe; my reputation staine
ACT III. SC. 1.  

of Romeo and Juliet.

With Tybalt's slaunter,—Tybalt, that an houre
Hath bene my Cozen:—O sweete Juliet,
Thy kettie hath made me effeminate,
108 And in my temper softned valours fleete.

Re-enter Benuolio.

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

Rom. This dayes blacke fate on mo dates doth depend;
This but begins the wo, others must end.
112 [Re-enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt backe againe.
Rom. Aliue, in triumph! and Mercutio flaine!

Away to heauen, refpectue lenitie,
And fier-eyed furie be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the 'villaine' backe againe,
That late thou gau't me; for Mercutio foule

Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretche boy, that didst confort him here,

Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[They Fight. Tibalt fulls.

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The Citizens are vp, and Tybalt flaine:—
Stand not amazed:—the Prince wil doome thee death,

If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortunes foole!

Ben. Why doft thou stay?

[Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kild Mercutio?

Tybalt, that mutherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
ACT III. SC. 1.] The most lamentable Tragedie

1 Cit. Vp, fir, go with me; I charge thee in the Princes name, obey.

Enter Prince, olde Montague, Capulet, their wives, and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discouer all

136 The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall:
There lies the man, flaine by young Romeo,
That flew thy kinueman, braue Mercutio.
Lady C. Tybalt, my Cozin! O my brothers child!—

140 O Prince! O husband! O, the bloud is fpild
Of my deare kinueman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, thead bloud of Montague.—
O Cozin, Cozin!

144 Prin. Benuolio, who began this bloudie fray?
Ben. Tybalt, here flain, whom Romes hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarell was, and vrgd withall

148 Your high displeasure:—all this—vttred
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow’d,—
Could not take truce with the vnruyl spleene
Of Tybalt deafe to peace, but that he tilts

152 With piercing steele at bold Mercutios breaste;
Who, all as hot, turnes deadly poynt to poynt,
And, with a Martiall sorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aside, and with the other lends

156 It backe to Tybalt, whose dextertie
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
‘Hold, friends! friends, part!’ and, swifter then his tongue,
His agile arme beates downe their fatal poyns,

160 And twixt them ruhes; vnderneath whose arme
An enuisous thrurt from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes backe to Romeo,

164 Who had but newly entertaind reuenge,
And toote they go like lightning: for, cre I
ACT III. SC. 2.] of Romeo and Iuliet.

Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slaine;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turne and flie:
168 This is the truth, or let Benuolio die.
   Lady C. He is a kineman to the Mountague,
   Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:
   Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife,
172 And all those twentie could but kill one life.
   I beg for Justice, which thou, Prince, must give;
   Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not liue.
   Prin. Romeo slew him, he flew Mercutio;
176 Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe?
   Mount. 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,
180 Immediately we do exile him hence:
   I haue an interest in your hates proceeding,
   My bloud for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
   But ile amerce you with so strong a fine,
   That you shall all repent the losse of mine:
   I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
   Nor teares, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
   Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
188 Else, when he's found, that houre is his last.
   Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
   Mercie but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[Exeunt.

III. 2. Enter Iuliet alone.

Gallop space, you fierie footed steedes,
Towards Phaebus lodging: such a wagoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
4 And bring in clowdie night immediately.—
   Spread thy close curtaine, loue-performing night,
   That runnawyes eyes may wincke, and Romeo
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseeene.—
8 Louers can fee to do their amorous rights,
ACT III. SC. 2.] The most lamentable Tragedie

By their owne bewtis; or, if loun be blind,
It beft agree with night.—Come, ciuill night,
Thou sober lusted matron, all in blacke,
12 And learne me how to looke a winning match,
Plaide for a paiie of stainelefe maydenhoods:
Hood my vnmand bloud bayting in my cheeke,
With thy blace mantle; till strange lone, grown bold,
16 Thinke true loun 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 on a Rauens backe.—
20 Come, gentle night; come, louing, black browd night,
Gius me my Romeo; and, when he thall die,
Take him and cut him out in little staraes,
And he will make the face of heaven so finne,
24 That all the world will be in loun with night,
And pay no worship to the garith Sun.—
O, I haue bought the manfion of a loun,
But not poftelf it; and though I am fold,
28 Not yet enioyd: so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festivall
To an impatient child, that hath new robes
And may not weare them. O, here comes my Nurfe,
32 And the brings newes; and euery tongue, that fpakes
But Romes name, fpakes heavenly eloquence.—

Enter Nurfe, with cords.

Now, Nurfe, what newes? what, haft thou there the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nur. I, I, the cords.

[Throws them down.

36 Iul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nur. A, weladay! hees dead, hees dead, hees dead!
We are vndone, Lady, we are vndone!—
Alack the day!—hees gone, hees kild, hees dead!
40 Iul. Can heauen be fo enious?

Nur. Romeo can,
ACT III. SC. 2.] of Romeo and Juliet.

Though heauen cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!—
Who euer would haue thought it?—Romeo!

Iul. What diuell art thou, that doft torment me thus?

This torture should be rored in dimmall hell!
Hath Romeo slaine himselfe? say thou but ‘I’,
And that bare vowell ‘I’ shall poyson more
Then the death darting eye of Cockatrice:

I am not I, if there be such an ‘I’,
Or those eyes shut, that makes thee answere ‘I’:
If he be slaine, say ‘I’; or if not, ‘no’:
Brieue founds determine [of] my weale or wo.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save 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 founderd at the sight.

Iul. O break, my hart!—poore banckrout, break at once!
To prison, eyes! nere looke on libertie!
Vile earth, to earth refigne; end motion here;

And thou, and Romeo, preffe one heautie beare!

Nur. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the beft friend I had!
O curteous Tybalt! honest Gentleman!
That euer I should liue to see thee dead!

Iul. What forme is this that blowes fo contrarie?
Is Romeo slauthred? and is Tybalt dead?
My deareft Cozen, and my dearer Lord?—
Then, dreadfull Trumpet, found the generall doome!

For who is lining, if those two are gone?

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

Iul. O God!—did Romes hand shead Tibrals bloud?

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

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did euer draggon kepe so faire a Caue?
Bewtifull tirant! fiend angelicall!

Doue featherd rauen! woluih rauening lamb!
Defpiied substance of divinefl showe!
Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem‘st,
A damned faint, an honourable villain.—
80 O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bow to the spirit of a fiend
In mortall paradise of such sweete fleth?—
Was ever booke containing such vile matter
84 So fairely bound?—o, that deceit should dwell
In such a glorious Pallace!
Nur. Theris no trust,
No faith, no honestie in men; all naught,
All perjurde, all dissemblers, all forsworne.—
88 Ah, whereis my man? give me some Aqua-vitæ:—
These griefs, these woes, these forrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!
Jul. Blisterd be thy tongue
For such a wight! he was not borne to shame:
92 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For this a throne where honour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
96 Nur. Wil you speake wel of him that kild your cozyn?
Jul. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, my three hours wife, haue mangled it?—
100 But wherefore, villain, didst thou kild my Cozyn?
That villain Cozain would haue kild my husband:
Backe, foolish teares, backe to your native spring;
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
104 Which you, mistaking, offer vp to joy.
My husband lues, that Tybalt would haue slaine;
And Tybalt’s dead, that would haue slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore wepe I then?
108 Some word there was, worser then Tybalt’s death,
That murthered me: I would forget it faine;
But, oh! it presseth to my memorie,
Like dammed guiltie deeds to finnes mindes:
112 ‘Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banish’d;’
ACT III. SC. 3.]

of Romeo and Juliet.

That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalt. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Or, if woe not delights in fellowship
And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
Why followed not, when the said 'Tybalt's dead,'
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,

Which moderne lamentation might have mou'd?
But, with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banished,' to speake that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead:—'Romeo is banished,——
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death; no words can that woe found.—
Where is my father, and my mother, Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Iul. Watch they his wounds with tears: mine shall be
When theirs are drie, for Romeo's banishment.

Take vp thofe cordes:—poore ropes, you are beguil'd,
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. He to your chamber: Ile finde Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.

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

Iul. O find him! give this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his laft farewell.

III.3.

Enter Frier Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearfull man;
Affliction is enamourd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamitie.

Rom. Father, what newes? what is the Princes doome?
ACT III. SC. 3. The most lamentable Tragedie

What sorrow cruel acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. L. Too familiar
Is my deare sonne with such sweet compayne:
8 I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Rom. What lefte then doomesday is the Princes doome?
Fri. L. A gentler judgement vanisheth from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
12 Rom. Ha! banishment! be mercifull, say 'death';
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more, then death: do not say 'banishment.'
Fri. L. Here from Verona art thou banished:
16 Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatorio, torture, hell it selfe.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
20 And worlds exile is death:—then 'banished,'
Is death miserae: calling death 'banished,'
Thou cuttest my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
24 Fri. L. O deadly sin! rude vnthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rais'd aside the law,
And turned that blacke word death to banishment:
28 This is deare mercie, and thou seest it not.
Rom. Tis torture, and not mercie: heauen is here,
Where juliet lies; and ev'ry cat, and dog,
And little moue, ev'ry vnworthie thing,
32 Lin'd here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship lies
In carrion flies, then Romeo; they may feaze.
36 On the white wonder of deare juliet's hand,
And faire immortal blesing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestall modestie,
Still blush, as thinking their owne kifles fin;
40 But Romeo may not; he is banished:
This may flyes do, when I from this must flie;  
They are freemen, but I am banished;  
And say’st thou yet, that exile is not death?  
44 Hadst thou no poiyon mixt, no sharpe ground knife,  
No sudden meane of death, though nere fo meane,  
But ‘banished’ to kill me?—‘Banished’?  
O Friar, the damned vie that word in hell;  
48 Howling attends it: how haft thou the heart,  
Being a Diuine, a ghosly Confessor,  
A sin abfoluer, and my friend profefst,  
To mangle me with that word ‘banished’?  
52  
Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, heare me a little speake.  
Rom. O, thou wilt speake againe of banishment.  
Fri. L. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word;  
Aduerfities sweete milke, Philosophie,  
56 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.  
Rom. Yet ‘banished’?—hang vp philosophie!  
Vnleffe Philosophie can make a Juliet,  
Difplant a towne, reuerfe a Princes doome,  
60 It helps not, it preuails not: talke no more.  
Fri. L. O, then I see, that mad men haue no cares.  
Rom. How should they, when that wise men haue no eyes?  
Fri. L. Let me difpute with thee of thy estate.  
64 Rom. Thou canst not speake of that thou doft not feele:  
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy loue,  
An houre but married, Tybalt murdered  
Doting like me, and like me banished,  
68 Then mightst thou speake, then mightft thou teare thy hayre,  
And fall vpon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.  

[Knocking within.  
Fri. L. Arife; one knocks, good Romeo, hide thy felte.  
72 Rom. Not I; vnleffe the breath of hartfieke grones,  
Myft-like, infold me from the search of eyes.  

[Knocking.  
Fri. L. Hark, how they knock!—Whofe there?—Romeo,  
arise;
ACT III, SC. 3.] The most lamentable Tragedie

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay a while!—Stand vp;[Knocking.

76 Run to my studie.—By and by!—Gods will! What simplices is this!—I come, I come! [Knocking.

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

Nur. [Within.] Let me come in, and you shall know my errant;

80 I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nur. O holy Frier, O, tell me, holy Frier,
Where is my Ladyes Lord? wheres Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his owne teares made drunke.

84 Nur. O, he is euie in my mistresse cafe,
    Iust in her cafe! O wofull sympathie!
Pitious predicament! euie fo lies fhe,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—

88 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!

92 Nur. Ah sir! ah sir!—[Well,] deaths the end of all.

Rom. Spak'rt thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth not she thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue staint the childhood of our joy

96 With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what fayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?

Nur. Oh, the fayes nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;

100 And now falls on her bed; and then stants vp;
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then downe falls againe.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
Did murther her; as that names cursed hand
Murderd her kin'sman.—Oh, tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may facke

The hatefull manson.

[Drawing his sword.

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable furie of a beast:

Vnfeemely woman, in a feeming man!
And ilfeeming beast, in feeming both!
Thou haft amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

Haft thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou fly thy selfe?
And fly thy Lady, that in thy life liues,
By doing damned hate upon thy selfe?
Why rayl'ft 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 sham'lt thy shape, thy loue, thy wit;
Which, like a Vfurer, aboundst in all,

And vsest none in that true vse indeed
Which shouldest bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy Noble shape is but a forme of waxe,
Digreessing from the valour of a man;

Thy deare loue sworne, but hollow perjurie,
Killing that loue which thou haft vowed to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and loue,
Mishapen in the conduet of them both,

Like powder in a skillese fouldiers flaske,
Is set a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowse thee, man! thy Juliet is alioe,

For whose deare sake thou waft but lately dead;
There art thou happie: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou flewest Tibt; 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 mifbehau’d and fullen wench,  
Thou pouyft vpon 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 fet,  
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 two and a hundred thousand times more joy  
Then thou wentst forth in lamentation.—  
Go before, Nurse: commend me to thy Lady;  
And bid her haften all the house to bed,  
Which heauie sorow makes them apt unto:  
Romeo is coming.  
Nur. O Lord, I could have slaid here all the night,  
To heare good counsell: oh, what learning is!—  
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.  
Romeo. Do so, and bid my sweete prepare to chide.  
Nurse. Here, fir, a Ring the bid me giue you, fir:  
Hie you, make haste, for it growes very late.  
Romeo. How well my comfort is requit’d by this.  
Fri. L. Go hence: goodnight; & here stand all your state:—  
Either be gone before the watch be fet,  
Or by the breake of day disguis’d from hence:  
Soiourne in Mantua; ile find out your man,  
And he shall signifie, from time to time,  
Euerie good hap to you, that chaunces here:  
Give me thy hand; tis late: farewell; goodnight.  
Romeo. But that a ioy past ioy calls out on me,  
It were a grieve, to briefe to part with thee:  
Farewell.  
[Exit.}
III. 4. Enter old Capulet, his wife, and Paris.

Cap. Things have false out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Looke you, she lou’d her kinsman Tybalt dearely,

4 And so did I.—Well, we were borne to die.—
Tis very late; sheelee not come downe to night:
I promiſe you, but for your companie,
I would have bene a bed an houre ago.

8 Par. THESE times of wo afford no times to wooe:
Madam, goodnight: commend me to your daughter.
Lady C. I will, and know her mind early to morrow;
To night shee mee woud vp to her heauines.

12 Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my childes loue: I think she will bee rude
In all respect by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;

16 Acquaint her here of my sonne Paris lone;
And bid her, marke you me, on wensday next—
But, soft; what day is this?

Par. Monday, my Lord.

Cap. Monday—ha—ha—Well, wensday is too soone;

20 A thursday let it be:—a thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble Earle:—
Will you be ready? do you like this haife?
Weele keepe no great ado:—a friend, or two:—

24 For, harke you, Tybalt being flaunt so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much;
Therefore wee haue some halfe a doozeen friends,

28 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—a Thursday be it then:—
Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed,

32 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—
Farewell, my Lord.—Light to my chamber, ho! 
Afore mee, it is so very, [very] late,
ACT III. SC. 5.  The most lamentable Tragedie

That wee may call it early by and by:
36 Goodnight.

[Exeunt.

III. 5. Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.

Iul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierft the fearefull hollow of thine ear;
4 Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree:
Beleeue me, loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom.  It was the Larke, the herault of the morne,
No Nightingale: looke, loue, what enious streekes
8 Do lace the feuering cloudes in yonder East:
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocand day
Stands tipto on the myrtle Mountaine tops:
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

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

Rom.  Let me be tane, let me be put to death;
I am content, fo thou wilt have it fo.
Ile say yon gray is not the mornings eye,
20 Tis but the pale reflex of Cinthias brow;
Nor that is not the Larke, whose noates do beate
The vaultie heauen fo high aboue our heads:
I have more care to stay, then will to go:

24 Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How ift, my foule? lets talke: it is not day.

Iul.  It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the Larke that sings fo out of tune,

28 Straining harth Difcords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diviision;
This doth not fo, for the diuideth vs:
Some say, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes;
32 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 grows.

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

Enter Nurfè.

Nur. Madam!

JUL. Nurfè?

Nur. Your Lady Mother's cumming to your chamber:

40 The day is broke; be wary, looke about. [Exit.

JUL. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiffe, and Ile descend.

[He goeth downe.

JUL. Art thou gone so? lone! Lord! ay, husband! friend!

44 I must heare from thee every day in the houre,
For in an hower there are many dayes:
[Minutes are dayes; so will I number them:] O, by this count I shall be much in yeares,

48 Ere I againe behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewell!

I will omit no opportunite
That may convey my greetings, lone, to thee.

52 JUL. O, thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serue
For sweete discourse in our times to come.

JUL. O God! I haue an ill dining soule:

56 Me thinkes I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe:
Either my eye-fight failes, or thou lookst pale.

Rom. And trust me, lone, in my eye so do you:

60 Drie sorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue! [Exit.

JUL. O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what doest thou with him
That is renownd for faith? be fickle, Fortune;

64 For then, I hope, thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe. [She goeth downe from the window.

Lady C. [Within] Ho, daughter! are you vp?

JUL. Who is that calls? It is my Lady mother.
Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?
68 What vnaccustomd caufe procures her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

Lady C. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

Lady C. 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 live;

Therfore have done: some griefe shews much of love;

But much of griefe shewes still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weepe for such a feeling loffe.

Lady C. So shall you feele the loffe, but not the friend

Which you weepe for.

Jul. Feeling fo the loffe,

I cannot chufe but enuer weepe the friend.

Lady C. Wel, gyrle, thou weepest not so much for his death,

As that the villaine liues which slaughtred him.

Jul. What villaine, Madam?

Lady C. That fame villaine, Romeo.

Jul. Villaine and he be many miles afunder.—

God pardon [him! ]—I do, with all my heart;—

And yet no man, like he, doth greeue my heart.

Lady C. That is because the Traytor murderer liues.

Jul. I, Madam, from the reach of these my hands:

Would none but I might venge my Cozens death!

Lady C. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not:

Then weepe no more. Ile send to one in Mantua,—

Where that fame banniift runnagate doth liue,—

Shall give him such an vnaccustomd dram,

That he shall soone kepe Tybalt companie:

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo,—till I behold him—dead—

Is my poore heart,—so for a kinfman vext.

Madam, if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyfon, I would temper it,

That Romeo should, vpon receit thereof,
ACT III. SC. 5.

of Romeo and Juliet.

105 Soone sleepe in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To heare him namde,—and cannot come to him,—
To wraake the lorne I bore my Cozen [Tybalt]
Vpon his body that hath slaughterd him!

104 Lady C. Find thou the means, and Ie finde such a man.
But now ile tell thee joyfull tidings, Gyrle.
Iul. And ioy comes well in such a needle time:
What are they, [I] befeech your Ladyship?

108 Lady C. Well, well, thou haft a carefull father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heauines,
Hath forted out a suddan day of ioy,
That thou expectst not, nor I lookest not for.

112 Iul. Madam, in happie time, what day is that?
Lady C. Marrie, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie Paris, at Saint Peters Church,

116 Shall happily make thee there a joyfull Bride.
Iul. Now, by Saint Peters Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyfull Bride.
I wonder at this hate; that I must wed

120 Ere he that shoulde be husband comes to wooe.
I pray you, tell my Lord and father, Madam,
I will not marrie yet; and, when I do, I sweare
It shal be Romeo,—whom you know I hate,—

124 Rather then Paris. These are newes indeed!
Lady C. Here comes your father; tell him so your selfe,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun fets, the ayre doth drifle deaw;

128 But for the Sunset of my brothers soune,
It rains downright.—
How now! a Conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Euermore showring? In one little body

132 Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebe and flowe with teares; the Barke thy body is,
Sayling in this salt fould; the windes, thy sighes;
136 Who,—raging with thy teares, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calme, will overfet
Thy tempest toffee body.—How now, wife?
Haue you deliuere’d to her our decree?
Lady C. I, sir; but she will none, she giues you thankes.—
I would the foole were married to her graue!
Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
144 Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride[groom]?
Iul. Not proud, you haue; but thankful, that you haue:
148 Proud can I neuer be of what I hate;
But thankfull even for hate, that is meant hone.
Cap. How now! how now! chopt lodgick! what is this?
‘Proud,’ and ‘I thanke you,’ and ‘I thanke you not’;
152 And yet ‘not proud’; mistresse minion, you,
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine Ioynts gainst Thrusday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peters Church,
156 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you greene ficknesse carion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face!
Lady C. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?
Iul. Good Father, I beeche you on my knees,
160 Haere me with patience but to speake a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what:—get thee to Church a Thrusday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face:
164 Speake not, replie not, do not answere me;
My fingers itch,—Wife, we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely child;e;
But now I see this one is one too much,
168 And that we haue a curfe in hauing her:
Out on her, hilding!
Nur. God in heauen bleffe her!—
ACT III. SC. 5. of Romeo and Juliet.

You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her so.

_Cap._ And why, my Lady wightone? hold your tongue,

*172 Good Prudence; smatter with your gollips, go.*

_Nur._ I speake no treafon.

_Cap._ O, Godigeden.

_Nur._ May not one speake [t'ye]?

_Cap._ Peace, you mumbling foole!

Vitter your grauitie ore a Gohips bowle;

*176 For here we need it not.*

_Lady C._ You are too hot.

_Cap._ Gods bread! it makes me mad:

[Day-time, night-tide, waking or sleeping houre,
At home, abroad, alone, in companie,

*180 Working or playing, still my care hath bene* To haue her match: and hauing now prouided A Gentleman of noble parentage, Of faire demeanes, youthfull, and nobly trainde,

*184 Stuff, as they say, with honourable parts,* Proportioned as ones thought would with a man,— And then to haue a wretched puling foole, A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,

*188 To answere—' Ile not wed,—I cannot love,—* I am too young.—I pray you, pardon me’;— But, and you will not wed, ile ‘pardon’ you: Graze where you will, you shal not haue with me:

*192 Looke too’t, thinke on’t, I do not vfe to ieft.* Thuriday is neare; lay hand on hart, advise: And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend; And you be not, hang, beg, farue, dye in the streets,

*196 For, by my foule, ile nere acknowledge thee,* Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good: Truft too’t, bethinke you; ile not be forfworne. _[Exit._

_Iul._ Is there no pittie fitting in the cloudes,

*200 That fees into the bottome of my greefe?* O, sweet my Mother, caft me not away! Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke; Or, if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where Tibalt lies.

Lady C. Talke not to me, for ile not speake a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Iul. O God!—ó Nurie, how shall this be preuented?

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 leaving earth?—comfort me, counsafe me.—

Alack, alack, that heauen should practife stratagems
Upon so soft a subiect as my selfe!—
What sayst thou? haft thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort, Nurie.

Nur. Faith, here it is: Romeo

Is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the cafe so stands as now it doth,
I thynke it best you married with the Countie.
O, hees a lonely Gentleman!

Rom. a dishclout to him: an Eagle, Madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so faire an eye,

As Paris hath. Bethrow my very hart,
I thynke 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.

Iul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my soule too; else bethrow them both.

Iul. Amen!

Nur. [To] what?

Iul. Well, thou haft comforted me maruellous much.
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeased my father, to Lawrence Cell,

To make confession, and to be absolu'd.

Nur. Marrie, I will; and this is wisely done. [Exit.

Iul. Annient damnation! ó most wicked fiend!
Is it more fin—to with me thus forfoworne,
ACT IV. SC. 1.

Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue
Which he hath prais'd him with above 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 self haue power to die.

[Exit.

IV. 1.

Enter Frier Lawrence and Countie Paris.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My Father Capulet will haue it so;
And I am nothing slow, to flacke his haste.

4 Fri. L. You say you do not know the Ladies minde?—
Vneuen is the courfe; I like it not.
Par. Immoderately he weepes for Tybalt's death,
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue;

8 For Venus smiles not in a house of teares.
Now, sir, her father counts it daungerous
That she do gine her forrow so much fway;
And, in his wisedome, haues our marriage,

12 To stop the inundation of her teares;
Which, too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by societie:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

16 Fri. L. [Aside] I would I knew not why it should be flowned.—
Looke, sir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife!
Juil. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, loue, on Thursday next.
Juil. What must be shall be.
Fri. L. Thats a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confeSSION to this Father?
Juil. To anfwere that, I shoulde confesse to you.

24 Par. Do not deny to him, that you loue me.
Juil. I will confesse to you, that I loue him.
ACT IV. SC. 1.] The most lamentable Tragedie

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you lune me.
Iul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
28 Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poor soule, thy face is much abused with tears.
Iul. The tears have got small victorie by that;
For it was bad enough, before their spight.
32 Par. Thou wrongst it, more then tears, with that report.
Iul. That is no flander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haft flanred it.
36 Iul. 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 Maffe?
Fri. L. My leisurere feres me, penfue daughter, now.—
40 My Lord, we must entreate the time alone.
Par. Godshield, I shoulde disturbe devotion!—
Juliet, on Thurſday early will I rowne yee:
Till then, adore, and keepe this holy kilfe.
[Exit.

44 Iul. O, that the doore, and when thou haft done fo,
Come wepe with me; paft hope, paft cure, paft help!
Fri. L. O, Juliet, I already know thy griefe;
It straimes me paſt the compasse of my wits:
48 I heare thou muft, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thurſday next be married to this Countie.
Iul. Tell me not, Frier, that thou hauef of this,
Vnlefte thou tell me how I may prevent it:
52 If, in thy wisedome, thou canst give no helpe,
Do thou but call my resolution wife,
And with this knife ile helpe it presently.
God loynd my heart and Romeos, thou our hands;
56 And ere this hand, by thee to Romeos feald,
Shall be the Labell to an other deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt
Turne to an other, this shall fley them both:
60 Therefore, out of thy long experienſt time,
Gieue me some preuent counfell; or, behold,
Twixt my extremes and me this bloudie knife
Shall play the umpree; arbitrating that
64 Which the commisision 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. L. Hold, daughter; I do spie a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather then to marrie Countie Paris,
72 Thou haft the strength of will to slay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this flame,
That coapt with death himselfe to scape from it;
76 And, if thou dar'st, Ile giue thee remedie.

Iul. Oh, bid me leape, rather then marrie Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder Tower;
Or walke in theeuth wayes; or bid me lurke

80 Where Serpents are; chaine me with roaring Beares;
Or shut me nightly in a Charnel house,
Orecoured quite with dead mens rating bones,
With reekie thanks and yealous chapleis sculls;
84 Or bid me go into a new made grave,
   And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
   Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble;
   And I will do it without feare or doubt,

88 To liue an vnftaint wife to my sweete loue.

Fri. L. Hold, then; go home, be merrie, giue consent
To marrie Paris: wendiday is to morrow;
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,

92 Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
   Take thou this Violl, being then in bed,
   And this distilling liquor drinke thou off:
   When presenty through all thy veines shall run

96 A cold and drowzie humour; for no pulfe
   Shall kepe his natue progresse, but furecase:
   No warmth, no breath, shall testifie thou liu'ft;
ACT IV. SC. 2.] The most lamentable Tragedie

The roes in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
100 To paly ashes; thy eyes windowes fall,
    Like death, when he shut vp the day of life;
    Each part, depriu'd of supple governement,
    Shall, stiffe, and flarke, and cold, appeare like death:
104 And in this borrow'd likenesse of shrunke death
    Thou shalt continue two and fortie houres,
    And then awake as from a plesant sleepe.
    Now, when the Bridegroom in the morning comes
108 To rowfe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
    Then,—as the manner of our countrie is,—
    In thy best robes, vncouer'd on the Beere,
    Thou shalt be borne to that fame auncient vault
112 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; and he and I
116 Will watch thy waking: and that very night
    Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
    And this shall free thee from this present shame;
    If no inconstant toy, nor womanish feare,
120 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

  Iul. Give me, give me! O tell not me of feare!

  Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
    In this resolute: Ile fend a Frier be speed
124 To Mantua, with my Letters to thy Lord.
    Iul. Loue give me strength! and strength shall helpe afford.
    Farewell, deare father!

[Exeunt.

IV. 2. Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and
    Servaues men, two or three.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

  Sirrah, go hire me twentie cunning Cooke.

  Ser. You shall have none ill, sir; for Ile trie if they can
4 lick their fingers.
Cap. How canst thou trie them so?

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

Cap. Go, be gone.—[Exit 2 Ser.

We shall be much vnfurnifht for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to Frier Lawrence?


Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:

A peuellif felfewilld harlottry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See, where she comes from thrift with merie looke.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you bin gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin

Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behets; and am enjoynd,

By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here

To beg your pardon:—pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever rude by you.

Cap. Send for the Countie; go tell him of this:

Ile have this knot knit vp to morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthfull Lord at Lawrence Cell,

And gane him what become of louse I might,

Not flapping ore the bounds of modestie.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is wel,—stand vp:

This is aft shoulde be.—Let me see the Countie;

I, marrie, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

Now, afores God, this reverend holy Frier,

All our whole Citie is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my Closet,

To helpe me fort such needfull ornaments

As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

Lady C. No, not till Thursday: there is time enough.

Cap. Go, Nurse, go with her:—weele to Church to morrow.

[Exit Juliet and Nurse.

Lady C. We shall be short in our provifion:
ACT IV. SC. 3.] The most lamentable Tragedie

Tis now neare night.

Cap. Tush! I will stirre about,

And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thon to Juliet, helpe to decke vp her;
Ile not to bed to night;—let me alone;
Ile 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 fame wayward Gyrle is so reclaymd.

[Exeunt.

IV. 3.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

JUL. I, those attires are best:—but, gentle Nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to my selfe to night;
For I have need of many orypons

To moue the heavens to smile vpon my flate,
Which, well thou knowest, is croffe and full of fin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

Lady C. What, are you busie, ho? need you my helpe?

JUL. No, Madam; we haue culd such necessaries

As are behooffull for our flate to morrow:
So pleae you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurfe this night fit vp with you;
For, I am sure, you haue your hands full all,

In this so sudden busineffe.

Lady C. Good night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou haft need.

[Exeunt Lady C. and Nurfe.

JUL. Farewell!—God knowes when we shall meete againe.
I haue a fain cold feare thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes vp the heat of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.—
Nurfe!—What shoule she do here?
My dismall scene I needs muft act alone.—

Come, Violl.—
ACT IV. SC. 3.]  of Romeo and Juliet.  75

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.—

[Laying down a dagger.

24 What if it be a poysion, which the Frier
Subtly hath ministred to haue me dead,
Leaft in this marriage he should be dishonourd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
28 I feare it is: and yet, me thinks, it shou'd not,
For he hath still bene tried a holy man.
[I will not entertaine so bad a thought.]—
How if, when I am laid into the Tombe,
32 I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearfull poyn't!
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
36 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I lye, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Togerther with the terror of the place,—
40 As in a Vaulte, an auncient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred yeares the bones
Of all my buried auncestors are packt;
Where bloodie Tybalt, yet but greene in earth,
44 Lies festring in his thronde; where, as they say,
At some houres in the night Spirits refort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like that I
So early waking,—what with loathsome sinels,
48 And thrives like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls, hearing them, run mad:—
O! if I wake, shall I not be diftraught,
Insuironed with all these hidonous feares?
52 And madly play with my forefathers joynts?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his throwde?
And, in this rage, with some great kinshams bone,
As with a club, dash out my depreate braines?
56 O, looke! me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost
ACT IV. SC. 4.] The most lamentable Tragedy

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Vpon a Rapiers poynct:—flay, Tybalt, flay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drinke to thee.

[She fale upon her bed, within the Curtaine.

IV. 4.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Lady C. Hold, take these keies, & fetch more spices, Nurse.
Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the Pafftrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, fir, fir, fir! the second Cock hath crow'd,
4 The Curphew bell hath roong, tis three a clock:—
Looke to the bakte meates, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nur. Go, [go] you cot-queane, go,
Get you to bed; faith, youle be ficke to morrow
8 For this nights watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; what! I have watcht ere now
All night for leffer caufe, and nere bene ficke.
Lady C. I, you have bene a moufe-hunt in your time;
12 But I will watch you from fuch watching now.

[Exeunt Lady C. and Nurse.

Cap. A jealous hood, a jealous hood!—

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

Now, fellow,

What is there?

1 Ser. Things for the Cooke, sir; but I know not what.
16 Cap. Make hafe, make hafe. [Exit 1 Ser.]—Sirra, fetch
drier logs:
Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

2 Ser. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

20 Cap. Maffic, and well said; a merrie horfon, ha!
Thou shalt be loggerhead.—Good faith, tis day:
The Countie will be here with musciee staight,
ACT IV. SC. 5. of Romeo and Juliet.

For so he said he would. [Mufcicke within.] I heare him neare.—
24 Nurse! —Wife! —what, ho! —what, Nurse, I say!

[Re-enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her vp;
Ile go and chat with Paris: —hie, make haffe,
Make haffe! the bridgroome, he is come already:
28 Make haffe, I say! [Exeunt.

IV. 5.

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Misfris! —what, misfris Juliet! —faft, I warrant her, 
the: —
Why, Lambe! —why, Lady! —fie, you fluggabed!—
Why, Lone, I say! —Madam! —fweete heart! —why, Bride!—
4 What, not a word? —you take your pennisworths now;
Sleepe for a weeke; for the next night, I warrant,
The Countie Paris hath fet vp his ref,
That you shall ref but little.—God forgiue me!
8 Marrie, and Amen! —How sound is the a sleepe!
I needs muft wake her: —Madam, Madam, Madam!
I, let the Countie take you in your bed;
Hele freght you vp, yfaith. —Will it not be?
12 What, dreft! and in your clothes! and downe againe!
I muft needs wake you. Lady, Lady, Lady!
Alas, alas! —helpe, helpe! my Ladyes dead!—
Oh, welladay, that euer I was borne!—
16 Some Aqua-vite, ho! —my Lord! my Lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

Lady C. What noife is here?
Nur. O lamentable day!
Lady C. What is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke! oh heauie day!
Lady C. O me, O me! my child, my onely life,
20 Reuieue, looke vp, or I will die with thee!—
Helpe, helpe! —call helpe.
Enter Capulet.

_Cap._ For shame, bring _Juliet_ forth; her Lord is come.
_Nur._ Shees dead, deceasft, shees dead; alack the day!

_Lady C._ Alack the day! shees dead, shees dead, shees dead!
_Cap._ Hah! let me see her:—out, alas! shees cold;
Her bloud is fetled, and her ioynts are stiffe;
Life and these lips haue long bene separeated:

Death lies on her, like an vntimely frost
Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.
[Accursed time! unfortunate old man!]
_Nur._ O lamentable day!

_Lady C._ O wofull time!

_Cap._ Death, that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake.

Enter _Friar Lawrence_ and _the Countie Paris,_
_with Musicians._

_Fri. L._ Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
_Cap._ Ready to go, but neuer to returne.

O sorne, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death laine with thy wife:—[See,] there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my sorne 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 long to see this mornings face,
And doth it give me such a fight as this?

_Lady C._ Accurse, vnappie, wretched, hatefull day!
Most miserable houre, that ere time saw
In laffing 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 fight!
_Nur._ O wo! O wofull, wofull, wofull day!
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,

That euer, euer, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Neuer was seene so blake a day as this:
O wofull day! O wofull, [wofull] day!

56  Par. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, flaine!
    Most deteatable death, by thee beguild,
    By cruel, cruel thee quite overthowe!
O loue! O life!—not life, but loue in death!

60  Cap. Despiide, diisreised, hated, martird, kild!
    Uncomfortable time! why camst thou now
    To murther, murther our solemnite?
O childe! O childe!—my soule, and not my childe!—

64  Dead art thou!  [Dead!]-Alacke, my child is dead;
    And, with my child, my joyes are buried!
    Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! confusions creare lines not
    In these confusions.  Heauen and your selfe

68  Had part in this faire mae; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keepe from death;
But heaven keepes his part in eternall life.

72  The moft you sought was her promotion;
    For twas your heauen she should be aduanft:
And wepe ye now, seeing she is aduanft
Above the Cloudes, as high as heauen it selfe?

76  O, in this loue, you loue your child so ill,
    That you run mad, seeing the is well:
Shees not well married, that lies married long;
But shees beft married, that dies married young.

80  Drie vp your teares, and fliek your Rofemarie
On this faire Coarfe; and, as the cuftome is,
And in her beft array, beare her to Church:
For though fond nature bids vs all lament,

84  Yet natures teares are reasones merriment.
    Cap. All things that we ordaine festiuall,
    Turne from their office to black Funerall:
    Our instruments, to melancholy bells;

88  Our wedding cheare, to a faie buriall feaft;
    Our solemn hymnes to fullen dyrges change;
ACT V. SC. 1.] The most lamentable Tragedie

How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady Juliet? that I ask again?
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bul. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleepes in Cappell monument,
And her immortal part with Angels lives.

I saw her laid lowe in her kindreds vault,
And presently tooke pohte to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it soe so? then I denie you, fiarces!—
Thou knowst if my lodging: get me inke and paper,
And hire post horseyes; I will hence to night.

Bul. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:

Your lookes are pale and Wilde, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Thuf, thou art deceu'd:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou none Letters to me from the Frier?

Bul. No, my good Lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horseyes; Ile be with thee straight.

[Exit Balthazar.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.

Let's fee for meanes:—O mischiefe, thou art swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an Apothecarie,—

And here abouts a dwells,—which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with overwhemling brownes,

Calling of simples; menager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worn him to the bones:
And in his needle thop a tortoyes lung,
An allegator blood, and other skins

Of ill shapee fibes: and about his skelues
A beggersly account of emptie boxes,

Comons carthou pots, bladders, and muffie seedes,
Remaines of packthreed, and old cakes of Rofes,
ACT V. SC. 1.] of Romeo and Juliet.

48 Were thinly scatter'd, to make vp a fiew.
   Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,—
   An if a man did need a poyfon now,
   Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
52 Here lines a Catiffe wretch would fell it him.—
   O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
   And this same needle men must fell it me.
   As I remember, this should be the house:
56 Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.—
   What, ho! Apothecarie!

   Enter Apothecary.

   Who calls so loud?

   Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor;
   Hold, there is forty dollars: let me have
60 A dram of poyfon; such soone speeding geare
   As will dispence it selfe through all the veins,
   That the life-wearie taker may fall dead,
   And that the Trunke may be discharged of breath
64 As violently as haffie powder fierd
   Doth hurry from the fatal Canons womb.

   Ap. Such mortall drugs I have; but Mantua lawe
   Is death to any he that utters them.

68 Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
   And fear't to die? famine is in thy checkes,
   Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
   Contempt and beggerie hangs upon thy back,
72 The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:
   The world affords no law to make thee rich;
   Then be not poor, but brake it, and take this.

   Ap. My pouerite, but not my will, contends.

76 Rom. I pay thy pouerite, and not thy will.

   Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
   And drinke it off; and, if you had the strenght
   Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straigt.

80 Rom. There is thy Gold; worfe poyfon to mens foules,
   Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
ACT V. SC. 3.] of Romeo and Juliet.

28 But I will write againe to Mantua,
    And keepe her at my Cell till Romeo come:
    Poore liuing Coarfe, close in a dead mans Tombe!
    [Exit.

V. 3. Enter Countie Paris and his Page, with flowers and sweete water.

    Par. Give me thy Torch, boy: hence, and stand aloofe:—
    Yet put it out; for I would not be seene.
    Under yond yew Trees lay thee all along,
    Holding thy care clofe to the hollow ground;
    So sall no foote vpon the Church-yard tread,
    Being loofe, vnfirm, with digging vp of Graues,
    But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me,
    As signall that thou heare'lt some thing approach.
    Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
    Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
    Here in the Church-yard; yet I will adventure. [Retires.

12 Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I strewe,—
    O woe! thy Canpie is dust and stones;—
    Which with sweete water nightly I will dewe,
    Or, wanting that, with teares distille by mones;
16    The obsequies that I for thee will keepe
    Nightly shall be, to strewe thy graue and weep.
    [Whistle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foote wanders this way to night,
20 To crofe my obsequies, and true louses right?
What, with a Torch?—muffle me, night, a while.
    [Retires.

    Enter Romeo and Balthazer, with a torch, a mattocke,
    and a crow of yron.

    Rom. Give me that mattocke, and the wrenching Iron,
    Hold, take this Letter; early in the morning
24    See thou deliever it to my Lord and Father.
    Give me the light. Vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hear’st 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 vie

In deare employments: therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, dost returne to prie
In what I farther shall intend to doo,
By heauen, I will teare thee Joynt by Joynt,

And flew this hungry Church-yard with thy lims:
The time and my intents are sauage wilde;
More fierce, and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, fir, and not trouble ye.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship.—Take thou that:
Line, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this fame, I’ll hide me here about:

His lookes I fear, and his intents I doubt.

Rom. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg’d with the dearest morfell of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten Jawes to open,

And, in despit, Ile cram thee with more foode.

Par. This is that banifht haughtie Mountague,
That murdred my loues Cozin:—with which greefe,
It is suppos’d, the faire creature died,—

And here is come to do some villainous flame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—

Stop thy vnhaughty doyle, vile Mountague!
Can vengeance be purfud 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 desperate man,

Flie hence and leave me:—thinke upon these gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Put not an other sin upon my head,
By vrving me to furie:—ô, be gone!
64 By heauen, I loue thee better then my selfe;
For I come hither armde against my selfe:
Stay not, begone;—line, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.
68 Par. I do defe thy coiurations,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Rom. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee, boy!

[They fight.

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

[Exit.

72 Par. O, I am flaine!—If thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with Juliet.

Rom. In faith, I will:—let me peruse this face;—
Mercutio's kinsman, Noble Countie Paris!
76 What said my man, when my betoil'd foule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me Paris should haue married Juliet.
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
.80 Or am I mad, hearing him talke of Juliet,
To thinke it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One wri't with me in fowre misfortunes booke!
I heur thee in a triumphant graue;—
84 A Graue ? O, no; a Lanthorne, slaughtred youth;
For here lies Juliet, and her bewtie makes
This Vault a feastfull presense full of light.—
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interd.

[LAYING PARIS IN THE MONUMENT.

88 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 Louse! my wife!
92 Death, that hath fuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy bewtie:
Thou art not conquer'd; bewties enigne yet
Is crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And deaths pale flag is not advanced there.—

Tybalt, leyst thou there in thy bloudie sheeet?
O, what more favoure can I do to thee
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine

To funder his that was thine enemie?
Forgie me, Couzen!—Ah, deare Juliet,
Why art thou yet so faire? Shall I beleue
That vnsubstantiall death is amorous,

And that the leane abhorred monster keepes
Thee here in darke to be his parramour?
For feare of that, I stille will stawe with thee,
And neuer from this pallass of dym night

Depart againe: here, here will I remaine
With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides; O, here
Will I set vp my euerlafting reft;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious flarres

From this world weared fleshe.—Eyes, looke your laft!
Armes, take your laft embrace! And lips, O you
The doores of breath, feale with a righteous kniffe
A datelefte bargaine to ingroffing death!—

Come, bitter conduckt, come, vnfauoury guide!
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashting Rocks thy feaftick weary barke!
Heeres to my Loue!—[Drinks.] O, true Apothecary!

Thy drugs are quicke.—Thus with a kniffe I die. [Dies

Enter Frier Lawrence, with Lanthorne, Crowe,
and Spade.

Frier. Saint Francis be my speede! how oft to night
Have my old feet stumbled at graues! Whoes there?

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

Frier. Bliffle be vpon you! Tell me, good my friend.
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyelefte sculles? as I dicerne,
It burneth in the Capels monument.

Bal. It doth fo, holy fir; and theres my maifter,
One that you lone.
ACT V. SC. 3.]

of Romeo and Juliet.

Friar. Who is it?
Bal. Romeo.
Friar. How long hath he bin there?
Bal. Full halfe an houre.
Friar. Go with me to the Vault.
Bal. I dare not, sir:

132 My Master knowes not but I am gone hence;
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his intents.
Frier. Stay, then; I lie alone:—feare comes upon me;
136 O, much I feare some ill unluckie thing.
Bal. As I did sleepe under this yew tree here,
I dreampt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
Frier. Romeo!— [Advances.

140 Alack, alack, what bloud is this, which slaines
The holy entrance of this Sepulchre?—
What meane these masterleffe and goarie swords
To lie discolour’d by this place of peace?— [Enters the tomb.
144 Romeo! oh, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And sleept in bloud?—Ah, what an vnkind hower
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?—
The Lady fyrnes. [Juliet wakes.

148 Jul. O, comfortable Friar! where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—where is my Romeo?— [Noise within.
Frier. I hear some noyse.—Lady, come from that nest

152 Of death, contagion, and vnaturall sleepe:
A greater power then we can contradiict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead;
156 And Paris too: come, ile dispoise of thee
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnnes:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming;
Come, go, good Juliet,—I dare no longer stay.

160 Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.— [Exit.
Enter the Prince with others.

Prin. What misadventure is so early vp,

188 That calls our person from our morning reft?

Enter Capulet and his wife.

Cap. What should it be that is so hark'd abroad?

Lady C. The people in the street cry Romeo,

Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all runne

192 With open outcry toward our Monument.

Prin. What feare is this, which startles in our eares?

1 Watch. Soueraine, here lies the County Paris plain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,

196 Warme and new kild.

Prin. Search, seke, & know how this foule murder comes.

1 Watch. Here is a Frier, and Slaugther'd Romeo's man,

With Instruments vpon them, fit to open

200 Thefe dead mens Tombes.

Cap. O heauens!—O wife, looke how our daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mischief, for, loe, his house

Is emplt on the back of Mountague,

204 And it misheathed in my daughters bosome!

Lady C. O me! this sight of death is as a Bell

That warne my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Prin. Come, Mountague; for thou art early vp,

208 To see thy sonne and heire more early downe.

Moun. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to night;

Griefe of my sonnes exile hath fopt her breath:

What further woe conspires against mine age?

212 Prin. Looke, and thou shalt fee.

Moun. O thou vntaught! what maners is in this,

To preffe before thy father to a graue?

Prin. Scale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,

216 Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

And know their spring, their head, their true difcenc;
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And leade you even to death: meane time forbeare,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the partie of suffption.
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 here I stand, both to impeach and purge
My self condemned and my selfe excuse.
Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
Frier. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeos faithfull wife:
I married them; and their solemn marriage day
Was Tibals doomesday, whose untimely death
Baniished the new-made Bridegroom from this Citie;
For whom, and not for Tibalt, Juliet pine.
You, to remove that siege of griefe from her,
Betrothd, and would have married her perforce,
To Countie Paris. Then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me denye some meane
To rid her from this second mariage,
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gave I her (so tutor'd 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 borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potions force should ceafe.
But he which bore my letter, Frier John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yeaternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone,
At the prefixed hower of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault;
Meaning to kepe her closely at my Cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:

256 But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here vntimely lay
The Noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,

260 And beare this worke of heauen with patience:
But then a noyse did scare me from the Tombe,
And she, too desperat, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on her selfe.

264 All this I know; & to the marriage
Her Nurfe is priuie: and, if ought in this
Misdaried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed some hour before his time

268 Unto the rigour of seuerest law.

Prin. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Wheres Romeo man? what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my maister newes of Juliets death;

272 And then in poete he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This Letter he early bid me give his Father;
And threatened me with death, going in the Vault,

276 If I departed not, and left him there.

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

Page. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies grave;
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to open the Tombe;
And by and by my maister drew on him;

284 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 poison

288 Of a poor Pothecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to die, and lye with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Mountague!
See, what a scourge is laide upon your hate,
AUT V. SC. 3.] The most lamentable Tragedie

292 That heauen finds means to kil your joyes with loose!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Haue loft a brace of kinsmen:—all are punisht.

Cap. O, brother Mountague, give me thy hand:
296 This is my daughters joynture, for no more
Can I demaund.

Moun. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That whiles Verona by that name is knowne,
300 There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Iliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romes by his Ladies lie;
Poore sacrifices of our enmitie!

304 Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The Sun, for sorrow, will not shew his head:
Go hence, to have more talke of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punisht:

308 For never was a Storie of more wo,
Then this of Iliet and her Romeo. [Exeunt.

FINIS.
NOTES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. The list first given, imperfectly, by Rowe.

PROLOGUE. This Prologue is omitted in Ff. In (Q1) it consists but of twelve lines and is evidently not a true rendering of the original.

Corus. Corus Q2.

14. here, here Q2.

ACTS AND SCENES. In the Qq, Ff there is no division of this Play into Acts and Scenes. The Ff indeed head the first scene with 'Actus Primus. Scena Prima.' but that is all. The division I have adopted is that of most modern editions.

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—Total 9772 lines.

In a tentative edition like the present, I have deemed it best for convenience of reference to the standard modern editions, to maintain this division; but I suggest that the more natural division would have been to end Act III. with Sc. 4.—the scene in which Capulet promises Juliet in marriage to Paris,—making Act IV. commence with the Parting of the lovers. The interposition of the short scene 4 alone, between the arrangement made at the Friar’s Cell for the meeting of the lovers and the scene in which they part, does not give a sufficiently marked interval for the occurrence of all the events which are supposed to have passed in the interim: moreover the addition of Sc. 5 to Act III. has the disadvantage of making that act inordinately long. Capell made the division I here suggest; but his example does not appear to have been followed by any subsequent editor.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

In this opening scene, up to the actual commencement of the fray, a comparison of (Q1) with Q2 leaves one with the impression that the former, in its incompleteness, is merely the result of imperfect notes taken during the performance;
the summing up of the affair itself in a descriptive stage direction strengthens this impression. On the entry of the Prince to part the combatants his speech is reduced nearly one third. In the subsequent dialogue between Montague, his Wife, and Benvolio, there are again large omissions in (Q1). Benvolio asked to describe the fray breaks down at the second line; but traces of the lines he should have spoken may be discovered in his confused account in (Q1) of the fatal fight in which Mercutio and Tybalt are slain (Act III. Sc. 1), where indeed one whole line of those here omitted will be found:—'While we [they] were enterchausing thrusts and blows.' It will also be noticed as a proof of omission on the part of (Q1) that Montague retains the line—'Black and portentous must this hour be our grove;' but his description of Romeo's melancholy humour to which he refers is only to be found in Q2. Again we find evidence of omission on the part of (Q1) in the abruptness of the conclusion of the dialogue between Romeo and Benvolio and in the absolute agreement in character of the additional 22 lines found in Q2 with all that had gone before. For the rest, from the entry of the Prince to the conclusion of the scene, what is given in (Q1) is evidently derived, however obtained, from an authentic source, and has the great value of enabling us to correct some errors that have crept into Q2, and of affording evidence of revision in that quarto. The reader may easily discover for himself by the aid of the Parallel texts edition of this play the proofs of this revision; but all instances of any moment will be found recorded in these notes.

4. out of collar] out of choller Q2, 3. out of the coler Q4. out of the collar Q5. out of th Collar F1. (o th F3, 4.)
21. I will be civil with the maider] For civil Q4. 5 have cruell, a reading that has been very generally adopted, from Rowe downwards.
25. They must take it in sense] Q2, 3. F1 omit in.
30. here comes two of the house of Montagues.] Malone first introduced two into the text, from (Q1). The Ff. have, . . . of the Mountagues.
31. [Enter Abram and another, serving men of the Mountagues] The Q4. Ff. have merely, 'Enter two other serving men.' From the prefix to his speeches we find the name of one to be Abram; the other, a mute personage, was named by Rowe, Balthasar; but as that is the name of Romeo's man, who plays a serious part, I have preferred to leave this second serving man unnamed.
39. which is disgrace to them] Q3, 4, 5 & Ff. have,—which is a disgrace to them,—the reading generally adopted. The introduction of the article seems however unnecessary. (Q1) has,—which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.
52. [Enter, at opposite sides, Benvolio and Tihalt.] The Q4. Ff. have here merely 'Enter Benvolio.' Tihalt's entry is marked after what is, in our text, line 60.

Benvolio is of the faction of the Montagues, and his entry when Gregorie, a servant of the Capulets, says 'here comes one of my maisters kinmen' led Farmer to suppose a mistake in this place. Steevens however explains that "Gregorie may mean Tybalt, who enters immediately after Benvolio, but on a different part of the stage. The eyes of the servant may be directed the way he sees Tybalt coming, and in the mean time, Benvolio enters on the opposite side."
'Others would through the river him have drive.'

_F. Q. (Two Cantos on Mutability) 6, 50._

_Drive (i. e., torow) still survives as a vulgarism; but as no other instance of its use can be found in Shakspeare I have preferred to follow the example of the editions subsequent to Q2, and of all English editors._

For the line quoted at the head of this note (Q1) has,—

A troubled thought drew me from companic:
this, taken in connection with two other lines in this speech—
I drew towards him but he was ware of me,
And drew into the thicket of the wood,—
also altered in Q5, would seem to suggest that the altered version is the result of a revision of the play for the later edition. See, also, note on lines 122, 123 in this same speech.

116. Synamour] Q2, 3, 4 misprint Synamour.

117. That westward parteth from the City's side.] Malone, from (Q1). Q2 has,—this side of the city. The rest,—this side of the city.

122, 123. Which then most sought where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my warie selfe.] Q2, 3, 4, F. have a comma after sought; Q5 omits comma. For these two lines (Q1) has,—

That most are busied when th'are most alone,

a reading introduced by Pope and adopted by many editors. The two lines however which appear in my text seem to me evidently the result of a revision of the original play. A probable restoration of the text is recorded in Furness's Variorum edition, p. 431, Appendix, as the conjecture of Prof. G. Allen:—where more might not be found.' 'Shakespeare,' says Mr Allen, 'was not the man (in Romeo and Juliet, at least) to let slip the chance of running through the Degrees of Comparison, many, more, most.'

125. shunned] shunn'd Q2, 3, 4.


141. Both by my selfe and many other friends.]—F1 has others Friends, and on this authority Knight finds his reading.—and many others, friends. Knight's punctuation may possibly be right; but there would be no need to change other to others. Other was frequently used as a plural.

142. But he, his owne affections counsellor.] But he is owne, etc. Q2.

145. Or dedicate his beaute to the sun.] For sun the Q5, F. have same. Sun is one of Theobald's many happy emendations, and has been almost universally adopted. It should however be observed that instances of this flat, lawyer's- clerk-like diction are frequent in the works of Shakspeare's predecessors and contemporaries—I could give many specimens; but (to quote one instance only)

—'that which every one doth know for truth

Needs no examples to confirm the same.'

Greene's _Comical History of Alphonse, King of Arragon._

67. Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will.] For this line (Q1) has,—

Should without laws give pathways to our will. The line is a difficult one, whichever version we accept, and has been variously interpreted by those editors who have ventured to explain it. Staunton conjectures that the true reading,
ACT I. SC. I.

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suggested by (Q1), is probably—'Should, without eyes, set pathways to our will'; in other words, 'make us walk in any direction he chooses to appoint.'

172. create] So (Q1), F2, 3, 4. The rest, created.

174. wellseeming former] So Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4. (well seeming Q5. well-seen- ing F3, 4.) wellseing former Q4, 3, F1. best seeming things (Q1).

181, 182. Grieves of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest.

(Q1) has,—
Which thou wouldest propagate to have them prest.
Pope, and others, adopted them in line 182.

182. propagate] propagate Q2.

183. this love, that thou hast shown;] (Q1) has,—this griefe that thou hast shown;—probably the better reading.

184. to too] too too Q2.

185. Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighes] For made, Pope introduced from (Q1) raise.

187. Being vast, a too nourish't with loving tears] For loving, Pope introduced from (Q1) lovers, a reading very generally adopted. The whole line in (Q1) is, Being vast, a too raging with a lovers tears—and, with the omission of a before lovers, would probably be the better reading.

192. Tut, I have lost myself!] (Q1) & Q4, F1, read,—'I have lost myself.' The emendation, which I consider a certain restoration of Shakspeare's words, is recorded in Furness's Variorum edition as being by Prof. Allen, whose note I subjoin:—

"Ben. An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rome. Tut, I have left myself, etc.

It was exactly in Romeo's manner, in this dialogue, that he should take up the very word of Benvolio in his answer. Nothing was easier than for the transcriber or compositor of that day to mistake the f for the long a, and vice versa. Compare Coriolanus, i. 4. 55, where for left we should probably read lost."

The passage in 'Coriolanus' referred to by Prof. Allen is where Marcia pursuing the Volsci enters the town with them and is shut in. His followers give him for lost, and Latius exclaims—'Thou art left, Marcus!' Collier had already conjectured that last was the true reading, and Singer first adopted the conjecture. For another instance in which it is certain that lost and left have been confounded see Hamlet, III. i. 99. 'I was perfumed lost' is the reading of all the Quarto; the Folios have left.

194. Tell me in sadness: who is't that you lose?] The note of interrogation, found in Q4, F1, seems to require the apostrophe t which I have introduced after it. Most modern editions omit the t. Capell and Staunton retain it. Singer in his 2nd ed. read,—who 'tis that you lose. Pope, founding his reading on (Q1) which has,—some she is you lose I read,—who she is you lose. In Benvolio's next speech I have also ventured, contrary to modern practice, in preserving the last word,—who? as an interrogation. Q2, 3 give the speech in that form.

197. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will.] So (Q1) and Q4, 5. Q2, 3 and F1 have,—A sick man in sadness makes his will—and F2, 3, 4 eke out the line by reading,—in good sadness—
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[ACT I. SC. 1.]

201. mark-man] So (Q1). The Q3, F1, 2 omit the hyphen. F3, 4 have marks-man.
206. From lower weak childish how she lines unharm’d] The Qq. and Ff. have, —unharmed. The correction is found in (Q1), which, however, reads,—Gainst Cupids childish how she lines unharm’d.
210, 211. O, she is rich in beauty! only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.] Here (Q1) abruptly ends the scene. The second line has been much discussed, and Theobald’s emendation—‘with her dies Beauty’s store’—has been accepted by many editors.
213. makes] make Q2, 3, F1.

ACT I.

Scene 2.

In this scene, between Capulet and Paris in the first instance, and then between Capulet’s Servant and Romeo and Benvolio, the chief differences between (Q1) and Q2 are the omission by (Q1) of the first three lines of the scene (a speech by Capulet), four other lines (14, 15, 18, and 19) in Capulet’s third and longest speech (which may, however, possibly be additions in Q2), and the confused rendering of the half-dozen lines of the Servant’s soliloquy, which presents the same character of imperfection noticeable in (Q1) in the dialogue between the servants in the opening scene. Some other trifling variations may be due to revision in Q2; but by far the larger portion of the scene is absolutely the same in both quartos.

[Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and Servant.] The Qq. Ff. have, . . . and the Clowne. The prefix, however, to his speeches in this scene is Serv. or Serv. I have therefore conformed to modern practice in designating him Servant.
13. And too some mord are those so early made] (Q1) has,—so early married— a reading adopted by some editors.
15. She is] So Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4. She’s Q2, 3. She’s F1.
18. And, she agreed.] So, with the exception of comma after And, Q2. The rest have,—And she agree—changed in modern editions to,—An she agree.
25. Earth-treading stars, that make darke heaven light.] Johnson interpreted this: earthly stars which eclipse the light of heaven. On this Mason observes, ‘it is not capable of the meaning that Johnson attributes to it, without the alteration I mean to propose, which is, to read: Earth-treading stars that make dark, heaven’s light. That is, earthly stars that outshine the stars of heaven, and make them appear dark by their own superior brightness. But, according to the present reading, they are earthly stars that enlighten the gloom of heaven.’ Perhaps we should read,—Earth-treading stars, that mock (=rival) dark heaven’s light.
26—28. Such comfort, as do lustie youngmen seue
When well apparelld Aprill on the heel
Of lumping winter-treuds,—] In this word youngmen I have returned
to the reading of (Q1), (Q3. F1. have, young men) as I believe it here to be equivalent to yeomen. Ritson gives a number of instances (see notes Variorum Shakspeare, ed. 1821) in which it is certain that by it yeomen was intended, and Minshu states that ‘this word Youngmen is used for Yeomen in the Statute of Anno 33 H. 8. Cap. 10.’

I believe, therefore, that Johnson, who conjectures that we should read yeomen, was right in his interpretation of this passage as being one of the many little pastoral pictures with which Shakspeare abounds, and that the Poet did not merely intend Capulet to say that Paris should feel as young men feel in the month of April, as explained by other commentators.

It is very possible, also, that Shakspeare may have written yeomen, and Ritson points out that in the last scene of this play in two places the old copies read young trees and young tree instead of yew-tree.

In the third line quoted at the head of this note I have restored lumping of (Q1) as conveying a more picturesque notion of dull, heavy, boorish winter than lumping of the subsequent Q3. Compare Marston, Prologue to Second Part of ‘Antonio and Mellida,’ vol. i. p. 70. ed. Halliwell, 1856. ‘The rashy danke of clamise Winter’—Though here, by the way, Sidney Walker (Criticisms, vol. i. p. 27) would read,—clammy winter. Clamise, however, is certainly right: it is one of the words that Ben Jonson in his ‘Poetaster,’ Act. v. Sc. 1, makes Crispinus (Marston) throw up. See Gifford’s notes.

29. fresh female buds) So (Q1) and F3, 3. 4. The rest for female have fennell.

32. 33. Such amongst, view s or many, mine being one

May stand in number, etc.] I subjoin the various readings of the first line:—

Such amongst view of many myne being one, (Q1).

Which one more view, of many, mine being one, Q2, 3, F1. (view Q3, F1)

Which on more view of many, mine being one, Q4, 5.

All the commentators are agreed that these readings are unintelligible, and sundry alterations have been proposed and adopted; but I think I may venture to say with no satisfactory result. Capulet while consenting to, and even welcoming, Paris’ suit to his daughter, objects that she is too young to wed, and recommends Paris (as he will have the opportunity of doing amongst the ‘fresh female buds’ he is to meet) to ‘hear all, all see’ before he decides on Juliet. I have reverted to the first reading of the line, and, with the slight alteration of of to s or, which I have ventured to make, I believe the sense of the passage is brought out without unnecessary violence to the old text. Steevens’ conjecture Searck amongst view of many, etc., though, I think, in itself void of meaning, may suggest another reading in accordance with which I have adopted: Searck amongst, view s or many, etc. In support of Steevens’ conjecture Malone quotes a passage from Brooke’s Poem,

‘Young damsels thither flock, of bachelors a rout ;

Not so much for the banquet’s sake, as beauties to search out.’

38. —whose names are written here! It is written, etc.] The Q3. F1. have,—whose names are written. Here it is written, etc. (Q1).—whose names are written here, and yet I know not, etc. The alteration adopted in the text is substantially
that of Rowe, who, however, places a note of interrogation after here instead of
the note of exclamation.


63—71. Capell first pointed out that the list of guests invited by Capulet re-
solves itself naturally into verse with the slight change of Anselme to Anselmo in
the second line, and the prefix of some such epithet as gentle to Livia in the
seventh. He apparently overlooked the fact that the deficient syllable is supplied
in (Q.1)—'and Livia.' Courtney and Sidney Walker ('Crit.' vol. i. p. 2) arrived
independently at the same conclusion, and Dyce, in his 2nd edition, for the first
time printed the lines as verse.

74. Whither?

Serv. To suppet; to our house.] To suppet—with or without a note of
interrogation after it, is given in all the old editions to Romeo. The alteration
adopted in the text was first made by Theobald on a conjecture of Warburton's,
and has since been universally accepted. I am not sure, however, but that the
snip-snap of the dialogue requires further alteration, and that we should read:—

Rom. A faire assemble: wherefore should they come?

Ser. To suppet, or, Up to suppet.

Rom. Whither?

Ser. To our house.

Romeo's double question as to the whither of the assembly has always seemed
to me suspicious.

83. —whom thou to loves] Q5 and F2, 3, 4 have loves; all the earlier editions
as in text. Sidney Walker has amply shown that the substitution of s for st in
the second person singular of a verb was a grammatical license of the Eliza-
bethan Period. See his 'Criticism,' vol. ii. p. 125; Art. lxvi., where he
quotes two instances from this play:—iii. 5, 117. 'That thou expects not.' 137.

'Thou counterfais.' See also i. 5, 7, 'as thou loves me.'

89. —then turn tears to fiers.] All the old editions have fier or fire; Pope
changed to fire on account of the rhyme to liars. All editors have followed his
example till White, who remarks:—'The mere difference of a final s seems not
to have been regarded in rhyme in Shakespear's day, and the reading 'fiers'
tends to impoverish a line not over-rich.'

94. Tut, tut!—] The second interjection, necessary to the metre, is added on
the authority of F2, 3, 4. It was adopted by all editors from Rowe to Capell,
rejected by subsequent editors, and again restored by Collier and Dyce in their
2nd editions. See Sidney Walker, 'Criticism,' vol. ii. p. 141; Art. lxxix.,
'Omission of Repeated Words.'

96. But in that Christall scales] Rowe altered to, those crystal scales; and
his alteration was adopted, I believe, by all editors down to Knight, and by some
since his time. Malone, however, while adopting Rowe's alteration doubted its
necessity. Knight merely observes that 'scales is used as a singular noun,' and
Dyce says, 'it was so frequently employed by the poet's contemporaries.' He
does not however give any instance, nor am I aware of any.

97. Your Ladie-love—] All the old editions have Ladie love, which has been
modernized to Lady's love. It seems obvious that the comparison is not between
Romeo's love for his Mistress, or hers for him, and the person of some other
maid; but between the persons of his Mistress and this other damsel. Theobald accordingly altered to Lady-love. Editors have been divided as to the propriety of this alteration, and it has even been questioned whether the compound Lady-love is as old as Shakespeare's time. Dyce however has conclusively shown that it is; he quotes Wilson's 'Coblers Prophesie,' 1594: 'then downe came I my lady love to finde.'

99. And she shall scant show well, that now shewes best.] (Q1) and Q2 have—scant shewes best. The rest, as in our text. As a specimen of the carelessness with which dramatic literature was printed it may be mentioned that the first part of this line is corrupted in F1 to And she shew scant shell, well, etc.

ACT I.

Scene 3.

Lady Capulet, the Nurse, and Juliet. For the first third of this scene (Q1) and Q2 are absolutely identical. From that point to the end there are large omissions in (Q1), and some instances of imperfect rendering, as will be seen at a glance on comparing the two quartos in the Parallel Texts. The character of the additional lines given in Q2 forbids the notion that they could have been written especially for that edition. In (Q1) the Nurse's speeches, in this scene and in the next scene in which she appears (Sc. 5 towards the end), are printed in Italics. In the Qs. in this scene they are also printed in Italics, with the exception of the two last; and in all the old editions they are printed as prose. In my text I have allowed the Italics to stand, these speeches having been so set up for what I may call the facsimile edition of Q2; but I have divided the lines as verse in accordance with the arrangement made by Pope, Johnson, Steevens, and Capell. To the last belongs the chief share of this work. It was not without hesitation that I determined on this division, for though undoubtedly the Nurse's speeches for the most part fall with ease into metrical rank they contain passages which it is difficult to believe could have been intended as such. Boswell, the editor for Malone's Variorum ed. 1821, rather doubted the propriety of the modern arrangement, and in the principal speech of all, commencing 'E'en or odd'—(lines 16—48), two at least of the more recent editors, Staunton and Keightley, have returned to the prose form of the old editions.

32. —fall out we' th' Dugge] —with Dugge (Q1). —with the Dugge Qq. Ff.

33. Shake, quoth the Doe-house] So in all the old editions, with the exception of the comma after Shake. Quoth may here possibly be a misprint for goth or goth.

35. eleven] So Q5, Q2, Q3, 4. a leaven (Q1). a leaven Q5, Q2, 4, 3. a leaven F1.

66. It is an honoure that I dreame not of.] Here, and in the following speech of the Nurse, honoure is corrupted to houre or hour in Qq. Ff. Pope made the correction, from (Q1).

83. Examine every married liminament.] So (Q2). The rest for married have servall, a reading adopted by many editors. Steevens well explains married as the mutual dependance on, or accordance of one feature with another.
ACT I.

Scene 4.

Romeo and his friends prepare for their visit in masquerade to Capulet's assembly. In this scene there are some fifteen lines omitted in (Q1), and the version of the celebrated Queen Mab speech is inferior, and in places confused; it is however printed as verse, while in the later copies it is given as prose; in other respects the two quartos are substantially identical. Against the omissions of (Q1) must be set off three lines (7, 8, and 53) recovered from that quarto, which also affords corrections of some few errors of the subsequent editions.

7, 8. Nor no without booke Prologue, faintly spoke

After the Prompter, for our entrance. These two lines were first added to the received text by Pope, from (Q1). A good instance of the kind of Prologue referred to by Mercutio is that in Love’s Labour’s Lost, v. 2, where the King and his companions, disguised as Russians, enter with Moth as their Prologue.

39. The game was mere to faire and I am done. Done is the reading of (Q1) and the first three folios. Q2 has dum. Q3, 4, 5 and F4 dun.

41, 42. —-weele draw thee from the mire,

Or, save your reverence, love, wherein thou stickst For your, in Fl., the Qs. have you. For stickst, (Q1), the Qs. & Fl. have sticket. A reading very generally adopted is that of (Q1):

—-weele draw thee from the mire.

Of this surrenence (sir-reverence) love, etc.

45. We waste our lights in vain, light lights by day.] I have adopted here Dr B. Nicholson’s emendation of the Qs. Ff. which read respectively in the latter half of the line,—lights lights by day—and—lights, lights, by day. (Q1) has,—We burne our lights by night, like Lamps by day—and the latter half of this line, adopted first by Capell, has been generally received as the right reading. The line, however, in (Q1) is evidently corrupt and, as evidently, that in the Qs. Ff. is due to a revision, though blundered by the printer. Johnson, taking like from (Q1), read,—like lights by day; but Nicholson’s suggestion commends itself by its superior simplicity, consisting as it does merely in the ejection of an intrusive s.

47. our fine wits] Malone (Wilbraham conj.). The Qs. Ff. have,—our fine wits. The line in (Q1) stands thus:—Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.

54. Ben. Queen Mab! what’s she?] From (Q1). Hunter suggested that this speech should be received into the text, and Keightley adopts his suggestion. I have, with (Q1), given the speech to Benvolio; but it probably belongs to Romeo. It is to be noted that in (Q1) the long ‘Queen Mab’ speech, which follows, is continued to Benvolio.

55—96. The description of Queen Mab. This speech in Qs. Ff. is given as prose; its counterpart in (Q1), in which are many corruptions, is printed as verse. Pope first restored the verse in the received text.

56. In shape no bigger than an Agate stone] Of course by this is to be understood,
not the bulk of the Agate-stone, but the small figure engraved in it. Possibly
we should read,—in Agat stone.
58. atomes] Atomi (Q1). attamis Q2.
59. Ouor mens noses] Akuart mens noses (Q1); adopted by Pope and others.
62—64. Her Charriot... Fairies Coachmakers:] These lines in the original
follow what in my text is line 72 (Prickt from the lazie finger of a maid). I have
made the transposition on the authority of Mr W. N. Lettsom, whose note (in
Dyce’s and ed. of Shakespeare) I subjoin:—‘It is preposterous to speak of the
parts of a charriot (such as the wagon spokes and cover) before mentioning the
charriot itself.’ (Q1) does not contain these lines; they may have been added in
the margin of the ‘copy’ prepared for Q2, and misplaced by the printer, as in
other instances which I have pointed out in these notes.
67. the lash of filime] So F2, 3, 4.—filmes (Q1)—Philome the rest.
70. Prickt from the lazie finger of a maid] Pope. Pickt... maldes (Q1).
Prickt... man Q1. Fp. Prickt... woman F2, 3, 4.
73. Oke Courtiers knees] Ote... (Q1). On... Qq. F.
75. who strait on hisse dream] Q2 for on has one.
77. breath] (Q1). breath Qq. F.
91, 92. And bakes the Elflocks in soule stutlish haire,
Which once entangled much misfortune bodie.] For Elflocks Q2, 3 & F.
have Elflocks. In the second line (Q1), Qq & F, 2 have entangled,—F3 in
text,—F4 intangled. It was surely the entanglement, not the disentanglement,
which was insidious, I have therefore with Johnson adopted the correction
found in F3.
102. the frozen bosome of the North.—the frost boundes of the north (Q1).
103. pusses away from thences.]—pusses away in haste (Q1).
104. Turning his face to the dewe dropping South] So (Q1). The rest for face
have fade. Pope first adopted face.
112, 113. But He, that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my sail!] For sail, found in (Q1), the Qq. F. have suite.
Steevens first adopted sail into the text; he however, read with (Q1)—Directs my sail.
115. Ben. Strike, drum.] Omitted in (Q1), which also omits the first, the Serv-
ants’, portion of the next scene, and proceeds at once to the entry of ‘old Capulet
with the Ladies.’ In the Qq & F, the stage direction is:—‘They march about the
Stage, and Servingmen come forth with [with their Ff.] Napkins.’ Then, in Qq,
‘Enter Servants,’ corrected in Ff, to ‘Enter Servant.’ The servants prepare the
Hall for the guests and ‘Exeunt,’ and then ‘Enter all the guests and Gentleswomen
to the Masker’s.’ It is probable that on the old stage no break was made in the
performance, and that after their march about the Maskers stood on one side and
came forward again on the Entry of Capulet and his guests, after the retirement
of the servants. I have, however, made the usual division of scenes and altered
the stage directions accordingly.

ACT I.

Scene 5.

Capulet’s Assembly. As noted above, the preparatory scene with the Serv-
ants is altogether omitted in (Q1). In other respects, allowing for the omission of a few lines in (Q1) and for some evident revisions in Q2, which are pointed out in the notes, Qos 1 & 2 are substantially identical. It is noteworthy that for the last three lines (125-7) of Capulet’s last speech, we find in (Q1) lines 6, 7 and part of 33 of his speeches in Act III. Sc. 4. Q2.

15. —will walke a bout with you.] The reading universally, I believe, adopted since Capell is that of (Q1) Will have a bout with you. It should be observed that all the old copies spell a bout as one word; to distinguish it, however, from the preposition, around, I have divided it in conformity with the more general usage even of Shakespeare’s time. To tread a measure or to walk a measure is a common form of expression among our old dramatists, and in this case where the bout is a bout of dancing the walk of Qq. & Ff. seems to me a preferable reading to the hose of the imperfect (Q1). I have accordingly retained it in my text. For a confirmation of the text of Qq. Ff. I refer to the masking scene in “Much Ado about Nothing,” II. i., line 75, where Don Pedro choosing Hero as his partner for the dance addresses her:—“Lady, will you walk about with your friend.” Hero’s reply and other passages in the play show that this was an invitation to dance. See Act I. Sc. 2, l. 9—11, “the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece, your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance.” Act II. Sc. 1, l. 58—60, “The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you do not woe good time; if the prince be too important, he there is measure in the music, and so dance out the answer.” Same scene, line 92. Margaret being chosen by Balthasar, says,—“God match me with a good dancer!” ; and Beatrice, same scene, lines 132, 134 & 135, “We must follow the leaders”—“if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.” And then follows the dance. Florio in his ‘New World of Words,’ ed. 1611, gives us, “Giràta, a gining, a twirling, a winding or crackling about,” and “Giraudita, as [same as] Giràta. Also a walking turne, as we say a bout.”

16. Ah ha, my mistresse!] So in (Q1), first adopted by Capell. The rest have, Ah my and Ah me mistresse.

17, 18. — she that makes daintie.

She, I swear, hath Corns:—] Pope omitted she from this second line, Steevens transferred it to the end of the preceding line.

33. Lucentio] Lucentio Qq.

39. Good youths, I faith! Oh, youth’s a silly thing!] This line, found only in (Q1), is, as Steevens observes, ‘natural and worth preserving.’ Keightley first adopted it into the text.

44. 45. Her Beauty hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich Jewel in an Ethiop ear;

 Beauitie too rich for use, etc.) So F2, 3, 4. The rest, including (Q1), have,—

It surms she hangs upon the cheek of night

As [Like (Q1)] a rich Jewel, etc.

The reading of F2, 3, 4, is adopted by many editors; others, while admitting its superiority, adhere, on the score of authority, to that of the earlier editions. The ‘authority’ of all the old editions, however, apart from internal evidence, is very much a matter of surmise, and in this case the internal evidence is strongly
ACT I. SC. 5.

Notes.

in favour of the reading given in my text; 'beauty' in the second clause of the sentence (line 46) being dependent on its occurrence in the first. It is noticeable that the last three folios, in which this emendation occurs, restore in the second line, Like of (Q1) which, in the greater part of this scene, must have presented a fairly accurate copy of the original play.

47. So shone a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes! So shone a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes (Q1).

86. Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame! It need hardly be observed that this speech, which is addressed partly to Tybalt and partly to the guests and servants, is without any distinctive pointing in the original editions. In the line above quoted there appears to be some difference of opinion among the editors as to the proper division of the speech: some, as I have done, marking For shame! as addressed to Tybalt; others as addressed to the servants:—More light, more light, for shame!—

93. — the gentle fin is this] All the old copies have fin or fame in this place. Warburton changes to fine, and his alteration has been very generally adopted.

94. My lips, two blushing Pylgrims, readie stand.] . . . did readie stand. Q2, Q3.

3. 4. F1.

132. What's he, that followes thare, that wold not dance?] So (Q1). The rest for there have here. Capell first made the correction.

142. What's this! What's this?] So the F1. The Qs. have What's tis! What's tis! (Q2 omits [?] after second tis; and Q4 has,—what tis!)

2ND CHORUS.

This 'Chorus' is omitted in (Q1).


ACT II.

Scenes 1 & 2.

Romeo, Benvolio and Mercutio; then Romeo, and Juliet at her window. In by far the larger portion of these scenes (Q1) and Q2 are substantially identical. (Q1) affords several certain corrections of the text of Q2 and evidence of some slight revisions in the latter, as will be pointed out in the notes on these scenes. (Q1) breaks down in Scene 2 at lines 120—138, and again at lines 149—154; but a study of the Parallel texts will, I think, convince the reader that the differences between the two quartos are the result of omissions in (Q1), not of additions in Q2.

ACT II.

Scene 1.

2. [He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it] This is Steevens's stage direction, justified by Benvolio's subsequent speech 'He ran this way, and leapt this orchard wall.' The old editions do not mark Romeo's exit from the scene in any way. Probably in the old theatre some piece of stage furniture represented the wall, behind which Romeo lies close while his friends Mercutio and
Benvolio 'conjure' him. That he does not leave the stage is proved by his first speech in what we now call Scene 2, his entry for which, moreover, is not marked in the old copies. When Mercutio and Benvolio depart he comes forward, and the 'wall' being withdrawn, the audience are now at liberty to imagine themselves with him in Capulet's orchard, and Juliet appears on the upper platform, as at her window.


Mer. He is wise.] 'He is wise' is printed in the Q7 as part of the following line; in the F4 it occupies a separate line, and should have done so in my text; but accidentally has got arranged as part of the preceding metrical line 3, the position given to it I believe by most modern editors, who following Pope's example omit, with (Q1), the third Romeo. In (Q1) the passage is given thus:—

Ben: Romeo, my cosen Romeo.

Mer: Doest thou hear he is wise,—

Possibly 'Doest thou hear he is wise' belonged to Benvolio's speech and was addressed to the hidden Romeo.

7. Romeo! humorous madman! passionate lover! For this line (Q1), which prints the speech as prose, has,—Romoe, madman, humor, passion, lover. The reading of the other Q4 & F4 is, substantially,—Romoe, humour, madman, passion lover, and this, with a note of exclamation after each word, is the generally received text. Singer in his 2nd ed. alters to,—Romoe! Humour's-madman! Passion-lover!

I am responsible for the reading of my text. This speech throughout is very carelessly printed in the old editions. The first part of it,—Nay, He conjure too—except in (Q4) & Q4, 5, is given to Benvolio. Then for one we have on; for pronounce, pronounc; for done, day, and dye, or die; for hear, her; for trim, true; and one whole line in it, He heareth not, he stirreth (strictly Q3) not, he mouth not, I can only account for on the supposition that the printer of Q3, as in other places in this play, has jumbled together some various readings which by accident remained unfeasced in the copy from which he printed. (Q1) in this place has merely, 'He heares me not.'

10. Crie but 'ay me!' couple but 'love' and 'done!'] For this line (Q1) (printed as prose) has,—cry but ay me. Pronounce but love and done,—and this substantially is the reading generally adopted. F4 for Crie but ay me has, Cry me but ay me, which the subsequent folios change to Cry me but ay me (aim F4). Q2, 3, 4, 5 corrupt Pronounce into pronoun and Pronoun, and all (Q4 & F4) corrupt Done into day, die, or dye. A remarkable alteration is found in F3 (followed by F3, 4) which, in place of Pronoun, pronoun or Pronoun, has Couplie, corrected by Rowe to couple, for which word it was no doubt intended. This seems to me rather the blundered rendering of an authoritative correction than an attempt at conjectural emendation on the part of the printer of F2, who if exercising his critical faculty would scarcely have stopped short at couple and have left 'love' and 'done' unattempted; I therefore conclude that he had before him, from some source or other, the Poet's emendation of the Pronoun of (Q1) (also in all probability the word in the original MS. of the Play) and accepted it without further care, corrupting it in so doing to Couplie. I have accordingly, in common with many editors,
ACT II. SC. I.]

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adopted couple in my text; besides its probable authority it has superior fitness in this place to recommend it.

12. heir] heire (Q1) & Q4, 5. her The rest.

13. Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim—] For this line (Q1), which prints the speech in which it occurs as prose, has,—‘young Abraham: Cupid hee that shot so trim’—Q2 & 3 only differ from it in reading true for trim; a reading also followed by the subsequent Qos and Ff. which however omit the colon after Abraham. That (Q1) is right in reading trim is proved by the ballad (King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid) which is here alluded to—‘The blinded boy that shoots so trim.’ Percy, in a note to the ballad printed in his Reliques, first conjectured that trim not true was the right word, apparently without knowing that it was so given in (Q1). We have then only to consider here the epithet, Young Abraham Cupid. In 1746, in his ‘Critical Observations on Shakespeare,’ Upton conjectured that Abraham was a misprint for Adam, and that the allusion was to the famous archer Adam Bell. Steevens, in 1778, adopted this conjecture which since then has been very generally received. Previously to this, however, Theobald, in a note in his 1st ed., 1735, had suggested that the true reading was, “Young auburn Cupid, i.e., brown hair’d, because in several other passages where auburn should be wrote, it is printed Abraham in the old books.” Many instances have since been adduced showing that abraham, abram, aborn, abron, aubron, aubren, aubren, etc., were all forms of the word we now uniformly write auburn—signifying some colour of the hair ranging from amber to brown: and, with that meaning attached to it, Abraham has been retained in the text or auburn substituted for it by several editors. On the other hand Knight has suggested that Abraham Cupid meant the cheat, the Abraham-man of the old statutes. We have then two interpretations of Abraham and one substitute for it in the shape of Adam. Whether Mercutio himself supplies the nick-name which he conjures Romeo to bestow on Cupid; or whether Abraham here merely occupies the place of an epithet, are points which I must leave my readers to determine for themselves, confessing my inability to arrive at any solution satisfactory to myself.

For an interesting paper on the subject see the ‘Pen Monthly Magazine’ for July, 1873, by Mr. H. H. Furness, editor of the New Variorum Shakespeare, in the first Volume of which—Romeo and Juliet—will also be found nearly all of importance that has been written on ‘Abraham Cupid.’

27, 28. That ... name.] As in Capell. Qq. Fl. end first line at spight.

28. —— and in his mistress name] Q2 omits and.


(and cetera Q5.)

ACT II.

Scene 2.

8. Her restall liynery is but siche and greene ... pale and greene (Q1), adopted by Singer and others.

10, 11. It ... war?] As in Johnson. One line in Qq. Fl. Omitted (Q1).

12. She speakes, yet she saies nothing ... but she says nothing (Q1).
15, 16. Two of the fairest starres in all the heauen,
    Having some business do entreat her eyes] Q2 for do has to. (Q1) for
heauen has skies; possibly an accidental rhyme in the original play, corrected
in the 'copy' prepared for Q2.
23. See, now she leanes her cheeke upon her hand:] I have taken this now from
(Q8), which reads,—Oh now she leaues, etc. All the other old editions, and I
believe all modern editions have leu.
24, 25. O, that I were a glowe upon that hand,
    That I might touch that cheeke /
(Q1) has,— I would I were the gloue to that same hand,
That I might kiss that cheeke.
31. When he bestrides the laste pacing cloudes.] So in (Q1) adopted by Pope. Qq,
Ff. for pacing have puffing.
39. Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.] Malone, followed by many editors,
altered the punctuation of this line to:—‘Thou art thyself though, not a Mont-
ague’; understanding though in the sense of however. Staunton and others
explain the passage in the sense of “you would still retain all the perfections
which adorn you, were you not called Montague”; or, as Grant White puts it,—
“a rose is a rose,—has all its characteristic sweetness and beauty,—though it be
not called a rose.” (Q1) omits this line.
41, 42. Nor arme nor face, nor any other part
    Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!] For these two lines (Q1)
has:—
    Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.
The rest have:—
    Nor arme nor face, be some other name
Belonging to a man.
Malone first made out the text as it now stands in all modern editions.
44. By any other name would smell as sweets] So in (Q1) adopted by Pope. The
Qq, Ff. have,—‘By any other word,’ etc.
45. So Romeo would, were he not Romeo cold] Q3 for wore has wore.
47. —— Romeo doffs thy name
    And for thy name which is no part of thee.] (Q1) has,—‘Romeo part thy name,
    And for that name which is no part of thee.’ We are indebted for many corrections
of our text to (Q1). Throughout this play there is much playing upon words,
and I suggest for the consideration of future editors whether part of (Q1) should
not supersede doff of the later editions.
Compare (thanks to Mrs Furness's Concordance to the Poems) Sonnet 113.
    Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind.
Many editors read with (Q1)—And for that name, etc.
53. 54. By... am.] As in Ff. One line Qq.
58, 59. My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words
    Of thy tongues vittering——] In the first line (Q1) has,—not yet—and
in the second,—that tongues utterance—both readings adopted by some editors.
Q2 for tongues has tongue.
ACT II. SC. 2.]

61. Neither faire maids, if either thee dislike.] Neither fair saint, if either thee displeaise. (Q1). Some editors have chosen the one, some the other, of these two readings; others again have divided their allegiance and have read—maid ... displease or saint ... dislike according to their fancy.

62. canst] canst Q2, 3, 4.
65. kinsmen] kinsmen Q2.
69. Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me ... are no let to me (Q1), adopted by Capell, and some subsequent editors.

71, 72. Alack! there lies more verily in thine eye, Then twenty of their words.—Prof. Geo. Allen proposes to print Then with an apostrophe,—Then [= then in] twenty, etc.,—this being, as he supposes, an instance of the absorption of the sound of the understood in by the like preceding sound in Then. See his note in the Appendix to Furness's Variorum Shakespeare—Romeo and Juliet, p. 429—431.

80. By Lovers, that first did prompt me to enquire.] I follow Keightley, who reads Lovers in this line. The old editions have love; (Q1) also has,—who first did prompt,—adopted by Capell. For prompt the Qu. & F1 have prompt.

82. Pylot] Pylot Q2.
83. As that vast shore washt] So (Q1), Q4, 5. (Q2 for washt has wassteth, Q3 wassteth) ... vast-shore-wassteth F1. ... vast-shore: wassteth F2. ... vast-shore: wassteth'd F3, ... vast-shore: wassteth'd F4.

84. I should adventure for such merchandize] I would adventure, etc. (Q1)—Introduced by Pope and generally adopted.

92. maist] maist Q2, 3, 4, Ff.
95. thinks] thinks Q2, 3, 4, Ff.
99. And therefore thou maist think my hauour light] maist Q5, F3. maist or mayest The rest. hauour (Q1), F2, 3, 4. behaviour The rest.

101. Then those that have more cunning to be strange.] So (Q1), adopted first by Pope. Q2, 3, 4, F1 for more cunning have coyng; Q4, 5, more coyng; F2, 3, 4, more coyng.


107. Lady, by yonder blessed Monn I vow] (Q1) omits Lady, and for vow has sworn, adopted by Malone and many others.

110. her circled orb] ... circle ... Q2.
113, 114. Or, if thou wull, swearre by thy gracious selfe, Which is the god of my Idolatrie.]

(Q1) has,— Or if thou swearre, swearre by thy glorious selfe Which art the God of my Idolatrie.

118. It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden.] It is too rash, too sodaine, too unadvised (Q1).

139—141. O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid, Being in night, all this is but a dream, Too flattering spoue to be substantiall.]

(Q1) has,— O blessed blessed night, I feare being night, All this is but a dremme I heare and see, Too flattering true to be substantiall,
The version of our text must, I fancy, be the result of a revision of the lines of the original play as given in (Q1). It is noteworthy that the second line of (Q1), slightly varied, occurs twice elsewhere in early plays.

‘How like a dream is this I see and hear.’


‘If this be not a dream I see and hear.’

Comedy of Errors, V. I., 375.

Note too the expression ‘flattering true’ in the third line of (Q1) with reference to the famous first line of Act V. Sc. 1 of this Play:

‘If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep.’

148. And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.] So (Q1), Ff. For my Lord Q3, 3 have my L., Q4, 5 my Love; and of this Pope and others make,—And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

149. meanest] So Q5. The rest, meanest.

151. To cease thy suit] So Q5. Q4 suite. The rest, strife. The words ‘To cease your suit’ are found in Brooke’s ‘Romeus and Juliet.’ Malone pointed this out and made the change in text, attributing erroneously the reading suit to (Q1) which has no corresponding passage.

159—163. Bondage is husht, and may not speake aloude;
Else would I teare the Cau[e] where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse then [Fame,]
With repetition of my Romeos name.

Romeo

In the first line I have substituted husht for hoarse, and to the third have added Fame. The last portion of this speech within brackets is derived from (Q1). A consideration of the readings of the old texts will best explain, and I believe, justify the alterations I have ventured to make.

(Q1) has,—

Bondage is hoarse and may not crye aloude,
Else would I teare the Cau[e] where Eccho lies
And make her ayrie voice as hoarse as mine,
With repetition of my Romeos name.

Romeo?

Q2, 3, & Ff:—

Bondage is hoarse and may not speake aloude,
Else would I teare the Cau[e] where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my Romeo.

Q4 & 5 only differ from this in adding mine to the end of the imperfect third line, probably deriving mine from (Q1). I should add that Q4 omits not in the first line.

F2, 3, 4, make a bad attempt to cure the deficiency by reading,—

And make her aery tongue more hoarse than with
The repetition of my Romeo.

The almost universally received modern text is,—

Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloude;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
ACT II. SC. 2.

Notes.

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo’s name.
To this the Cambridge editors have added from (Q1) in a line by itself, as in my text,—Romeo.

The only alteration to this received text has been made by Collier, who, followed by some other editors, adopts from (Q1) the airy voice of Echo instead of airy tongue.

167. My sweete l] (Q1) has Madame. Q2, 3 & F1 My Nece, corrected, as in text, in F2, 3, 4. Q4, 5 have My Deere.
167, 168. Jul. What a clock tomorrow
Shall I send to thee ?
Rom. By the hour of nine.

For these lines (Q1) has,—
Jul. At what a clock tomorrow shall I send thee?
Rom. At the hour of nine.

From (Q1) Pope adopted—At what a clock—and Capell substituted At for By the hour. Their alterations have been accepted by many editors.

169. tis twentie years till then] So Q2. The rest, including (Q1), have,—
twentie yeares.
180. And with a silke thread plucks it backe againe] silke (Q1). The rest have silken, a redundant syllable, which F2, 3, 4 attempt to cure by omitting backe.
Other but unnecessary changes have been made in this speech in most modern editions. On the authority of (Q1) the line, 178,—
That lets it hop a little from his hand
is generally changed to,—
Who lets it hop a little from her hand.

184. From this point to the end of the scene there is much confusion in the distribution of the speeches in Q2, 3 & F1, and the first four lines (with variations) of the next scene have got foisted into Romeo’s last speech. (Q1) & Q4, 5 give the lines substantially as in my text.
188. Hence will I to my ghostly father’s cell] So (Q1). The rest have,—
ghostly Friar’s close cell. Capell first adopted (Q1).

ACT II.

Scene 3.

Romeo acquaints Friar Lawrence with his love for Juliet. So far as this scene is concerned 6 lines in the Friar’s opening speech either omitted in (Q1) or added in Q2: but more probably omitted in the former; and a rhyming couplet at the end of the scene in Q2 not found in (Q1), constitute the chief differences between the two quartos, some slight revisions in Q2 always being allowed for. We have here too a noticeable instance of this revision in the first four lines of the Friar’s opening speech, on which see note.

[Enter Friar Lawrence . . . ] Lawrence is omitted in Qq. F1. (Q1) has,—
Enter friar Francis.
1—4. The grey eye morne . . . . Tytans wheeler.] The four lines with which
ACT II, SC. 3.

Notes.

The rest, sometime. Theobald read,—sometime by action's dignified.
23. Within the infant rind of this weake flower] Pope substituted, from (Q1),
this small flower, and his example has been very generally followed. I cannot
see that anything is gained by the change; on the contrary I should imagine
that weake is here placed by way of contrast with power in the following line.
26. Being tasted, flases all senses with the hort.] For flases Q2 has flastis. The
rest, including (Q1), flases or flases. Mommsen argues in favour of flases as being
the better reading; it may perhaps be considered as equally good: but the
weight of 'authority' is all in favour of flases. flay for flay occurs again in this
play, IV. i., 72.
27. Two such opposed Kings] ... opposed foes (Q1).
30. The entry of Romeo is marked in Q4. Pp. after line 22. In (Q1) his
entry is not marked at all, neither is his exit at the end of the previous scene.
32. So sweete saluteth me] so some saluteth me (Q1).
33. The rest, distempred. So Q5, F4. The rest, distempered.
38. the golden sleepe doth raigne] ... sleepe remains (Q1).
71. How much salt water throwne away in waste
To season love, that of it doth not taste] For this second line (Q1) has:—
To season love, that of love doth not taste—and I suppose this must be the ex-
planation of the line as given in our text; I suspect however a corruption and
that we should read:—that of itself doth taste, i.e. that is already of its own nature
salt.
74. Thy old grome yet ring in mine auncient earers.] Q2, 3 & F1 have yet ringing,
corrected, as in text, in subsequent editions. (Q1) has ring yet, a reading
introduced by Pope and very generally adopted.
85. I pray thee, chide me not: her I love now] I prye thee chide not, she whom I
love now (Q1), adopted by Pope, whose example is generally followed.
88. Thy love did make by rote, that could not spell] ... and could not spell (Q1),
adopted by Pope, and by many subsequent editors.

ACT II.

Scene 4.

Benvolio and Mercutio, then Romeo, and subsequently the Nurse and her man
Peter. Till near the end of this scene (Q1) and Q2 are substantially identical.
The omissions towards the end of the scene in (Q1) may probably be accounted
for as the result of an attempt, carelessly made, to shorten the play for represent-
ation on the stage. It is noteworthy that in (Q1) the appointment for the meeting
of Romeo and Juliet at the Friar's cell for their marriage is fixed for the morrow
morning, and (Act II. Sc. 6) they meet accordingly at that time. 'Rom. This
morning here she pointed we should meet.' In Q2 the time fixed is that same
afternoon, and when, in Act II. Sc. 6, Juliet makes her appearance, she wishes
the Friar 'Good even.'
13. Alas, poore Romeo, he is already dead! stand with a white wench's blace eye.]
ACT II. SC. 4.] Notes. 117

88—90. Rom. Here's goodly warfare! Enter Nurse, etc.

Mer. A sayle, etc.
Bn. Two, etc.

The distribution of these speeches, and the entry of the Nurse, is that of (Q1). The Nurse’s entry in the F1. is placed before Romeo’s speech, and in the Q1. on a line with it. In both,—A sayle, a sayle—is continued to Rom., and Two, two, etc. is given to Mer. (Q1) repeats a saile three times.

94. Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her face the fairest face. For this speech (Q1) has,—Fare the dog good Peter, to hide her face: for her faire the fairest of the two. The common reading is,—Good Peter, to hide her face; for her face the fairest of the two.

116. [He walkes by them and sings.] Stage direction from (Q1), introduced by Ulrici.

125. Marry, farewell! First introduced from (Q1) by Malone.

147. an ill thing to be offerd to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealings.] Till by Collier’s MS. corrector weke was substituted for weke, this passage was allowed to pass unchallenged. Mr. Fleay suggests to me that, if any change is needed, the old word weke, still in use in the midland counties in the sense of foul, weke, should be adopted. I find it in that form in the Glossary to the Wyclific Versions of the Bible; Chaucer uses it in the form wike.

149. Tell her I protest — So in (Q1), except that there is no dash to indicate an interrupted speech. The rest have,—I protest unto thee. Tell her, however, is necessary to account for the speech with which the Nurse interrupts Romeo:—Good heart! and, yfaith, I will tell her, etc.

157. 158. Bid her devise

Some means to come to shrift this afternoon.] This passage is printed as one line in Q2, 3, F1, and as prose in Q4, 5. The division in our text is that adopted by Delius and the Cambridge editors. The usual arrangement, Capell’s, ends the first line at shrift.

164, 165. And stay, good Nurse, behinde the Abbey wall;

Within this houre my man shall be with thee.] The punctuation of this passage in the original editions is, in F4 a comma after Nurse; after wall (Q1), Q2, 3, 4, F1. have a comma, and Q5 a colon. In the first line (Q1) reads,—And stay thou Nurse, etc., the FL. And stay thou good Nurse, etc.

Grant White gives a new reading as follows:—

And stay, good Nurse; behind the Abbey-wall
Within this hour, etc.

The Cambridge editors record a similar, anonymous, conjecture.

175. I warrant thee.] So in F2, 3, 4. The Q1. & F1. omit I.

185, 186. that’s the dog’s letter; R is for the dog. — No; I know it begins with some other letter; — In this speech of the Nurse Q1. has, ‘that’s the dog’s name R. is for the no, I know, etc.’ Q2 & F1, ‘that’s the dogname. R. is for the no, I know, etc.’ The rest, ‘that’s the dogger’s or, ‘dogs name. R. is for the no, I know, etc.’ — (no, Q3.) The reading of our text is due to Tyrwhitt and Farmer—the former suggesting, ‘that’s the dog’s name; R is for the dog. — No; I know, etc.’, the latter that we should
Notes.

either omit name or insert letter:—"that's the dog's;" or—"that's the dog's letter;" Tyrwhitt's conjecture has been the most generally received reading since its adoption by Steevens. Dallin, the Cambridge editors, Knightley, and Furness have, however, adopted Hills's regulation of the old text:—"that's the dog's name; restitution, &c." [It is for the —- He: I knows, etc.]

194. Before, and after]. So Qu. F[. [Qr.] has,—"Peter, take my canes, and go before,"—adopted by Steevens and others. The Cambridge editors make a new reading by adding to [Qr.]-and space—of Qu. F[. The short, sharp word of command of Qu. F[. used by the Nurse on suddenly recovering from her fit of garriety with Romeo seems most in character.

ACT II.

Scene 5.

The Nurse tells Juliet the result of her embassage. Except in subject, and in scattered fragments which indicate a common origin, there is but little resemblance between (Qr.) and (Qe) in this scene. The former has all the appearance of having been roughly made up from imperfect notes. It would seem too that other parts of the play had been called in aid to enable the 'editor' of (Qr) to complete his 'copy'. For instance, Juliet says:—

And runne more swift, than hostie powder fared,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Canners mouth.'

This simile, with variations, is found again in both Quarters in Act V. Sc. 1. One line used by the Nurse,—"Ah wheres my man? Give me some aqua vitae,"—is found in Qu. in Act III. Sc. 2. L 88; and the first line of Juliet's last speech,—

How doth her latter words revive my hart,' sounds like an echo of Romeo's speech in Act III. Sc. 3. L 165,—"How well my comfort is reviud by this', found in both Quarters.

2. promis'd] So Qu. [promised The rest.
11. In three long houres] for three Qu. has there.
15, 16. And his to me:

But old folks, many fain as they wer dead; In the Qu. this passage is given as one line, and Qe & 3 have a prefix M. The F[. give it as two lines, the first ending folks. Rowe arranged as in our text.

Many fain (faine Qu. 4. 5. F[. 2; feign modern edd.) in this difficult passage has given rise to much speculation. Johnson reads,—marry, feign. Great White,—marry, farre. Collier's MS. corrector changes the line to:—And his to me; but old folks seem as dead. Dyce's conjecture that the 'copy' of the printer of Qe had misse ye that and was corrupted by him to many faine probably supplies the best means of correcting the text. (Qr) has no corresponding lines.

The Cambridge editors observe:—"Pope omits the lines—

"But old folks, many fain as they were dead;
Unwarily, slow, heavy and pale as lead."

Thinking probably that they are due to interpolation, a supposition which the unmeaning 'M.' in the earlier Quarters seems to confirm.' In their 'Globe' ed. they mark the passage with an obelus (†) as corrupt.
ACT II. SC. 5.]

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23. shame'st] shamest Q2, 3.
26. what a banece have I had] had, omitted in Q2, is found in the other Qq. Ft. I follow all the editors in adopting it. Perhaps, however, we should read,—what a banece had I, or I've had.
54—56. Nur. Your lorn says et seq.] This speech is printed as verse in the Qq. Ft., the lines ending at gentleman—handsome—mother. Capell ends second line at warrant—Steevens at handsome, an't. Prose first by Cam. edd. (Sidney Walker conj. 'Criticisms,' Vol. i. p. 21.)

ACT II.

Scene 6.

Romeo and Juliet meet at the Friar’s cell to be married. In this scene, except in subject, (Q1) and Q2 bear but little resemblance to each other. If in (Q1) it in any way resembles the original play, the scene must have been entirely re-written for Q2. The essential difference between the two versions cannot be accounted for as being the result of imperfect notes taken for (Q1).

27. musick] musick Q2.

ACT III.

Scene 1.

The fatal affray in which Mercutio and Tybalt are slain. (Q1) here presents merely the appearance of imperfect representation. One passage in it however is noticeable, as it has no counterpart in the subsequent quarto, and therefore suggests that Q2 was printed from a revised copy of the original play. In one of Mercutio’s speeches, after he is wounded, he says—"I shall be fairly mounted upon four-mens shoulders . . . . and then some peasant rogue, some Sexton, some base slave shall write my Epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the Princes Lawes, and Mercutio was slaine for the first and second cause."

2. Capulets] Capels (Q1) & Q2, 3.
8. draws him on the drawe] (Q1) for draws him has draws it,—adopted by Pope, whose example is generally followed.
30. [Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.] For this, the stage direction of Qq. Ft. (Q1) has merely ‘Enter Tybalt.’ Petruchio is mentioned as one of Capulet’s guests, Act I. Sc. 5, l. 131. Being a mute personage his name is omitted in this stage direction in modern editions.
55. Romeo, the losse I beare the] . . . the hate I beare thee (Q1), adopted by Pope and others.
60. knowst] knowest Q2, 3.
63. intur'd] So Q5. Ft. inturled Q2. inturled Q3, 4.
84. [Tybalt under Romes armes thrusts Mercuto in, and flyes with his followers]
I have taken this stage direction from (Q1), adding to it, from Cambridge edition, 'with his followers.' The punctuation in (Q1) is—Mercurio, in and—. The Q2 have, 'Away Tybalt', the FF. 'Exit Tybalt.' The Cam. edd. change thrusts Mercutio in to stabs Mercutio.

85. A plague a both your houses! So Dyce and succeeding editors. (Q1) has, . . . on your houses. The Q2 have . . . a both houses. The FF. . . . a or of both the house.

98–101. Help me in into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague a both your houses!
They have made worms meat of me.
I have it, and soundly too:—your houses! This (punctuation apart) is the arrangement of Q2 & FF, and is the usual reading. Dyce, however, followed by the Cambridge editors, Keightley and Furness, re-arrange the two last lines thus:—

They have made worms meat of me: I have it,
And soundly too: your houses!

Mr F. G. Fleay suggests to me another arrangement of the speech:—
Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.
A plague o' both your houses! They have made
Worms' meat o' me. I ha't and soundly too.

Your houses!

102. hath got this mortal hurt] got his Q3. got his Q4, 5. FF. tane this (Q1). Mommsen and Cam. edd. restore the reading of Q2, as in text.

106. Hath bene my Cousen] Hath bene my kinsman (Q1)—adopted by Capell and many subsequent editors.

109. brane Mercutio's dead] So in F2, 3, 4, & Q5. Mercutio is Q2, 3, 4. Mercutio's is F1.

115. Alike in triumph and Mercutio slaine!] Pope, from (Q1). Q2 has, He gan in triumph, etc.—Q3, 4, & F1, 2 He gone, etc.—Q5 & F3, 4 He gone, etc.

117. And fier-cy'd furie be my conduct now!] Pope, from (Q1). Q2 for fier-cy'd has,—fier end. Q3, fier and. Q4, 5, F1, 2, fire and. F3, 4, fire, and.

19. gwast Q5, FF. gwast The rest.

35. kinsman] kinsman Q2, so also in lines 141 and 169 of this scene.

140. O Prince! O husband! O, the blood is spild] The Qq. FF. have,—'O Prince, O cozen, husband, O, etc.' The omission of cozen from this line was made by Capell. The Cam. edd., however, record that in his Notes and MS. he altered the line to, 'O cousin! husband! O, etc.' (Q1) for this line has,—Unhappy sight! Ah the blood is spilt.—From this Pope formed his line,—Unhappy sight! alas, the blood is spilt',—and Malone his,—Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood, etc.

148. stitered] witered Q2.

149. bow'd] bow'd Q2.

159. His agile arme] agill (Q1), Q4, 5. aged Q2, 3, F1. able F2, 3, 4.
ACT III. SC. 1.

Notes.

177. Mount. Not Romeo, Prince, etc.] This speech is given to Capulet in Q2, 3, & Ff.
181. I have an interest in your hate proceeding] So (Q1). The rest have, ... hearts proceeding. Capell first adopted (Q1), reading, hate's; Knight, hate's.
185. I will be done] It will, etc. Q2, 3, Ff.
188. Else, when he's found] Theobald. —he is found Qq. Ff.

ACT III.

Scene 2.

The Nurse acquaints Juliet with the death of Tybalt and the banishment of Romeo. Here Q1 is lamentably imperfect, though evidently derived from the same source as Q2. The latter contains 145 lines, the former only 60. It is noteworthy that the omissions and corruptions of (Q1) are almost entirely confined to Juliet's speeches. Of the 28 lines given to the Nurse in Q2, more than 20 are found in Q1, and one of the additional lines in Q2 (Ah, where's my man? give me some Aqua-vite) had been already used in (Q1) in Act II. Sc. 5. That the copy from which Q2 was printed underwent revision is, I think, fairly proved by the corrupt version of lines 85—87, which got printed in Q2, the correct rendering of which has, I believe, been recovered by the ingenuity of Mr Fleay. See note on this passage.

2. Phæbus lodging] Phæbus mansion (Q1), adopted by Pope and others.
6. That runaways eyes may winche,—] (run-aways Q4, 5, F1, run-aways F2, 3, run-aways F4. run-away's and runaway's, modern editions.)

In Mr Furness's 'New Variorum Shakespeare,' the condensed notes on this line occupy no less than 28 pages royal Octavo, small print. To those students who wish to ground themselves in the literature of this subject, I commend his book, and shall here content myself with one short extract from a note by the Rev. Mr Hunter, which seems to me a sufficient explanation of the passage in question.

"'Runaways' I understand to be the same as 'Runagates,' for which we have a kind of authority, a poor one, I allow, in Dyche's 'Dictionary,' 1735. 'Runagate or Runaway, a rover or wanderer.' ... Juliet wishes that the night may be so pitchy dark, that should Romeo meet with any runagates (runaways) wandering about the streets, he may not be recognized, or even observed by them."

9. By their own betteries—] And by, etc. Q2, 3, F1.
19. Whiter than new snow on a Raums back.] So in F2, 3, 4. new snow upon Q2, 3, F1. new snow upon Q4, 5.
21. Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die] So in Q4, 5. and when I shall die Q2, 3 & Ff.
34. 35. New, Nurse, what newes? what, hast thou there the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?] The Qq. & Ff. arrange and punctuate the latter part of this speech as follows:
—what hast thou there? The cords that, etc. Qq.
—what hast thou there? The cords that, etc. Ff.
ACT III. SC. 2.  Notes.

The changes then in Q2 may be considered as the result of revisions in the 'copy' from which that Qo. was printed. I have endeavoured here to show what the state of that 'copy' was; by doing I think I best explain and justify the alteration adopted.

The text of the original play (also of (Q1)) is here represented by Roman type, the additions by italics, and the words or letters struck out are enclosed in brackets.

There [is no truth], no faith, no honesty in men: all naught
All [false, all faithless] perjured, all forsworn. all dissemblers.
The printer, instead of making a new line of No faith . . . all naught, and placing all dissemblers after perjure in the second line, took both alterations in the order in which they appeared in the margin, and added them to the end of what remained of the second line after false, all faithless had been struck out. (For another instance of this kind of error, see Note on lines 37-43, Act III. Sc. 3.)
Pope altered the passage in his usual arbitrary manner, Capell followed his arrangement, but restored the words of Q2, Ff., and since his time the text has always stood thus:—

There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.

I must here add that Mr Fleay, when on the 29th Aug., 1874, he published this emendation in the 'Athenæum,' supposed the revisions in the 'copy' from which Q2 was printed (which I have endeavoured to describe above) to have been made on a portion of the printed (Q1) itself. We had both, independently of each other, at one time arrived at the conclusion that Q2 was in many places printed from a copy of (Q1) corrected in MS. I had, however, then long ago abandoned that notion, as indeed Mr Fleay himself has since done. Our immature conclusion was the result of the study of isolated passages only, such as the one which is the object of this note; a larger comparison of the texts of the two quartos had convinced me that the 'copy' for Q2 was probably throughout (certainly in this scene) a MS. copy of the play, and that the revisions of which we had seen such manifest proofs were made on this MS. copy itself. These remarks apply also to Act III. Sc. 5, l. 177-181, on which see Note.

88. Ah, where's my man I gine me some Aqua-vita. This line is found in (Q1) in Act II. Sc. 5.
118. followed [Q5. followed]. The rest.
128. course [course Q2, 3.
130. Wash they his wounds with tears.] So in Q3, 4 & Ff. Q2 has a note of interrogation after tears; Q5 a comma. I follow Sidney Walker, Staunton, Dyce, Cam. edd., Furness, and other editors in adopting the punctuation of Q3, 4 & Ff. The note of interrogation in Q2 may have been intended, as in numberless other instances, as a note of exclamation. (Q1) affords us no assistance here.
ACT III.

Scene 3.

Romeo in concealment at the Friar’s cell. The Friar and Nurse. The chief differences in this scene between (Q1) and Q2 consist in omissions in the former. We have here again good proof that the ‘copy’ supplied for printing Q2 underwent revision, in the extraordinary jumble of lines which that Qo. presents in the passage where Romeo compares his condition with that of the flies. See lines 37–43 and my note thereon.

15. Here from Verona art thou banished] Hammer adopts from (Q1), Hence from Verona, etc.

19. banished] Q2 misprints, banisht.

23. smil’d] So Q5, F3, 4. smiled The rest.

37–43. (1) And stole immortal blessing from her lips;—
(2) Who, even in pure and vertue modest, 
(3) Still blush, as thinking their own hides sin;—
(4) But Romeo may not; he is banished: 
(5) This may flies do, when I from this must die; 
(6) flies may do this, but I from this must die: 
(7) They are frommen, but I am banished. 
(8) And sayst thou yet, that exile is not death?]

In this passage (Q1) has only the lines here numbered 1, 4, & 6; the other Qos have all the lines, but in the following order, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 4, 6, 7; the Folios follow the same order, but omit 6 and 7. Line 6 I have separated from the rest in the above-quoted passage, as it will not be found in my text, line 5 being, as I shall show, a substitute for it. The order of the lines, as I have given them, was first adopted by Malone and Steevens, followed by many editors, with the substitution for lines 5 & 6 of one line.—‘Flies may do this when I from this must die’ (Malone, Steevens)—or—‘This may flies do but I from this must die’ (Cam. Edd., who, however, in Globe ed. adopt line 6 in its integrity).

Grant White, followed by Furness, gives the lines as in my text. Knight, Singer, Dyce, Keightley, and others omit, with folios, lines 6 & 7, but order the remaining lines as in my text. Stanhope, Halliwell, Clarke also omit 6 & 7, but order the lines, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8. Collier is, I believe, the only English editor who retains all the lines and in the order in which they are found in Qo.

It seems quite certain that in the greater part of this scene (Q1) gives a fairly accurate representation of the original play; it does not give some passages found in Q2, but it seems probable that those passages were omitted in (Q1), not added in Q2. In other respects where the two quartos differ, the differences may reasonably be accounted for by revisions in the ‘copy’ with which the printer of Q2 was supplied. (Q1), being then here identical with the original play, enables us to reconstruct the ‘copy’ from which the printer of Q2 worked, and thus to determine with certainty the proper order of the lines, and which to adopt or reject.
The following restoration of the 'copy' will I think make all clear. The original play, (Q1), is here printed in Roman type, the revisions and additions in italics.

1. And stsecte immortal [kisses] from her lips; blessing
2. If he earn in pure and vastall modestie
3. Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
4. But Romeo may not, he is banished.
5. This may myes do, when I from this must fly,
6. Fates may do this, but I from this must fly.
7. They are frenzies, but I am banished.

In the first line there could be no mistake as to the substitution of blessing (blessings F4, followed by Rowe and other editors) for kisses. The two added lines, 2 and 3, which are purely parenthetical, should next have followed; but the printer took all the four added lines (2, 3, 5, 8) which he found in the margin, and inserted them together, leaving in the text line 6, for which 5 was a substitute; and thus he made the admirable confusion we find in the old copies. Line 7 probably got inserted in the right place from its having been written on the opposite margin. I have not made any alteration in this line, but I strongly suspect that They are frenzies is a printer's metathesis for They are remain. A comparison of the next few lines immediately following the above passage affords also, in my opinion, strong evidence of revision. (Q1) has,—

Oh Father hadst thou no strong poison mixt,
No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,
Though nere so meane, but banishment
To torture me withall: ah, banished.

Q2 and the rest,—

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

52. Thou fond mad man, heare me a little speake.] So Q4, 5, from which Q2 & 3 differ only in reading Then for Thou. F1 has,—Then fond madman, heare mee speake.

F2, 3, 4. Fond mad man, heare mee speake.

Malone, whose example is followed by many editors, adopts the version of (Q1), which has, Thou fond mad man heare mee but speake a word. Compare, in Parallel texts, Act III. Sc. 5, lines 163, 164.

'Good father, heare me speake?' (Q1)

'Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.' Q2.

68. Then mightest thou speake, then mightest thou toare thy happe.] So in (Q1). In the Qq. Ff, two lines, the first ending speake. Q2 for the first mightest has mightest, and Q3, 4, F1, 2 have mightest in both places.

82. Where is my Ladies Lord I whereas Romeo I] So (Q1), adopted first by Rowe. Qq. Ff have Where's and Where's for Where is.

85, 86. — O wofull sympathy!

Pitious predicament (---)

This portion of the Nurse's speech has been very generally given to the Friar since the time of Steevens, who adopted Farmer's conjecture on the subject. Farmer says, "One may wonder the editors did not see that such language mus
necessarily belong to the Friar." I confess I do not see it, and have therefore retained the arrangement of all the old editions.

92. Ah sir! ah sir!—[Wyll.] doth the end of all.] Wyll introduced into the text by Malone from (Q1). Q5 makes up the line by reading,—death is.

93. Speak'st thou of Juliet?] So Q5. The (Q1) & Q2, 3, 4 have Spakes't. The Ff. Spak'st.

96. With loud remou'd but little from her own] So (Q1) & Q5. The rest, removed.

110. thy wild acts denote] denote Q2, 3; doe not F2. do not F3, 4.

113. And incomming beast in seeming both] (Q1) has,—Or ill seeming beast, etc., adopted by Steevens, followed by many editors. Or is countenanced by Brooke's 'Romeus and Juliet' where the Friar says:—

So that I stood in doubt, this hour at the least,

If thou a man or woman wert, or else a brutish beast.

And, however, seems the better reading in this place.

117. And sly thy Lady, that in thy life lives] So F4. The Q4 & F1, 2, 3 for lives has lies. The two words are frequently confounded in the old editions. See S. Walker, 'Criticism,' Vol. ii. p. 209. (Q1) for this line has,—

And sly thy Lady too, that lies in thee?

adopted by Pope and some subsequent editors.

119. raylest] raylest Q2, 3 & 4.

122. sham'd] shamest Q2, 3, 4.

138. But thou sloyest Titoli; there art thou happiest.] So the Q4, from which (Q1) differs in ending the line, happy too. F1 differs from Q4 in reading sloyest. F4, 3, 4 have, sloyest...happy too, the reading generally adopted. To the next line but one,—And turns it to exile; there art thou happiest:]—Malone again added too, which is not found in any of the old editions. The too in (Q1) may be proper enough; but its addition in the later copies, in which 'there art thou happy' is thrice repeated (lines 137, 138, 140), seems to me to weaken the vigour of the speech.

141. A packs of blessings light upon thy backe] (Q1) and Q4 read more grammatically,—A pack of blessings lights, etc., but even among educated men to within recent times the error or licence found in our text is so common that I have not deemed any correction necessary here.

'...A plural idea has taken possession of the mind, and the recollection of the grammatical rule is effaced by its influence.' See 'Essay on the Phraseology and Metre of Shakespeare and his contemporaries.' Variorum, 1821, ed. Boswell, Vol. i.

143. But, like a misbehau'd and sullen wench] So Q1, 4, 5... a mishau'd and Q2, 3. a mishap'd and F1. a mis-shaped and a F2, 3...a mis-shaped and a F4.

144. Thou pouseth upon thy fortune and thy love] So Q5. Thou puts vp... Q2, 3. Thou pouseth upon...Q4. Thou puttest up...Ff. For this line (Q1) has:—

Thou frown'st upon thy Fate that smiles on thee.

163. Here, sir, a Ring she bid me give you, sir.] Perhaps we should read,—Here, sir, 's a Ring, etc. (Q1) has:—
Here is a Ring sir, that she bad me glue you.

168. disguis'd] disguise Q2.

ACT III.

Scene 4.

Capulet, his wife and Paris. Capulet promises Juliet's hand to Paris. In this scene (Q1), when compared with Q2, has all the appearance of a carelessly shortened and imperfect representation of the original play. It is noteworthy that lines 6, 7 and 33,

I promise you, but for your companie,
I would have bene a bed an hour ago.

Light to my chamber, ho!

are found in (Q1) in Act I. Sc. 5.

8. These times of wo afford no times to wooc] ... no time to wooc (Q1). The usual reading, from Rowe downwards.
11. shee meued up] Theobald. she is meued up Q2. she is meued up Q3, 4, 5, Ff.
34. 36. Afore me, it is so very, very late,
   That we may call it early by and by:

   Goodnight.] This, with the exception of Goodnight, is the reading and arrangement of (Q1). The Q4. have very only once; the Ff. omit very altogether, and both Q4. and Ff. print Afore ... by in one line, giving Goodnight (omitted in Q1) in a separate line. Dyce, followed by Chambers and Cam. Edd., first gave the passage as in our text. In his second ed. he returned to Theobald's arrangement:—

   'Fore me, it is so very late, that we
   May call it early by and by. Good-night.

reading, however,—Afore me, 'tis etc.

Capell read:—Now afore ... late | That ... by | Goodnight.

ACT III.

Scene 5.

The parting of the lovers. Capulet and his wife inform Juliet of her approaching marriage with Paris. Shortened and some evidently corrupt passages will be found in (Q1) on comparing it with Q2, and evidence of revision in the latter is found in some places. See for instance note on lines 177-181. In the larger portion, however, of the scene, the two quartos are substantially identical.

13. It is some Mystery that the Sun exhales] ... exhale Q2, 5.
19. the morning cyc] Q2 repeats the.
20. Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.] Collier's M.S. Corrector has here an emendation,—Cynthia's bow—adopted by some editors.
30. This doth not so, for she divideth us] ... for this divideth us (Q1).
33. Since arms from arms that voyce doth us affray] ... her voyce ... (Q1).
36. Enter Nurse.] Rowe. Enter Madame and Nurse, Q4. Ff. The entry of the Nurse to give the alarm is not marked in (Q1) till after Romeo's exit, and
from that point to the end of the scene (Q1) appears to consist of fragments more or less perfect of the original play mixed up with passages probably the result of imperfect note-taking.

39. Your Lady Mother's cumming to your chamber] Pope. Your Lady Mother is cumming, etc. Qq. Ff.

42. [He goeth downe] (Q1). No stage direction in Qq. Ff.

43. Art thou gone so ! love ! Lord ! oh, husband ! friend ! It might perhaps have been better to punctuate this line,—Art thou gone so? love? etc. The note of interrogation after so is only found in Ff. Q3 has a comma after so. The other quartos have no point. F2, 3, 4 for ay husband have, ah Husband. Boswell substituted for this line the reading of (Q1):—Art thou gone so,[?] my Lord, [i] my Love,[i] my Friend [i]—and his example is followed by several editors. Dyce says, "I have preferred the reading of (Q1) because I have great doubts if the 'ay' [of Qq, Ff] is to be understood as equivalent to 'yes' (the usual old spelling of it in that sense being 'I'). The editor of F2 altered it to 'ah', for which perhaps it was intended." Grant White conjectures that "perhaps ay is a misprint for my."

I have attributed the introduction of the reading of (Q1) to Boswell on the authority of the Cam. Edd. and Furness. The note in the Variorum 1821, in which the alteration of the text is recorded, has Malone's name attached to it.

44—46. I must hear from thee every day in the house;

For in an house there are many days;

Minutes are days; so will I number them."

For this second line (Q1) has,—For in an house there are many minutes. The Qq. & Ff. have,—For in a minute there are many days. I am responsible for the text as quoted above, and also for the introduction from (Q1) of the third line—Minutes are days, etc.

53. I doubt it not—] I am not aware that this reading has ever been questioned; but to me it seems probable that the J here stands for the affirmative Ay. I have not, however, ventured to punctuate in accordance with my conviction. (Q1) has No doubt, no doubt.

54. our times to come] So Q2, and Capell. (Q1) has, the time, etc., The rest, our time, etc.

55. Jul. O God! I have an ill disuing soul.] Q2, 3 have the prefix of Ro, to this speech.

56. Me thinkes I see thar, now thou art below.] Pope introduced below from (Q1).

The Qq. Ff. have, so lowe.

58. lookst] looketh Q3, 3, 4.

65. [She goeth downe from the window.] Stage direction from (Q1). Not in Qq. Ff. which here mark the entry of Lady C. 'Enter Mother.'

66. It is my Lady mother] So in the Qos. F1 has, Is it my Lady mother, to which F2, 3, 4 add a note of interrogation.

77. Which you weep for?] Theobald read, as a metrical necessity, 'Which you do weep for;' in recent editions his emendation has been rejected.

83. God pardon him!—I do, with all my heart.] Q2 has pardon and, with Q3 & F1, omits him, which is found in the later Qq. & Ff. (Q1) has no corresponding line.
91. Shall give him such an unaccustomed dream] For this line Steevens substituted that of [Q1]. That should (Steevens shall) beat on him so sure a draught.
94—96. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo—till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart—so for a kinsman west
The Qs. Ff. give this passage as follows:—
Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman west.
The several interpretations of which this ambiguous speech is capable are I suppose:—1. I never shall be satisfied with Romeo. 2. I never shall be satisfied with Romeo till I behold him. 3. I never shall be satisfied with Romeo till I behold him dead. 4. Till I behold him, dead is my poor heart. 5. Dead is my poor heart, so for a kinsman west.
In my text I have ventured to differ slightly from the usual mode of pointing this speech in placing a dash after Romeo and after heart.
102. To warne the line I bore my Coen [Tybalt] ] The word Tybalt, which completes this line, is only found in F2, 3, 4. Theobald's emendation—slaughter'd cousin—is a preferable reading; but it is just possible that the printer of F2 had some authority for his addition to the line.
106. And joy comes well in such a needie time] For needie (Q1) has useful, adopted by Pope.
127. When the Sun sets, the ayre doth dreisle draw;] ayre is only found in Q4 & 5. Q3, 3, & Ff. have earth. Malone though reading air considered that earth of the previous Qs. & Ff. was strongly supported by a line in the Rape of Lucrece.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set.
On this Steevens remarks:—"When our author, in Midsummer Night's Dream, says:—'And when she [the moon] weeps, weeps every little flower; ' he only means that every little flower is moistened with dew, as if with tears; and not that the flower itself driestl dew. This passage sufficiently explains how the earth, in the quotation from The Rape of Lucrece, may be said to weep."
Grant White suggests that the reading earth was probably the result of a confusion produced by the old pronunciation of 'earth', 'airst.'
132. Thus counterfais]—counterfaits Q2.
139. deliver'd] Royce, deliver'd Q4. Ff.
140. she gives you thanks] gives Q2.
146. So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroom] For Bridegroom Q2 has Bride, a reading retained by Mommsen.—See his note, Furness's 'Variorim Shakespeare'.—It is possible he may be right; the metre would seem to justify the licence; though to English Philologists that licence must seem extreme. I have however met with a line, in Dekker's "Shoe-makers Holiday," which may be worth consideration:—
"Faire maid this Bridegrome cannot be your Bride."
(last scene, p. 76, vol. i. Pearson's ed.)—
but in the face of the agreement of all the later quartos and the folios, and the
unanimous decision of all English editors, I have not deemed this a sufficient authority for the retention of bride in this place. To do so some such alteration as the following would seem to be required in the line itself:

So worthy a gentleman to call her bride.

Compare 'Merchant of Venice', Act III. Sc. 2, l. 305,

"First go with me to church and call me wife."

(Q1) affords no assistance here.

150. How now! How now! — So, substantially, Q3, 4, 5 & Ff. Q2 has, How, how, hownow.

154. But sette thy fine faire legs]. For sette F2, 3, 4 have settle, followed by all the editors till quite recently when Stuauton, I believe, was the first to restore sette to the text. (Steevens and Mommssen in their reprints of (Q1) have settle.)

166. That God had lent us but this owle childl] For lent (Q1) has sent, a reading adopted by Pope and many subsequent editors.

168. And that we have a curse in hauing her] For curse (Q1) has croce, for which Grant White conjectures that the later reading is possibly a misprint.


Nur. May not one speake [fly]? O, Godigeden.

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fools?

The prefix to Capulet's speeches in this scene, in the Q3, Ff, is Fa. for Father. Q2, 3, & Ff here print, Father, & Godigeden | May not one speake? as part of the Nurse's previous speech. F2, 3, 4 omit Father. The right distribution of the speeches is found in Q4, 5. For the metre Theobald read the last line: — Peace, peace you mumbling fool! Seymour conjectured — Peace, you old muming fool! Mr F. G. Fleay's conjecture (spake 'e ye), which I have adopted, seems to me the best mode of curing the metrical defect.

177. 1St. Lady C. You are too hot.

Cap. Gods bread! it makes me mad:
Day-time, night-time, waking or sleeping hour,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Working or playing, still my care hath beene
To have her matchet: —

For these lines (Q1) has, —

Mo: My Lord ye are too hotte.

Cap: Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
Still my care hath beene to see her matchet.

Q2, followed by the other Quartos and the Folios, has, —

W. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad,
Day, night, hours, tide, time, workers, play,
Alone in company, still my care hath beene
To have her matchet,—

A careful study of the dialogue in this place will, I think, convince the reader that Lady C.'s speech—'You are too hot,' —commences the line which Capulet
complete with—'God's bread! it makes me mad!'-and should not be arranged as completing the last line of Capulet's previous speech addressed to the Nurse. We have then here only to consider how the universally admitted corruption, in the old editions, of Capulet's speech quoted above is to be cured. Pope made up a text chiefly from (Q1), and, as his example has been followed in more important editions, his version is here recorded.

God's bread! it makes me mad! Day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd:

This version, however, inasmuch as it ignores altogether the new words introduced in Q2, must be set aside as inadmissible, and we are then compelled to fall back on a comparative study of the texts of (Q1) & Q2 in order to piece together a probable version of the lines intended by the poet; but destroyed by the printer. In the versions of (Q1) and Q2 given above, I have underlined in the former the words which are omitted in the latter and underlined in the latter the new words there introduced. Neither can by any possibility be considered as true versions of the passage they profess to represent. The probability, however, seems to me greatly in favour of the supposition that (Q1), errors apart, substantially agreed with the 'copy' supplied to the printer of Q2, but that that 'copy' had in it alterations and revisions which were blundered by the printer into the corruption which Q2 presents to us.

To Mr. F. G. Fleay, to whom I submitted my views on the subject, I am mainly indebted for the version which I have adopted in my text with great confidence in it as a highly probable and undoubtedly a most ingenious restoration of what I suppose must have been the true revised version. I append his explanation of the process which resulted in the corruption of Q2. "The corrector crossed out early, late; and meant to run his pen round washing or sleeping, so as to indicate its transposition; but, making his curve higher in the page than he intended, ran it through at home, abroad, and waking or sleeping: hence these words were omitted, and the marginal corrections, house, tide, tine, words, play, were put in, all in a heap. The two last of these do not appear as working, playing, because the corrector at first meant only to delete wash, sleep, in washing and sleeping, before he saw that these words were wanted in another place. This seems complex in explanation; but try it, and its truth will be evident at once."

183. train'd] So (Q1), adopted by Capell and most editors. Q2 has diand. The subsequent Qq. & Ff. have allied.

185. Proportional as one thought would wish a man] (Q1) has,—'ones heart could wish a man,'—a reading adopted by Capell and several subsequent editors.

215. 216. ——— Faith, here it is: Romeo

Is banish'd, and all the world to nothing.] Printed as one line in Qq.

two lines in Ff. ending it is and nothing. Rowe and many subsequent editors follow the arrangement of Ff. reading banish'd in second line. Capell and others have the arrangement of our text, reading, however, in the first line here 'tis.

221, 222. O, this lovely Gentleman!

Romeo a dishcloth to him:—] Capell added to this first line,—
Notes.

Romero! which seems to me far the best method, if any is needed, of several suggestions for completing the metre. In the second line Q2 misprints Romero.

228. As living here] Hanmer reads,—As living hence—"but here may signify, in this world." Johnson.

229—232. Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart!
Nur. And from my soule too; else beseech them both.
Jul. Amen!
Nur. [To] What f]

Here as in Q2, with the exceptions that Q2 in the first line has Speakest, that Q3. 5 in the second have or else, and that in the last speech To was added by Hanmer.

The F1. make two lines of the second line, And... too | Or else... both.
The usual arrangement of the passage is in two metrical lines ending too and What f. The Nurse’s second speech in (Q1) is,—‘What say you madam?’

236. absolu’d] absolu’d Q2.

ACT IV

Scene 1.

At the Friar’s cell. The Friar and Paris. Then Juliet who comes for counsel and obtains from the Friar the sleeping potion. In this scene, up to the departure of Paris, (Q1) & Q2 are almost identical; from that point to the end there are large omissions in the former, and evident marks of revision in Q2; notably in the Friar’s description of the effects to be produced by the sleeping potion (See note on lines 95—98). Q2 also contains evidence in itself of this revision in the fact that a double reading has crept into the text with reference to the placing of Juliet in Tomb. (See note on line 111.)

7. talk][Q1 & Q5. The rest have talks or talk.
10. That she do give her sorrow so much sway] So Q2. (Q1), Q3, 4, 5, F1,
2 for do have doth. F3, 4 should.
20. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.] Q4 omits comma after may be. The Cam. Edd. & Furness also. Perhaps may be should be marked with inverted commas as a quotation from Juliet’s preceding speech.
42. past care] So (Q1) & Q5. The rest, past care.
46. O, Juliet Ah Juliet (Q1), adopted by Capell, and the usual reading.
50. hard’s] Q5. The rest, harsest.
72. stay] stay Q2, 3, F1. lay F2. The rest, including (Q1), as in text.
76. dar’st?] F1. darest Q1.
78. From of the battlements of yonder Tower] For off Q2, 3, 4, F1, 2 have of.
For yonder, introduced by Pope from (Q1), the Qq. F1. have any.
81. shut] introduced by Pope from (Q1). The Qq. F1. have hide.
83. chappels] chapels Q2. chappels Q3 & F1.
85. shroud] So Q4, 5. The Ff. have shroud. Neither word occurs in Q2, 3.
92. thy Nurse] the Nurse Q2.
94. And this distilling liquor—] So the Qq. Ff. (Q1) has,—distilled liquor— introduced by Pope and generally adopted. I give Mr Grant White’s note on
the subject. "Yielding to custom, I doubtfully displace 'distilling' for the
earlier reading; as the former may either have been put for 'distilled', accord-
ing to the common practice of Shakspere's time in relation to participial
terminations, or used with reference, not to the manner in which the liquor was made,
but to its quality of distilling (like the 'laperous distilment' poured in the ears of
Hamlet's father) 'through the natural gates and alleys of the body.'"

95—98. When presently through all thy veines shall run
A cold and drowsie humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testifie thou liest.—] In the last line Q2
misprints brast for breath. liest in the same line is from Q5, The rest have
liest.

For these four lines (Q1) has five, and probably gives a true reading of the
original play before the revival for Q2. I mark in italics the places in which (Q1)
differs from Q2.

"When presently through all thy veines shall run
A dull and heavy slumber, which shall cease
Each vitall spirit: for no Pulse shall keepe
His natural progress, but surcease to breathe:
No signe of breath shall testifie thou liest."

This version Pope adopted substantially, though making some verbal changes in
accordance with Q2. His example is followed by many editors. The version,
however, in Q2 bears such evident signs of deliberate revision that I have not felt
justified here in recurring to the earlier impression.

100. To paly askes] Q4, 5 (Too Q4). Too many ashe Q2, 3, F1 (To F1.).
To manly ashe F2, 3, 4.

104. borrowed] Q5. borrowed. The rest.

110. In thy best robe, uncouered.] Is . . . uncouered Q2.

111. Thou shalt be borne to that same ancients vault] Preceding this line in
the Q3, Ff. an unfigured variation in the 'copy' from which Q2 was printed has
crept into the text:—
'Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds grace.'
The corresponding line in (Q1), which here has large omissions, is:—
And when thou art laid in thy kindred's vault.

115, 116. —— and he and I
Will watch thy waking.—] Q2 misprints,—an . . . waking. The
Fl. omit this sentence.

ACT IV.

Scene 2.

Juliet on her return from the Friar's cell makes her submission to her Father.
The character of (Q1) in this scene is distinctly that of an imperfect version
roughly made up from notes taken during the performance.

26. becomed] So Fl. becomid Q2, 3. becommid Q4, 5.
30. *I, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.* Here probably we should send out another servant. Capulet, however, subsequently (line 44) says that he will himself walk to Countie Paris.

**ACT IV.**

**Scene 3.**

The Nurse, Juliet and her mother. Then Juliet, alone, takes the sleeping potion. In this scene again (Q1) evidently presents but an imperfect version of the original; the result of notes taken during the performance and roughly made up.

18–21. Nurse!—What should she do here? My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—

Come, Violi.—

What if this mixture do not work at all?]

The arrangement of these lines in our text is Hamner’s, and has been almost universally adopted. The Q1, F1. make but one line of Come, Violi.—

... worke at all? Knightley arranges the lines in the following manner:

Nurse!—What should she do here? My dismal scene

I needs must act alone. Come, viol, [come!]

What if this mixture do not work at all?

22. Shall I be married then to morrow morning?] For this line (Q1) has:

Must I of force be married to the Countie—adopted by Malone and some subsequent editors. Pope and others read:—Shall I of force be married to the Count?

23. [Laying down a dagger.] This stage direction is Johnson’s. For the line in our text to which it refers, the (Q1) has,—This shall forbid it. Knife lye then there.


39. *I will not entertaine so bad a thought.* This line which is only found in (Q1) was introduced into the text by Steevens, whose example has been very generally followed.

34. stifled] stifled Q3, 3r, 4r.

41. —this many hundred yeares] So Q2. The rest for this have these. Compare Act V. Sc. 2, line 25.—Within this three hours will faire Juliet wake.—and Sc. 3, line 175.—Who here hath laine this two daies buried.

50. *O! if I wake* Harner’s correction. Q2, 3, F1 have O if I wake. Q4.

5. Or if I awake. F2, 3, 4. Or if I wake or walk. It will be noticed that a similar case of misprinting occurs in Act IV. Sc. 1, line 116, where in Q2 waking is spelt wakling.

58. Upon a Rapiers poynt] So the Q1. For a F1 has any, F2, 3, 4 his.

59. Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She falls upon her bed, within the Curtaine.]

So (Q1). The Q3. F1. have a—Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heres drinks, I drink to thee.—with no stage direction. Pope first substituted the line of (Q1) for that of the later editions. The stage direction was first adopted by the Cambridge editors. As Dyce suggests, heres drinks of Q1. F1. may be the corruption of a
stage direction foisted into the text. I incline also to believe that the triple repetition of Romeo in those editions may have been intended as an addition to the text, as given in (Q1), to be murmured by Juliet as she falls asleep:—Romeo,—Romeo,—Romeo.

Some explanation of the business of the old stage may perhaps here be necessary. The space 'within the curtains', where Juliet's bed is placed, was the space at the back of the stage proper, beneath the raised stage or gallery which served for a balcony, or the walls of a besieged town, as the case required; this was divided from the stage proper by a traverse or curtain. The curtain closing before Juliet's bed, the stage was now supposed to represent a hall in Capulet's house (Sc. 4) where Capulet busies himself with the preparations for the wedding.

'On his hearing of the arrival of Paris he summons the Nurse to call forth Juliet, which, he being gone, she proceeds to do, and opening the curtains the scene again becomes Juliet's chamber (Sc. 5) where she is discovered dead apparently on her bed. After the general lamentations which take place on this occasion,'

"They all but the Nurse go forth casting Rosemary on her (Juliet) and shutting the Curtains" (Q1); and then follows the scene with Peter and the Musicians, the stage then again being supposed a hall or some other apartment in Capulet's house.

ACT IV.

Scene 4.

Capulet busy with the preparations for the marriage; he hears the music announcing the arrival of Paris, and sends the Nurse to waken Juliet. The imperfect character of this scene in (Q1) is again evidently the result of rough notes carelessly put together.

6. — Go, [go] you cot-queens, go.] Theobald's emendation. The more modern editors reject the repetition of go which he introduced. Dyce, however, observes, that it is ' probably what the author wrote'.

21. Good faith, tis day.] So Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4. Good father tis day Q2, 3, F1.

ACT IV.

Scene 5.

Juliet discovered apparently dead in her bed—general lamentations—and the scene ends with a 'comic' passage between Peter and the Musicians.

Again in this scene (Q1) presents all the character of an imperfect version roughly made up from notes. The chorus of lamentations, however, when compared with the corresponding passages in Q2, seems to point to considerable revision in the later edition.

1. Mistress!—what, mistress! Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she:—] I have ventured to point this speech somewhat differently from the usually received method, which is—

Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! etc.

I should however observe that this reading appears to be founded on the punctuation of the old editions, which, in the Q2, have a comma after the second
mistris, and in the Fl., still more emphatically, a note of interrogation. Mr. F. G. Fleay suggests to me that the first ‘Mistris’ should be given in a separate line.

15. Oh, wretched! Q2 here, as in a previous passage, Act III. Sc. 2, line 37, has wrong.

30. Accursed time! unfortunate old man! Introduced into the text by Pope and some subsequent editors from (Q1).

37–38. Hath death laine with thy wife?—[See,] there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.] So, in first line, F2, 3, 4, which also in the second line have, deflowerd or deflower'd now by him. See and now are both omitted in Q4, & F1. (Q4) for these lines has:

Hath Death lain with thy bride, flower as she is,
Deflowered by him, see, where she lies.

Steevens adopted from (Q4) bride, which here perhaps is more appropriate than wise of the later editions.

41. And leave him all; life, living, all is deaths.] For the restoration of this line we are indebted to Collier. Q2, 3, Fl. have,—all life living.—Q4, 5, all, life, living,—which Capell and subsequent editors altered to— all; life living.

42. Have I thought long? For long Q2 has lonely.

52. behold] Q2 misprints bold.

55. O wofull day! O wofull, [wofull] day!] I have introduced the third wofull into this line at the suggestion of Mr F. G. Fleay.

64. Dead art thou! [Dead! ]—Alack, my child is dead! The second Dead in this line is Theobald’s emendation; very generally adopted.

66. confusions cure] Theobald’s emendation. The Q4, Fl. for care have care.

81, 82. and as the custome is,

And in her best array, bore her to Church] Capell, whose example has been generally followed, here introduces from (Q1) In all in lieu of And in.

83. fond nature] some nature Q4, & Fl.

100. [Enter Peter.] So Q4, 5, Fl. Q2, 3 have, Enter Will Kemp or Kempes, the name of the actor who doubtless performed this part. (Q1) has, Enter Servant-man, and the prefix to his speeches is merely Ser. There is some confusion, perhaps remediless, as to this character of Peter. Shakspeare has such dramatic power, that there were no names attached to the speeches of his characters we could nearly always tell,—even as though we saw the play performed upon the stage before us,—by whom they were delivered, and I do not recognize in this individual, the Nurse’s man: I seem rather to hear the voice of the Sampson of the opening scene, of the Clowne of Act I. Sc. 2, of the 2nd Servant in Act I. Sc. 5, and of the 2nd Servant of Act IV. Sc. 2. The Nurse’s man is a dull, stolid out, this is a conceited ass,—just the part that would fall naturally to Kemp as his share in the performance. Note that in the last scene of all Romeo’s man is sometimes in the stage directions in Q2, 3, & Fl. called Peter (though in the text Balthazer); clearly a mistake, as Peter, whatever offices he may have filled, was of the house of Capulet, not that of Montague. This, however, may have arisen from Romeo’s man in the original story having for name Pietro.

105. ‘My hart is full [of woe : ’—] The words, of woe, are only found in Q4.
ACT IV. SC. 5.

Notes.

5. Steevens pointed out that "This is the burden of the first stanza of 'A Pleasant new Ballad of Two Lovers.'" Staunton tells us that it is in the Pepys collection, and begins: —Complain, my lute, complain on him, That stays so long away.—The whole ballad is printed in Vol. I. of the 'Shakespeare Society's Papers,' p. 12, from a copy communicated to the Society by Mr. Andrew Barton, 1844.

120. Then have at you with my wit.] This commencement of a speech by Peter, is printed in Q2, 3, Ff. as part of the preceding speech of 2. Mus.—The correction was made in Q4. 5.

124. And dolfull damps the mind apprese.] This line is omitted in Q3. Ff. Capell supplied it from (Q1). The song itself, ascribed to Richard Edwards, is found in the 'Paradise of Dainty Deities.' It is printed in a note by Sir John Hawkins in Vol. VI., p. 212, 'Variorum Shakespeare,' ed. 1821. Another copy of it will be found in Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

129—132. Pratte l.—Prettie too l] These two exclamation in Peter's two speeches are corrupted in the Q3, Ff. to Prate, Protest, and Prate; and Prate to, Protest to, Prate too, and Protest too. Pope introduced the correction from (Q1).


136. Musitions have no gold for sounding:] For this, (Q1) has,—such Fellowes as you have sildone Goldes for sounding. Adopted into the text part by Pope and part by Capell, and found in many editions.

ACT V.

Scene 1.

Romeo receives the news of Juliet's burial, and purchases poison of the Apothecary. (Q1) here again in this scene is evidently but a confused and imperfect version of the original; the result apparently of notes taken during the performance and carelessly strung together.

1. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep] ... the flattering Eye of Sleep (Q1). One or the other of these two readings has been adopted by the majority of editors, and each in its turn has been defended, though but with doubtful result: flattering truth being apparently a contradiction in terms, while flattering eye is at the best a most obscure expression. Otway, who introduced into his 'Caesius Marius' large portions of this play in a more or less mangled condition, changed flattering eye to flattery, and this reading was adopted into Shakspeare's text by Pope. Singer conjectured the true reading to be—' the flattering soother sleep;' while Grant White reads—' the flattering south of sleep,' i. e. the flattering angry or prognostication of sleep. Mr. Fleay, however, suggests to me that flattering may bear the interpretation of seeming, and if so no change in our text is either necessary or desirable. As a new element in the consideration of this question—at any rate I am not aware that it has been noted before—I would direct attention to a similar expression in (Q1). 'Too flattering true to be substantial.' See note on lines 139—141, Act II. Sc. 2 of this revised text.

3. My bosomes Lord sits lightly in his throne] In Q2, 3, Ff for Lord we have L.
Notes.

24. Is it one so very then I demie you, starras!] Q2 for one has in. The rest, including (Q1), even or even, contracted, by Collier first, to e'm. (Q1) also differs from the later version in reading, then I dofe my Starres. Pope substituted dofe of (Q1) for done of Qq. FL and his example has been very generally followed.
25. know'd] So Q5. In consequence The rest.
27. I do beseech you, sir, have patience] For this line (Q1) has,—Pardon me sir I will not leave you thus—adopted by Steevens following Pope's example, who, however, changed will not to dare not.
64, 65. As violently as hastie powder fiend

Doth hurry from the fatall Cannons wombe.] For these lines (Q1) has,—

'As suddenly as powder being fiend

From forth a cannons mouth.'

This simile is again used in (Q1) Act II. Sc. 5, by Juliet when awaiting the return of the Nurse:—

'And ranne more swift, than hastie powder fiend,

Doth hurry from the fearfull Cannons mouth.'

69. feart] So FL. Q5. fearest Q2, 3, 4.
71. Contempt and beggerie hang on thy backe.] For this line Malone substituted from (Q1) 'Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miserie.'
76. I say thy poore] Q2, 3, & FL. for say have pray.
82. maist] maist & mayest Q2, 3, F1, 2.

ACT V.

Scene 2.

At Friar Lawrence's Cell—he learns that his letter to Romeo has not been delivered, and prepares to visit the Tomb. Compared with Q2, (Q1) presents in this scene an imperfect and shortened version of the original.

ACT V.

Scene 3.

The last. In the Churchyard, before the Tomb of the Capulets. The general character of this scene in (Q1) is that of a shortened and imperfect version of the original; it affords, however, evidence of revision in Q2, notably in Paris's address before the tomb of Juliet (see note on lines 12—17). The Friar's exculpatory speech too when compared in the two quarto's suggests considerable revisions in the later quarto. The condition of the 'copy' from which the later quarto was printed may be pretty clearly ascertained when we consider the variae lectiones that have crept into it. See for instances notes on lines 102—3 and on lines following 107.

[Enter Counttie Paris and his Page, with flowers and sweete water.] (Q1).

Enter Paris and his Page Qq. FL.

3. Vnder yond yew Tree] In this place, and in line 144 of this scene, for yew
the Qq. Fl. have young and young. Pope made the correction. (Q1) in the first instance has Eva-True; but has no passage corresponding to line 144.

8. hearst] Rowe. hearst Q1. Fl.
11. [Retires] Capell. Exit. F2, 3, 4. No stage direction in (Q1), the Qq. or F1. Some note as to the business of the old stage may here perhaps be desirable. Juliet's Tomb, I imagine to be placed in the space under the raised stage or gallery at the back of the stage proper. Paris enters at one door with his page, who at his master's bidding retires to one side of the stage and lies down. Romeo enters at the other door with Balthazer, who also at his master's command retires and lies down at the other side of the stage. The rest of the stage business in this scene is sufficiently indicated in the dialogue itself.

12, 17. Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridal bed I strewe,—
O woe! thy Canapie is dust and stones!—
Which with sweete water nightly I will dewe, etc. I follow here the punctuation of the Cambridge editors who, with Staunton, make the line O woe . . . stones parenthetical (Staunton prints it within parentheses). The usual punctuation would imply that it was the 'Canapie', not the flowers, which Paris proposed nightly to dew. For these and the following lines of Paris's address Pope substitutes a somewhat altered version of the corresponding speech in (Q1); his example, except that they restored the actual words of (Q1), was followed by Steevens and many subsequent editors. The lines in (Q1) are as follows:—

Sweetie Flower, with flowers I strewe thy Bridalle bed:
Sweete Tombe, that in thy circuite dost containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie:
Faire Juliet that with Angells dost remaine,
Accept this latest fauour at my hands,
That living honour thee, and being dead
With funerall praires doo adorne thy Tombe.

21. [Enter Romeo, etc.] Stage direction of (Q1). The Q2, 3, Fl. have, Enter Romeo and Peter. Q4, 5,—Enter Romeo and Balthazer his man.

26. hearst] hearst Q2, 3, 4.
40. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye] For ye Q3, 4, 5, Fl. have you, the reading generally adopted. This and the next speech of Balthazer are given to Pet. in Q2, 3, Fl.
41. friendshid] Q2 misprints, friendshid.
54. unhallowed] Pope. unhallowed Qq. Fl.
55. pursu'd] Rowe. pursued Q3. Fl.
62. Put not another sin upon my head] For Put Rowe reads Pull; Malone, from (Q1), Hap; Capell conjectures Pluck.
68. I do defie thy commiseration] Malone, from (Q1). Q2 has commiseration. Q3, Fl. commiseration. Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4 commiseration.
71. Page. O Lord . . . watch.] This line, without any prefix, is printed in italics in Q2, 3. Q4, 5 assign it to Page, the Fl. to Pet.
102, 103. ——— Shall I beleue
That unsubstantiall death is amoros] Theobald's emendation. The Qq. Fl. have ——— I will beleue,
Notes.

Shall I believe that unsubstantial death isamonous.

As Dyce remarks, "these are evidently variæ lectiones, which, by some mistake, have both crept into the text."

107. this pallace of dynm night] Q2 misprints pallat. The rest have pallac, Pallace, palace, and Palace.

Following this line Q2, 3, & Fl. have:—

Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme, (armes Fl.)

There's to thy health, where er thou tumblest in.

O true Apothecarie!

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

These lines are properly omitted in Q4 & 5; they are probably a shortened version of the speech intended for the stage only; but by some accident printed with the text. Where are thou tumbl'est in may possibly be the corruption of a stage direction to the actor to fall into the tomb at this point.


Steevens, followed by some editors, added to this first speech of the Friar the first line of his next speech as it is given in (Q1).—

Who is it that consorts so late the dead.

128. It doth so, holy sir; and ther's my master,

One that you love.] So arranged by Johnson. One line in Qq. Two, the first ending ari, in Fl.

156. O, much I feare some ill unlawful thing! For unlawful Q2 has unauthoris'd.

167—169. These lines, with the exception of the stage directions (imperfect or omitted altogether in the original editions), are here arranged as in Qq. The Fl. give Yoas, noise I in a separate line. This is thy sheath is the reading of Q2, 4, 5. Q3 has, 'Tis is thy sheath, and the Fl. 'Tis in thy sheath. Mr. F. G. Fleay suggests to me that we should arrange and read, as follows:—

Thy lips are warm.

1. Watch. [Within.] Lead, boy! Which way?

Jul.

Yes, noise! Then I'll be brief. 0 happy dagger lie

In this thy sheath, there rust, and let me die!

It should be mentioned that for must Dyce and other modern editors have adopted from (Q1) rest.

O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,

Rest in my bosom, thus I come to thee.

186. stay the Frier too.] Q2, 3, 4 repeat too.

189. What should it be that so shriek'd abroad] I have adopted here the conjecture of the Cambridge editors. Q2 has, that is so shrike. The rest, that they so shrike (shriek F4).

190. The people in the street e're Romeu.] Pope. The Qq. Fl. have O the people, etc.

193. What fear is this, which startles in our eares] Capell's adoption of John son's and Heath's conjecture. The Qq. Fl. have, your eare.

198. Slaughter'd Romeus man] Q2 has Slaugher.

204. And it miskeathed] Q2, 3, 4 have—miskeathed or miskeathed'd.

205. To see thy wonne and heire more eary downe.] So (Q1), introduced by Steevens. Q2 has,—now eary downe. The rest,—now early downe.
ACT V. SC. 3.]

Notes.

231. And she, there dead, that Romeas faithful wife.] So Q4, 5. Q2, 3 have, that's Romeao. The Ff., that's Romeo.
247. borrow'd] Capell. borrowed Q3, Ff.
250. Was stay'd by accident] So the Ff. The Q4 have, stayed.
264. All this I know.] It would, I think, be an improvement here to read by transposition—This, all I know.
264—267. These four lines—All this... time—are arranged as by Pope. Three lines ending private, fault, time, in Q4, Ff.
270. Where Romeus man? what can he say to this?] So the Q4, Ff. Capell, followed by other editors, here reads, with (Q1),—what can he say in this?
298. For I will raise her statue in pure gold.] For raise Q2, 3 misprint raise.
307. Some shall be pardon'd] So the Ff. The Q4 have pardoned.

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Meeting at University College, Gower St, London, W.C., on the 2nd Friday of every month (except at Easter and during July, August, and September), at 8 p.m. Subscription, One Guinea a year, due on 1st January, and payable to the Hon. Sec., A. G. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, London, E.

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LIST OF PAPERS

TO BE READ AT THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY’S MEETINGS, AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,
GOWER ST, W.C., FROM OCTOBER, 1874, TO JUNE, 1875, AT 8 P.M.

Friday, October 9. The Politics of Shakspeare’s Historical Plays; by Richard Simpson, Esq., B.A.
Friday, December 11. I. On Hamlet’s inserted Speech of ‘a dozen or sixteen Lines,’ by Wm. T. Malleson, Esq., and Professor J. R. Seeley, M.A., Cambridge. II. A Discussion on the Play of Cymbeline; to be open’d by J. W. Hales, Esq., M.A., or F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.
Friday, January 8. On the first Two Quarto’s of Hamlet, 1603, 1604; by the Rev. E. A. Abbott, D.D. (This paper is not intended for printing.)
Friday, March 12. On the Date of King John; by Brinsley Nicholson, Esq., M.D.
Friday, April 9. A Paper by Professor Leo, Ph.D., of Berlin.
Friday, May 14. A Scratch Night: short Papers or Remarks on any Shakspeare Topics, by any Members of the Society who will send or speak what they have to say.
Friday, June 11. On the Originals of Shakspeare’s Plots; by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq.

Offers of other Papers and of Scraps are desired, and should be made to Mr Furnivall, 3, St George’s Square, Primrose Hill, London, N.W. The Committee can appoint the 4th Friday of any month for the reading of any extra Paper that they approve.
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[All in type.]


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1 The original Italian story by Luigi da Porto, 1530, with a Translation, &c., by Prof. G. Pace-Sanfelice, can be had at Glaser’s, 265, High-Holborn, for 1s.; the facsimile Quarto of *Mache Ader,* 1600, for 1s., and Booth’s reprint of the Folio for 12s. 6d.
2. Parallel Texts of the following Quarto Plays and their versions in the First Folio, with
collations: Richard III, Q1; 2 Henry IV, Q1; Troilus and Cressida, Q1; Lear, Q2:
to show the relations of the Folio text to that of the previous editions. Of Othello, four
Texts, Q1, Q2, F1, and a revised Text.

3. Parallel Texts of the two earliest Quartos of Midsummer Night’s Dream, and Merchant
of Venice; to show which edition is the better basis for a revised text.

4. The First Quartos of Much Ado about Nothing; Loues Labour’s Lost; Richard II;
1 Henry IV; from which the copies in the Folio were printed.

Reprints in Quarto of the remaining Folio Plays, with collations. When possible, the
passages which Shakspere used from North’s Plutarch, Holinshead’s and Halle’s Chroni-
cles, &c., will be printed opposite the texts of his Roman and Historical Plays. Also
the plots of the old plays of ‘The Taming of a Shrew,’ ‘Promos and Cassandra,’ ‘The
troublesome raigne of King John,’ &c., will be printed parallel with the plots of
Shakspere’s Plays that were founded on them. In all Reprints of Quarto and Folio
editions of Shakspere’s Plays, the numbers of act, scene, and line, will be given in the
margin, so as to make the books handy to work with.

Series V. The Contemporary Drama. Works suggested by Mr Richard Simpson (see The
Academy, Jan. 31, 1874, p. 120-1):—

a. The Works of Robert Greene, Thomas Nash (with a selection from Gabriel Harvey’s),
Thomas Lodge, and Henry Chettle.

b. The Arraignment of Paris (Peele’s); Arden of Feversham; George-a-Greene; Locrine;
King Edward III (of which Act ii. is by a different hand, and that, almost certainly
Shakspere’s); Mucedorus; Sir John Oldcastle; Thomas Lord Cromwell; The Merry
Devil of Edmonton; The London Prodigal; The Puritan; A Yorkshire Tragedy; Faire
Em; The Birth of Merlin; The Siege of Antwerp; The Life and Death of Thomas
Stucler; A Warning to Fair Women. (Perhaps ‘The Prodigal Son,’ and ‘Hester and
Ahnasuerus,’ extant in German Translations.)

c. The Martinist and Anti-Martinist Plays of 1589-91; and the Plays relating to the quarrel
between Dekker and Jonson in 1600.

d. Lists of all the Companies of Actors in Shakspere’s time, their Directors, Players, Plays,
and Poets.

e. Dr Wm. Gager’s Meleager, a tragedy, printed Oct. 1592 (with the correspondence relating
to it between Dr Gager of Christ Church, and Dr John Reynolds of Corpus (Univ. Coll.
Ox. MS. J. 18; and at Corpus). Also, Reynolds’s rejoinder in 1593, ‘The Overthrow
of Stage Plays,’ &c., with the letters between him and Gentiles. Also, Gentilis’s
‘Disputatio de Actoribus et Spectatoribus Fabularum non notandis,’ Hannov. 1659.
And ‘Fucus sive Histriomastix’ (a play against Reynolds), Lambeth MS. 838).

f. Robert Chester’s Love’s Martyr—from which Shakspere’s lines to the ‘Phenicx and
Turtle’ were taken—with an Introduction showing who Salisbury was, to whom the
Chorus Vatum dedicates the book; and showing the relation between Chester’s poem
and Shakspere’s Cymbeline.

The Returne from Pernassus, 1606; to be edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart.

from its two versions by Fredk. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.

Series VII. Mysteries, &c. Ancient Mysteries, with a Morality, from the Digby MS. 133,
re-edited from the unique MS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A., The Towneley Mysteries,
re-edited from the unique MS. by the Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D.

Series VIII. Miscellaneous. Autotypes of the parts of the Play of Sir Thomas More that may
possibly be in young Shakspere’s handwriting, from the Harleian MS. 7368. Thomas
Rymer’s Tragedies of the last Age considered and examined’, 1673, 1692; and his ‘A short
View of Tragedy of the last Age’, 1693.
THE NEW SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

(The Founder's Prospectus Revised.)

To do honour to Shakspeare¹, to make out the succession of his plays, and thereby the growth of his mind and art; to promote the intelligent study of him, and to print Texts illustrating his works and his times, this New Shakspeare Society is founded.

It is a disgrace to England that while Germany can boast of a Shakspeare Society which has gathered into itself all its country's choicest scholars, England is now without such a Society. It is a disgrace, again, to England that even now, 258 years after Shakspeare's death, the study of him has been so narrow, and the criticism, however good, so devoted to the mere text and its illustration, and to studies of single plays, that no book by an Englishman exists which deals in any worthy manner with Shakspeare as a whole, which tracks the rise and growth of his genius from the boyish romanticism or the sharp youngmanishness of his early plays, to the magnificence, the splendour, the divine intuition, which mark his ablest works. The profound and generous "Commentaries" of Gervinus²—an honour to a German to have written, a pleasure to an Englishman to read—is still the only book known to me that comes near the true treatment and the dignity of its subject, or can be put into the hands of the student who wants to know the mind of Shakspeare. I am convinced that the unsatisfactory result of the long and painful study of Shakspeare by so many English scholars—several, men of great power and acuteness—arises mainly from a neglect of the only sound method of beginning that study, the chronological one. Unless a man's works are studied in the order in which he wrote them, you cannot get at a right understanding of his mind, you cannot follow the growth of it. This has been specially brought home to me by my work on Chaucer. Until I saw that his Pity was his first original work, the key of his life was undiscovered; but that found, it at once opened the treasure-chest, the rest of the jewels he has left us were at once disclosed in their right array, the early pathetic time of his life made clear, its contrast with the later humorous one shown, and, for the first time these 470 years, the dear old man stood out as he was known in Wycliffe's time. Something of this kind must take place in the mind of every one who will carefully and reverently follow Shakspeare's steps on his way up to the throne of Literature, where he, our English poet, sits, the glory not of our land alone, but of the world.

Dramatic poet though Shakspeare is, bound to lose himself in his wondrous and manifold creations; taciturn "as the secrets of Nature" though he be; yet in this Victorian time, when our geniuses of Science are so wresting her secrets from Nature as to make our days memorable for ever, the faithful student of Shakspeare need not fear that he will be unable to pierce through the crowds of forms that exhibit Shakspeare's mind, to the mind itself, the man himself, and see

¹ This spelling of our great Poet's name is taken from the only unquestionably genuine signatures of his that we possess, the three on his will, and the two on his Stratford conveyance and mortgage. None of these signatures have an e after the k; four have no a after the first e; the fifth I read -ère. The e and a had their French sounds, which explain the forms 'Shaxper', &c. Though it has hitherto been too much to ask people to suppose that Shakspeare knew how to spell his own name, I hope the demand may not prove too great for the imagination of the Members of the New Society.

² Miss Bunnett's translation, with an Introduction by myself, is publish by Smith and Elder, 12s. Mr H. N. Hudson's 'Shakespeare: his Life, Art, and Character' (Sampson Low and Co.), with comments on twenty-five of his best Plays, is the best original commentary of its kind in English that I know. It is of course much indebted to German criticism. Mrs Jamieson's Characteristics of Women (5s., Routledge) has some most subtle and beautiful studies of Shakspeare's chief woman-creations. See too Prof. Dowden's forthcoming Mind and Art of Shakspeare. (H. S. King.)

³ The ordinary editions put the Plays biggledy-piggledy: often, like the Folio, beginning with Shakspeare's almost-last play, the Tempest, and then putting his (probably) third, the Two Gentlemen of Verona, next it. No wonder readers are all in a maze. Further, though I can put my finger on Chaucer's "night-rungale that clepeth forth the freshe leves newe," and say 'Here is first the real Chaucer,' yet 1 (though past 49) cannot yet do the like for Shakspeare. (Is it "the nimble spirits in the arteries," note 1, page 6 (perhaps an insertion in the amended edition of 1697), or in The Comedie of Errors, Ill. 2

Sing, Siren, for thy selfe, and I will dete;
Spread are the silver vases the golden flutes,
And as a h(o)d Ie take the(m), and there lie

How many of the readers of this can? Yet ought'n't we all to have been able to do it from the time we were 18, or twenty-one?
him as he was; while in the effort, in the enjoyment of his new gain, the worker will find his own great reward.

Fortunately for us, **Shakspere** has himself left us the most satisfactory—because undesigned—evidence of the growth in the mechanism of his art, in the gradual changes in his versification during his life, changes that must strike every intelligent reader, and which I cannot at all understand the past neglect of. To cite only one such change, that from the sparing use of the unstopt line to the frequent use of it¹:—a test which, when applied to three of **Shakspere’s** unripest, and three of his ripest (though not best) plays, gives the following result,—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Earliest Plays</th>
<th>Proportion of unstopt lines to stoppt ones.</th>
<th>Latest Plays</th>
<th>Proportion of unstopt lines to stoppt ones.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Luces Labour’s Lost</td>
<td>1 in 18:14</td>
<td>The Tempest</td>
<td>1 in 3:02</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Comedy of Errors</td>
<td>1 in 10:7</td>
<td>Cymbeline King of Britaine</td>
<td>1 in 2:52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The two Gent. of Verona</td>
<td>1 in 10</td>
<td>The Winter’s Tale</td>
<td>1 in 2:12²</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

surely shows its exceeding value at a glance, though of course it alone is not conclusive. Working with this and other mechanical tests—such as Mr Spedding’s, of the pause, of double endings (or redundant final syllables), of the weak ending in as, in, &c. (including light endings), the use of rymes, Alexandrines, &c.—we can, without much trouble, get our great Poet’s Plays into an order to which we can then apply the higher tests ² of conception, characterization, knowledge of life, music of line, dramatic development, and imagination, and see in how far the results of these tests coincide with, or differ from, those of the former ones; whether the conscious growth of power agrees or not with the unconscious change of verse.³

Having settled this, we can then mark out the great Periods of **Shakspere’s** work,—whether with Gervinus and Delius we make Three, or, guided by the verse-test, with Bathurst, we make Four, or

¹ Here are two extreme instances. The early one has a stop at the end of every one of its first 16 lines. The late one has only 4 end-stop lines. (See the late C. Bathurst's 'Differences of Shakspere's Versification at different Periods of his Life,' 1867.)

(Early) *Luces Labour’s lost*, iv. 3 (p. 135, col. 1, Booth's reprint).

*Berr.* O 'tis more then neede, 
Have at you then, affections men at armes; 
Consider what you first did aware vnto: 
To fast, to study, and to see no woman: 
Flat treason against the kingly state of youth. 
Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young: 
And abstinence ingenders maladies. 
And where that you have vow’d to studie (Lords), 
In the name of Heauen, heere is his Booke. 
Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke? 
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you, 
Hawe found the ground of studies excellence; 
Without the beauty of a womans face? 
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive: 
They are the Ground, the Booke, the Achadema, 
From whence doth spring the true Pyrmethean fire. 
Why, vnuerseall plodding poysons vp 
The nimble spirits in the arteries; 
As motion and long during action tyra 
The sinnowy vigour of the traualer.

² The proportion in *The Life of King Henry the Eighth* is 1 in 2:75; but in this play there are clear traces of another hand—Fletcher’s, Mr Tennyson tells me. (See Mr Spedding’s able paper in *Gt. Mag.*, August, 1850, and others; all printed in the Appendix to Part I of the New Shakspere Society’s Transactions, 1874.) The last long speech of Cramer looks as if it was written first in Elizabeth’s time.—Mr Hales suggests, at the time of her dying sickness in March 1603—thee pulled in two, and a complimentary bit on King James I. inserted in the middle. Mr Spedding, however, always held, and the metrical tests show, that it was not; but that the whole Play was late.

³ Mr J. W. Hale’s 7 Tests are, 1. External Evidence (dates of printing); 2. Internal (from allusions in the Plays, &c.); 3. Metre; 4. Language and Style (5 and 4 comprised under Form); 5. Power of Characterization; 6. Dramatic Unity; 7. Knowledge of Life. (See *The Academy*, Jan. 17, 1874, p. 63; Jan. 31, p. 117.)

⁴ The Sonnets and Minor Poems will be discussed in their chronological order with the Plays.
with other critics Five, and define the Characteristics of each Period.\footnote{\text{The doubtful Plays like Hen. VI, Titus Andronicus, Pericles (of which Mr Tennyson has convinced me that Shakspeare wrote at least the parts in which Pericles loses and finds his wife and daughter: see a print of them in the \textit{New Shakspeare Society's Transactions}, Part 1), The Two Noble Kinsmen (see \textit{West. Rev.}, April, 1847, and the second Paper in the Appendix to the \textit{New Shakspeare Society's Transactions}, 1874, Part 1), &c., could be discussed here. The Plays just mentioned will be edited for the Society.}} We can then put forth a Student's Handbook to Shakspeare, and help learners to know him. But before this, we can lay hand on Shakspeare's text, though here, probably, there will not be much to do, thanks to the labours of the many distinguished scholars who have so long and so faithfully worked at it. Still, as students, we should follow their method. First, discuss the documents: print in parallel columns the Quarto and Folio copies of such plays as have both,\footnote{\text{The Second and Third Parts of Henry VI would be set aside 'The first part of the contention' and 'the true tragedy'; 'The Merry Wives' by its first sketch, &c.}} and determine whether any Quarto of each Play, or the Folio, should be the basis of its text,\footnote{\text{In the first Trial-edition of the Plays in Quarto for the Society, the spelling of the text adopted as the basis of the edition, whether Quarto or Folio, will be followed.}} with special reference to Richard III. Secondly, discuss all the best conjectural readings, seeking for contemporary confirmations of them; and perhaps drawing up a Black List of the thousands of stupid or ingeniously fallacious absurdities that so-called emenders have devised. Thirdly, led by Mr Alexander J. Ellis, discuss the pronunciation of Shakspeare and his period, and the spelling that ought to be adopted in a scholars'-edition of his Plays, whether that of the Quartos or Folio,\footnote{\text{In the first Trial-edition of the Plays in Quarto for the Society, the spelling of the text adopted as the basis of the edition, whether Quarto or Folio, will be followed.}} or any of Shakspeare's contemporaries. It is surely time that the patent absurdity should cease, of printing 16th- and 17th-century plays, for English scholars, in 19th-century spelling. Assuredly the Folio spelling must be nearer Shakspeare's than that; and nothing perpetuates the absurdity (I imagine) but publishers' thinking the old spelling would make the book sell less. Lastly, we could (unless we then found it needless) nominate a Committee of three, two, or one, to edit Shakspeare's Works, with or without a second to write his Life.

The above, the main work of the Society, will be done as in ordinary Literary and Scientific Societies, by Meetings, Papers, and Discussions; the Papers being shorter, and the Discussions much fuller, than in other bodies. The Society's first Meeting was held on Friday, March 13, at 8 p.m., at University College, Gower Street, London, W.C., as the Committee of the Council of the College have been good enough to grant the use of the College rooms to the \textit{New Shakspeare Society} at a nominal charge, to cover the cost of gas and firing. Offers of Papers to be read at the Society's Meetings are wished for, and should be made to the Director. The Papers read will be issued as the Society's \textit{Transactions}, and will form \textit{Series I} of the Society's Publications.

The second part of the \textit{New Shakspeare Society's} work will be the publication of—2. A Series of Shakspeare's Plays, beginning with the best or most instructive Quartos, both singly, and in parallel Texts with other sketch-Quartos or the Folio, when the Play exists in both forms; and when not, from the Folio only. This Series will include a. Reprints of the Quartos and first Folio; b. trial-editions of the whole of Shakspeare's Plays in the spelling of the Quarto or Folio that is taken as the basis of the Text. 3. A Series of the \textit{Originals and Analogues of Shakspeare's Plays}, including extracts from North's Plutarch, Holinshed, and other works used by him; 4. A short Series of \textit{Shakspeare-Allusion Books}, contemporary tracts, ballads, and documents alluding to or mentioning Shakspeare or his works; 5. A Selection from the \textit{Contemporary Drama}, from Garrick's Collection, &c.; 6. \textit{Works on Shakspeare's England}, such as Harrison's celebrated \textit{Description of England}, W. Stafford's \textit{Complaint}, &c.; 7. A chronological Series of English \textit{Mysteries}, \textit{Miracle-Plays}, \textit{Interludes}, \textit{ Masks}, \textit{Comedies}, &c., up to Shakspeare's time; 8. \textit{Miscellanies}, including (at Mr Tennyson's suggestion) some facsimiles of Elizabethan and Jacobite handwritings, to show what letters would be most easily mistaken by printers; and (at Mrs G. H. Lewes's suggestion) reprints of last-century criticisms on Shakspeare, to show the curious variations in the history of opinion concerning him; besides other occasional works.

The Society's \textit{Transactions} will be in 8vo; its \textit{Texts} will be issued in a handsome quarto, the quarto for Members only; but as the Society's work is essentially one of popularisation, of stirring-up the intelligent study of Shakspeare among all classes in England and abroad, all such publications of the Society as the Committee think fit, will be printed in a cheap form, for general circulation.

The Presidency of the Society will be left vacant till one of our greatest living poets sees that his duty is to take it. A long list of Vice-Presidents is desired, men eminent in Literature, Art, Science, Statesmanship or rank, as well to do honour to Shakspeare, as to further the work of the
Society on him. I hope for a thousand members—many from our Colonies, the United States, and Germany; so that the Society may be a fresh bond of union between the three great Teutonic nations of the world. I hope our New Shaksper Society will last as long as Shaksper is studied. I hope also that every Member of the Society will do his best to form Shaksper Reading-parties, to read the Plays chronologically, and discuss each after its reading, in every set of people, Club or Institute, that he belongs to: there are few better ways of spending three hours of a winter evening indoors, or a summer afternoon on the grass. Branch Societies, or independent ones in union with us, should also be formed to promote these Readings, and the general study of Shaksper, in their respective localities. To such Societies as wish it, proofs of the Papers to be read in London will be sent in advance, so that each such Society can, if it pleases, read at each of its Meetings the same Paper that is read at the Parent Society on the same night.

The Society will be managed by a Committee of Workers, with power to add to their number. The first Director will be myself, the Founder of the Society. Its Treasurer will be William Payne, Esq, The Keep, Forest Hill, London, S.E.; its Honorary Secretary, Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq, London Hospital, London, E.; its Bank, the Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C.; its printers, Messrs Childs, Bungay, Suffolk; and its publishers, Messrs Trübner and Co., 57 and 59, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

The subscription (which constitutes Membership, without election or payment of entrance-fee) is a Guinea a year, payable on every first of January to the Honorary Secretary, Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, London, E., by cheque, or Money Order payable at the Chief Office, E.C. The first year's subscription is now due.

United States Members who wish their books posted to them, must pay 3s. a year extra in advance, with their Subscription, to Mr. Snelgrove, or to Prof. F. J. Child, Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, the Society's Honorary Secretary for the United States of America.

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL,
23 March, 1874.
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