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ROMEО AND JULIET,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

THE FIRST QUARTO,
1597,

A FACSIMILE
(FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM COPY, C 34, K 55)

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS.

WITH INTRODUCTION

BY

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LONDON:
PRODUCED BY C. PRAETORIUS, 14, CLAREVILLE GROVE,
HEREFORD SQUARE, S.W.
1886.
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SHAKSPERE QUARTO FACSIMILES.

1. Thos by W. Griggs.

No. 1. Hamlet. 1603.
2. Hamlet. 1604.
3. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Fisher.)
4. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Roberts.)
5. Lovers Labor's Lost. 1608.
7. Merchant of Venice. 1600. (Roberts.)
8. Henry IV, 1st Part. 1608.

No. 11. Richard III. 1597.
12. Venus and Adonis. 1609. (printing.)
13. Troilus and Cressida. 1609. (printing.)
15. Merchant of Venice. 1600. (L. B. for Heyes.) (photograpt.)
16. Much Ado About Nothing. 1600. (photograpt.)
17. Taming of a Shrew. 1604. (not yet done.)

2. Thos by C. Praetorius.

18. Richard II. 1609. Mr. Ruth. (photograpt.)
20. Richard II. 1634. (photograpt.)
22. Pericles. 1609. Qz.
24. The Whole Contention. 1619. Part II. (for 3 Henry VI.)
25. Romeo and Juliet. 1607.
26. Romeo and Juliet. 1609.
27. Henry V. 1600. (printing.)
28. Henry V. 1600. (printing.)

29. Titus Andronicus. 1600.
30. Sonnets and Lovis's Complaint. 1659.
31. Othello. 1629.
32. Othello. 1630.
33. King Lear. 1608. Qr. (W. Butter, Pyc Bull.)
34. King Lear. 1608. Qx. (B. Butter.)
35. Lucroes. 1594.
36. Romeo and Juliet. Undated. (photograpt.)
37. Contention. 1694. (not yet done.)
38. True Tragedy. 1536. (not yet done.)
39. The Famous Victories. 1606. (not yet done.)
40. The Troublesome Raigne. 1591. (not yet done.)

[Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 25.]
INTRODUCTION.

§ I. There is no record of Romeo and Juliet earlier than the edition of which the present volume is a facsimile. The Stationers' Registers, to which we are accustomed to turn for information, and in which "The Tragedye of Richard the Second" is entered under the year 1597, contain no notice of Romeo and Juliet earlier than 1607, and there is no mention of the play by contemporary writers earlier than 1598, the year succeeding that in which the present edition was printed. It is then mentioned by Francis Meres as one of the tragedies for which "Shakespeare among ye English is the most excellent," and is also alluded to by John Marston in his Scourge of Villainy as follows—

"Lucus, what's playd to day? faith now I know
I set thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow
Naught but pure Juliet and Romeo.
Say, who acts best? Druflus or Roscio?
Now I have him, that nere of ought did speake
But when of playes or Plaiers he did treate.
H'vth made a common-place booke out of plaies,
And speakes in print: at least what ere he layes
Is warrantd by Curtaine plaudeties.
If ere you heard him courting Lebias eyes;
Say (Curteous sir) speakes he not movingly,
From out some new pathetique Tragedy?"—Satyre 10.

Moreover, if, as is most likely, it was Romeo's passionate description of Juliet's eyes, Act II. sc. ii., which furnished Lucus with his appeal to the eyes of his mistress, and if we may interpret the 'curtaine plaudeties' as glancing at the applause which greeted that and other striking passages in this 'new pathetique Tragedy' when first produced upon the stage, we learn from Marston that it was at the Curtain that Romeo and Juliet was, to quote our title-page,

1 The Epigram by John Weever (Ingleby and Smith, Shakespeare's Centurie of Fynes, p. 16), published 1599, cannot be proved to have been composed so early as 1595, to which year it has been commonly assigned. Halliwell-Phillipps, Outlines, ed. 5, p. 514.
2 Centurie, p. 27.
3 Halliwell-Phillipps, Outlines, p. 326.
"often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Seruants." These performances, as Malone conclusively showed, must have taken place some time between July 22, 1596, and April 17, 1597; for it is only between these dates that the theatrical company would have been described as the servants of Lord Hunsdon. At an earlier or later date any company attached to a Lord Hunsdon would have been styled by the more honourable title of the Lord Chamberlain's servants, for Henry, Lord Hundson, the father, who died on July 22, 1596, had been Lord Chamberlain for eleven years; and George, Lord Hunsdon, the son, was appointed Lord Chamberlain on April 17, 1597: it was only during the nine months interval therefore that the players, who on the death of the father had transferred their services to the son, would be described as the Lord Hunsdon's servants.

Of the play thus performed some time in the autumn or winter of 1596-7, the present Quarto purports to be a print. We have next to ask—was this a new play, or an old one revised? In the absence of any evidence to the contrary the presumption is in favour of the former alternative, but many authorities, including Knight, Stauton, and Paine Stokes, refer it to a date some four or five years earlier. In so doing they rely mainly upon the style of the play, but also on the emphatic assertion of the Nurse, that eleven years had elapsed since 'the earthquake'; and it is suggested that if the writer is thinking of the earthquake which happened in England in 1580, we arrive at 1591 as the date of the play; but even supposing Shaksper to have had this particular earthquake in his mind, which is likely enough, it would be dangerous to assume that he meant the Nurse to be so precise in her chronology. On the other hand, in favour of the theory that it was—substantially at any rate—a new play in 1596, we have the fact that it was then often acted, that it was highly popular with the audience, that it was the play of the day with professional playgoers (see the extract from Marston above), and that a piratical bookseller, anxious to share in the profits arising from it while its popularity was at its height, and he might anticipate a brisk demand, pushed a hastily got-up edition through the press by any means he could.\footnote{Boswell's Malone, 1821, vol. ii. p. 345: Halliwell-Phillipps, Outlines, p. 326. \footnote{Boswell's Malone, vol. ii. p. 349: Paine Stokes, Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays, p. 21. \footnote{It is not contended that Shaksper had not sketched out and in part written the play even before 1591, but that it had not been publicly produced previously to 1596-7. \footnote{The first appearance of a 'new ballad' on the subject of a popular drama is a probable indication of its following shortly after the production of the latter on the stage. Edward White entered "a newe ballad of Romeo and Juliete" on the books of the Stationers' Company, on August 5th, 1596."—Halliwell-Phillipps,}
§ 2. It is this edition (Q1) that we have now to examine. The present facsimile has been executed from the original copy in the British Museum—a copy unfortunately in bad condition, especially in the leaf bearing the signature C (pp. 15 and 16 of the facsimile); also the following leaves, C₄ (pp. 21, 22), F₃ (pp. 43, 44), and H₄ (pp. 61, 62) have been torn and mended, thereby spoiling some of the letters.¹ The marginal marks which will be found on the pages of the facsimile, are an attempt to indicate its relationship to the edition of 1599 (Q2); lines differing from Q2 are marked †, and often where there is no correspondence line for line whole passages are bracketed, and so marked: stage-directions and lines which have no sort of counterpart in Q2 are marked Ⓞ, while < denotes the total absence of lines found in Q2. The divisions of Acts and Scenes, as well as the line-numbers, are those of the Globe Shakespeare; where there are no line-numbers the passage is not printed in that edition. It will be obvious that this system can only give a very rough idea of the amount of variation between two editions differing so widely as Qos. 1 and 2, and the most striking variations will be noticed presently; but for a comparative view of the two, nothing can supersede the use of the Parallel-Text Edition, edited by Mr. P. A. Daniel—the great authority on this play—for the Shakspere Society in 1874: it has been of the greatest service to me in preparing this facsimile.²

§ 3. The relationship of the play as we have it in Q₁ to the play as we have it in Q₂, has been a vexed question with critics. The eighteenth-century editors are silent on the point, but most critics since Malone have had something to say about it. Roughly speaking they fall into two schools: the one, including Knight, Halliwell, and Spedding, believe that Q₁ gives us Shakspeare's first sketch of the play, and that he afterwards rewrote it in the shape in which we find it in Q₂; the other, including Collier, Grant White, the Cambridge Editors, Daniel and Dowden, while admitting that Shakspeare may have revised his work in the interval between the appearance of the two Qos., hold that Q₁ is only an imperfect representation of the play as it appears in Q₂, that it is in fact only Q₂ ill-edited, and curtailed. No one who has studied the play in a parallel-text edition will have any hesitation in pronouncing in favour of this latter theory; the difficulty of considering Q₁ a finished work

Outline, p. 513. Mr. Phillipps suggests that this ballad was written in consequence of the popularity of Shakspeare's play, but if the latter did not appear before July 22, the ballad must have followed hard upon.

¹ On leaf D (p. 23, II. iii. 4) the word Sunne is dropt in the original: and on F 3 (back) (p. 44, III. ii. 107) 'But there yet remaines the et rema' is hidden by the passing over of the torn leaf.

² A Parallel-text edition, with a critical Introduction, was published at Oldenburg in 1859, by Prof. Tycho Mommsen.

then becomes insuperable. "It is impossible," say the Cambridge editors, "that Shakespeare should ever have given to the world a composition containing so many instances of imperfect sense, halting metre, bad grammar, and abrupt dialogue." But let the reader compare the following passages for himself, as fair samples, and then decide whether the version in Q1 is complete in itself, or whether it is an attempt at condensing the fuller version in Q2.

P. 7. Benvolio tells Montague that having observed Romeo in one of his lovelorn solitary walks he avoided him, pursuing his own humour (misprinted honor), not pursuing his. Montague replies that this humour must prove black and portentous without good counsel; but his description of his 'heavy son's' humour, and why it inspired him with these forebodings, we find only in Q2 (I. i. 136).¹

P. 44. Juliet excuses Romeo for slaying Tybalt, "That villain Coufen would have kild my husband"; and immediately continues, "All this is comfort": all what? We must turn to Q2, and we there find that the comfort consists in Romeo's being still alive (II. ii. 106).²

P. 61-63. Latter part of sc. ii. Act IV., and the whole of sc. iii. The general sense is the same as in Q2, but the language is feeble, and is patched by such lines as, "Helpe her to fort Tyres, Rehatoes, chains," and, "Well theres a cleane smocke vnder your pillow." Moreover, Juliet's long soliloquy before drinking the sleeping-potion is represented not by a speech, which, however short, might, if it flowed easily and naturally, have passed as an integral part of an independent play, but by a few spasmodic utterances corresponding at intervals to lines in Q2, and having all the appearance of an attempt to reproduce the original speech in brief. The same may be said of Romeo's lament over the body of Juliet, p. 72, compared with Q2, V. iii. 101-116. Other places unintelligible, without reference to Q2, will be noticed below.

We may assume then that Q1 does not present us with an earlier and independent version of the play as we find it in Q2, and following Mr Daniel and most modern critics, I shall have to show that the play in both editions is substantially the same, and that the first is only a very imperfect version of the second.

§ 4. The true nature of Q1 we shall better be able to understand, if we can ascertain how it got into print—a question upon which the whole character of the Quarto turns. For we may be certain, that the play was not published by its proprietors; of this there can be no doubt; it would be their interest to keep their property as long

¹ Daniel, Parallel-Texts Introduction, p. vi.
² Grant White, quoted by Furness, New Variorum Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet, p. 418.
as possible in their own hands, and we may therefore expect to find some, if not all the marks of an unauthorized publication. In the first place it will be noticed that Q1 is considerably shorter than Q2, and if its origin must be traced to a performance, rather than to the author's MS., this is just what we should expect. The Prologue describes the piece as "the two howres traffique of our Stage," and certainly in two hours the longer version of Q2 could not be got through; it must therefore have been cut down for the performance: and even in its shortened form, after allowing for the absence of movable scenes, and of the long 'waits' between the Acts which scene-shifting involves in our day, there would be but a very small margin left if it was to be properly acted in the time prescribed.

In the Qos. of other plays too, for instance *Henry IV.* and *Othello*, which were derived from stage copies, we find similar gaps, nor could any play as it stands in the ordinary editions be compressed into two hours without excisions. Now here is *prima facie* evidence to connect the curtailed version of Q1 with a performance, and Thomas Heywood, himself a prolific playwright, tells us how such versions were obtained. It had not been his custom, he says, to make a double profit out of his plays by selling them, first to the stage and afterwards to the Press, "yet since some of my Playes have (unknowne to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the Printers hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled, (copied only by the eare) that I have beene as unable to know them, as ashamed to challenge them": he therefore prints one of them in self-defence (*The Rape of Lucrece*, 1638, To the Reader). Words more exactly fitted to our Q1 than these of Heywood it would be difficult to find; it was "copied by the eare," and though it probably gives us less than was acted, it certainly gives us no more. Some time in the autumn of 1596, we may assume, Shakspeare sold his play, much as it stands in Q2, to Lord Hunsdon's company. The manager, or his substitute, then cut it down to a suitable length for the stage, and forthwith produced it at the Curtain. It was a grand success, and eager to make his own profit out of the public before the enthusiasm for the piece abated, John Danter, or the anonymous bookseller for whom he worked, employed a shorthand writer to attend one or more performances, and take down as much of what he heard as he could. The notes

1 It is nearly one quarter less. Q1 has 2232 lines, including Prologue; Q2 3007. Daniel, i. c. p. viii.

2 The Prologue to *Henry VIII.* tells the spectators that they "may see away their shilling Richard in two short hours"; but after all the expression must not be taken too literally.

3 According to Danter's title-page it had been *often* played with great applause. There is no other instance of the use of the word *often* in the title-pages of the life-time editions.—Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, p. 514.
§ 5. SOURCES OF THE ERRORS IN Q1.

thus obtained were of various degrees of accuracy: in some places they were tolerably exact, in others, either very imperfect or consisting of mere jottings describing the scene as the reporter beheld it, with perhaps a striking phrase caught here and there and hastily noted down: the first would be the case where the dialogue flowed evenly, and when there were but two or three actors on the stage; the second, where the stage became crowded, and the action excited or involved. Then before they could be printed these faulty passages would have to be expanded, either by the reporter himself as best his memory served him, or by some versifier in the pay of the publisher, working at hap-hazard. In any case delay was the principal evil to be avoided; the tide of popularity must be taken at the flood, and the book must come out in some shape or other, no matter at what sacrifice of accuracy. This haste may explain a technical feature in this edition, which one would be otherwise inclined to attribute to economical motives. It will be seen that the first four sheets, A—D, are printed in a larger type than the rest; and it is possible that in order to save time two presses were employed on the copy at once, and that in the one used for the later sheets (pp. 31-77) the printer had to fall back upon a smaller fount of type.¹ Q1 is then a piratical edition obtained from the notes of a shorthand reporter, and has all the marks of such an origin. A careful study of it will show, that while in its more perfect portions it corresponds closely with Q2, the theory here suggested will be sufficient to explain most, if not all, of its variations from that edition.

§ 5. It will be obvious to the student that in an edition procured, as we have assumed Q1 to have been, there will be three capital sources of error: ² (1) Actors' faults; (2) Reporter's faults; (3) Editor's faults. (1) The actor, especially in an age when 'long runs' were unknown, and a vast variety of plays were produced in rapid succession, would be very liable to be imperfect in his part: in comic parts he would be likely to give the audience 'more than was set down for him,' or while preserving the general sense of his author, would express it in his own phraseology, while in serious parts he would often make terrible havoc of the metre. Sometimes too he would foist lines from another part of the play into the wrong places, as on p. 21, where the three last lines of Capulet's speech belong to a much later scene in Q2 (III. iv. 6, 7, and 34); again, p. 36, the two lines of Juliet's speech, 'And runne more swift,' &c., occur a second time on p. 68.

¹ Halliwell-Phillipps, Outlines, p. 110.
² Mr T. A. Spalding, On the first Quarto of 'Romeo and Juliet.' Is there any evidence of a second hand in it?—New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, 1877-9, pp. 58-87.
but in Q2 only in the latter place (V. i. 64, 65); p. 36, a few lines below, *Nur.,* "O wheres my man? Give me some aqua vitae," in Q2 only in III. ii. 88: p. 42, "While they were enterchanging threifs and blows," in Q2 (with ‘we’ for ‘they’), only in I. i. 120, where it is one of eight lines which are altogether absent from Qr. (2) The inaccuracies and imperfections a reporter would be liable to are obvious, and their general character has been already indicated, but among other traces of his work the peculiar character of many of the stage-directions is most noteworthy. Instead of being as usual merely short notes for the guidance of the actor, they seem intended to help the reader, and by a description of what was going on upon the stage, to atone for the defects of the reported dialogue, and enable him to realize the scene more vividly. Numerous instances will be found throughout the QO. Take the one on p. 8, where the reporter, getting confused by the bustle on the stage, gives up all attempt to take down the dialogue, and takes refuge in this: *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;* or on p. 37, *Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embracest Romeo;* or p. 65, *All at once cry out and wring their hands;* p. 66, *They all but the Nurse go forth, casting Rosemary on her, and shutting the Curtains.* (3) Editor’s faults, or perhaps we should style them emendations, and where the reporter’s notes were defective,—patches. We shall have to notice some of these immediately.

§ 6. From some cause or other the latter portions of Q1 vary far more from Q2 than the earlier. How far this is due to revision by the author, and how far to imperfections of the reporter, is a difficult question. That there was some such revision after the play was first produced, and before Q2 was printed in 1599, all critics are agreed; the extent of the changes then made is the debatable point. In my opinion it is unnecessary to assume a fresh cause for such variations when the agencies elsewhere seen to be in operation are sufficient to account for them; premising, therefore, that in what follows, the revision theory will not be resorted to except where a strong case can be made out for it, we proceed to take a brief survey of the chief differences between the two Quartos. Leaving omissions out of account, the greater portions of the first two Acts in Q1 correspond closely with Q2. The dialogue between Romeo and Benvolio (I. i. 162-222), and pp. 11-13 (I. ii. 46—iii. 40) is nearly word for word the same in both QoS. The principal variations are the following—

P. 6, from the entrance of the Montagues to the entrance of the Prince. Here, amid the wrangling and scuffling on the stage, the reporter gets confused, and on the entrance of Benvolio drops his pen altogether, contenting himself with a descriptive stage-direction
in place of the rest of the dialogue. 1 The appearance of the Prince
restores order, and renders note-taking again possible.

P. 14. Wife. "And that fame marriage Nurce," to the end of
the scene, p. 15. There seems to have been more spoken here
than the reporter took down, for in line 97 Juliet says, "Ie looke
to like, if looking liking more," in reply to a general inquiry as to
what she thinks of Paris as a suitor; but in Q2 she is told that she
is that evening to have an opportunity of seeing him (I. iii. 80),
"This night you shall behold him at our feast, / Reade ore the
volume of young Paris face," &c. 3

P. 36, 37 (II. v.). Though the Nurse's speeches are much the
same in both Qos., Juliet's have only a general resemblance, and
line 38, "But tell me sweet Nurfe, what says Roméo?" reads like a
præcis of Q2, ll. 31-37. Perhaps the youthful actor who played Juliet
had forgotten his part in this scene, and was doing his best to make
up for it.

P. 37, 38 (II. vi.). This scene is almost entirely different in
the two Qos. It is difficult to attribute the difference either to the
actor or to the reporter, and it will therefore be discussed in the
next section.

Passing on to the third Act the divergence becomes more
marked: p. 39, from the entrance of Romeo to the bottom of the
page, the actors seem to have made a hash of the metre (cp. Q2,
III. i. 59-77). The next page (40), till Mercutio is carried out,
differs in the arrangement of the lines, as well as in the phrase-
ology: this is another bustling scene to puzzle the reporter, but the
differences seem more due to the actors than to him; there is
nothing corresponding to the following in Mercutio's speech as
found in Q2, "I shall be fairely mounted upon four mens shoulders:
... and then some peefantly rogue, some Sexton, some bafe
flaue shall write my Epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the
Princes Lawes, and Mercutio was slaine for the first and second
cause." The "first and second cause" is from II. iv. 25, where it
occurs in both Qos. The most dissimilar bit in the rest of this
scene is Benvolio's speech, p. 42, and this, when compared with
Q2, reads like a piece of editorial patchwork.

From this point up to p. 61 (IV. ii. 36) there are no variations
which call for special notice, or which cannot be explained on the
principles laid down; nevertheless the correspondence is only
occasionally a close one, as in sc. iii., the first 60 lines of sc. v., and
much of Act IV. sc. i. The speech of Juliet at the top of p. 44
was perhaps rewritten for the later version, as will be noted below.
From p. 61 to the end of the play the variations are considerable,

1 Spalding, u. s. p. 62. 3 Grant White, u. s. p. 418.
§ 8. DIFFERENCES BETWEEN Q1 AND Q2.

and there is no passage of any length in which we find so close a parallelism as often occurred in the earlier part. The passage, p. 61 (IV. ii. 37, ff.), has been already noticed as a piece of editorial patchwork, and sc. iii. as a mere précis.

P. 65 (IV. v. 38)—

"Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue,"

is the reporter's version of

"Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die
And leave him all life living, all is deaths." Q2, IV. v. 38-40.

This is a most instructive comparison, and itself gives us the history of Danter's edition in brief. Compare also p. 67—

"Pardon me Sir, that am the Messenger of such bad tidings,"

with

"O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leave it for my office Sir." Q2, V. i. 22-3.

Postponing for the moment the lamentation, p. 65, we come to the jumble on p. 68, where the twelve lines of Q2 (V. i. 37, ff.), descriptive of the Apothecary and his shop, are reduced to six, and where Mr Grant White thinks the reporter has stuffed the shop instead of the alligator.²

P. 75—

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

This is unintelligible as it stands, but Q2 (V. iii. 202-5) shows us what the reporter meant to give—

"Ca. O heavens! O wife looke how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mistane, for loe his house
Is emplie on the backe of Mountague,
And it [is] misheathed in my daughters boseme."³

P. 75, 76. The Friar's long speech explaining to the survivors of the Tragedy what had happened. Though the language of the two versions is very different, the information the Friar has to give is the same in both.⁴ The speech as it stands in Q1 contains one or two expressions which occur in Q2, "Tybalt's doomefday," "tutord by mine art" (so tentered by my art, Q2), "But he that had my Letters (Friar John)," (which bore my letter, Q2), and the two last lines, "let my old life / Be sacrific'd some hour before his time / To the most strickeft rigor of the Law" (Vnto the rigour of feuerest law, Q2). Probably the reporter had a few hints of the whole only in his notes, and from these the whole was rewritten by the editor, and as

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¹ Grant White, p. 418-9. ² Ib., p. 419. ³ Ib., p. 419. ⁴ Ib., p. 293, note.
§ 7. EVIDENCE OF REVISION IN Q2.

the speech merely relates what had already taken place, this was not a very difficult task.

§ 7. It remains to consider whether there is any evidence to be derived from Q1 which would lead to the conclusion that the play had the advantage of revision by the author before the edition of 1599 (Q2) was printed. Such a supposition is not negated by what we know of the history of the play upon the stage. The title-page of Q2 mentions its frequent performance, and the appearance of this edition at all is an evidence of its continued popularity. At the same time a debased and imperfect version had got abroad in the shape of the present Quarto, a fact which would naturally be resented by the Company in possession of the original, and would be a powerful incentive to them to remove any blemishes it might contain, and render a perfect play, if possible, still more perfect. That Shakspere himself was annoyed at the appearance of Danter's venture it would be rash to assert, but though now a man of substance, and the owner of one of the best houses in his native town, he was still a member of the Lord Chamberlain's company, and when requested by his fellow-actors to look through his earlier work, and retouch it where necessary, his services would be at their disposal. It is, of course, impossible to speak with precision as to the amount of the changes thus made, but I do not believe them to have been extensive: a line here and there may no doubt have been altered, but I can only point to four continuous passages, and those of moderate length only, which appear to have been wholly rewritten. The late Mr Grant White, who considered that Romeo and Juliet in its earliest shape appeared about 1591, and was then the production of Shakspere and one or more other writers, believed that in two of these passages, as they stand in Q1, he traced the hand of one of these co-labourers; Shakspere, he thought, some time before the publication of Q1, rewrote the play, "making his principal changes in the passages which were contributed by his co-laborers, irrespective of the merit of what he rejected," but leaving here and there a few of their lines, and when he made his second revision previous to the publication of Q2, he carried the exclusion still further. 1 But this theory, attractive as it may seem at first sight, is not necessitated by the evidence, inasmuch as the difficulties it seeks to explain can be adequately explained without it, and I do not think we are warranted in assuming that any second hand is traceable in Q1 beyond that of the press editor above mentioned. 2 The four presumably rewritten passages are the following—

P. 37 (II. vi.). The scene is quite different in Q2, and the only

1 Grant White, u. s. p. 417-422.
2 Mr Fleay's dashing theory, attributing the first draft of the play to Peele, has been sufficiently disposed of by Mr Spalding in the paper already referred to.
§ 7. EVIDENCE OF REVISION IN Q2.

expressions of Q1 which there appear are, "So light of foote" (Q2 fo light a foote), and "you shall not be alone, / Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one" (Q2 you shall not stay alone, / Till holy church incorporate two in one). So poor and flat is the scene as a whole, that one would be tempted to revert to the patchwork theory were it not for the following lines, which seem above the pen of the botcher——

"So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower :
  As doo waking eyes
(Closet in Nights myrf) attend the frolicke Day,
  So Rome hath expected Juliet.
  ful. I am (if I be Day)
Come to my Sunne : shine foorth, and make me faire."

Mr Grant White, indeed, while he considers these lines unmistakably Shakspere’s, attributes most of the rest of the scene to his second author; but this is a dangerous method of criticism, which, if pushed far, would land us in some very startling results. The Cambridge Editors and Mr Daniel agree that the whole scene, or part of it, was rewritten by the author.

P. 44 (III. ii. 57-60)—

"Ah Romeo, Romeo, what disafter hap
  Hath feuerd thee from thy true Juliet? 
  Ah why should Heauen so much confpire with Woe,
  Or Fate ensue our happie Marriage,
  So foone to fundr vs by timelesse Death?"

These lines are replaced in Q2 by the following, of which they cannot be any reporter’s version——

"O break my hart, poore banckrout break at once,
  To prifon eyes, nere looke on libertie.
  Vile earth too earth reignge, end motion here; 
  And thou and Romeo preffe on heauie beare."

P. 65 (IV. v. 43-64). This is a curious passage. It is a lamentation over the supposed dead Juliet by her father, mother, Nurse, and the man they intended to have married her to. The Qos. give us two distinct versions, but in both the effect is purposely comic. This may seem strange, but if we compare Romeo’s lament under similar circumstances in the tomb of the Capulets, we may perhaps divine the intention of the writer; there is a genuine pathos in the sorrow of the genuine lover, which finds its purely tragic climax in his death; but Shakspere may well have felt that the language which such a sorrow inspired would be misplaced in the mouths of a matchmaking couple, who had been doing their best to force the unwilling daughter into a marriage so plainly repugnant to her. If this was his main intention he may not have been unwilling to satirize, as critics have suggested, the ravings of some of the
tragedy heroes of the day. The existence of the two versions has
still to be explained. The stage-directions in Q1 show us the
reporter at work. "All at once cry out, and wring their hands," and
"They all but the Nurse goe forth, casting Josephary on her and
shutting the Curtains:" presumably, therefore, he took down what
he heard, and the even, antiphonal structure of the speeches has
not the air of having been furnished by the press editor. But,
unless, as Mr Spalding suggests, one of the two consecutive speeches
in Q1, assigned to Capulet, be intended for the Nurse, that time-
serving, garrulous personage has nothing assigned to her, while the
revised version, if it has effected no other improvement, which I do
not admit, has given the Nurse these six eminently characteristic
and effective lines—

"O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Moft lamentable day, mofi wofull day
That euer, euer, I did yet bedold. [behold]
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene fo blacce a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day."

P. 70 (V. iii. 13-17). The first three lines in Q1 appear to be
genuine—

"Sweete Flower, with flowers I strewd thy Bridal bed :
Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite doft containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie."

The remaining four lines are comparatively tame, and may well be
due to the reporter or his editor. It will be noticed that the lines
in Q2 form a regular rhyming stanza of six lines: probably this
was also the case with those which Q1 so imperfectly reproduces,
but they are lost to us, and we are therefore unable to say why
Shakespeare thought it well to replace them by others. These are the
lines in Q2—

"Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridell bed I strew
O wo, thy Canpipe is durt and itones,
Which with sweete water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares disfild by mones,
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe:
Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue and weep."
§ 8. CRITICAL VALUE OF Q1.

§ 8. The critical value of Q1 will now be apparent to the student. It is simply that of a check upon Q2. Being ultimately derived from the same source, we may turn to it for help when the standard edition fails us, and sometimes we may not be disappointed. The following instance is quoted by Mr Daniel in his Introduction to his revised edition of Q2, issued by the New Shakspere Society in 1875.

II. ii. 41-3, Q2—

"What's Montague? it is not hand nor foot,
Nor arme nor face, δ be some other name
Belonging to a man."

Q1, "Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part."

The words in italics should no doubt be restored to the text, thus—

"Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O be some other name." ¹

We may also restore from Q1 lines which were omitted from Q2, either by the printer of that edition, or by the writer of the transcript from which he printed: "it becomes the duty of an editor," says Mr Daniel, "to restore all such omitted lines as do not interfere with the harmony of the revised edition." Besides an occasional word or two here and there, the following lines from Q1 are introduced by previous editors and by Mr Daniel into his edition of Q2—

I. iv. 7. 8. "Nor no without booke Prologue, faintly spoke
After the Prompter, for our entrance." Q1, p. 15.

"It is not possible," says Mr Daniel, "to suppose that these lines were struck out by the author" in his revision.

I. iv. 54. "Ben. Queene Mab what's she." Q1, p. 16.
I. v. 43. "Good youths I faith, Oh youth's a lolly thing," Q1, p. 18.
III. v. 46. "Minutes are dayes, so will I number them." Q1, p. 52. ²
IV. iii. 30. "I will not entretaine fo bad a thought." Q1, p. 62.
IV. v. 30. "Accurfed time, vnfortunate olde man." Q1, p. 64.
IV. v. 129. "And dolesfull dups the minde oppresse." Q1, p. 66.

Of these the first and last only are given in the Globe edition.

HERBERT A. EVÄNS.

¹ Another case in point will be found in Mr Daniel’s treatment of III. v. 178-80: see his instructive note on the passage, Revised Ed., p. 139.
² This line was first restored to the revised text by Mr Daniel.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Enters

Benuolio ... ... ... p. 6, 11, 15, 18, 22, 31, 38, 41.
Tybalt ... ... ... p. 6, 18, 39, 41.
Prince ... ... ... p. 6, 42, 75.
Old Mountague ... ... p. 6, 75.
Old Capulet ... ... p. 6, 9, 18, 49, 54, 60, 63, 64, 75.
Romeo ... ... ... p. 7, 11, 18, 22, 23, 29, 32, 37, 39, 45, 51, 67, 71.
Countie Paris ... ... p. 9, 49, 57, 64, 70.
Clowne ... ... ... p. 15.
Mercutio ... ... ... p. 15, 18, 22, 31, 38.
Page ... ... ... p. 15.
Cosen Capulet ... ... p. 18.
Friar Laurence ... ... p. 28, 37, 45, 57, 64, 69, 73, 74.
Peter ... ... ... p. 33.
Balthasar ... ... p. 67, 71, 75.
Apothecarie ... ... p. 68.
Friar John ... ... p. 69.
Page of Paris ... ... p. 70.

Capulet's Wife ... ... p. 6, 13, 18, 42, 49, 53, 60, 62, 63, 64, 75.
Mountague's Wife ... ... p. 6.
Nurse ... ... ... p. 13, 18, 33, 36, 43, 47, 52, 60, 62, 63, 64.
Juliet ... ... ... p. 13, 18, 23, 36, 37, 43, 51, 58, 61, 62, 64, 71.

Serving-men of the Capulets, p. 5, 10, 60, 63, 66; of the Mountagues, p. 5; Citizens, p. 6; Maskers, p. 15; Watch, p. 41, 74, 75; Musi-
tions, p. 66.
AN EXCELLENT conceited Tragedie
OF Romeo and Iuliet,
As it hath beene often (with great applause)
plaid publiquely, by the right Honourable the L. of Wansford
his Servants.

LONDON,
Printed by John Danter.
1597.
The Prologue.

TVV a househould Frends alyke in dignitie,

(Insaine Verona, where we lay our Scene)

From civill broyles broke into enmitie,

TVV hose civill warr makes civill bands uncleane.

From forth the fatall lornes of these two foes,

A pare of starre-crost Lovers tooke their life:

TVV hose misadventures, piteous overthrowes,

(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife.

And death-markt passage of theire Parents rage)

Is now the two bowres traffique of our Stage.

The which if you with patient cares attend,

TVV hat here we want wee'ld study to amend.
The most excellent Tragedie of
Romeo and Iuliet.

Enter 2, Servenzen of the Capoletts.

Gregorie, of my word Ile carrie no coales.

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

2 If I be in choler, Ile draw.

2 Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the the collar.

2 I strike quickly being moue'd.

2 1, but you are not quickly moue'd to strike.

1 A Dog of the house of the Mountaghes moves me.

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

2 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ie take the wall of.

2 That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakest goes to the wall.

2 That's true, therefore Ie shruil the men from the wall, and shruil the maids to the walls: nay, thou shalt see I am a tall peece of flesh

2 Tis well thou art not shih, for if thou wert thou wouldn't be but poore Iohn.

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

1 The heads of the maids!
The most excellent Tragedie.

1 I the heads of their Maides, or the Maidenbeades.
   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 haue the law on our side, let them begin first. Ie tell thee what Ie doo, as I goe by Ie bite my thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.
   2 Content, goeth by and bite thy thumbe, and ile come after and frowne.

1 Monn: Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?
   1 I bite my thumbe.
   2 Monn: I but I'll at vs?
   1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our side?
   2 No,
   1 I bite my thumbe.

1 Monn: I but I'll at vs? Enter Benevolio.
   2 Say I, here comes my Masters kindman.

They draw to them enter 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 those bloody handes
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.
Three Civill brawies bred of an airie word,
By the old Capulet and Mountague,
Hauie thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets.
If euer you disturb our streets againe,

Your
of Romeo and Juliet.

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

Exeunt.

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

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

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

Ben: Madame, an hour before the worshipful sunne
Peep't through the golden window of the East,
A troubled thought drew me from companie:
Where vnderneath the grous Sicamour,
That Westward rooted from the Civties 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 affection by mine owne,
That most are busied when th'are most alone.
Pursued my honor, not pursing his.

Moun: Black and portentious must this honor prove,
Vnlesse good counsaille doo the caufe remooue.

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

Enter Romeo.

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

Ben: See where he is, but stand you both aside,
I'll know his griuance, or be much denied.
The most excellent Tragedie.

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

Ben: Good morrow Cofen,

Romeo: Is the day so young?

Ben: But new stroke nine.

Romeo: Ay me, sad hopes seem long.

Was that my Father that went hence to fault?

Ben: It was, what sorrow lengthens Romes hours?

Rom: Not hauing what, which hauing makes them

Ben: In loue.

Rom: In loue.

Ben: Of loue.

Rom: Out of her favor where I am in loue.

Ben: Alas that loue so gentle in her view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.

Rom: Alas that loue whose view is muffled still,

Should without lawes guie path-waies to our will:

Where shall 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 loue.

Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,

Oanie thing, of nothing first create!

O heauie lightnesserious vanitiel

Mishapen Caeo of best seeming thinges,

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

Still walling sleepe, that is not what it is:

This loue feel I, which feel no loue in this.

Doest thou not laugh?

Ben: No Cofe I rather weep.

Rom: Good hart at what?

Ben: At thy good hearts oppression.

Rom: Why such is loues transgression,

Griefes
of Romeo and Juliet.

Grieses of mine owne lie heavie at my hart,
Which thou wouldst propagate to have them preft
With more of thine, this griece that thou haft shouwne,
Dost ad more griece to too much of mine owne:
Loue is a smoke raifeide with the fume of fighes
Being purgde, a fire sparkling in louers eyes:
Being vext, a fear raging with a louers teares.
What is it elfe? A madnes moft discreet,
A choking gall, and a precuruing sweet. Farewell Cofe.

Ben: Nay Ile goe along.
And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.
Ro: Tut I haue loft my selfe I am not here,
This is not Romeo, hee's some other where.
Ben: Tell me infadnes whom he is you loue!
Ro: What shall I groane and tell thee?
Ben: Why no, but fadly tell me who.
Ro: Bid a fickman in fadnes make his will.
Ahi word ill vape to one that is so ill.
Infadnes Cofen I doo loue a woman.

Ben: I aime to right, when as you faid you lou'd.
Ro: A right good mark-man, and thee's faire I loue.
Ben: A right faire marke faire Cofe is foonest hit.
Ro: But in that hit you misfl, thee's not be hit
With Cupids arrow, he hath Diamaes wit,
And in strong prove of chalitie well arm'd:
Gainft Cupids child in bow he liues unharm'd,
Shee're not abide the flidge of louing tearmes,
Nor ope her lap to Saint feducing golde,
Ah! she is rich in beautie, only poore,
That when she dies with beautie dies her store. Exeunt.

Enter Countie Paris, old Capulet,
Of honorable reckoning are they both,

B 2 And
The most excellent Tragedie,

And pictet tie they live at odds so long:
But leaving that, what say you to my lute?
Cap: What should I say more than I said before.
My daughter is a stranger in the world,
She hath not yet attained to fourteen years:
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Before he can be thought fit for a bride.
Paris: Younger than the are hapless mothers made.
Cap: But too soone marke are shee so early married.
But wooe her gentle Paris, get her heart,
My word to her content is but a part.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Where too I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love: yet you among the store,
One more most welcome makes the number more.
At my poor house you shall behold this night,
Earth treadding stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as doo lusty young men see.
When well apprized April on the heel
Of lumping winter treads, even such delights
Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, hear all fee,
And like her most, whose merite most shall be.
Such amongs view of many myne beeing one.
May stand in number though in reckoning none.

Enter Servingman.

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

Exeunt.

Sir: Seek them out whose names are written here, and
and yet I knowe not who are written here: I must to
the learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as
the Taylor must meddle with his Laste, the Shoemaker
with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher
with his Peasill, I must to the learned.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben: Tut man one fire burns out anothers burning
One paine is lessen'd with anothers anguith:
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,
One desperate grieve cures with anothers languish.
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will die.

Romeo: Your Planton leaf is excellent for that.

Ben: For what?

Romeo: For your broken shin.

Ben: Why Romeo art thou mad?

Romeo: Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is.

Shut vp in prifon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

Ser: Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read,

Romeo: I mine ownefortune in my miserie.

Ser: Perhaps you have learned it without booke:
but I pray can you read any thing you see?

Romeo: If I know the letters and the language.

Ser: Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

Romeo: Stay fellow I can read.

He reads the Letter.

Seigneur Martino and his wife and daughters, Countie
Anfelm and his beauteous sisters, the Ladie widdow of
Vrullo, Seigneur Placentio, and his lovelie Neecees,
Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine uncle Capu-
let his wife and daughters, my faire Neece Rofaline and

Livio
The most excellent Tragedie.

Luini, Seigneur Valentio and his Cofen Tibalt, Lucio and the Lucetio Hellenas.

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 ask thee that before.
Ser: Now if I tell you without asking. My Master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Moutagues, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Reft you merrie.

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

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

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

Rom: Ile goe along no such fight to be showae, But
of Romeo and Iuliet.

But to rejoyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.

\textit{Nurce:} Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to mee.

\textit{Nurce:} Now by my maiden head at twelve yeares old I had her come, what Lamb, what Lady bird, God forbid.

\textit{VVife:} Ver's this girl? what Iuliet. \textit{Enter Iuliet.}

\textit{Iuliet:} How now who calls?

\textit{Nurce:} Your Mother.

\textit{Iul:} Madame I am here, what is your will?

\textit{VV:} This is the matter Nurse giue leave a while, we must talke in secret. Nurce come back again I have remembered me, thou'le heare our counsaile. Thou knowest my daughters of a prettie age.

\textit{Nurce:} Faith I can tell her age unto a house.

\textit{VVife:} She's, not fourteene.

\textit{Nurce:} Ile say fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my tecne be it spoken, I haue butt soure, she's not fourteene. How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

\textit{VVife:} A fortnight and oddé dayes.

\textit{Nurce:} Even or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, Susan and she God rest all Christian soules were of an age. \textit{VVell 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 she marie I remember it well. Tis since the Earth quake move eleeon yeares, and she was weand I never shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare upon that day: for I had then laid wormwood to my dag, sitting in the sun under the Donehouse wall, My Lord and you were then at Mantua, may I do beare a braine: But as I said, when it did taft the worm-wood on the nipple of my dag, & felt it bitter, pretty foole to
The most excellent Tragedie,

to see it teache and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the
Dowre-house was no need I tow to bid me trudge, and since
that time it is a leaue yeare: for then cold Ilulia stande
high lone, my by the Roode shee could have wadel'd up and
downe, for even the day before shee brake her brow, and then
my husband God be with his soule, bee was a merrie man:
Do thou fall foward Ilulia thou wilt fall backward when
thou hast more wit: wilt thou not Illulia? and by my holli-
dam, the prettie foole left crying and said I. To see how a
jeft shall come about, I warrant you if I should live a hun-
dred yeares, I never should forget it, wilt thou not Illulia?
and by my troth she flinched and cried I.

Ilulia: And flint thou too, I prethee Nurce say I.

Nurce: VWelle goe thy waies, God mark thee for his
grace, then wert the prettiest Babie that ever I nurst, might
I but live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

Wife: And that same marriage Nurce, is the Theme
I meant to tale of. Tell me Ilulia, howe stand you as-
fected to be married?

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

Nurce: An honor! were not I thy only Nurce, I
would say thou badst suckd wifedome from thy Tep.

Wife: 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 waice.

Wife: Verimoes Summer hath no such a flower.

Nurce: Nay he is a flower, infaith a very flower.

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

Ilulia: Ile looke to like, if looking liking moane,
tut no more deewe will I engage mine eye,
Then your consent gues strength to make it flye.

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 extravasmus; make haste for I must be gone to wait.

Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.

Re: What shall this speech bee spoke for our excusel!
Or shall we on without Apologie.

Benuole: The date is out of such prolixity, Weele have no Cupid hudwinckt with a Scarfe, Bearing a Tartar painted bow of lath, Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper: Nor no withoutbooke 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: Beleeue me Romeo I must have you dance.

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

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

Rom: Give me a Torch, let wantons light of hart Tickle the feneses ruffes with their heelies.
For I am prouerbd with a Grandfire phrase, Ilbe a candelholder and looke on, The game was nere so faire and I am done.

Mer: Tut duns the moule the Cunblables old word, If thou beest Dun, weele draw thee from the mine Of this surneuerence loute wherein thou stickst, Leave this talke, we burne day light here.

Rom: Nay
The most excellent Tragedie,

Rom: Nay diuats not so. Mer: I meanes 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 is no wit to goe,

Mer: Why Rameo may one aske.
Rom: I dreamt a dreame to night.
Mer: And so did I. Rom: Why what was yours?
Mer: That dreamers ofte do 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 what s she?
She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come
In shape no bigger than an Agnet flame
On the forefinger of a Burgomaster,
Drawne with a teeme of little Atomis,
A thwait mens noes when they lie a sleepe,
Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,
The couer, of the winges of Grashoppers,
The trauces are the Moone thime watrie beames,
The collers cricketes bones, the lash of films,
Her waggoner is a small gray coate
Not halfe so big as is a little worme,
Pickt from the laffe finger of a maide,
And in this for the gallops vp and downe
Through Louers brains, and then they dream of love.
O're Courtiers knees: who strait on curfies dreame
O're Ladies lips: who dreame on knisse strait:
Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagus,
Because their breathes with sweet meats tainted are; Sometimes the gallops o're a Lawyers lap,
of Romeo and Juliet.

And then dreams he of smelling out a fute,
And sometime comes he with a tube pigtail,
Tickling a Parson's note that lies asleep,
And then dreams he of another benefit:
Sometimes the gallops of a soldier's note,
And then dreams he of cutting foraine throats,
Of breaches ambuscades, countermines,
Of healthes sue fadome deep, and then anon
Drums in his ear: at which he startes and wakes,
And swears a prayer or two and sleepest again.
This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,
And proues them women of good carriage. (The night,
This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horses in
And plats the Elseldeks in foule flutish hairre,
Which once untangled much misfortune breedes.
Rome: Peace, peace, thou talk'ft of nothing.

Merry: True talk of dreames,
Which are the Children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine fantastic,
Which is as thinne a substance as the aire,
And more inconstant than the winde,
Which wooues euene now the froste bowels of the north,
And being angered pusses away in halfe,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping soule. (Clues.

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

Ros: I feare too earlie, for my minde misgives
Some consequence is hanging in the stars,
Which bitterly begins his fearefull date
With this nights revels, and expiers the terme
Of a dispilled life, close in this breast,
By some vntimely sorfeet of vile death:

G3
The most excellent Tragedie,

But he that hath the fleerage of my course
Directs my faile, on lustie Gentlemen.

Enter old Capulets with the Ladies.

Capu: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that have their toes vnplagud with Corns
Will have about with you, ah ha my Miltresses,
Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
Shee that makes daintie, shee I cleare hath Corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel.
More lights you knaues, & turn these tables vp, come,
And quench the fire the roome is growne too hot.
Ah sirra, this vnlookt for sport comes well,
Nay sir, nay sir, good Cohen Capulet:
For you and I are past our flanding dayes,
How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?

Cos: By Ladie sir its thirtie yeares at least,

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

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

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

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

Rom: What Ladie is that that doth intrich the hand
Of yonder Knight? O thee doth teach the torches to
burne bright!
It seemes she hangs upon the cheeke of night,
Like a rich iewell in an Aethiops care,
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellows showes.

The
of Romeo and Juliet.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? For I ne'er loved thus,
I never saw true beauty till this night.

Tib. This by his voice should be a Montague,
Fetch me my rapier, boy; What darest thou do?
Come hither cou'st with an antique face,
To scorn and see at our solemnity?
Now by the stock and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.

Cæ. Why how now Colen, wherefore form ye so?

Tib. Uncle this is a Montague our foe,
A villaine that is hether come in sight,
To mocke at our solemnity this night.

Cæ. Young Romeo, is it not?

Tib. It is that villaine Romeo,

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

Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a guest,
I'll not indure him.

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

Tib. Uncle tis a shame.

Cæ. Goe
The most excellent Tragedie,

Ca: Goe too, you are a saucie knaue.
This tricke will catch you one day I know what.
Well said my hartes. Be quiet:
More light Yea knaue, or I will make you quiet. (ting,
Trams: Patience perroce with wilfull choller mee-
Maketh my flesh tremble in their different greetings:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seining sweet, convert to bitter gall.
Rom: If I prophan with my vnworthie hand,
This holie shrine, the gentle sinne is this:
My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kisse.

Iuli: Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too
Which mannerly devotion shewes in this: (much,
For Saints have hands which holy Palmers touch,
And Palmes to Palmes is holy Palmers kisse.
Rom: Have nor Saints lips and holy Palmers too?
Iuli: Yes Pilgrime lips that they must use in praier.
Ro: Why then faire saint, let lips do what hands doe,
They pray, yeld thou, least faith turne to disparie.

Ju: Saints doe not moue though: grant nor praier
for sake.
Ro: Then moue not till my prayers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purged.
Ju: Then have my lips the sin that they have tooke.
Ro: Sinne from my lips, O trepasse sweetly vrgde!
Give me my sinne againe.

Ju: You kisse by the booke.
Nurse: Madame your mother calleth.
Rom: What is her mother?

Nurse: Maerie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the
house and a good Lady, and a wise, and a vertuous. I nurse
her
her daughter that you talk withall, I tell you, he that can lay hold of her shall have the chinkes.

Rom: Is the 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, thank you honest Gentlemen,

I promise you but for your company,

I would have bin a bed an houre agoe.

Light to my chamber hose.

Exeunt.

Jul: Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?

Nur: The sonne and heire of old Tiberio.

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

Nur: That as I thynke is yong Petruchio. (dance)

Jul: Whates he that followes there that would not

Nur: I know not.

Jul: Goe learne his name, if he be maried.

My graue is like to be my weddng bed.

Nur: His name is Romeo and a Mountague, thoue yon

sonne of your great enemie.

Jul: My onely Lous sprung from my onely hate,

Too early seene unknowne and knowne too late.

Prodigious birth of lOue is this to me,

That I should love a loathed enemie.

Nurfe: Whates this? what that?

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

oue I danc with.

Nurfe: Come your mother staits for you, I legoe a long

with you.

Exeunt.

Enter
The most excellent Tragedie,

Enter Romeo alone.

Re: Shall I goe forward and my heart is here? Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.

Enter Benvolio Mercutio.

Ben: Romeo, my coven Romeo.

Mer: Doest thou hear he is wife,

Upon my life he hath stolne him home to bed.

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

Call good Mercutio.

Mer: Call, may I conjure too.

Romeo, madman, humors, passion, liuer, appeare thou in likenes of a sight: speek but one rime & I am satisfied, cry but ay me. Pronounce but Low and Done, speake to my goslip Venus one faire word, one nickname for her purblinde sonne and theire young Abraham: Cupid hee that shot to trim when young King Cophtua loued the begger wench. Hee heares me not. I conjure thee by Rofalsinde bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lip, her prettie foote, straight leg, and quiering thigh, and the demaines that there adjacent lie, that in thy likenes thou appeare to vs.

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

Mer: But this cannot anger him; marrie if one shold raise a spirit in his Misdris circle of some strange fashion, making it there to stand till she had laid it, and conurde it downe, that were some spite. My invocation is faire and honest, and in his Misdris name I conjure ouely but to raise vp him.

Ben: Well he hath hid himselfe amongst those trees, To be comforted with the humerous sight, Blinde in his loute, and bell befits the darke.
of Romeo and Juliet.

Mer: If love be blind, love will not hit the mark,
Now will be fit under a Medlar tree,
And with his Mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maidens 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, it's to my trundle bed:
This field bed is too cold for mee,
Come lets away, for this but vain,
To seek him here that means not to be found.

Ro: He fights at ears that never 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 envious Moone
That is already sick, and pale with griefe:
That thou her maid, art far more faire than she,
Be not her maide since she is envious,
Her vestall liverie is but pale and green,
And none but fools doe ware it, call it off.
She speaks but she lays nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourseth, I will answerer.
I am too bold, is not to me she speaks,
Two of the fairest starres in all the skies,
Having some businesses, doe enter at 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 daylight doth a Lampe, her eyes in heaven,
Would through the airie region flame so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
Oh now she leans her cheekes upon her hand,
I would I were the gloce to that fame hand,

D

That
II.ii.

The most excellent Tragicke,

That I might kill that cheeke.

Jul: Ay me.

Rom: She speaks, oh speake againe bright Angell:

For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my

As is a winged messenger of heauen (head),

Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,

Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,

When he bestrides the laste pacing cloudes,

And failes upon the boforme 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 sweorne my loue,

And li’ not longer be a Capulet.

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

Jul: This but thy name that is mine enemie.

What’s Mountague? It is nor hand nor foote,

Nor arm, 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 have.

Rom: I take thee at thy word,

Call me but loue, and I’ll be new Baptise,

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

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

Doest humile on my countaile?

Rome: 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
Had I it written I would tear the word.

_Iul:_ My cares have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
_Art thou not_ Romeo _and a Montague?_

_Ro:_ Neither faire Saint, if either thee displease,

_In:_ How canst thou hether, tell me and wherfore?

The Orchard walls are high and hard to clime,
And the place death considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen finde thee here.

_Ro:_ By lones light wings did I oreperch these walls,
For sionie limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
The therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

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

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

_In:_ I would not for the world they should finde thee

_Ro:_ I have no tights 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,
That death proroged wanting of thy love.

_In:_ By whose directions foundst thou out this place.

_Ro:_ By love, who first did prompt me to enquire,
I he gave me counfaile and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pior yet went thou as farre
As that vast shore, wast with the furthest seas,
I would adventure for such Marchandise.

_In:_ Thou knowst the maske of night is on my face,
Else would a Maiden blush bepainted my cheeks.
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine deny,

_D 2_ What
The most excellent Tragedie,

What I have spoke but farewell complements.
Doest thou love me? Nay I know thou wilt say I,
And I will take thy word: but if thou swearest,
Thou maist prove false:
At Louers perjuries they say love smiles.
A gentle Romeo, if thou love pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinke I am too safely wonne,
It's browne and say thee nay and be peruerse,
So thou wilt wooe: but els not for the world,
In truth faire Mountague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou maist think my hauior light:
But tryst me gentleman Ile proue more true,
Than they that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have bin strange I mull confesse,
But that thou over-heardst ere I was ware
My true loves Passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light love,
Which the darke night hath to discoverd.

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

Jul: O sweare not by the Moone the unconstant
That monethlie changeth in her circled orb, {Moone,
Least that thy love proue likewise variable.

Ro: Now by

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

Ro: If my true harts love

Jul: Sweare not at all, though I doo ioy in
I haue small joy in this contract to night, (thee,
It is too rash, too soudaine, too vnadulide,
Too
of Romeo and Juliet.

Too like the lightning that doth cease to bee
Ere one can say it lightens. I heare some comming,
Deare loue adew, sweet Montague be true,
Stay but a little and it shall come againe.

Roi: O blessed blessed night, I feare being night,
All this is but a dreame I heare and see,
Too flattering true to be sublantiall:

Iul: Three wordes good Romeo and good night in-
If that thy bent of loue be honourable
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow
By one that itl procuro to come to thee:
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And at my fortunes at thy footes ille lay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

Roi: Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from
their bookes,
But loue from loue, to schoole with heauie lookes.

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

Romeo?

Roi: It is my soule that calleth upon my name,
How siluer sweet sound louers tongues in night.

Iul: Romeo?

Roi: Madame.

Iul: At what a clocke to morrow shall I send?

Roi: At the houre of mine.

Iul: I will not faile, tilts twentye yeares till then.
Romeo I haue forgot why, I did call thee backe.

D 3

Romeo
The most excellent Tragedy,

Rom.: Let me lay here till you remember it.

Jul.: I shall forget to have thee still stay here,

Remem'ring how I love thy company.

Rom.: And if I do stay till you forget me,

Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul.: 'Tis almost morning I would have thee gone,

But yet no further than a wantons bird,

Who lets it hop a little from her hand,

Like a poor prisoner in his twisted guses,

And with a little shred pulls it back again,

Too loving jealous of his libertie.

Ro.: Would I were thy bird.

Jul.: Sweet so would I,

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing thee.

Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorow,

That I shall lay good night till it be morrow. (breast,

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 Ghostly fathers cell,

His help to crave, and my good hap to tell.

Enter Friar Francis.

(nigh,

Frier.: The gray ey'd morne smiles on the lowing,

Checking the Eastern clouds with fresh gales of light,

And flecked darknesse like a drunkard reedes,

From soth daies path, and Titans fierie wheelas.

Now ere the Sunne advance his burning eye,

The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie

We must vp fill this easie Cage of ours,

With balefull weeds, and precious in yeed flowers.

Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies

In herbes, plants, stones, and their true qualities;

For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth live,

But
But to the earth some special good doth give:
Nor nought so good, but straint from that faire vice,
Revolts to vice and stumbles on abuse:
Verue it selte turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rinde of this small flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medecine power:
For this being smelt too, with that part cheares eech hart,
Being taset all fientes 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 eas vp that plant.

Rom: Good morrow to my Ghostly Confessor.

Fri: Benedictus, what earlie tongue sooone saluteth
Yong soone it argues a distempered head,
So sooone to bid good morrow to my bed.
Care keepes his watch in eater old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep can never lie:
But where vnbruised yOUTH with vnbruised braines
Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remains:
Therefore thou earlines doth me assure,
Thou art vproveld by some distemperature.
Or if not so, then here I hit it righ
Our Rome hath not bin a bed to night.

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

Fri: God pardon sin, wert thou with Rosaline?
Ro: With Rosaline my Ghostly father no,
I have forgot that name, and that names woe. (then?)

Fri: Thats my good soone: but where hast thou bin
Ro: I tell thee ere thou ask it me again,
I have bin feasting 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 beare no hatred blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steades my foe.

Frier: Be plaine my soone and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession findes but riding it ariet.

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 vows,
I'll tell thee as I passe: But this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Frier: Holy S. Francis, what a change is here?

Is Rosaline whom e thou didst love so deare
So soone forsooke, so 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 Rosaline?
How much salt water cast away in waftle,
To season love, that of love doth not taste.
The summe not yet thy sighes from heauen clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient eares,
And loe upon thy cheeke the blaine doth fit,
Of an old teare that is not wafted off yet.
If euer thou wert thus, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline,
And art thou changed, pronounce this sentence then
Women may fal, when ther's no strength in men.

Rom: Thou chidst me oft for louing Rosaline.

Frier
of Romeo and Iuliet.

Fr: For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.
Rome: And bid me bury love.
Fr: Not in a grave,
To any one in another out to have,
Rome: I pre 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 spell.
But come yong Wauerer, come gue with me,
In one respect he thy assistent bee:
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turne your Houesholds rancour to pure loue. Exeunt.

Enter Mercenio, Benjolio.

Mer: Why whatts become of Romeo? came he not home to night?
Ben: Not to his Fathers, I speake 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 kineman of old Capulet
Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers Housle:
Some Challenge on my life,
Ben: Romeo will answeare it.
Mer: I am a man that can write may answeare a letter.
Ben: Nay, he will answeare the letters matter if hee bee challenged.

Mer: Who, Romeo? why he is alreadie dead; stabd
with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the ear
with a loue spong, 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 cassettes I can tell you. Oh
he is the courageous capitaine of complements, Catfo; he
fights
The excellent Tragedie

fightes as you sing pricke-song, keeps time distance and proportion, rels me his minum rest one two and the thirde in your bose, the very butcher of a silken button, a Duellist, a Duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto re-uerso, the Hay.

Ben: The what?

Mes: The Poxe of such limping antique affecting fant-tastics these new tuners of accents. By Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why ground-sir is not this a miserable case that we should be still afflicted with these strange flies; these fasionmongers, these pardonness, that stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot fitte at cafe on the old bench. Oh their bones, their bones.

Ben: Here comes Romeo.

Mes: Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. Offish flesh how art thou suffiished. Sir now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowd in: Laura to his Lady was but a kitchen drudg, yet she had a better love to berine her. Dido a dowdy Cleopatra a Gyspie, Hero and Helen bindings and harle-tries. This is a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo bon jour there is a French curtesie to your French flout; yee gauze vs the counterfeite fairly yeftenight.

Rom: What counterfeite I pray you?

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

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

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

Rom: A most curteous exposition.

Mes: Why I am the very pinke of curtesie.

Rom: Pinke for flower?

Mes: Right.

Rom: Then is my Pumpe well stour'd.

Mes: Well said, follow me nowethat left till thou haft wome
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 singuler.

Rom: A single foald left sole singuler for the singlenes.

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

Rom: Swits and spurrets, swits & spurrets, or Ile try a match.

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

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

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

Rom: Nay good goose bite not.

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

Rom: And was it not well servd in to a sweet goose?

Mer: Oh here is a withe of Cheuerell that stretcheth
from an yench narrow to an ell broad.

Rom: I stretch 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 love?
why now art thou sociable, now art thou thy selfe, nowe art
thou what thou art; as wel by arte as nature. This drieuling
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 stopp my tale against
the harte.

Ben: Thou wouldst haue made thy tale too long?

Mer: Turman 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: Hees goodly geare,

Enter Nurse and Berman.

Mer: A saile, a saile, a saile.

Ben: Two
The excellent Tragedie

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

Per: 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 Gentleman.

Mer: God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

Per: Is it godye goodden I pray you.

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

Nur: Fie, what a man is this?

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

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

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

Nur: Well said.

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

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

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

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

Rem: Why what haft found man?

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

He walkes by them, and sings.

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

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

Youl come to your fathers to supper?

Rem: I will.

Mer: Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell sweete Ladie.

Exeunt Benenio, Marcus.

Nur:
of Romeo and Juliet.

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

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

Nuf: 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 flutter-
gills, I am none of his skaines mates.

She turns to Peter her man.

And thou like a knaue must stand by, and see euerie Iacke
vie me at his pleasure.

Pet: I see no bodie vie 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.

Nuf: Now afore God he hath so vexed me, that euerie
member about me quiyers: euerie Iacke: But as I said, my
Ladie bad me seek, ye out, and what thee 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
behauioir as they say, for the Gentlewoman an is yong. Now
if you should dealle doubly with her, it were verie weake
dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

Rom: Nurse, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I pro-
test.

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

Rom: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

Nuf: That you doo protest: which (as I take it) is a
Gentlemans-like proffer.

Rom: Bid her get leve to morrow morning
To come to shrift to Friar Laurence cell;
And say thou Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,
My man shall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackled staile,
Which to the hightop-gallant of my joy

E 3

Must
**The excellent Tragedy**

_Must be my conduct in the secret night._

_Hold, take that for thy paines._

**Nur.** No, not a penny truly.

**Rome.** I say you shall not chuse.

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

**Rome.** Farewell, be trulie, and Ile quite thy paine. _Exit_

**Nur.** _Peter_ , take my fanne, and goe before. _Exomnes._

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_Enter Juliet._

_?nl:_ The clocke stroke nine when I did send my Nurse
In halfe an hour she promis to returne.
Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so,
Oh she is lazie, Louses heralds should be thoughts,
And runne more swift, than halfe powder hied,
Doth hurrie from the scarry full Cannons mouth.

_Enter Nurse._

Oh now she comes. Tell me gende Nurse,
What fayes my Loue?

**Nur.** Oh I am wearie, let mee rest a while. Lord how
my bones ache. Oh wheres my man? Give me some aqua
vita.

_?nl:_ I would thoute hadst my bones, and I thy newes,

**Nur.** Fie, what a iust have I had: and my backe a to-
other side. Lord, Lord, what a case am I in.

_?nl:_ But tell me sweet Nurse, what fayes Romeo?

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

_?nl:_ What of all this? tell me what fayes he to our ma-
riage?

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

_?nl:_ Lord, Lord how odly thou replieth? 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 poulette for mine asking booncs? next arrant you'lv haue done, euen doot your selfe.

*Int.* Nay stay sweet Nurse, I doo intreate thee now, What sayes my Loue, my Lord, my *Romeo*?

*Nur.* Goe, hyc you straight to Friar Laurence Cell, And frame a scufle that you must goe to thrift: There stayes a Bridegroom to make you a Bride. Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes, I must proouide a ladder made of cordes, With which your Lord must clime a birds nest soone, I must take paines to further your delight, But you must beare the burden soone at night, Doth this newes please you now?

*Int.* How doth her latter words renewe my hart. Thanks gentle Nurse, dispatch thy busines, And Ile not faile to meette my *Romeo*.

*Execut.*

*Enter Romeo, Friar.*

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

*Fr.* Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.

*Rom.* This morning here she pointed we should meett,
And confumate those neuer parting bands,
Witnesses of our harts loue by joyning hands,
And come she will.

*Fr.* I gesse she will indeed,
Youths loue is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

*Enter Juliet somewhat saft, and embrace *Romeo*.

See where she comes.
So light of foote nere burns the trodden flower:
Of loue and joy, see see the soueraigne power.

*Int.* *Romeo.*
The excellent Tragedie

Rom: My Juliet welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloaked in Nightes mytts) 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 forth, and make me faire.
Rom: All beauteous fairenes dwelleth in thine eyes,
Jul: Romeo from thine all brightnes doth arife,
Fr: Come wantons, come, the healing houres do passe
Desire imbracements till some fitter time,
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,
Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.
Rom: Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.
Jul: Make hast, make hast, this lingering doth vs wrong.
Fr: O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.
Hast is a common hinderer in crosse way.  Exit ans others.

Enter Bennialio, Mercutio.

Ben: I prée thee good Mercutio let's retire,
The day is hot, the Capets are abroad.
Merc: Thou art like one of those, that when hee comes
into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the
board, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by
the operation of the next cup of wine, he draws it on the
drawer, when indeed there is no need.
Ben: Am I like such a one?
Merc: Go too, thou art as hot a Jacke being mooude,
and as soone mooude to be mooodie, and as soone moodie to
be mooued.
Ben: And what too?
Merc: Nay, and there were two such, we should have
none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for crack-
ing of nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hadst
hastill eyes? what eye but such an eye would have pickt out
such a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee
wakd
of Romeo and Juliet.

wakd thy dogge that laye in the Sunne? With a Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Easter, and with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands, And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

Ben: By my head heere comes a Capolet.

Enter Tybalt.

Merc: By my heele I care not.

Tyb: Gentlemen a word with one of you.

Merc: But one word with one of vs? You had best couple it with somewhate, and make it a word and a blow,

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

Merc: Could you not take occasion?

Tyb: Mercuio thou conforts with Romeo?

Merc: Confort Zwounes confortethe blase wil make fiddlers of vs. If you doo tirra, look for nothing but discord:For heeres my fiddle flieke.

Enter Romeo.

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

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

Tyb: Romeo the hate I beare to thee canst not word no better words than these, thou art a villaine.

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

Tyb: Base boy this cannot true thy turne, and therefore drawe:

Roe: I doe protest I never intrusted thee, but love thee better than thou canst deuise, till thou shalt know the reason of my love.

Merc: O dishonorable vile submission. Allaboode caries it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

Tyb: What wouldst with me?

Merc:
The excellent Tragedie

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

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

Tibalt under Romeo's arme thrusts Merc-
cutio in and styes.

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

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

Mer: Noe not so deepe as a Well, not so wide as a
barne doore, but it will serue I warrant. What meanes you to
come betwene vs? I was hurt under your arme.

Rom: I did all for the best.

Mer: A poxe of your houles, I am fairely drest. Sira
go fetch me a Surgeon.

Boy: I goe my Lord.

Mer: I am peperd for this world, I am sped ye faith, he
hath made wormes meat of me, & ye aske for me to mor-
row you shall finde me a grave-man. A poxe of your houles,
I shall be fairely mounted vpon four mens shoulders: For
your houle of the Montagues and the Capellets: and then
some peasantly rogue, some Sexton, some base slauce shall
write my Epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the Princes
Lawes and Mercutio was slaine for the first and second
cause, Whet's the Surgeon?

Boy: Hee's come sir.

Mer: Now heele kepe a mumbling in my guts on the
other side, come Benulio, lend me thy hand; a poxe of your
houles.

Rom: This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie.

My very friend hath tane this mortall wound
In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slaunder, Tybalt that an houre
Thy
of Romeo and Juliet.
Thy beauteous makes me thus effeminate,
And in my temper softens valor's steel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben: Ah, Romeo Romeo brave Mercutio is dead,
That gallant spirit hath a spirit the cloudes,
Which too untimely 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: Here comes the furious Tybalt backe againe.
Rom: A line in trumphant and Mercutio slaine?
Away to heaven respecfull lenity:
And fierce eyed fury be my conduct now.
Now Tybalt take the villain backe againe,
Which late thou gavst me: for Mercutio's soul,
Is but a little way above the cloudes,
And daies for thine to bear him company,
Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

Fight, Tybalt falles.

Ben: Romeo away, thou seest that Tybalt's slaine,
The Citizens approach, away, begone
Thou wilt be taken.
Rom: Ah I am fortune's slave,

Enter Citizens.

Watch: Wh' s he that slue Mercutio, Tybalt that villain?
Ben: There is that Tybalt.

Watch: Vp
The excellent Tragedie

Vp sirs goe with vs.

Enter Prince, Capulet's wife.

Pry: Where be the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben: Ah noble Prince I can discove all
The most unlucky manngage of this brawle,
Here lyes the man slaine by yong Romeo,
That shew thy kinsman breue Mercutio,

M: Tybalt, Tybalt, O my brothers child,

Vnhappie sight? Al the blood is spilt
Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, fied blood of Mountague.

Pry: Speake Rennolio who began this fray?

Ben: Tybalt heere slaine whom Romeo's hand did slay,

Romeo who spake him sayre bid him bethinne
How nice the quarrell was,

But Tybalt still persiling in his wrong,
The stout Mercutio drewe to calme the storme,
Which Romeo seeing cal'd slay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,

And with his agill arme yong Romeo,

As fast as turg crydepeace, sought peace to make,

While they were enterniong thrusts and blows,
Vnder yong Romeos laboring arme to part,
The furious Tybalt cast an envious thrust,

That rid the life of stout Mercutio,

With that he fled, but presently return'd,
And with his rapier braued Romeo,
That had but newly entertain'd revenge.

And ere I could draw forth my rapier
To part their furie, downe did Tybalt fall,

And this way Romeo fled.

Mo: He is a Mountague and speakes partial,

Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife:
And all those twenty could but kill one life.

I doe
of Romeo and Juliet.

I doo intreat sweete Prince thoulde justice giue,
Romeo slew Tybalt, Rome may not liue.

Prince: 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 lyé a bleeding,
But Ile amerce you with so large a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.
Pittie shall dwell and governe with vs still:
Mercie to all but murderers, pardoning none that kill.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Juliet.

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

Enter Nurse wringing her bands, with the ladder
of corde in her lap.
But how now Nurse: O Lord, why lookst thou sad?
What haft thou there, the corde?

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

Int: What duell art thou that tormentes me thus?

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

Int: This torture should be roard in distmall hell.
Can heauens be so envious?

Nurse: Romeo can if heauens cannot.
I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes.
God saue the sample, on his manly breast:
A bloodie coarse, a piteous bloodie coarse,
All pale as ashes, I wounded at the sight.
The excellent Tragedie

Int.: Ah Romeo, Romeo, what disaste[r hap
Hath faterd thee from thy true Julia?
Ah why should Heaven so much conspire with Woe,
Or Fate enue our happy Marriage.
So soon to sunder vs by tyemel[es] Death?

Nur.: O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had,
Ohonest Tybalt, courteous Gentleman.

Int.: What forme is this that blows so contrarie,
Is Tybalt dead, and Romeo murdered?
My deare loude cousen, and my dearest Lord.
Then let the trumpet found a generall doome,
These two being dead, then living is there none.

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

Int.: Ah heaven, did Romeo hand[ed] Tybalts blood?

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

Int.: O serpents hate, hid with a flowering face:
O painted sepulcher, including filth.
Was never booke containing so foule matter,
So fair[y] bound. Ah, what meane Romeo?

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

Int.: A blisst[r on that]tung, he was not borne to shame:
Upon his face Shame is ashamede to sit.
But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cousen?
That villaine Cousen would haue killd my husband.
All this is comfort. But there yet remains
VWorse 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, Romeo is banished,
Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Julia,
All killd, all slaine, all dead, all banished.
Where are my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Nur.: VVeping and wayling over Tybals coarse.

Vill
of Romeo and Juliet.

Will you go to them?

Juliet: I, I, when theirs are spent,
Mine shall he shed for Romeo's banishment,
Nor: Ladie, your Romeo will be here to night,
Ile to him, he is hid at Laurence Cell.

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

Enter Friar.

Friar: Romes come forth, come forth thou full man,
Affliction is enamourd on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to Calamitie.

Enter Romeo.

Romeo: Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
VVhat Sorrow craves acquaintance at our hands,
VVWhich yet we know not.

Friar: Too familiar
Is my yong sonne with such soure companie:
Bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

Romeo: VVhat lefeth than doomes day is the Princes doome?

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

Romeo: Ha, Banished? be mercyfull, say death:
For Exile hath more terror in his looke,
Than death it selfe, doo not say Banishment.

Friar: Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Romeo: There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe.
Hence banished, is banished from the world:
And world exilde is death. Calling death banishment,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilt upon the stroke that murders me,

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

And
The excellent Tragedie

And turnd that blacke word death to banishment:
This is meere merce, and thou feelest it not.
Rom: Tis torture and not merce, heaven is heere
Where Luer liues: and euerie cat and dog,
And little moue, euerie vnworthie thing
Lie here in heaven, and may looke on her
But Romes may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues
In earrion flyes, than Romes: they may feaze
On the white wonder of faire Lueres skinne,
And steale immortall kisses from her lips;
But Romes may not, he is banished.
Pies may doo this, but I from this must flye.
Oh Fader hadst thou no strong poysnon mixt,
No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,
Though here so meane, but banishment:
To torture me withall: ah, banished.
O Friar, the damned vfe that word in hell:
Howling attends it, How hast thou the heart,
Being a Divine, a ghostly Confessor,
A finne absoluer, and my friend profeest,
To smangle 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,
Aduersities sweete milke, philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou be banished,
Rom: Yet Banished? hang vp philosophie,
Vnlesse philosophie can make a Juliet,
Displant a Towne, reverse a Princes doome,
It helps not, it prevails not, take no more.
Fr: O, now I see that madmen hau no cares.
Rom: How should they, when that wise men hau no eyes.
Fr: Let me dispute with thee of thy estate,
Rom: Thou canst not speake of what thou doest not see.
Wert
of Romeo and Juliet.

Wert thou as young as I, I have thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdred.
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy hair.
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Nurse knockes.

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

Nur: Hoe Fryer.

Fr: Gods will what wiffulnes is this?

Shee knockes againe.

Nur: Hoe Fryer open the door.
Fr: By and by I come. Who is there?

Nur: One from Lady Juliet.
Fr: Then come nere.

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 make drunk.

Nur: Oh he is cuen in my Mistresse cafe.
Left in her cafe. Oh woeful sympathy,
Pittous predicament, even so lyes shee,
Weeping and blubtring, blubtring 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.

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

G

Rom.
The excellent Tragedie

Rome: Spakest thou of Iuliet, how is it with her?
Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,
Now I haue stainde the childhood of her joye,
With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? And what sayes
My conceale'd Lady to our cancel'd love?

Iuliet: Oh she faith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now falleth on her bed, now on the ground,
And Tybalt cryes, and then on Romeo callles.

Rome: As if that name shot from the deadly lead of a gun
Did murder her, as that names cursed hand
Murder'd her kin'sman. Ah tell me holy Fryer
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lyce? Tell me that I may lacke
The hatefull man'sion?

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

Iuliet: Ah?
Friar: Hold, stay thy hand, art thou a man? thy forme
Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote
The unreasonable furyes of a beast.

In seemly woman in a seemly man,
Or ill beweering beast in seemeing both,
Thou hast amaz'd me, By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd,
Hast thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?

Rouse vp thy spirits, thy Lady Iuliet liues,
For whose sweete face thou wast but lately dead:
There art thou happy Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou sluest Tybalt, there art thou happy too.

A packe of blessings lightes vpon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his best array:
But like a misbehau'de and fullen wench
Thou comnest vpon thy Face that smilles on thee.

Take
of Romeo and Juliet.

Take heede, take heede, for such dye miserable.

Goe get thee to thy love as was decreed:

Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,

But looke thou stay not till the watch be set:

For then thou cant not passe to Mantua.

Nurse provide all things in a readines,

Comfort thy Mistresse,haste the house to bed,

Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.

Nur: Good Lord what a thing learning is,

I could haue stayde here all this night

To heare good counsell. Well Sir,

Ile tell my Lady that you will come,

Rom: Doe so and bidde my sweete prepare to childe,

Farwell good Nurse.

Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe.

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

Rom: How well my comfort is renewd by this.

Exit Nurse.

Fri: Solemn in Mantua, Ile finde out your man,

And he shall signifie from time to time:

Every good hap that doth befall thee here,

Farwell.

Rom: But that a joy, past joye cryes out on me,

It were a griefe so breve to part with thee.

Enter olde Cpolet and his wife, with

County Paris.

Cap: Things have fallen out Sir so unluckly,

That we have had no time to move my daughter.

G 2 Looke
The excellent Tragedie

Looke yee Sir, she lou'd her kinisme dearly,
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.

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

Paris offers to goo in, and Capels
calls hem againe.

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

Per: Monday my Lord.

Capi: Oh then Wednesday is too soone,
On Thursday let it be; you shall be married.
Wee'l make no greater doe, a friend or two, or for
For looke ye Sir, Tybalt being slaine so lately,
It will be thought we held him careleslye:
If we should receuil much, therefore we will haue
Some halfe a dozen friends and make no more a doe.
But what say you to Thursday.

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

Capi: Wife doe you to your daughter, ere you goe to bed.
Accomate her with the County Paris love,
Farewell 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 carelye by and by.

Exeunt.
Enter Rome and Juliet at the window.

Jul: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day, It was the Nightingale and not the Larke That pierst the fearful hollow of thine ear: Nightly she sings on yon Pomegranate tree, Beleeme me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne, And not the Nightingale. See Loue what eunious strakes Doo lace the feuering clowdes in yonder East.

Nights candles are burnt out, and locond Day Stands tiptoes on the mystifie mountaine tops. I must be gone and lue, or slay and dye.

Jul: Yon light is not day light, 1 know it is It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales.

To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer, And light thee on thy way to Manna.

Then stay awhile, thou shalt not goe soone.

Rom: Let me stay here, let me be saine, and dye:

If thou wilt haue it so, I am content.

He say yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,

It is the pale reflex of Cynthis brow.

He say it is the Nightingale that beares

The vaulcie 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 now yet day.

Jul: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.

It is the Larke that sings so out of tyme,

Straining harsh Discords and vnpleasing Sharps.

Some say, the Larke makes sweete Division.
The excellent Tragedie

This doth not so: for this diuideth vs.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntsyp 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 kiss and Ile descend.

He goeth downe.

Jul: Art thou gone so my Lord, my Loue, 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 shall be much in yeares,
Ere I see thee againe.
Rom: Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
That may convey my gretings loue to thee.
Jul: Oh, thinkst thou we shal euere meeete againe
Rom: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe shall serue
For sweete discoueries in the time to come.
Jul: Oh God, I have an ill duining foule.
Me thinkes I see thee now thou art below
Like one dead in the botomme of a Tombe:
Either mine ey-light failes, or thou lookst pale.
Rom: And trust me Loue, in my eye so doo you,
Drie sorrow drinkes our blood: adieu, adieu.

Exit.

Enter Nurse hastily.

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

Enter
of Romeo and Juliet.

Enter Juliet's Mother, Nurse.

Moth: Where are you, Daughter?
Nur: What Lady, Lambe, what Juliet?
Jul: How now, who calls?
Nur: It is your Mother.
Moth: Why how now, Juliet?
Jul: Madam, I am not well.
Moth: What evermore weeping for your Cofens death: I think thou wilt wash him from his grave with tears.
Jul: I cannot chuse, having so great a loss.
Moth: I cannot blame thee.

But it grieves thee more that Villaine liues.
Jul: What Villaine Madame?
Moth: That Villaine Romeo.
Jul: Villaine and he are many miles a sunder.
Moth: Content thee, Girle, if I could finde a man
I soone would send to Mamma where he is,
That should bestow on him so sure a draught,
As he should soone beare Tybalt compaine.
Jul: Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde such a man;
For whilest he liues, my heart shall nere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poor heart.
Thus for a Kindman vext?
Moth: Well let that passe. I come to bring thee joyfull
Jul: And joy comes well in such a needfull time.
Moth: Well then, thou haft a carefull Father Girle,
And one who pittyng thy needfull state,
Hath found thee out a happier day of joy.
Jul: 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 joyfull Bride.

Jul: Now by Saint Peters Church and Peter too,
He shall not there make mee a joyfull Bride.
Are these the newes you had to tell me of?
Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie yet.

And when I doo, it shalbe rather Romeo whom I hate,
Than Countie Paris that I cannot loue.

Enter old Capulet.

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

Cap: Why now, euemore lowng? In one little bodie thou refemelst a sea, a barke, a storme:
For this thy bodie which I earne a barke, Still floating in thy everfalling teares,
And tost with sighes arising from thy hart:
Will without succour shipwacke prentely.
But hear you Wife, what have you sounded her, what saies she to it?

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

Cap: What will she not, doth she not thanke ys, doth the not weare proud?

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

Cap: Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not.
And yet not proud, VVhat is here, chopp logick.
Proud me no prouds, nor thanke me no thankes,
But sette your fine joynts on Thursday next
To goe with Paris to Saint Peters Church,
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.
of Romeo and Iuliet.
Ou: you greene sicknes baggage, ou you tallow face.
Lu: Good father heart 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 never looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ythch.
Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest
That God had sent us but this onely chylde:
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a crosse in hauing her.

Nurit: Mary God in heaven blest be th my Lord,
You are too blame to rate her so.

Cap: And why my Lady wisdome hold your tungs,
Good prudence finatter with your goffips, goe.

Nurit: Why my Lord I speake no treason.

Cap: Oh goddegoden.

utter your gravity ower a goffips boule,
For heere we need it not.

Me: 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 sleepeing,
Still my care hath beene to see her matchet.
And having now found out a Gentleman,
Of Princeely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
Stuff as they say with honorable parts.
Proportioned as ones heart coulde with a mans
And then to hauve a wretched whyning foole,
A puling mammet in her fortunes tender.

To day I cannot love, I am too young, I pray you pardon me?
But if you cannot wedde me, pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shal not houe with me.
Looke to it, thinke ont, I do not vie to leef.

II. v.
The excellent Tragedie

I tall yee what, Thursday is nearer,
Lay hand on heart, aduise, bethinke your selfe,
If you be mine, Ile giue you to my friend,
If not, hang, drown, starue, beg,
Dye in the streetes: for by my Soule
Ile never more acknowledge thee,
Nor what I haue shall euer doe thee good,
Thinke on, looke toot, I doe not vie to left.

Iut: Is there no pity hanging in the cloudes,
That lookes into the bottom of my woes?
I doe beseech you Madame, caust 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.

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

Iut: Ah Nurse what comfort? what counsell canst thou
give me.

Nur: Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say:
Your Romeo he is banish't, and all the world to nothing
He never darers returne to challengde you,
Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, Romeo is but a dillecluw
In respect of him, I promise you
I thinke you happy in this second match.
As for your husband he is dead:

Iut: So were as good he were, for you have no use of him.

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

Iut: Amen.

Nur: What say you Madame?

Iut: Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much.

I pray thee goe thy waies into my mother
Tell her I am gone hauing displeased my Father.
To Fryer Laurence Celic to confesse me,
And to be absolu'd.
of Romeo and Juliet.

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

Iago: Ancient damnation, most cursed fiend.  
Is it more sinne to with me thus forsworne,  
Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue  
That thou haft praisde him with aboue compare  
So many thousand times? Go to Counsellor,  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twaine.  
Hie to the Fryer to know his remedy,  
If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.

Exit.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Fryer: On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,  
Paris: My Father Capulet will haue it so,  
And I am nothing slacke to flow his hatt,  
Fryer: You say you doe not know the Ladies minde?  
Vneuen is the course, I like it not,  
Paris: Immoderately she weepes for Tybalt death,  
And therefore haue I little talkt of love,  
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears,  
Now Sir, her father thinkest it dangerrous:  
That she doth giue 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 felse alone  
May be put from her by societie.  
Now doe ye know the reason of this haft,  
Fryer: I would I knew not why it should be fowld.
The excellent Tragedie

Enter Paris.

Here cometh the Lady to my cell.

Par. Welcome my Lord, my Lady and my wife.

Lor. That may be so, when last may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be lone, as thousand wives.

Lor. What must be thine.

Par. Than a certaine text.

Par. What cometh ye to confession to this Prince?

Lor. To sell you that were in confession to you.

Par. Do not deny him that you have most.

Lor. I will confess to you that I have him.

Par. So I assure you that you have me.

Lor. And if I doe, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behinde your backe, than to your face.

Par. Poor soule: thy face is much smarled with tears.

Lor. The tears have got small victorie by that,

For it was bad enough before their sight.

Par. Those wounds is more than tears by that report.

Lor. That is no report, that is a truth.

And what I spoke I spoke it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine and thou hast smarled it.

Lor. 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?

Par. My leisure lees me penitent daughter now.

My Lord we must encrease the time alone.

Par. God be glad I should disturb devotion,

Ladies farewell, and keep this holy kisse.

Exit Paris.

Lor. Goe that the doore and when thou hast done so,

Come weep with me that am past care, past help.

Par. Ah Ladies I already know thy griece.

There thou must and nothing may proroge it,
of Romeo and Juliet.

On Thursday next be married to the Countie,

\textit{Int.}: Tell me not Friar thou heart of it,

Unleas thou tell me how we may prevent it.

Give me some sudden counsel: else behold

Twixt my extreme and me, this bloodie Knife

Shall play the Vmpere, arbitrating that

Which the Commission of thy yeares and arte

Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Speak not, be briefe: for I desire to die,

If what thou speakest, speake not of remedie.

\textit{Fr}: Stay \textit{Juliet}, I doo spie a kinde of hope,

\textit{Vv} which craues as desperate an execution,

As that is desperate we would preuent.

If rather than to marrie Countie \textit{Paris}

Thou hast the strength or will to slay thy selfe,

Tis not unlike that thou wilt undertake

A thing like death to chyde away this shame,

That can not with death it selfe to flye from blame.

And if thou doost, Ile give thee remedie,

\textit{Int.}: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie \textit{Paris}).

From off the battlements of yonder tower:

Or chaine me to some steepie mountaines top,

\textit{Vv} where roaring Beares and sause Lions are:

Or that me nightly in a Charnell-house,

\textit{Vv} with reekie thankes, and yeelow chaples sculls;

Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:

Things that do haue made me tremble;

And I will doo it without feare or doubt;

To keep my selfe a faithfull \textit{vntilaine} \textit{Vv}ife

To my deere \textit{Lord}, my dearest \textit{Romeo}.

\textit{Fr}: \textit{Hold \textit{Juliet}}, hiestee home, get thee to bed,

Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:

And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,

And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:

\textit{Vv}hen prefently through all thy yesses shall run

A dull and beauteauumber, which shall seaze

\textit{H 3} Each.
The excellent Tragedie

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

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

Exit...

Enter old Capulet, his Wife, Nurse, and Servantman.

Capo: Where are you sirre?
Sir: Heere forfooth.
Capo: Go, provide me twentye cunning Cooke.
Sir: I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, I doe knowe them by licking their fingers.
Capo: How canst thou know them so?
Sir: Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot lick his owne fingers.
Capo: Well get you gone.

Exit Servantman.

But wheres this Headstrong?

Moth: Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier Laurence Cell
To be confess.
Capo: Ah, he may hap to doo some good of her,
A headstrong self-will harlotric it is.

Enter
of Romeo and Juliet.

Enter Juliet.

Moth: See here she commeth from Confession,
Capo: How now my Head-strong, where haue you bin
gadding?
Jul: Where I haue learned to repent the sin
Of sroward wilful opposition
Gainst you and your behests, and am enioyed
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And crave remission of so foule a fact.

She kneels downe.

Moth: Why thats well said.
Capo: Now before God this holy reverent Frier
All our whole Citie is much bound unto,
Goe tell the Countie presentely of this,
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.
Jul: Nurse, will you go with me to my Closet,
To fort such things shall be requisite
Against to morrow.

Moth: I prée thee doo, good Nurse goe in with her,
Helpe her to fort Tyres, Rebatees, Chaine,
And I will come vnto you presentely,
Nur: Come sweet hart, shall we goe:
Jul: I prée 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 provisioin.

Capo
The excellent Tragedie

Cape: 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, Juliets.

Nur: Come, come, what need you anie thing else?
Juli: Nothing good Nurse, but leave me to myselfe:
For I doo mean to lye alone to night.
Nur: Well there's a cleane smocke under your pillow,
and so good night.

Exit.

Enter Mother.

Math: What are you busie, doe you need my helpe?
Juli: No Madame, I desire to lye alone,
For I have manie things to thinke upon,
Math: Well then good night, be stirring Juliets,
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow.

Exit.

Juli: Farewell, God knowes when we shall mee a-gaine.

Ah, I doo take a fearefull thing in hand.
What if this Potion shoule not worke at all,
Must I of force be married to the Countie?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lyé thou there.
What if the Friers shoule give me this drinke
To poyson 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 shoule be stifled in the Poomb?
of Romeo and Juliet.

Awake an hour before the appointed time:
Ah then I fear I shall be lurticke,
And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
Dash out my frantske braines. Me thinkes I see
My cousin Tybalt wrangling in his bloud,
Seeking for Romeo: stay Tybalt say.
Romeo I come this doe I drinke to thee.
She falleth upon her bed within the Curtaine.

Enter Nurse with heart.: Mother.

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

Enter Oldeman.

Cap.: Make haste, make haste, for it is almost day,
The Curfewe bell hath rung, its foure a clocke,
Looke to your baket meates good Angelica.

Nur.: Go, get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you
will be sick anone.

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

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

Enter Sermingman with Logs & Coales.

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

Ser.: Forrarth Logs.
Cap.: Go, goe chooie dryer. Will will tell thee where
thou shalt fetch them.

Ser.: Nay I warrant let me alone; I have a heade I troo to
I choose
The excellent Tragedie

choose a Log.

Exe.

Cap: Well goe thy waye thy shall be logger head.

Come,come,make haft call vp your daughter.
The County will be heere with musicke straight.

Gods me hees come, Nurse call vp my daughter.

bride? falt I warrant,What Iuilet?well, let the County take
you in your bed; yee sleepe for a weekes now, but the next
night, the County Paris hath set vp his rest, that you shal rest
but little. What lambe I say, falt till: what Lady, Loue,
whatbride,what Iuilet?Gods me how sound the sleepe?Nay
then I see I must wake you indeed. What here, laide on
your bed, dreft in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the
day, some Aqua vita hoe.

Enter a Mother.

Moth: How now, what is the matter?

Nur: Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.
Moth: Accurst, unhappy, miserable time.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Come, Come, make haft where is my daughter?

Moth: Ah shees dead, shees dead.
Cap: Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.

Accursed time, unfortuniate old man.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

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

Cap: Ready to goe, but never to return.

O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride, slower as she is,

Deflowerd by him, set, where the byes,

Death
of Romeo and Juliet.

Death is my sonne in law, to him I giue all that I haue,

Par. Hauing long thought to see this mornings face,
And doth it now present such prodigies?
Accust, unhappy, miserable man,
Forlorn, forsaken, desolate I am;
Borne to the world to be a shame in it.
Diff'rent, remedles, and vnfortunate,
O heavens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To live so vile, so wretched as I shall.

Cap: O here the ies that was our hope, our joy,
And being dead, dead sorrow nips vs all.

All rise, cry out and wring their hands.

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

Cap. Cruel, vnjust, impartial destinies,
Why to this day haue you preferr'd my life?
To see my hope, my stay, my joy, my life.

Deprive of offence, of life, of all by death,
Cruel, vnjust, impartial destinies.

Cap. O sad face, forrow map of misery,
Why this sad time haue I desired to see.
This day, this vnjust, this impartial day
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
To be deprive by suddaine destiny.

Moth: O woe, alack, diff'rent, why should I live?
To see this day, this miserable day.
Alacke the time that euery was borne,
To be partaker of this destiny.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.

Fr. O peace for shame, if not for charity.
Your daughter lives in peace and happiness,
And it is vain to wish it otherwise.
The excellent Tragedie

Come flocke your Rosemary in this dead course,
And as the custome of our Country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,
Convey her where her Arier places lie tomb'd,

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

They all but the Nurse go forth, casting Rosemary on
her and shutting the Curteaun.

Enter Musitians.

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

S. I by my word Mistress is it, it had need be mended.

Enter Servingmen.

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

S. A sir, this is no time to play.
Ser: You will not then?

S: No marry will we.
Ser: Then will I give it you, and soundly too.

S: What will you give vs?
Ser: The fider, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile sol you.

S: 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 Poe, Ile pose you.

Ser: Let us heare.

Ser: When gripeing grieues the heart doth wound,
And dolefull damps the minde opprest:
Then muske with her suluer found,
Why suluer found? Why suluer found?

S. I thanke because muske hath a sweet sound.
Ser: Prettie, what say you Mathew minikine?
of Romeo and Juliet.

2. I thinke because Musitions found for siluer,
Ser: Prettie too : come, what say you ?
3. I say nothing.
Ser: I thinke so, Ile speake for you because you are the
Singer. I saye Siluer found, because such Fellowes as you
have seldome golde for founding. Farewell Fellowes, fare-
well. Exit.
1. Farewell and be hangd : come lets goe. Exit. 2

Enter Romeo.

Rom: If I may trust the flattering Eye of sleepe,
My Dreame prefagde some good euent to come,
My bosome Lord sits chearfull in his throne,
And I am comforted with pleasing dreams.
Me thought I was this night alreadie dead : (Strange dreames that giue a dead man leane to thinke)
And that my Ladie Iuliet came to me,
And breathd such life with kisss in my lips,
That I resiude and was an Emperous.

Enter Balthasar his man booted.

Newes from Verona. How now Balthasar,
How dodd my Ladie ? Is my Father well ?
How fares my Iuliet ? 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 Capellis Monument,
And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.
Pardon me Sir that am the Messinger of such bad tidings.
Rom: Is it even so ? then I defie my Starres.

1 3 Goe
The excellent Tragedie

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

Balth: 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,

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

Exit Balthasar.

Well I thinke, I will lye with thee to night.

Let see for meanses. As I doo remember
Here dwells a Potheccarie whom oft I noted
As I past by, whose needie shop is stuffit
With beggersly accounts of emptie boxes:
And in the fame an Aligator hangs,
Olde enotes of packshred, and cakes of Roses,
Are thinly dreeved to make yp a shew.
Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought:
And if a man should need a poysfon now,
(Whose present sake is death in Martial)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forwande my need: and here about he dwells,
Being Holiday the Beggars shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.

Enter Apothecarie.

Apo: Who calls, what would you sir?

Rome: Heres twentye duches,
Give me a dram of some such speeding gur.e
As will dispatch the wearie takers life,
As suddenly as powder being herd
From forth a Cannons mouth.

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

Rome:
of Romeo and Juliet.

Rom: Art thou so bare and full of poverty,
And dost thou fear to violate the Law?
The Law is not thy friend, nor the Law's friend,
And therefore make no conscience of the law:
Upon thy back hangs ragged Miserie,
And fleeted Famine dwellth in thy cheeks.

Apo: My poverty but not my will consents.
Rom: I pay thy poverty, but not thy will.

Apo: Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing
you will, and it will serve had you the lives of twenty men.
Rom: Hold, take this gold, worse poison to mens soules
Than this which thou hast given me. Go home the hence,
Go buy the clothes, and get thee into flesh.
Come cordially and not poison, goe with mee
To Juliet. Graue: for there mall I use thee.

Enter Friar John.

John: What Friar Lawrence, Brother, ho?
Law: This same should be the voice of Friar 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 Citye visiting the sick,
Whereas the infectious pestilence remained:
And being by the searchers of the Towne
Found and examind, we were both that vp.
Law: Who bare my letters then to Romeo?
John: I have them still, and here they are.
Law: Now by my holie Order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight
Goe get thee hence, and get me presently

As
The excellent Tragedie

Alspade and mattocke;
John: Well I will presently go fetch thee them. Exit.
Laur: Now must I to the Monument alone,
Least that the Ladie should before I come
Be wak'd from sleepe. I will hye
To free her from that Tombe of miserie, Exit.

Enter Countis Paris and his Page With flowers
and sweete water.

Paris: Put out the torch, and lye thee all along
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine care close to the hollow
ground.
And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard
Straight give me notice.
Boy: I will my Lord.

Paris strews the Tomb with flowers.

Paris: Sweete Flower, with flowers I strewe thy Bridal
beds.
Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite dost containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie:
Faire Indies that with Angells dost remaine,
Accept this latest favoure at my hands,
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead
With funerall praises doo adorne thy Tombe.
Boy whistles and calls. My Lord.

Enter Romeo and Baliboar, with a torch, a
mattocke, and a crow of yron.

Paris:
of Romeo and Juliet.

Part: The boy giuest warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foote wanders this was to night,
To stay my obsequies and true loutes rites?
What with a torch, muffle me night a while,

Romeo: Give mee this maroakke, and this wretching 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 mee 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 vsie
In deare imployment: but if thou wilt stay,
Further to prie in what I undertake,
By heauen I teare thee ioynte by ioynte,
And strewe thys hungry churchyard with thy lims.
The time and my intents are fastage, wilde.

Balth: Well, he be gone and not trouble you.
Romeo: So shalt thou win my fauour, take thou this,
Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.

Balth: Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

Romeo openeth the tomb.

Romeo: Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorde with the dearest morfoll of the earth.
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.
Part: This is that banishd haughtie Montague,
That murdered my loues coffin, I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallowed toyle, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be pursu'd further then death?
I doe attach thee as a fellow here.
The Law condemnest thee, therefore thou must dye,

Romeo: I must indeed and therefore came I hither,
Good youth be gone, tempt not a desperate man.

Keape
The excellent Tragedie

Heape not another shame upon my head
By sheding of thy bloud, I doe protest
I loue thee better then I loue my selfe:
For I come hyther armed against my selfe.

Par: I doe deie thy coniurations:
And doe arrest thee as a fellow here.

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 Iuliet.

Rom: Yea I will, let me peruse this face,
Merceusio kinisme, noble County Paris?
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not regard him as we past a long,
Did he not say Paris should have maried
Iuliet? eather he said so, or I dreamed it so.
But I will satisfie thy last request,
For thou haft prizd thy love aboue thy life,
Death ivery thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft haue 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 Iuliet,
How well thy beauty doth become this grave?
O I beleue that vnsubstanceall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my loue.
Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
Set vp my everlafting teft
With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.

Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on
The daishing rockes thy sea-sickke weary barge.
Heere to my loue. O true Apothecary;
Thy drugs are swift, thus with a kisse I dye.

Falls.

Enter
of Romeo and Iulier.

Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.

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

Man. A friend and one that knowes you well
Fr: Who is it that confortes so late the dead,
What light is yon? if I be not deceived,
Me thinkes it burnes in Capels monument?
Man. It doth so holy Sir, and there is one
That loues you dearely.

Fr. Who is he?

Man: Romeu.

Fr: How long hath he beene there?

Man: Full halfe an houre and more.

Fr: Goe with me thereth.

Man: I dare not sir, he knowes not I am here:
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 stoops and looke on the blood and weapons.

What blood is this that stains the entrance
Of this marble stony monument?
What meanes these maisterles and goory weapons?
Ah me I doubt, whose heere? what Romeus dead?
Who and Parey too? what unluckie houre
Is necessary to so soule a sinne?

The Lady shuette.  K.  L1.
The excellent Tragedie

Ah comfortable Fryer,
I doe remember well where I should be,
And what we spake of: but yet I cannot see
Him for whose sake I undertooke this hazard.
   Fry: Lady come forth, I heare some noise at hand,
We shall be taken, Pars: he is slaine,
And Romeo dead: and if we here be taken
We shall be thought to be as accessearie.
   I will proove for you in some close Nunery.
   Id: Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.
   Fry: I heare some noise, I dare not stay, come, come.
   I: Goe get thee gone.
Whatheere a cup close in my louers hands?
Ab churle drinkes all, and loose no drop for me.

Enter watch.

Watch: This way, this way.
   Id: I, noise? then must I be resolute.
O happy dagger thou that end my feare,
Rest in my boleme, thus I come to thee.
   She stabs herselfe and fallles.

Enter watch.

Capt: Howeke looke about, what weapons haue we heere?
See frendy where Iloiter two daies buried,
New bleeding wounded, search and see who's neare,
Attach and bring them too presently.

Enter one with the Fryer.

Captaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,
Fitt to ope a tome.
Capt: A great suspition, keep him safe.

Enter
of Romeo and Juliet.

Enter one with Romeos Man.

1. Heeres Romeo’s 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 Julliet that hath lye in toombd two dayes,
   Warne and fresh bleeding, Romeo and Countie Parks
   Likewise newly slaine.
   Prin: Search seeke about to finde the murderers.

Enter olde Capulet and his Wife.

Capo: What rumor’s this that is so early vp?
   Mauth: The people in the streetes crie Romeo,
   And some on Julliet; as if they alone
   Had been the cause of such a mutnicie.
   Capo: See Wife, this dagge hath mistooke:
   For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong Monologue,
   And it is sheathed in our Daughters breast.

Enter olde Montague.

Prin: Come Monologue, for thou art early vp,
   To see thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.
   Mont: Dread Soveraigne, my Wife is dead to night
   And yong Benecke is deceased too:
   What furthuer mischiefe can there yet be found?
   Prin: First come and see, then speake.
   Mont: O thou wrighten, what manner is in this
   To presse before thy Father to a grave:
   Prin: Come sele your mouthes of outrage for a while,
   And let vs seeke to finde the Authors out
   Of such a hainous and field scene mischaunce.
   Bring forth the parties in susception,
   Fr: I am the greatest able to doe leas.
   Most worthic Prince, heare me but speake the truth.

K 3 And
The excellent Tragedie

And he informe you how these things fell out.
Juliets faire flaine was married to that Romeo,
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:
The Nurse was privie to the marriage,
The balefull day of this unhappie marriage,
VVas Tybaltis doomesday: for which Romeo
VVas banished from hence to Mantua.
He gone, her Father sought by foule contraint
To marry her to Paris: But her Soule
(Loathing a second Contract) did refuse
To give consent; and therefore did she urge me
Either to finde a meanes she might avoyd
What so her Father sought to force her too:
Ores all desperately she threatened
Euen in my presence to dispatch her selfe.
Then did I give her, (outord by mine arte)
A potion that should make her seeme as dead:
And told her that I would with all post speed
Send hence to Mantua for her Romeo,
That he might come and take her from the Toombe,
But he that had my Letters (Frier John)
Seeking a Brother to associate him,
VVhereas the sicke infection remaind,
VVas stayed by the Searchers of the Towne,
But Romeo understanding by his man,
That Juliet was deceased, returnde in post
VVnto Verona for to see his loue,
VVhat after happened touching Paris death,
Or Romeo is to me unknowne at all.
But when I came to take the Lady hence,
I found them dead, and she awaked from sleep:
VVhom faine I would have taken from the toombe,
VVwhich she refusde seeing Romeo dead,
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
VVhat after happened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought have miscaried.

By
of Romeo and Juliet.

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

Pre: WVe still have known thee for a holy man,
Where didst thou come from, man, a holy man?

Balth: I brought my master the letter of the Watch.
And then I sent it straight to Mantua,
Into the Tosome. Their letters he delivered me,
Charging me early to give them to his Father.

Pre: Let us see the letters, I will read them over.
Where is the Count's boy that called the Watch?

Boy: I brought my Master into Juliet's grave,
But one approaching, straight I called my Master,
At last they sought, I ran to call the Watch,
And this is all that I can say or know.

Pre: These letters do make good the Fryer's words,
Come Capulet, and come old Mountague,
Where are these enemies? see what hate hath done,
Cap: Come brother Mountague, give me thy hand,
There is my daughter dowry: for now no more
Can I bestow on her, that's all I have.

Moun: But I will give them more, I will erect
Her statue of pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is knowne.
There shall no statue of such price be set,
As that of Romeo's lusted Juliet.

Cap: Astrich shall Romeo by his Lady lie,
Poor sacrifices to our Enmity,

Pre: A gloomy peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let us hence,
To have more talk of these sad things,
Some shall be pardoned and some punished:
For here was heard a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

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