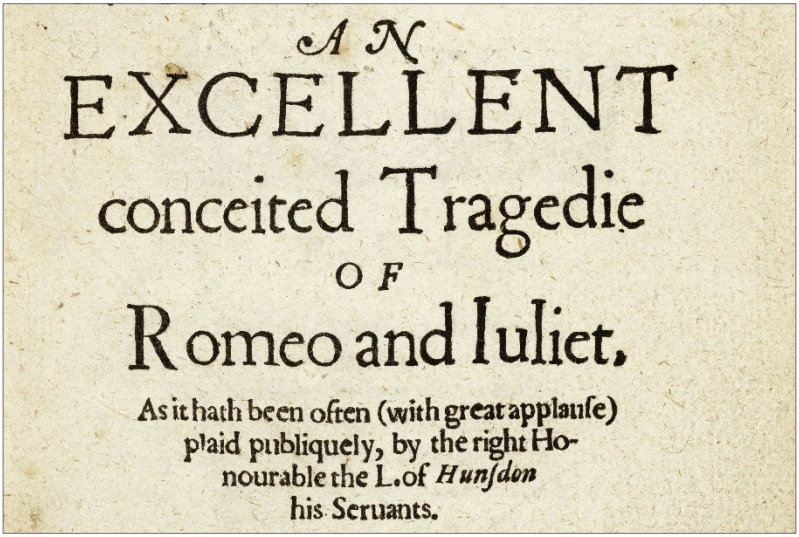
Bibliographical DNA in the text of *Romeo and Juliet* Q1, 1597

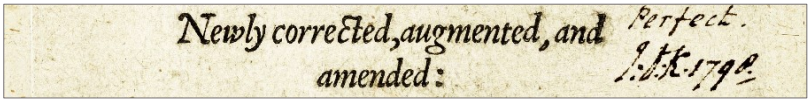
David Pizzanelli


AN
EXCELLENT
conceited Tragedie
OF
Romeo and Iuliet.
As it hath been often (with great applause)
plaid publiquely, by the right Ho-
nourable the L. of *Hunsdon*
his Seruants.

This paper presents a *Digital Facsimile* of '*An EXCELLENT* conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet' printed in 1597 — Shakespeare's *First* Quarto (Q1) — ***colour-coded*** to reveal its **bibliographical DNA**. The term is not used loosely. DNA, in the biological sense, is the exact molecular sequence inherited and carried forward through successive generations. The parallel here is precise: every word in Q1 that reappears — spelled in exactly the same way, letter for letter, in Shakespeare's own early modern orthography — in the Second Quarto of 1599 is printed in green; every word that reappears with the same exact spelling in the First Folio of 1623 is printed in blue; and every word shared, in the same identical spelling, by the First Quarto, Second Quarto ***and*** the First Folio is printed in gold. Words unique to Q1, with no counterpart in the later texts, remain uncoloured.

The result, visible at a glance, is remarkable. The great majority of Q1's words are coloured — green, blue, or gold — demonstrating that the First Quarto is not some separate composition but shares its very verbal substance with the two authoritative texts that followed it. The gold, in particular — words spelled identically across all three witnesses — represents the deepest stratum of shared inheritance: vocabulary carried unchanged from one printed text to the next across two decades.

This is not approximation or paraphrase; it is exact verbal correspondence — the same letters in the same order — and what it demonstrates has profound implications for the textual history of the play.



The title page of the Second Quarto tells us that it was "***Newly corrected, augmented, and amended***": that is, Q2 represents a revised and expanded authorial manuscript, from which the Folio text in turn ultimately derives. The bibliographical DNA shared between Q1 and these later texts points unmistakably to a common written origin: Q1 was typeset from an earlier state of the same authorial manuscript — Shakespeare's working papers, or a transcript of them — before revision and enlargement produced the *augmented* text of Q2. No other hypothesis accounts for the evidence. A reporter reconstructing the play from memory, however gifted, would produce paraphrase, approximation, and synonym; he would not, and could not, reproduce Shakespeare's own idiosyncratic spellings word for word across hundreds of lines. Equally, a stenographer transcribing a performance would capture speech as heard, not manuscript as written — and the orthography of a live actor's delivery leaves no trace on paper. The DNA does not lie: these ***exact*** shared spellings are the fossil record of a manuscript, not an echo of a performance, and they place Q1 firmly within the line of authentic Shakespearean transmission, rather than outside it as a piracy or a reconstruction. These shared words demonstrate that *Romeo and Juliet* Q1 is not a "Bad Quarto". This facsimile is intended to be of genuine use

to scholars and readers of Shakespeare. The colour-coding does the analytical work; the reader's eye does the rest.

Bibliographical DNA in the text of *Romeo and Juliet*

Gold = *exact* spellings shared by the texts Q1 + Q2 + F1
Green = *exact* spellings shared by the texts of Q1 + Q2
Blue = *exact* spellings shared by the texts of Q1 + F1
Orange = to denote a typesetter's typo in Q1
Un-coloured = text only found in Q1

	An
	EXCELLENT
	conceited Tragedie
	OF
	Romeo and Iuliet
1	The Prologue.
2	*TVVo houshold Frends alike in dignitie,*
3	*(In faire* Verona, *where we lay our Scene)*
4	*From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,*
5	*VVhose ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vncleane.*
6	*From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,*
7	*A paire of starre-crost Louers tooke their life:*
8	*VVhose misaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,*
9	*(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,*
10	*And death-markt passage of their Parents rage)*
11	*Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.*
12	*The which if you with patient eares attend,*
13	*VVhat here we want wee'l studie to amend.*
14	*Enter 2. Seruing-men of the* Capolets.
15	*GRegorie,* of my word Ile carrie no coales.
16	*2* No, for if you doo, you should be a Collier.

17	*1* If I be in choler, Ile draw.
18	*2* Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the
19	the collar.
20	*1* I strike quickly being moou'd.
21	*2* I, but you are not quickly moou'd to strike.
22	*1* A Dog of the house of the *Mountagues* moues me.
23	*2* To mooue is to stirre, and to bee valiant is to stand
24	to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be mooud thou't
25	runne away.
26	*1* There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take
27	the wall of.
28	*2* That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakest goes
29	to the wall.
30	*1* Thats true, therefore Ile thrust the men from the
31	wall, and thrust the maids to the walls: nay, thou shalt
32	see I am a tall peece of flesh.
33	*2* Tis well thou art not fish, for if thou wert thou
34	wouldst be but poore Iohn.
35	*1* Ile play the tyrant, Ile first begin with the maids, &
36	off with their heads.
37	*2* The heads of the maids?
38	*1* I the heades of their Maides, or the Maidenheades,
39	take it in what sence thou wilt.
40	*2* Nay let them take it in sence that feele it, but heere
41	comes two of the *Mountagues.*
42	*Enter two Seruingmen of the* Mountagues.
43	*1* Nay feare not me I warrant thee.
44	*2* I feare them no more than thee, but draw.
45	*1* Nay let vs haue the law on our side, let them begin
46	first. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my
47	thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.
48	*2* Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile
49	come after and frowne.
50	*1 Moun:* Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?
51	*1* I bite my thumbe.
52	*2 Moun:* I but i'st at vs?

53	*1* I bite my thumbe, is the law on our side?
54	*2* No.
55	*1* I bite my thumbe.
56	*1 Moun:* I but i'st at vs? *Enter Beneuolio*
57	2 Say I, here comes my Masters kinsman.
58	*They draw, to them enters* Tybalt, *they fight, to them the*
59	*Prince, old* Mountague, *and his wife, old* Capulet *and*
60	*his wife, and other Citizens and part them.*
61	*Prince:* Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,
62	On paine of torture, from those bloody handes
63	Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.
64	Three Ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,
65	By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
66	Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets.
67	If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
68	Your liues shall pay the ransome of your fault:
69	For this time euery man depart in peace.
70	Come *Capulet* come you along with me,
71	And *Mouutague*, come you this after noone,
72	To know our farther pleasure in this case,
73	To old free Towne our common iudgement place,
74	Once more on paine of death each man depart.
75	*Exeunt.*
76	*M: wife.* Who set this auncient quarrel first abroach?
77	Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?
78	*Benuo:* Here were the seruants of your aduersaries,
79	And yours close fighting ere I did approch.
80	*VVife:* Ah where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
81	Right glad I am he was not at this fray.
82	*Ben:* Madame, an houre before the worshipt sunne
83	Peept through the golden window of the East,
84	A troubled thought drew me from companie:
85	Where vnderneath the groue *Sicamoure*,
86	That Westward rooteth from the Cities side,
87	So early walking might I see your sonne.
88	I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,

89	And drew into the thicket of the wood:
90	I noting his affections by mine owne,
91	That most are busied when th'are most alone,
92	Pursued my honor, not pursuing his.
93	*Moun:* Black and portentious must this honor proue,
94	Vnlesse good counsaile doo the cause remooue.
95	*Ben:* Why tell me Vncle do you know the cause?
96	*Enter Romeo*.
97	*Moun:* I neyther know it nor can learne of him.
98	*Ben:* See where he is, but stand you both aside
99	Ile know his grieuance, or be much denied,
100	*Mount:* I would thou wert so happie by thy stay
101	To heare true shrift. Come Madame lets away.
102	*Benuo:* Good morrow Cosen.
103	*Romeo:* Is the day so young?
104	*Ben:* But new stroke nine.
105	*Romeo:* Ay me, sad hopes seeme long.
106	Was that my Father that went hence so fast?
107	*Ben:* It was, what sorrow lengthens *Romeos* houres?
108	*Rom:* Not hauing that, which hauing makes them
109	*Ben:* In loue. (short.
110	*Ro:* Out.
111	*Ben:* Of loue.
112	*Ro:* Out of her fauor where I am in loue.
113	*Ben:* Alas that loue so gentle in her view,
114	Should be so tyrranous and rough in proofe.
115	*Ro:* Alas that loue whose view is muffled still,
116	Should without lawes giue path-waies to our will:
117	Where shall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
118	Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,
119	Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue.
120	Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
121	O anie thing, of nothing first create!
122	O heauie lightnes serious vanitie!
123	Mishapen *Caos* of best seeming thinges,
124	Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,

125	Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
126	This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.
127	Doest thou not laugh?
128	*Ben:* No Cose I rather weepe.
129	*Rom:* Good hart at what?
130	*Ben:* At thy good hearts oppression.
131	*Ro:* Why such is loues transgression,
132	Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,
133	Which thou wouldst propagate to haue them prest
134	With more of thine, this griefe that thou hast showne,
135	Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne:
136	Loue is a smoke raisde with the fume of sighes
137	Being purgde, a fire sparkling in louers eyes:
138	Being vext, a sea raging with a louers teares,
139	What is it else? A madnes most discreet,
140	A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet. Farewell Cose.
141	*Ben:* Nay Ile goe along.
142	And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.
143	*Ro:* Tut I haue lost my selfe I am not here,
144	This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.
145	*Ben:* Tell me in sadnes whome she is you loue?
146	*Ro:* What shall I grone and tell thee?
147	*Ben:* Why no, but sadly tell me who.
148	*Ro:* Bid a sickman in sadnes make his will.
149	Ah word ill vrgde to one that is so ill.
150	In sadnes Cosen I doo loue a woman.
151	*Ben:* I aimde so right, when as you said you lou'd.
152	*Ro:* A right good mark-man, and shee's faire I loue.
153	*Ben:* A right faire marke faire Cose is soonest hit.
154	*Ro:* But in that hit you misse, shee'le not be hit
155	With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dianaes* wit,
156	And in strong proofe of chastitie well arm'd:
157	Gainst *Cupids* childish bow she liues vnharm'd,
158	Shee'le not abide the siedge of louing tearmes,
159	Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold,
160	Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore,

161	That when she dies with beautie dies her store. *Exeu.*
162	*Enter Countie* Paris. *old* Capulet.
163	Of honorable reckoning are they both,
164	And pittie tis they liue at ods so long:
165	But leauing that, what say you to my sute?
166	*Capu:* What should I say more than I said before,
167	My daughter is a stranger in the world,
168	Shee hath not yet attainde to fourteene yeares:
169	Let two more sommers wither in their pride,
170	Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.
171	*Paris:* Younger than she are happie mothers made.
172	*Cap:* But too soone marde are these so early maried:
173	But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
174	My word to her consent is but a part.
175	This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,
176	Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,
177	Such as I loue: yet you among the store,
178	One more most welcome makes the number more.
179	At my poore house you shall behold this night,
180	Earth treadding stars, that make darke heauen light:
181	Such comfort as doo lusty youngmen feele,
182	When well apparaild Aprill on the heele
183	Of lumping winter treads, euen such delights
184	Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night
185	Inherit at my house, heare all, all see,
186	And like her most, whose merite most shalbe.
187	Such amongst view of many myne beeing one,
188	May stand in number though in reckoning none.
189	*Enter Seruingman.*
190	Where are you sirra, goe trudge about
191	Through faire *Verona* streets, and seeke them out:
192	Whose names are written here and to them say,
193	My house and welcome at their pleasure stay.
194	*Exeunt.*
195	*Ser:* Seeke them out whose names are written here,
196	and yet I knowe not who are written here: I must to

197	the learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as
198	the Taylor must meddle with his Laste, the Shoomaker
199	with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher
200	with his Pensill, I must to the learned:
201	*Enter Benuolio and Romeo.*
202	*Ben:* Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning,
203	One paine is lessned with anothers anguish:
204	Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,
205	One desperate griefe cures with anothers languish.
206	Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
207	And the ranke poyson of the old will die.
208	*Romeo:* Your Planton leafe is excellent for that.
209	*Ben:* For what?
210	*Romeo:* For your broken shin.
211	*Ben:* Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
212	*Rom:* Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is.
213	Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
214	Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.
215	*Ser:* Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read,
216	*Rom:* I mine owne fortune in my miserie.
217	*Ser:* Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
218	but I pray can you read any thing you see?
219	*Rom:* I if I know the letters and the language.
220	*Seru:* Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.
221	*Rom:* Stay fellow I can read.
222	*He reads the Letter.*
223	*SEigneur* Martino *and his wife and daughters, Countie*
224	Anselme *and his beauteous sisters, the Ladie widdow of*
225	Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louelie Neeces,*
226	Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine, *mine vncle* Capu-
227	let *his wife and daughters, my faire Neece* Rosaline *and*
228	*Liuia, Seigneur* Valentio *and his Cosen* Tibalt, Lucio
229	*and the liuelie* Hellena.
230	A faire assembly, whether should they come?
231	*Ser:* Vp.
232	*Ro:* Whether to supper?

233	*Ser:* To our house.
234	*Ro:* Whose house?
235	*Ser:* My Masters.
236	*Ro:* Indeed I should haue askt thee that before.
237	*Ser:* Now il'e tel you without asking. My Master is
238	the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of
239	*Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest
240	you merrie.
241	*Ben:* At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
242	Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:
243	With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
244	Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
245	Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
246	And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.
247	*Ro:* When the deuout religion of mine eye
248	Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire,
249	And these who often drownde could neuer die,
250	Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
251	One fairer than my loue, the all seeing sonne
252	Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.
253	*Ben:* Tut you saw her faire none els being by,
254	Her selfe poysd with her selfe in either eye:
255	But in that Cristall scales let there be waide,
256	Your Ladyes loue, against some other maide
257	That I will shew you shining at this feast,
258	And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.
259	*Rom:* Ile goe along no such sight to be showne,
260	But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.
261	*Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.*
262	*VVife:* Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to
263	mee.
264	*Nurce: Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I*
265	*bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid.*
266	*VVher's this girle? what* Iuliet. *Enter Iuliet.*
267	*Iuliet:* How now who cals?
268	*Nurce: Your Mother.*

269	*Iul:* Madame I am here, what is your will?
270	*VV:* This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we
271	must talke in secret. Nurce come back again I haue re-
272	membred me, thou'se heare our counsaile. Thou know
273	est my daughters of a prettie age.
274	*Nurce: Faith I can tell her age vnto a houre.*
275	*VVife:* Shee's not fourteene.
276	*Nnrce: Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my*
277	*teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene.*
278	*How long is it now to* Lammas-tide?
279	*VVife:* A fortnight and odde dayes.
280	*Nurce: Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come*
281	Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteene.* Susan *and she*
282	*God rest all Christian soules were of an age. VVell* Susan *is*
283	*with God, she was too good for me: But as I said on* Lam-
284	mas *Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee ma-*
285	*rie I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake nowe e-*
286	*leauen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of*
287	*all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid*
288	*wormewood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Doue-*
289	*house wall. My Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I*
290	*do beare a braine: But as I said, when it did tast the worm-*
291	*wood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole*
292	*to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the*
293	*Doue-house twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and since*
294	*that time it is a leauen yeare: for then could* Iuliet *stande*
295	*high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could haue wadled vp and*
296	*downe, for euen the day before shee brake her brow, and then*

297	*my husband God be with his soule, hee was a merrie man:*
298	*Dost thou fall forward* Iuliet? *thou wilt fall backward when*
299	*thou hast more wit: wilt thou not* Iuliet? *and by my holli-*
300	*dam, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see how a*
301	*ieast shall come about, I warrant you if I should liue a hun-*
302	*dred yeare, I neuer should forget it, wilt thou not* Iuliet?
303	*and by my troth she stinted and cried I.*
304	*Iuliet:* And stint thou too, I prethee Nurce say I.
305	*Nurce: VVell goe thy waies, God marke thee for his*
306	*grace, thou wert the prettiest Babe that euer I nurst, might*
307	*I but liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.*
308	*VVife:* And that same marriage Nurce, is the Theame
309	I meant to talke of: Tell me *Iuliet*, howe stand you af-
310	fected to be married?
311	*Iul:* It is an honor that I dreame not off.
312	*Nurce: An honor! were not I thy onely Nurce, I*
313	*would say thou hadst suckt wisedome from thy Teat.*
314	*VVife:* Well girle, the Noble Countie *Paris* seekes
315	thee for his Wife.
316	*Nurce: A man young Ladie, Ladie such a man as all*
317	*the world, why he is a man of waxe.*
318	*VVife: Veronaes* Summer hath not such a flower.
319	*Nurce: Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.*
320	*VVife:* Well *Iuliet*, how like you of *Paris* loue.
321	*Iuliet:* Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue,
322	But no more deepe will I engage mine eye,
323	Then your consent giues strength to make it flie.
324	*Enter Clowne.*
325	*Clowne: Maddam you are cald for, supper is readie,*
326	*the Nurce curst in the Pantrie, all thinges in extreamitie,*
327	*make hast for I must be gone to waite.*
328	*Enter Maskers with* Romeo *and a Page.*
329	*Ro:* What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse?
330	Or shall we on without Apologie.

331	*Benuoleo:* The date is out of such prolixitie,
332	Weele haue no *Cupid* hudwinckt with a Scarfe,
333	Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath,
334	Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper:
335	Nor no without booke Prologue faintly spoke
336	After the Prompter, for our entrance.
337	But let them measure vs by what they will,
338	Weele measure them a measure and be gone.
339	*Rom:* A torch for me I am not for this aumbling,
340	Beeing but heauie I will beare the light.
341	*Mer:* Beleeue me *Romeo* I must haue you daunce.
342	*Rom:* Not I beleeue me you haue dancing shooes
343	With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead
344	So stakes me to the ground I cannot stirre.
345	*Mer:* Giue me a case to put my visage in,
346	A visor for a visor, what care I
347	What curious eye doth coate deformitie.
348	*Rom:* Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart
349	Tickle the senceles rushes with their heeles:
350	For I am prouerbd with a Grandsire phrase,
351	Ile be a candleholder and looke on,
352	The game was nere so faire and I am done.
353	*Mer:* Tut dun's the mouse, the Cunstables old word,
354	If thou beest Dun, weele draw thee from the mire
355	Of this surreuerence loue wherein thou stickst.
356	Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.
357	*Rom:* Nay thats not so. *Mer:* I meane sir in delay,
358	We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,
359	Take our good meaning for our iudgement sits
360	Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.
361	*Rom:* So we meane well by going to this maske:
362	But tis no wit to goe.
363	*Mer:* Why *Romeo* may one aske?
364	*Rom:* I dreamt a dreame to night.
365	*Mer:* And so did I. *Rom:* Why what was yours?
366	*Mer:* That dreamers often lie. (true,

367	*Rom:* In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things
368	*Mer:* Ah then I see Queene Mab hath bin with you.
369	*Ben:* Queene Mab whats she?
370	She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come
371	In shape no bigger than an Aggat stone
372	On the forefinger of a Burgomaster,
373	Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,
374	A thwart mens noses when they lie a sleepe.
375	Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,
376	The couer, of the winges of Grashoppers,
377	The traces are the Moone-shine watrie beames,
378	The collers crickets bones, the lash of filmes,
379	Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie,
380	Not halfe so big as is a little worme,
381	Pickt from the lasie finger of a maide,
382	And in this sort she gallops vp and downe
383	Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue:
384	O're Courtiers knees: who strait on cursies dreame
385	O're Ladies lips, who dreame on kisses strait:
386	Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,
387	Because their breathes with sweetmeats tainted are:
388	Sometimes she gallops ore a Lawers lap,
389	And then dreames he of smelling out a sute,
390	And sometime comes she with a tithe pigs taile,
391	Tickling a Parsons nose that lies asleepe,
392	And then dreames he of another benefice:
393	Sometime she gallops ore a souldiers nose,
394	And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
395	Of breaches ambuscados, countermines,
396	Of healthes fiue fadome deepe, and then anon
397	Drums in his eare: at which he startes and wakes,
398	And sweares a Praier or two and sleepes againe.
399	This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,
400	And proues them women of good cariage. (the night,
401	This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horses in
402	And plats the Elfelocks in foule sluttish haire,

403	Which once vntangled much misfortune breedes.
404	*Rom:* Peace, peace, thou talkst of nothing.
405	*Mer:* True I talke of dreames,
406	Which are the Children of an idle braine,
407	Begot of nothing but vaine fantasie,
408	Which is as thinne a substance as the aire,
409	And more inconstant than the winde,
410	Which wooes euen now the frosē bowels of the north,
411	And being angred puffes away in haste,
412	Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. (selues.
413	*Ben:* Come, come, this winde doth blow vs from our
414	Supper is done and we shall come too late.
415	*Ro:* I feare too earlie, for my minde misgiues
416	Some consequence is hanging in the stars,
417	Which bitterly begins his fearefull date
418	With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme
419	Of a dispised life, closde in this breast,
420	By some vntimelie forfet of vile death.
421	But he that hath the steerage of my course
422	Directs my saile, on lustie Gentlemen.
423	*Enter old* Capulet *with the Ladies.*
424	*Capu:* Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
425	Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with Corns
426	Will haue about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,
427	Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
428	Shee that makes daintie, shee Ile sweare hath Corns.
429	Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-
430	More lights you knaues, & turn these tables vp, (come,
431	And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.
432	Ah sirra, this vnlookt for sport comes well,
433	Nay sit, nay sit, good Cosen *Capulet:*
434	For you and I are past our standing dayes,
435	How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?
436	*Cos:* By Ladie sir tis thirtie yeares at least.
437	*Cap:* Tis not so much, tis not so much.
438	Tis since the mariage of *Lucentio*,

439	Come *Pentecost* as quicklie as it will,
440	Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.
441	*Cos:* Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder far.
442	*Cap:* Will you tell me that it cannot be so,
443	His sonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,
444	Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a iolly thing.
445	*Rom:* What Ladie is that that doth inrich the hand
446	Of yonder Knight? O shee doth teach the torches to
447	burne bright!
448	It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
449	Like a rich iewell in an *Aethiops* eare,
450	Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
451	So shines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
452	As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes showes.
453	The measure done, ile watch her place of stand,
454	And touching hers, make happie my rude hand.
455	Did my heart loue till now? Forsweare it sight,
456	I neuer saw true beautie till this night.
457	*Tib:* This by his voice should be a *Mountague*,
458	Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the slaue
459	Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,
460	To scorne and ieere at our solemnitie?
461	Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,
462	To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.
463	*Ca:* Why how now Cosen, wherfore storme you so.
464	*Ti:* Vncle this is a *Mountague* our soe,
465	A villaine that is hether come in spight,
466	To mocke at our solemnitie this night.
467	*Ca:* Young *Romeo*, is it not?
468	*Ti:* It is that villaine *Romeo*. *(man*,
469	*Ca:* Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentle-
470	And to speake truth, *Verona* brags of him,
471	As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
472	I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
473	Here in my house doo him disparagement:
474	Therefore be quiet take no note of him,

475	Beare a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
476	An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.
477	*Ti:* It fits when such a villaine is a guest,
478	Ile not indure him.
479	*Ca:* He shalbe indured, goe to I say, he shall,
480	Am I the Master of the house or you?
481	You'le not indure him? God shall mend my soule
482	You'le make a mutenie amongst my guests,
483	You'le set Cocke a hoope, you'le be the man.
484	*Ti:* Vncle tis a shame,
485	*Ca:* Goe too, you are a saucie knaue.
486	This tricke will scath you one day I know what.
487	Well said my hartes. Be quiet:
488	More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet. (ting,
489	*Tibalt:* Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee-
490	Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings:
491	I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
492	Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.
493	*Rom:* If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,
494	This holie shrine, the gentle sinne is this:
495	My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,
496	To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kisse.
497	*Iuli:* Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand, too
498	Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this: (much,
499	For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,
500	And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kisse.
501	*Rom:* Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
502	*Iuli:* Yes Pilgrime lips that they must vse in praier.
503	*Ro:* Why then faire saint, let lips do what hands doo,
504	They pray, yeeld thou, least faith turne to dispaire.
505	*Iu:* Saints doe not mooue though: grant nor praier
506	forsake.
507	*Ro:* Then mooue not till my praiers effect I take.
508	Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purgde.
509	*Iu:* Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.
510	*Ro:* Sinne from my lips, O trespasse sweetly vrgde!

511	Giue me my sinne againe.
512	*Iu:* You kisse by the booke.
513	*Nurse: Madame your mother calles.*
514	*Rom:* What is her mother?
515	*Nurse: Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the*
516	*house, and a good Lady, and a wise, and a vertuous. I nurst*
517	*her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can*
518	*lay hold of her shall haue the chinkes.*
519	*Rom:* Is she a *Mountague?* Oh deare account,
520	My life is my foes thrall.
521	*Ca:* Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
522	We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards.
523	*They whisper in his eare.*
524	I pray you let me intreat you. Is it so?
525	Well then I thanke you honest Gentlemen,
526	I promise you but for your company,
527	I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:
528	Light to my chamber hoe.
529	*Exeunt.*
530	*Iul:* Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?
531	*Nur: The sonne and heire of old* Tiberio.
532	*Iul:* Whats he that now is going out of dore?
533	*Nur: That as I thinke is yeng* Petruchio. (dance?
534	*Iul:* Whats he that followes there that would not
535	*Nur: I know not.*
536	*Iul:* Goe learne his name, if he be maried,
537	My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
538	*Nur: His* uame *is* Romeo *ana a* Mountague, *the onely*
539	*sonne of your great enemie.*
540	*Iul:* My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
541	Too early seene vnknowne, and knowne too late:
542	Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,
543	That I should loue a loathed enemie.
544	*Nurse: VVhats this? whats that?*
545	*Iul:* Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt euen now of

546	oue I dancst with.
547	*Nurse: Come your mother staies for you. Ile goe a lonc*
548	*with you. Exeunt.*
549	*Enter Romeo alone.*
550	*Ro:* Shall I goe forward and my heart is here?
551	Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.
552	*Enter Benuolio Mercutio.*
553	*Ben: Romeo,* my cosen *Romeo.*
554	*Mer:* Doest thou heare he is wise,
555	Vpon my life he hath stolne him home to bed.
556	*Ben:* He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.
557	Call good *Mercutio.*
558	*Mer:* Call, nay Ile coniure too.
559	*Romeo,* madman, humors, passion, liuer, appeare thou in
560	likenes of a sigh: speak but one rime & I am satisfied, cry
561	but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, speake to
562	my gossip *Venus* one faire word, one nickname for her
563	purblinde sonne and heire young *Abraham: Cupid* hee
564	that shot so trim when young King *Cophetua* loued the
565	begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniure thee by
566	*Rosalindes* bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lip, her
567	prettie foote, straight leg, and quiuering thigh, and the
568	demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likenesse
569	thou appeare to vs.
570	*Ben:* If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.
571	*Mer:* Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one shuld
572	raise a spirit in his Mistris circle of some strange fashion,
573	making it there to stand till she had laid it, and coniurde
574	it downe, that were some spite. My inuocation is faire
575	and honest, and in his Mistris name I coniure onely but
576	to raise vp him.
577	*Ben:* Well he hath hid himselfe amongst those trees,
578	To be conforted with the humerous night.
579	Blinde in his loue, and best befits the darke.
580	*Mer:* If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,
581	Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,

582	And wish his Mistris were that kinde of fruite,
583	As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
584	Ah *Romeo* that she were, ah that she were
585	An open *Et caetera,* thou a poprin Peare.
586	*Romeo* God night, il'e to my trundle bed:
587	This field bed is too cold for mee.
588	Come lets away, for tis but vaine,
589	To seeke him here that meanes not to be found.
590	*Ro:* He iests at scars that neuer felt a wound:
591	But soft, what light forth yonder window breakes?
592	It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
593	Arise faire S nne, and kill the enuious Moone
594	That is alreadie sicke, and pale with griefe:
595	That thou her maid, art far more faire than she.
596	Be not her maide since she is enuious,
597	Her vestall liuerie is but pale and greene,
598	And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off.
599	She speakes, but she sayes nothing. What of that?
600	Her eye discourseth, I will answere it.
601	I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes,
602	Two of the fairest starres in all the skies,
603	Hauing some busines, doe entreat her eyes
604	To twinckle in their spheares till they returne.
605	What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
606	The brightnes of her cheekes would shame those stars:
607	As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
608	Would through the airie region streame so bright,
609	That birdes would sing, and thinke it were not night.
610	Oh now she leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
611	I would I were the gloue to that same hand,
612	That I might kisse that cheeke.
613	*Iul:* Ay me.
614	*Rom:* She speakes, Oh speake againe bright Angell:
615	For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my
616	As is a winged messenger of heauen (head,
617	Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,

618	Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
619	When he bestrides the lasie pacing cloudes,
620	And sailes vpon the bosome of the aire.
621	*Iul:* Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
622	Denie thy Father, and refuse thy name,
623	Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my loue,
624	And il'e no longer be a *Capulet.*
625	*Rom:* Shall I heare more, or shall I speake to this?
626	*Iul:* Tis but thy name that is mine enemie.
627	Whats *Mountague?* It is nor hand nor foote,
628	Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.
629	Whats in a name? That which we call a Rose,
630	By any other name would smell as sweet:
631	So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
632	Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:
633	Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,
634	And for that name which is no part of thee,
635	Take all I haue.
636	*Rom:* I take thee at thy word,
637	Call me but loue, and il'e be new Baptisde,
638	Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo.*
639	*Iu:* What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,
640	Doest stumble on my counsaile?
641	*Ro:* By a name I know not how to tell thee.
642	My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,
643	Because it is an enemie to thee.
644	Had I it written I would teare the word.
645	*Iul:* My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words
646	Of that tongues vtterance, yet I know the sound:
647	Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague?*
648	*Ro:* Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee displease.
649	*Iu:* How camst thou hether, tell me and wherfore?
650	The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,
651	And the place death considering who thou art,
652	If any of my kinsmen finde thee here.
653	*Ro:* By loues light winges did I oreperch these wals,

654	For stonie limits cannot hold loue out,
655	And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
656	Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
657	*Iul:* If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.
658	*Ro:* Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
659	Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
660	And I am proofe against their enmitie. (here.
661	*Iul:* I would not for the world they shuld find thee
662	*Ro:* I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their sight,
663	And but thou loue me let them finde me here:
664	For life were better ended by their hate,
665	Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.
666	*Iu:* By whose directions foundst thou out this place.
667	*Ro:* By loue, who first did prompt me to enquire,
668	I he gaue me counsaile and I lent him eyes.
669	I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre
670	As that vast shore, washt with the furthest sea,
671	I would aduenture for such Marchandise.
672	*Iul:* Thou knowst the maske of night is on my face
673	Els would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeks:
674	For that which thou haste heard me speake to night.
675	Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,
676	What I haue spoke: but farewell complements.
677	Doest thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt say I,
678	And I will take thy word: but if thou swearst,
679	Thou maiest proue false:
680	At Louers periuries they say Ioue smiles.
681	Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:
682	Or if thou thinke I am too easely wonne,
683	Il'e frowne and say thee nay and be peruerse,
684	So thou wilt wooe: but els not for the world,
685	In truth faire *Mountague*, I am too fond,
686	And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauiour light:
687	But trust me gentleman Ile proue more true,
688	Than they that haue more cunning to be strange.
689	I should haue bin strange I must confesse,

690	But that thou ouer-heardst ere I was ware
691	My true loues Passion: therefore pardon me,
692	And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
693	Which the darke night hath so discouered.
694	*Ro:* By yonder blessed Moone I sweare,
695	That tips with siluer all these fruit trees tops.
696	*Iul:* O sweare not by the Moone the vnconstant
697	That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe, (Moone,
698	Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.
699	*Ro:* Now by
700	*Iul:* Nay doo not sweare at all,
701	Or if thou sweare, sweare by thy glorious selfe,
702	Which art the God of my Idolatrie,
703	And il'e beleeue thee.
704	*Ro:* If my true harts loue
705	*Iul:* Sweare not at al, though I doo ioy in
706	I haue small ioy in this contract to night, (thee,
707	It is too rash, too sodaine, too vnaduisde,
708	Too like the lightning that doth cease to bee
709	Ere one can say it lightens. I heare some comming,
710	Deare loue adew, sweet *Mountague* be true,
711	Stay but a little and il'e come againe.
712	*Ro:* O blessed blessed night, I feare being night,
713	All this is but a dreame I heare and see,
714	Too flattering true to be substantiall.
715	*Iul:* Three wordes good *Romeo* and good night in-
716	If that thy bent of loue be honourable? (deed.
717	Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow
718	By one that il'e procure to come to thee:
719	Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
720	And al my fortunes at thy foote il'e lay,
721	And follow thee my Lord through out the world.
722	*Ro:* Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from
723	their bookes,
724	But loue from loue, to schoole with heauie lookes.
725	*Iul: Romeo, Romeo,* O for a falkners voice,

726	To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe:
727	Bondage is hoarse and may not crie aloud,
728	Els would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies
729	And make her airie voice as hoarse as mine,
730	With repetition of my *Romeos* name.
731	*Romeo?*
732	*Ro:* It is my soule that calles vpon my name,
733	How siluer sweet sound louers tongues in night.
734	*Iul:* Romeo?
735	*Ro:* Madame.
736	*Iul:* At what a clocke to morrow shall I send?
737	*Ro:* At the houre of nine.
738	*Iul:* I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.
739	*Romeo* I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
740	*Rom:* Let me stay here till you remember it.
741	*Iul:* I shall forget to haue thee still staie here,
742	Remembring how I loue thy companie.
743	*Rom:* And il'e stay still to haue thee still forget,
744	Forgetting any other home but this.
745	*Iu:* Tis almost morning I would haue thee gone,
746	But yet no further then a wantons bird,
747	Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
748	Like a pore prisoner in his twisted giues,
749	And with a silke thred puls it backe againe,
750	Too louing iealous of his libertie.
751	*Ro:* Would I were thy bird.
752	*Iul:* Sweet so would I,
753	Yet I should kill thee with much cherrishing thee.
754	Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
755	That I shall say good night till it be morrow. (breast,
756	*Rom:* Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy
757	I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to rest.
758	Now will I to my Ghostly fathers Cell,
759	His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.
760	*Enter Frier Francis. (night,*
761	*Frier:* The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning

762	Checkring the Easterne clouds with streakes of light,
763	And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
764	From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheeles:
765	Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
766	The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie.
767	We must vp fill this oasier Cage of ours,
768	With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers.
769	Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
770	In hearbes, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
771	For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth liue,
772	But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
773	Nor nought so good, but straind from that faire vse,
774	Reuolts to vice and stumbles on abuse:
775	Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
776	And vice sometimes by action dignified.
777	Within the infant rinde of this small flower,
778	Poyson hath residence, and medecine power:
779	For this being smelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,
780	Being tasted slaies all sences with the hart.
781	Two such opposed foes incampe them still,
782	In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
783	And where the worser is predominant,
784	Full soone the canker death eats vp that plant.
785	*Rom:* Good morrow to my Ghostly Confessor.
786	*Fri: Benedicite,* what earlie tongue so soone saluteth
787	Yong sonne it argues a distempered head, (me?
788	So soone to bid good morrow to my bed.
789	Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,
790	And where care lodgeth, sleep can neuer lie:
791	But where vnbrused youth with vnstuft braines
792	Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines:
793	Therefore thy earlines doth me assure,
794	Thou art vprows'd by some distemperature.
795	Or if not so, then here I hit it righ
796	Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.
797	*Ro:* The last was true, the sweeter rest was mine.

798	*Fr:* God pardon sin, wert thou with *Rosaline?*
799	*Ro:* With *Rosaline* my Ghostly father no,
800	I haue forgot that name, and that names woe. (then?
801	*Fri:* Thats my good sonne: but where hast thou bin
802	*Ro:* I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,
803	I haue bin feasting with mine enemie:
804	Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee
805	Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
806	With in thy help and holy phisicke lies,
807	I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe
808	My intercession likewise steades my foe.
809	*Frier:* Be plaine my sonne and homely in thy drift,
810	Ridling confession findes but ridling shrift.
811	*Rom:* Then plainely know my harts deare loue is set
812	On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet:*
813	As mine on hers, so hers likewise on mine,
814	And all combind, saue what thou must combine
815	By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,
816	We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
817	Il'e tell thee as I passe: But this I pray,
818	That thou consent to marrie vs to day.
819	*Fri:* Holy *S. Francis,* what a change is here?
820	Is *Rosaline* whome thou didst loue so deare
821	So soone forsooke, lo yong mens loue then lies
822	Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.
823	*Iesu Maria,* what a deale of brine
824	Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline?*
825	How much salt water cast away in waste,
826	To season loue, that of loue doth not taste.
827	The sunne not yet thy sighes from heauen cleares,
828	Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
829	And loe vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
830	Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
831	If euer thou wert thus, and these woes thine,
832	Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline,*
833	And art thou changde, pronounce this sentence then

834	Women may fal, when ther's no strength in men.
835	*Rom:* Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosoline*
836	*Fr:* For doating, not for louing, pupill mine,
837	*Rom:* And badst me burie loue.
838	*Fr:* Not in a graue,
839	To lay one in another out to haue.
840	*Rom:* I pree thee chide not, she whom I loue now
841	Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
842	The other did not so.
843	*Fr:* Oh she knew well
844	Thy loue did read by rote, and could not spell.
845	But come yong Wauerer, come goe with mee,
846	In one respect Ile thy assistant bee:
847	For this alliaunce may so happie proue,
848	To turne your Housholds rancour to pure loue. *Exeunt.*
849	Enter *Mercutio, Benuolio.*
850	*Mer:* Why whats become of *Romeo?* came he not
851	home to night?
852	*Ben:* Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.
853	*Mer:* Ah that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Ro-*
854	Torments him so, that he will sure run mad. (saline,
855	*Mer:* Tybalt the Kinsman of olde *Capolet*
856	Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers House:
857	Some Challenge on my life.
858	*Ben: Romeo* will answere it.
859	*Mer:* I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.
860	*Ben:* Nay, he will answere the letters master if hee bee
861	challenged.
862	*Mer:* Who, *Romeo?* why he is alreadie dead: stabd
863	with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the eare
864	with a loue song, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the
865	blinde bow-boyes but-shaft. And is he a man to encounter
866	*Tybalt?*
867	*Ben:* Why what is *Tybalt?*
868	*Mer:* More than the prince of cattes I can tell you. Oh
869	he is the couragious captaine of complements, Catso, he

870	fightes as you sing pricke-song, keepes time dystance and
871	proportion, rests me his minum rest one two and the thirde
872	in your bosome, the very butcher of a silken button, a Duel-
873	list a Duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first
874	and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto re-
875	uerso, the Hay.
876	*Ben:* The what?
877	*Me:* The Poxe of such limping antique affecting fan-
878	tasticoes these new tuners of accents. By Iesu a very good
879	blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why graund-
880	sir is not this a miserable case that we should be stil afflicted
881	with these strange flies: these fashionmongers, these par-
882	donmees, that stand so much on the new forme, that they
883	cannot sitte at ease on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr
884	bones.
885	*Ben.* Heere comes *Romeo.*
886	*Mer:* Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O flesh flesh
887	how art thou fishified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that
888	Petrarch flowdin: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchin
889	drudg, yet she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dow-
890	dy Cleopatra a Gypsie, *Hero* and *Hellen* hildings and harle-
891	tries: *Thisbie* a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior
892	*Romeo* bon iour, there is a French curtesie to your French
893	slop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yesternight.
894	*Rom:* What counterfeit I pray you?
895	*Me:* The slip the slip, can you not conceiue?
896	*Rom:* I cry you mercy my busines was great, and in such
897	a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.
898	*Mer:* Oh thats as much to say as such a case as yours wil
899	constraine a man to bow in the hams.

900	*Rom:* A most curteous exposition.
901	*Me:* Why I am the very pinke of curtesie.
902	*Rom:* Pinke for flower?
903	*Mer:* Right.
904	*Rom:* Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:
905	*Mer:* Well said, follow me nowe that iest till thou hast
906	worne out thy Pumpe, that when the single sole of it is worn
907	the iest may remaine after the wearing solie singuler.
908	*Rom:* O single soald iest solie singuler for the singlenes.
909	*Me.* Come between vs good *Benuolio,* for my wits faile.
910	*Rom:* Swits and spurres, swits & spurres, or Ile cry a match.
911	*Mer:* Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chase, I haue
912	done: for I am sure thou hast more of the goose in one of
913	thy wits, than I haue in al my fiue: Was I with you there for
914	the goose?
915	*Rom:* Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when
916	thou wert not with me for the goose.
917	*Me:* Ile bite thee by the eare for that iest.
918	*Rom:* Nay good goose bite not.
919	*Mer:* Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp sauce
920	*Rom:* And was it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose?
921	*Mer:* Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that stretcheth
922	from an ynch narrow to an ell broad.
923	*Rom:* I stretcht it out for the word broad, which added to
924	the goose, proues thee faire and wide a broad goose.
925	*Mer:* Why is not this better now than groning for loue?
926	why now art thou sociable, now art thou thy selfe, nowe art
927	thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling
928	loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide
929	his bable in a hole.
930	*Ben:* Stop there.
931	*Me:* Why thou wouldst haue me stopp my tale against

932	the haire.
933	*Ben:* Thou wouldst haue made thy tale too long?
934	*Mer:* Tut man thou art deceiued, I meant to make it
935	short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale? and
936	meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.
937	*Rom:* Heers goodly geare,
938	*Enter Nurse and her man.*
939	*Mer:* A saile, a saile, a saile.
940	*Ben:* Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.
941	*Nur: Peter,* pree thee giue me my fan.
942	*Mer:* Pree thee doo good *Peter,* to hide her face: for
943	her fanne is the fairer of the two.
944	*Nur:* God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.
945	*Mer:* God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.
946	*Nur:* Is it god ye gooden I pray you.
947	*Mer:* Tis no lesse I assure you, for the baudie hand of
948	the diall is euen now vpon the pricke of noone.
949	*Nur:* Fie, what a man is this?
950	*Rcm:* A Gentleman Nurse, that God hath made for
951	himselfe to marre.
952	*Nur:* By my troth well said: for himselfe to marre
953	quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie
954	finde yong *Romeo?*
955	*Rom:* I can: but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you
956	haue found him, than he was when you sought him, I am
957	the yongest of that name for fault of a worse.
958	*Nur:* Well said.
959	*Mer:* Yea, is the worst well? mas well noted, wise-
960	ly, wisely.
961	*Nu:* If you be he sir, I desire some conference with ye.
962	*Ben:* O, belike she meanes to inuite him to supper.
963	*Mer:* So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.
964	*Rom:* Why what hast found man?
965	*Mer:* No hare sir, vnlesse it be a hare in a lenten pye,
966	that is somewhat stale and hoare ere it be eaten.
967	*He walkes by them, and sings.*

968	And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore
969	is verie good meate in Lent:
970	But a hare thats hoare is too much for a score,
971	if it hore ere it be spent.
972	Youl come to your fathers to supper?
973	*Rom:* I will.
974	*Mer:* Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell sweete Ladie.
975	*Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio.*
976	*Nur:* Marry farewell. Pray what saucie merchant was
977	this that was so full of his roperipe?
978	*Rom:* A gentleman Nurse that loues to heare himselfe
979	talke, and will speake more in an houre than hee will stand
980	to in a month.
981	*Nur:* If hee stand to anie thing against mee, Ile take
982	him downe if he were lustier than he is: if I cannot take him
983	downe, Ile finde them that shall: I am none of his flurt-
984	gills, I am none of his skaines mates.
985	*She turnes to Peter her man.*
986	And thou like a knaue must stand by, and see euerie Iacke
987	vse me at his pleasure.
988	*Pet:* I see no bodie vse you at his pleasure, if I had, I
989	would soone haue drawen: you know my toole is as soone
990	out as anothers if I see time and place.
991	*Nur:* Now afore God he hath so vext me, that euerie
992	member about me quiuers: scuruie Iacke. But as I said, my
993	Ladie bad me seeke ye out, and what shee bad me tell yee,
994	that Ile keepe to my selfe: but if you should lead her into a
995	fooles paradice as they saye, it were a verie grosse kinde of
996	behauiour as they say, for the Gentlewoman is yong. Now
997	if you should deale doubly with her, it were verie weake
998	dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.
999	*Rom:* Nurse, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I pro-
1000	test.
1001	*Nur:* Good heart: yfaith Ile tell her so: oh she will be

1002	a ioyfull woman.
1003	*Rom:* Why, what wilt thou tell her?
1004	*Nur:* That you doo protest: which (as I take it) is a
1005	Gentlemanlike proffer.
1006	*Rom:* Bid her get leaue to morrow morning
1007	To come to shrift to Frier *Laurence* cell:
1008	And stay thou Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,
1009	My man shall come to thee, and bring along
1010	The cordes, made like a tackled staire,
1011	Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy
1012	Must be my conduct in the secret night.
1013	Hold, take that for thy paines.
1014	*Nur:* No, not a penie truly.
1015	*Rom:* I say you shall not chuse.
1016	*Nur:* Well, to morrow morning she shall not faile.
1017	*Rom:* Farewell, be trustie, and Ile quite thy paine. Exit
1018	*Nur: Peter,* take my fanne, and goe before. *Ex. omnes.*
1019	*Enter Iuliet.*
1020	*Iul:* The clocke stroke nine when I did send my Nursse
1021	In halfe an houre she promist to returne.
1022	Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.
1023	Oh she is lazie, Loues heralds should be thoughts,
1024	And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,
1025	Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.
1026	*Enter Nurse.*
1027	Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle Nurse,
1028	What sayes my Loue?
1029	*Nur:* Oh I am wearie, let mee rest a while. Lord how
1030	my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Giue me some aqua
1031	vitae.
1032	*Iul:* I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes.
1033	*Nur:* Fie, what a iaunt haue I had: and my backe a to-
1034	ther side. Lord, Lord, what a case am I in.
1035	*Iul:* But tell me sweet Nurse, what sayes *Romeo?*
1036	*Nur: Romeo,* nay, alas you cannot chuse a man. Hees

1037	no bodie, he is not the Flower of curtesie, he is not a proper
1038	man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy
1039	way wench, thou hast it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head
1040	beates?
1041	*Iul:* What of all this? tell me what sayes he to our ma-
1042	riage?
1043	*Nur:* Marry he sayes like an honest Gentleman, and a
1044	kinde, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?
1045	*Iul:* Lord, Lord, how odly thou repliest? He saies like a
1046	kinde Gentleman, and an honest, and a vertuous; wheres
1047	your mother?
1048	*Nur:* Marry come vp, cannot you stay a while? is this
1049	the poultesse for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue
1050	done, euen doot your selfe.
1051	*Iul:* Nay stay sweet Nurse, I doo intreate thee now,
1052	What sayes my Loue, my Lord, my *Romeo?*
1053	*Nur:* Goe, hye you straight to Friar *Laurence* Cell,
1054	And frame a scuse that you must goe to shrift:
1055	There stayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.
1056	Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
1057	I must prouide a ladder made of cordes,
1058	With which your Lord must clime a birdes nest soone.
1059	I must take paines to further your delight,
1060	But you must beare the burden soone at night.
1061	Doth this newes please you now?
1062	*Iul:* How doth her latter words reuiue my hart,
1063	Thankes gentle Nurse, dispatch thy busines,
1064	And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo. Exeunt.*
1065	*Enter Romeo, Frier.*
1066	*Rom:* Now Father *Laurence,* in thy holy grant
1067	Consists the good of me and *Iuliet.*
1068	*Fr:* Without more words I will doo all I may,
1069	To make you happie if in me it lye.
1070	*Rom:* This morning here she pointed we should meet,
1071	And consumate those neuer parting bands,

1072	Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands,
1073	And come she will.
1074	*Fr:* I gesse she will indeed,
1075	Youths loue is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.
1076	*Enter Iuliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.*
1077	See where she comes.
1078	So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:
1079	Of loue and ioy, see see the soueraigne power.
1080	*Iul: Romeo,*
1081	*Rom:* My *Iuliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes
1082	(Cloasd in Nights mysts) attend the frolicke Day,
1083	So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet,*
1084	And thou art come.
1085	*Iul:* I am (if I be Day)
1086	Come to my Sunne: shine foorth, and make me faire.
1087	*Rom:* All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.
1088	*Iul: Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth arise.
1089	*Fr:* Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe
1090	Defer imbracements till some fitter time,
1091	Part for a while, you shall not be alone,
1092	Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.
1093	*Rom:* Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.
1094	*Iul:* Make hast, make hast, this lingring doth vs wrong.
1095	*Fr:* O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.
1096	Hast is a common hindrer in crosse way. *Exeunt omnes.*
1097	*Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.*
1098	*Ben:* I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
1099	The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.
1100	*Mer:* Thou art like one of those, that when hee comes
1101	into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the
1102	boord, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by
1103	the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the
1104	drawer, when indeed there is no need.
1105	*Ben:* Am I like such a one?
1106	*Mer:* Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude,

1107	and as soone mooude to be moodie, and as soone moodie to
1108	be mooud.
1109	*Ben:* And what too?
1110	*Mer:* Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue
1111	none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for crack-
1112	ing of nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hadst
1113	hasill eyes? what eye but such an eye would haue pickt out
1114	such a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee
1115	wakd thy dogge that laye a sleepe in the Sunne? With a
1116	Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Easter: and
1117	with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands.
1118	And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.
1119	*Ben:* By my head heere comes a *Capolet.*
1120	*Enter Tybalt.*
1121	*Mer:* By my heele I care not.
1122	*Tyb:* Gentlemen a word with one of you.
1123	*Mer:* But one word with one of vs? You had best couple
1124	it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow.
1125	*Tyb:* I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.
1126	*Mer:* Could you not take occasion?
1127	*Tyb: Mercutio* thou consorts with *Romeo?*
1128	*Mer:* Consort Zwounes consort? the slaue wil make fid-
1129	lers of vs, If you doe sirra, look for nothing but discord: For
1130	heeres my fiddle-sticke.
1131	*Enter Romeo.*
1132	*Tyb:* Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.
1133	*Mer:* But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Mary
1134	go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in
1135	that sence your worship may call him man.
1136	*Tyb: Romeo* the hate I beare to thee can affoord no bet-
1137	ter words then these, thou art a villaine.
1138	*Rom: Tybalt* the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the
1139	appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, ther-

1140	fore I well perceiue thou knowst me not.
1141	*Tyb:* Bace boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore
1142	drawe.
1143	*Ro:* I doe protest I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee bet-
1144	ter than thou canst deuise, till thou shalt know the reason of
1145	my loue.
1146	*Mer:* O dishonorable vile submission. *Allastockado* caries
1147	it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.
1148	*Tyb:* What wouldest with me?
1149	*Mer:* Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your
1150	nine liues, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your
1151	scabard, least mine be about your eares ere you be aware.
1152	*Rom:* Stay *Tibalt*, hould *Mercutio: Benuolio* beate
1153	downe their weapons.
1154	*Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thrusts Mer-*
1155	*cutio, in and flyes.*
1156	*Mer:* Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your
1157	houses.
1158	*Rom:* What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.
1159	*Mer:* Noe not so deepe as a Well, nor so wide as a
1160	barne doore, but it will serue I warrant. What meant you to
1161	come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.
1162	*Rom:* I did all for the best.
1163	*Mer:* A poxe of your houses, I am fairely drest. Sirra
1164	goe fetch me a Surgeon.
1165	*Boy:* I goe my Lord.
1166	*Mer:* I am pepperd for this world, I am sped yfaith, he
1167	hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to mor-
1168	row you shall finde me a graue man. A poxe of your houses,
1169	I shall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens shoulders: For
1170	your house of the *Mountegues* and the *Capolets:* and then
1171	some peasantly rogue, some Sexton, some base slaue shall
1172	write my Epitapth, that *Tybalt* came and broke the Princes
1173	Lawes, and *Mercutio* was slaine for the first and second

1174	cause? Wher's the Surgeon?
1175	*Boy:* Hee's come sir.
1176	*Mer:* Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the
1177	other side, come *Benuolio,* lend me thy hand: a poxe of your
1178	houses. *Exeunt*
1179	*Rom:* This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie.
1180	My very frend hath tane this mortall wound
1181	In my behalfe, my reputation staind
1182	With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
1183	Hath beene my kinsman, Ah *Iuliet*
1184	Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,
1185	And in my temper softens valors steele.
1186	*Enter Benuolio.*
1187	*Ben:* Ah *Romeo Romeo* braue *Mercutio* is dead,
1188	That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the cloudes,
1189	Which too vntimely scornd the lowly earth.
1190	*Rom:* This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend
1191	This but begins what other dayes must end.
1192	*Enter Tibalt.*
1193	*Ben:* Heere comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.
1194	*Rom:* A liue in tryumph and *Mercutio* slaine?
1195	Away to heauen respectiue lenity:
1196	And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.
1197	Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe,
1198	Which late thou gau'st me: for *Mercutios* soule,
1199	Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,
1200	And staies for thine to beare him company.
1201	Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.
1202	*Fight, Tibalt falles.*
1203	*Ben: Romeo* away, thou seest that *Tibalt's* slaine,
1204	The Citizens approach, away, begone
1205	Thou wilt be taken.
1206	*Rom:* Ah I am fortunes slaue.
1207	*Exeunt*
1208	*Enter Citizens.*

1209	*Watch.* Wher's he that slue *Mercutio, Tybalt* that vil-
1210	laine?
1211	*Ben:* There is that *Tybalt.*
1212	Vp sirra goe with vs,
1213	*Enter Prince, Capolets wife.*
1214	*Pry:* Where be the vile beginners of this fray?
1215	*Ben:* Ah Noble Prince I can discouer all
1216	The most vnlucky mannage of this brawle.
1217	Heere lyes the man slaine by yong *Romeo,*
1218	That slew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio,*
1219	*M: Tibalt, Tybalt,* O my brothers child,
1220	Vnhappie sight? Ah the blood is spilt
1221	Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true:
1222	For blood of ours, shed bloud of *Mountagew.*
1223	*Pry:* Speake *Benuolio* who began this fray?
1224	*Ben: Tibalt* heere slaine whom *Romeos* hand did slay.
1225	*Romeo* who spake him fayre bid him bethinke.
1226	How nice the quarrell was.
1227	But *Tibalt* still persisting in his wrong,
1228	The stout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the storme,
1229	Which *Romeo* seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,
1230	And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,
1231	And with his agill arme yong *Romeo,*
1232	As fast as tung cryde peace, sought peace to make.
1233	While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
1234	Vnder yong *Romeos* laboring arme to part,
1235	The furious *Tybalt* cast an enuious thrust,
1236	That rid the life of stout *Mercutio.*
1237	With that he fled, but presently return'd,
1238	And with his rapier braued *Romeo:*
1239	That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.
1240	And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
1241	To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,
1242	And this way *Romeo* fled.
1243	*Mo:* He is a *Mountagew* and speakes partiall,
1244	Some twentie of them fought in this Blacke strife:

1245	And all those twenty could but kill one life.
1246	I doo intreate sweete Prince thoult iustice giue,
1247	*Romeo* slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* may not liue.
1248	*Prin:* And for that offence
1249	Immediately we doo exile him hence.
1250	I haue an interest in your hates proceeding,
1251	My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
1252	But Ile amerce you with so large a fine,
1253	That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
1254	I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
1255	Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.
1256	Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still:
1257	Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.
1258	*Exeunt omnes.*
1259	*Enter Iuliet.*
1260	*Iul:* Gallop apace you fierie footed steedes
1261	To *Phoebus* mansion, such a Waggoner
1262	As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,
1263	And send in cloudie night immediately.
1264	*Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder*
1265	*of cordes in her lap.*
1266	But how now Nurse: O Lord, why lookst thou sad?
1267	What hast thou there, the cordes?
1268	*Nur:* I, I, the cordes: alacke we are vndone,
1269	We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone.
1270	*Iul:* What diuell art thou that torments me thus?
1271	*Nurs:* Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.
1272	*Iul:* This torture should be roard in dismall hell.
1273	Can heauens be so enuious?
1274	*Nur: Romeo* can if heauens cannot.
1275	I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes.
1276	God saue the sample, on his manly breast:
1277	A bloodie coarse, a piteous bloodie coarse,
1278	All pale as ashes, I swounded at the sight.
1279	*Iul:* Ah *Romeo, Romeo,* what disaster hap
1280	Hath seuerd thee from thy true *Iuliet?*

1281	Ah why shou'd Heauen so much conspire with Woe,
1282	Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,
1283	So soone to sunder vs by timelesse Death?
1284	*Nur:* *O Tybalt, Tybalt*, the best frend I had,
1285	O honest *Tybalt*, curteous Gentleman.
1286	*Iul:* What storme is this that blowes so contrarie,
1287	Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered:
1288	My deare loude cousen, and my dearest Lord.
1289	Then let the trumpet sound a generall doome,
1290	These two being dead, then liuing is there none.
1291	*Nur: Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished,
1292	*Romeo* that murdred him is banished.
1293	*Iul:* Ah heauens, did *Romeos* hand shed *Tybalts* blood?
1294	*Nur:* It did, it did, alacke the day it did.
1295	*Iul:* O serpents hate, hid with a flowring face:
1296	O painted sepulcher, including filth.
1297	Was neuer booke containing so foule matter,
1298	So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo?*
1299	*Nur:* There is no truth, no faith, no honestie in men:
1300	All false, all faithles, periurde, all forsworne.
1301	Shame come to *Romeo*.
1302	*Iul:* A blister on that tung, he was not borne to shame:
1303	Vpon his face Shame is ashamde to sit.
1304	But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cousen?
1305	That villaine Cousen would haue kild my husband.
1306	All this is comfort. But there yet remaines
1307	VVorse than his death, which faine I would forget:
1308	But ah, it presseth to my memorie,
1309	*Romeo* is banished. Ah that word Banished
1310	Is worse than death, *Romeo* is banished,
1311	Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Iuliet*,
1312	All killd, all slaine, all dead, all banished.
1313	Where are my Father and my Mother Nurse?
1314	*Nur:* VVeeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* coarse.
1315	VVill you goe to them?
1316	*Iul:* I, I, when theirs are spent,

1317	Mine shall he shed for *Romeos* banishment.
1318	*Nur:* Ladie, your *Romeo* will be here to night,
1319	Ile to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.
1320	*Iul:* Doo so, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,
1321	And bid him come to take his last farewell. *Exeunt.*
1322	*Enter Frier.*
1323	*Fr: Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
1324	Affliction is enamourd on thy parts,
1325	And thou art wedded to Calamitie.
1326	*Enter Romeo.*
1327	*Rom:* Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
1328	VVhat Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
1329	VVhich yet we know not.
1330	*Fr:* Too familiar
1331	Is my yong sonne with such sowre companie:
1332	I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
1333	*Rom:* VVhat lesse than doomes day is the Princes doome?
1334	*Fr:* A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
1335	Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
1336	*Rom:* Ha, Banished? be mercifull, say death:
1337	For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,
1338	Than death it selfe, doo not say Banishment.
1339	*Fr:* Hence from *Verona* art thou banished:
1340	Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
1341	*Rom:* There is no world without *Verona* walls,
1342	But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe.
1343	Hence banished, is banisht from the world:
1344	And world exilde is death. Calling death banishment,
1345	Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,
1346	And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me,
1347	*Fr:* Oh monstrous sinne, O rude vnthankfulnes:
1348	Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
1349	(Taking thy part) hath rushd aside the law,
1350	And turnd that blacke word death to banishment:
1351	This is meere mercie, and thou seest it not.
1352	*Rom:* Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere

1353	Where *Iuliet* liues: and euerie cat and dog,
1354	And little mouse, euerie vnworthie thing
1355	Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
1356	But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
1357	More honourable state, more courtship liues
1358	In carrion flyes, than *Romeo:* they may seaze
1359	On the white wonder of faire *Iuliets* skinne,
1360	And steale immortall kisses from her lips;
1361	But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.
1362	Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.
1363	Oh Father hadst thou no strong poyson mixt,
1364	No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,
1365	Though nere so meane, but banishment
1366	To torture me withall: ah, banished.
1367	O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:
1368	Howling attends it. How hadst thou the heart,
1369	Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,
1370	A sinne absoluer, and my frend profest,
1371	To mangle me with that word, Banishment?
1372	*Fr:* Thou fond mad man, heare me but speake a word.
1373	*Rom:* O, thou wilt talke againe of Banishment.
1374	*Fr:* Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,
1375	Aduersities sweete milke, philosophie,
1376	To comfort thee though thou be banished.
1377	*Rom:* Yet Banished? hang vp philosophie,
1378	Vnlesse philosophie can make a *Iuliet,*
1379	Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
1380	It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
1381	*Fr:* O, now I see that madmen haue no eares.
1382	*Rom:* How should they, when that wise men haue no
1383	eyes.
1384	*Fr:* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
1385	*Rom:* Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feele.
1386	Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy Loue,
1387	An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdred.
1388	Doting like me, and like me banished,

1389	Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy
1390	hayre.
1391	And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
1392	Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.
1393	*Nurse knockes.*
1394	*Fr: Romeo* arise, stand vp thou wilt be taken,
1395	I heare one knocke, arise and get thee gone.
1396	*Nu:* Hoe Fryer.
1397	*Fr:* Gods will what wilfulnes is this?
1398	*Shee knockes againe.*
1399	*Nur:* Hoe Fryer open the doore,
1400	*Fr:* By and by I come. Who is there?
1401	*Nur:* One from Lady *Iuliet.*
1402	*Fr:* Then come neare.
1403	*Nur:* Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,
1404	Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's *Romeo?*
1405	*Fr:* There on the ground, with his owne teares made
1406	drunke.
1407	*Nur:* Oh he is euen in my Mistresse case.
1408	Iust in her case. Oh wofull simpathy,
1409	Pitteous predicament, euen so lyes shee,
1410	Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping:
1411	Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man.
1412	For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand,
1413	Why should you fall into so deep an O.
1414	*He rises.*
1415	*Romeo:* Nurse.
1416	*Nur:* Ah sir, ah sir. Wel death's the end of all.
1417	*Rom:* Spakest thou of *Iuliet*, how is it with her?
1418	Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,
1419	Now I haue stainde the childhood of her ioy,
1420	With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
1421	Where is she? and how doth she? And what sayes
1422	My conceal'd Lady to our canceld loue?
1423	*Nur:* Oh she saith nothing, but weepes and pules,
1424	And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,

1425	And *Tybalt* cryes, and then on *Romeo* calles.
1426	*Rom:* As if that name shot from the deadly leuel of a gun
1427	Did murder her, as that names cursed hand
1428	Murderd her kinsman. Ah tell me holy Fryer
1429	In what vile part of this Anatomy
1430	Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may sacke
1431	The hatefull mansion?
1432	*He offers to stab himselfe, and Nurse snatches*
1433	*the dagger away.*
1434	*Nur:* Ah?
1435	*Fr:* Hold, stay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme
1436	Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote
1437	The vnresonable furyes of a beast.
1438	Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
1439	Or ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
1440	Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
1441	I thought thy disposition better temperd,
1442	Hast thou slaine *Tybalt?* wilt thou slay thy selfe?
1443	And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?
1444	Rouse vp thy spirits, thy Lady *Iuliet* liues,
1445	For whose sweet sake thou wert but lately dead:
1446	There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
1447	But thou sluest *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.
1448	A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe,
1449	Happines Courts thee in his best array:
1450	But like a misbehaude and sullen wench
1451	Thou frownst vpon thy Fate that smilles on thee,
1452	Take heede, take heede, for such dye miserable.
1453	Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed:
1454	Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
1455	But looke thou stay not till the watch be set:
1456	For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua.*
1457	Nurse prouide all things in a readines,
1458	Comfort thy Mistresse, haste the house to bed,
1459	Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.
1460	*Nur:* Good Lord what a thing learning is,

1461	I could haue stayde heere all this night
1462	To heare good counsell. Well Sir,
1463	Ile tell my Lady that you will come.
1464	*Rom:* Doe so and bidde my sweet prepare to childe,
1465	Farwell good Nurse,
1466	*Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe.*
1467	*Nur:* Heere is a Ring Sir, that she bad me giue you,
1468	*Rom:* How well my comfort is reuiud by this,
1469	*Exit Nurse.*
1470	*Fr:* Soiorne in *Mantua,* Ile finde out your man,
1471	And he shall signifie from time to time:
1472	Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere,
1473	Farwell.
1474	*Rom:* But that a ioy, past ioy cryes out on me,
1475	It were a griefe so breefe to part with thee.
1476	*Enter olde Capolet and his Wife, with*
1477	*County Paris.*
1478	*Cap:* Thinges haue fallen out Sir so vnluck ly,
1479	That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.
1480	Looke yee Sir, she lou'd her kinsman dearely,
1481	And so did I. Well, we were borne to dye,
1482	Wife wher's your daughter, is she in her chamber?
1483	I thinke she meanes not to come downe to night.
1484	*Par:* These times of woe affoord no time to wooe,
1485	Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.
1486	*Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet*
1487	*calles him againe.*
1488	*Cap:* Sir *Paris?* Ile make a desperate tender of my child.
1489	I thinke she will be rulde in all respectes by mee:
1490	But soft what day is this?
1491	*Par:* Munday my Lord.
1492	*Cap:* Oh then Wensday is too soone,
1493	On Thursday let it be: you shall be maried.
1494	Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or so:
1495	For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being slaine so lately,
1496	It will be thought we held him careleslye:

1497	If we should reuell much, therefore we will haue
1498	Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe.
1499	But what say you to Thursday.
1500	*Par:* My Lorde I wishe that Thursday were to mor-
1501	row.
1502	*Cap:* Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to
1503	bed.
1504	Acquaint her with the County *Paris* loue,
1505	Fare well my Lord till Thursday next.
1506	Wife gette you to your daughter, Light to my Chamber.
1507	Afore me it is so very very late,
1508	That we may call it earely by and by.
1509	*Exeunt.*
1510	*Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.*
1511	*Iul:* Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,
1512	It was the Nightingale and not the Larke
1513	That pierst the fearfull hollow of thine eare:
1514	Nightly she sings on yon Pomegranate tree,
1515	Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.
1516	*Rom:* It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,
1517	And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuious strakes
1518	Doo lace the seuering clowdes in yonder East.
1519	Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond Day
1520	Stands tiptoes on the mystie mountaine tops.
1521	I must be gone and liue, or stay and dye.
1522	*Iul:* Yon light is not day light, I know it I:
1523	It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
1524	To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
1525	And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
1526	Then stay awhile, thou shalt not goe soone.
1527	*Rom:* Let me stay here, let me be tane, and dye:
1528	If thou wilt haue it so, I am content.
1529	Ile say yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,
1530	It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.
1531	Ile say it is the Nightingale that beates
1532	The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,

1533	And not the Larke the Messenger of Morne.
1534	Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it so,
1535	What sayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.
1536	*Iul:* It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away,
1537	It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
1538	Straining harsh Discords and vnpleasing Sharpes.
1539	Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:
1540	This doth not so: for this diuideth vs.
1541	Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
1542	I would that now they had changd voyces too:
1543	Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
1544	Hunting thee hence with Huntsvp to the day.
1545	So now be gone, more light and light it growes.
1546	*Rom:* More light and light, more darke and darke our
1547	woes.
1548	Farewell my Loue, one kisse and Ile descend.
1549	*He goeth downe.*
1550	*Iul:* Art thou gone so, my Lord, my Loue, my Frend?
1551	I must heare from thee euerie day in the hower:
1552	For in an hower there are manie minutes,
1553	Minutes are dayes, so will I number them:
1554	Oh, by this count I shall be much in yeares,
1555	Ere I see thee againe,
1556	*Rom:* Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
1557	That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.
1558	*Iul:* Oh, thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe.
1559	*Rom:* No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe shall serue
1560	For sweete discourses in the time to come.
1561	*Iul:* Oh God, I haue an ill diuining soule.
1562	Me thinkes I see thee now thou art below
1563	Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:
1564	Either mine ey-sight failes, or thou lookst pale.
1565	*Rom:* And trust me Loue, in my eye so doo you,
1566	Drie sorrow drinkes our blood: adieu, adieu. *Exit.*
1567	*Enter Nurse hastely.*
1568	*Nur:* Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,

1569	Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all sure:
1570	*She goeth downe from the window.*
1571	*Enter Iuliets Mother, Nurse.*
1572	*Moth:* Where are you Daughter?
1573	*Nur:* What Ladie, Lambe, what *Iuliet?*
1574	*Iul:* How now, who calls?
1575	*Nur:* It is your Mother.
1576	*Moth:* Why how now *Iuliet?*
1577	*Iul:* Madam, I am not well.
1578	*Moth:* What euermore weeping for your Cosens death:
1579	I thinke thoult wash him from his graue with teares.
1580	*Iul:* I cannot chuse, hauing so great a losse.
1581	*Moth:* I cannot blame thee.
1582	But it greeues thee more that Villaine liues.
1583	*Iul:* What Villaine Madame?
1584	*Moth:* That Villaine *Romeo.*
1585	*Iul:* Villaine and he are manie miles a sunder.
1586	*Moth:* Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
1587	I soone would send to *Mantua* where he is,
1588	That should bestow on him so sure a draught,
1589	As he should soone beare *Tybalt* companie.
1590	*Iul:* Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde such a man:
1591	For whilest he liues, my heart shall nere be light
1592	Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.
1593	Thus for a Kinsman vext? (newes?
1594	*Moth:* Well let that passe. I come to bring thee ioyfull
1595	*Iul:* And ioy comes well in such a needfull time.
1596	*Moth:* Well then, thou hast a carefull Father Girle,
1597	And one who pittying thy needfull state,
1598	Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.
1599	*Iul:* What day is that I pray you?
1600	*Moth:* Marry my Childe,
1601	The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,
1602	The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
1603	Early next Thursday morning must prouide,
1604	To make you there a glad and ioyfull Bride.

1605	*Iul:* Now by Saint *Peters* Church and *Peter* too,
1606	He shall not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.
1607	Are these the newes you had to tell me of?
1608	Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie
1609	yet.
1610	And when I doo, it shalbe rather *Romeo* whom I hate,
1611	Than Countie *Paris* that I cannot loue.
1612	*Enter olde Capolet.*
1613	*Moth:* Here comes your Father, you may tell him so.
1614	*Capo:* Why how now, euermore showring?
1615	In one little bodie thou resemblest a sea, a barke, a storme:
1616	For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
1617	Still floating in thy euerfalling teares,
1618	And tost with sighes arising from thy hart:
1619	Will without succour shipwracke presently.
1620	But heare you Wife, what haue you sounded her, what saies
1621	she to it?
1622	*Moth:* I haue, but she will none she thankes ye:
1623	VVould God that she were married to her graue.
1624	*Capo:* What will she not, doth she not thanke vs, doth
1625	she not wexe proud?
1626	*Iul:* Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:
1627	Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,
1628	But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.
1629	*Capo:* Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
1630	And yet not proud. VVhats here, chop logicke.
1631	Proud me no prouds, nor thanke me no thankes,
1632	But fettle your fine ioynts on Thursday next
1633	To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
1634	Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.
1635	Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.
1636	*Iu:* Good father heare me speake?
1637	*She kneeles downe.*
1638	*Cap:* I tell thee what, eyther resolue on thursday next
1639	To goe with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church:

1640	Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.
1641	Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch.
1642	Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest
1643	That God had sent vs but this onely chyld:
1644	But now I see this one is one too much,
1645	And that we haue a crosse in hauing her.
1646	*Nur:* Mary God in heauen blesse her my Lord,
1647	You are too blame to rate her so.
1648	*Cap.* And why my Lady wisedome? hold your tung,
1649	Good prudence smatter with your gossips, goe.
1650	*Nur:* Why my Lord I speake no treason.
1651	*Cap:* Oh godde godden.
1652	Vtter your grauity ouer a gossips boule,
1653	For heere we need it not.
1654	*Mo:* My Lord ye are too hotte.
1655	*Cap:* Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,
1656	Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
1657	Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
1658	Still my care hath beene to see her matcht,
1659	And hauing now found out a Gentleman,
1660	Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
1661	Stuft as they say with honorable parts,
1662	Proportioned as ones heart coulde wish a man:
1663	And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,
1664	A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,
1665	To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon
1666	mee?
1667	But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you,
1668	Graze where you will, you shall not house with me,
1669	Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vse to iest.
1670	I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,
1671	Lay hand on heart, aduise, bethinke your selfe,
1672	If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend:
1673	If not, hang, drowne, starue, beg,
1674	Dye in the streetes: for by my Soule
1675	Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,

1676	Nor what I haue shall euer doe thee good,
1677	Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vse to iest. *Exit.*
1678	*Iul:* Is there no pitty hanging in the cloudes,
1679	That lookes into the bottom of my woes?
1680	I doe beseech you Madame, cast me not away,
1681	Defer this mariage for a day or two,
1682	Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed
1683	In that dimme monument where *Tybalt* lyes.
1684	*Moth:* Nay be assured I will not speake a word.
1685	Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*
1686	*Iul:* Ah Nurse what comfort? what counsell canst thou
1687	giue me.
1688	*Nur:* Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say:
1689	Your *Romeo* he is banisht, and all the world to nothing
1690	He neuer dares returne to challendge you.
1691	Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
1692	Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, *Romeo* is but a dishclout
1693	In respect of him. I promise you
1694	I thinke you happy in this second match.
1695	As for your husband he is dead:
1696	Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vse of him.
1697	*Iul:* Speakst thou this from thy heart?
1698	*Nur:* I and from my soule, or els beshrew them both.
1699	*Iul:* Amen.
1700	*Nur:* What say you Madame?
1701	*Iul:* Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,
1702	I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother
1703	Tell her I am gone hauing displeasde my Father.
1704	To Fryer *Laurence* Cell to confesse me,
1705	And to be absolu'd.
1706	*Nur:* I will, and this is wisely done.
1707	*She lookes after Nurse.*
1708	*Iul:* Auncient damnation, O most cursed fiend.
1709	Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,
1710	Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue
1711	That thou hast praisde him with aboue compare

1712	So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,
1713	Thou and my bosom henceforth shalbe twaine.
1714	Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,
1715	If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.
1716	*Exit*
1717	*Enter Fryer and Paris.*
1718	*Fr:* On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,
1719	*Par:* My Father *Capolet* will haue it so,
1720	And I am nothing slacke to slow his hast.
1721	*Fr:* You say you doe not know the Ladies minde?
1722	Vneuen is the course, I like it not.
1723	*Par:* Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
1724	And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.
1725	For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,
1726	Now Sir, her father thinkes it daungerous:
1727	That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway.
1728	And in his wisedome hasts our mariage,
1729	To stop the inundation of her teares.
1730	Which too much minded by her selfe alone
1731	May be put from her by societie.
1732	Now doe ye know the reason of this hast.
1733	*Fr:* I would I knew not why it should be slowd.
1734	*Enter Paris.*
1735	Heere comes the Lady to my cell,
1736	*Par:* Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife:
1737	*Iu:* That may be sir, when I may be a wife,
1738	*Par:* That may be, must be loue, on thursday next.
1739	*Iu:* What must be shalbe.
1740	*Fr:* Thats a certaine text.
1741	*Par:* What come ye to confession to this Fryer,
1742	*Iu:* To tell you that were to confesse to you.
1743	*Par:* Do not deny to him that you loue me.
1744	*Iul:* I will confesse to you that I loue him,
1745	*Par:* So I am sure you will that you loue me.
1746	*Iu:* And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,
1747	Being spoke behinde your backe, than to your face.

1748	*Par:* Poore soule thy face is much abus'd with teares.
1749	*Iu:* The teares haue got small victory by that,
1750	For it was bad enough before their spite.
1751	*Par:* Thou wrongst it more than teares by that report.
1752	*Iu:* That is no wrong sir, that is a truth:
1753	And what I spake I spake it to my face.
1754	*Par:* Thy face is mine and thou hast slaundred it,
1755	*Iu:* It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
1756	Are you at leasure holy Father now:
1757	Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?
1758	*Fr:* My leasure serues me pensiue daughter now,
1759	My Lord we must entreate the time alone.
1760	*Par:* God sheild I should disturbe deuotion,
1761	*Iuliet* farwell, and keep this holy kisse.
1762	*Exit Paris.*
1763	*Iu:* Goe shut the doore and when thou hast done so,
1764	Come weepe with me that am past cure, past help,
1765	*Fr:* Ah *Iuliet* I already know thy griefe,
1766	I heare thou must and nothiug may proroge it,
1767	On Thursday next be married to the Countie.
1768	*Iul:* Tell me not Frier that thou hearst of it,
1769	Vnlesse thou tell me how we may preuent it.
1770	Giue me some sudden counsell: els behold
1771	Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie Knife
1772	Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that
1773	Which the Commission of thy yeares and arte
1774	Could to no issue of true honour bring.
1775	Speake not, be briefe: for I desire to die,
1776	If what thou speakst, speake not of remedie.
1777	*Fr:* Stay *Iuliet,* I doo spie a kinde of hope,
1778	VVhich craues as desperate an execution,
1779	As that is desperate we would preuent.
1780	If rather than to marrie Countie *Paris*
1781	Thou hast the strength or will to slay thy selfe,
1782	Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake
1783	A thing like death to chyde away this shame,

That coapst with death it selfe to flye from blame.
And if thou doost, Ile giue thee remedie,
Iul: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris)*
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chaine me to some steepie mountaines top,
VVhere roaring Beares and sauage Lions are:
Or shut me nightly in a Charnell-house,
VVith reekie shankes, and yeolow chaples sculls:
Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:
Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;
And I will doo it without feare or doubt,
To keep my selfe a faithfull vnstaind VVife
To my deere Lord, my deerest *Romeo.*
Fr: Hold *Iuliet,* hie thee home, get thee to bed,
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:
VVhen presently through all thy veynes shall run
A dull and heauie slumber, which shall seaze
Each yitall spirit: for no Pulse shall keepe
His naturall progresse, but surcease to beate:
No signe of breath shall testifie thou liust.
And in this borrowed likenes of shrunke death,
Thou shalt remaine full two and fortie houres.
And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,
Ile send in hast to *Mantua* to thy Lord,
And he shall come and take thee from thy graue.
Iul: Frier I goe, be sure thou send for my deare *Romeo.*
Exeunt.
Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurse, and
Seruingman.
Capo: Where are you sirra?
Sor: Heere forsooth.
Capo: Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes.
Ser: I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe
them by licking their fingers.

1820	*Capo:* How canst thou know them so?
1821	*Ser:* Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fin-
1822	gers.
1823	*Capo:* Well get you gone.
1824	*Exit Seruingman.*
1825	But wheres this Head-strong?
1826	*Moth:* Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier *Laurence* Cell
1827	To be confest.
1828	*Capo:* Ah, he may hap to doo some good of her,
1829	A headstrong selfewild harlotrie it is.
1830	*Enter Iuliet.*
1831	*Moth:* See here she commeth from Confession,
1832	*Capo:* How now my Head-strong, where haue you bin
1833	gadding?
1834	*Iul:* Where I haue learned to repent the sin
1835	Of froward wilfull opposition
1836	Gainst you and your behests, and am enioynd
1837	By holy *Laurence* to fall prostrate here,
1838	And craue remission of so foule a fact.
1839	*She kneeles downe.*
1840	*Moth:* Why thats well said.
1841	*Capo:* Now before God this holy reuerent Frier
1842	All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.
1843	Goe tell the Countie presently of this,
1844	For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.
1845	*Iul:* Nurse, will you go with me to my Closet,
1846	To sort such things as shall be requisite
1847	Against to morrow.
1848	*Moth:* I pree thee doo, good Nurse goe in with her,
1849	Helpe her to sort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,
1850	And I will come vnto you presently,
1851	*Nur:* Come sweet hart, shall we goe?
1852	*Iul:* I pree thee let vs.
1853	*Exeunt Nurse and Iuliet.*
1854	*Moth:* Me thinks on Thursday would be time enough.
1855	*Capo:* I say I will haue this dispatcht to morrow,

1856	Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.
1857	*Moth:* I pray my Lord, let it be Thursday.
1858	*Capo:* I say to morrow while shees in the mood.
1859	*Moth:* We shall be short in our prouision.
1860	*Capo:* Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
1861	Now before God my heart is passing light,
1862	To see her thus conformed to our will. *Exeunt.*
1863	*Enter Nurse, Iuliet.*
1864	*Nur:* Come, come, what need you anie thing else?
1865	*Iul:* Nothing good Nurse, but leaue me to my selfe:
1866	For I doo meane to lye alone to night.
1867	*Nur:* Well theres a cleane smocke vnder your pillow,
1868	and so good night. *Exit.*
1869	*Enter Mother.*
1870	*Moth:* What are you busie, doo you need my helpe?
1871	*Iul:* No Madame, I desire to lye alone,
1872	For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.
1873	*Moth:* Well then good night, be stirring *Iuliet,*
1874	The Countie will be earlie here to morrow. *Exit.*
1875	*Iul:* Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete a-
1876	gaine.
1877	Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.
1878	What if this Potion should not worke at all,
1879	Must I of force be married to the Countie?
1880	This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
1881	What if the Frier should giue me this drinke
1882	To poyson mee, for feare I should disclose
1883	Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
1884	He is a holy and religious Man:
1885	I will not entertaine so bad a thought.
1886	What if I should be stifled in the Toomb?
1887	Awake an houre before the appointed time:
1888	Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke,
1889	And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
1890	Dash out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I see
1891	My Cosin *Tybalt* weltring in his bloud,

1892	Seeking for *Romeo:* stay *Tybalt* stay.
1893	*Romeo* I come, this doe I drinke to thee.
1894	*She fals vpon her bed within the Curtaines.*
1895	*Enter Nurse with hearbs, Mother.*
1896	*Moth:* Thats well said Nurse, set all in redines,
1897	The Countie will be heere immediatly.
1898	*Enter Oldeman.*
1899	*Cap:* Make hast, make hast, for it is almost day,
1900	The Curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocke,
1901	Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.
1902	*Nur:* Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you
1903	will be sicke anone.
1904	*Cap:* I warrant thee Nurse I haue ere now watcht all
1905	night, and haue taken no harme at all.
1906	*Moth:* I you haue beene a mouse hunt in your time.
1907	*Enter Seruingman with Logs & Coales.*
1908	*Cap:* A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood: How now sirra?
1909	What haue you there?
1910	*Ser:* Forsooth Logs.
1911	*Cap:* Goe, goe choose dryer. Will will tell thee where
1912	thou shalt fetch them.
1913	*Ser:* Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to
1914	choose a Log.
1915	*Exit.*
1916	*Cap:* Well goe thy way, thou shalt be logger head.
1917	Come, come, make hast call vp your daughter,
1918	The Countie will be heere with musicke straight.
1919	Gods me hees come, Nurse call vp my daughter.
1920	*Nur:* Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady
1921	birde? fast I warrant. What *Iuliet?* well, let the County take
1922	you in your bed: yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next
1923	night, the Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest that you shal rest
1924	but little. What lambe I say, fast still: what Lady, Loue,

1925	what bride, what *Iuliet?* Gods me how sound she sleeps? Nay
1926	then I see I must wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on
1927	your bed, drest in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the
1928	day, some Aqua vitae hoe.
1929	*Enter Mother.*
1930	*Moth:* How now whats the matter?
1931	*Nur:* Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.
1932	*Moth:* Accurst, vnhappy, miserable time.
1933	*Enter Oldeman.*
1934	*Cap:* Come, come, make hast, wheres my daughter?
1935	*Moth:* Ah shees dead, shees dead.
1936	*Cap:* Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.
1937	Accursed time, vnfortunate olde man.
1938	*Enter Fryer and Paris.*
1939	*Par:* What is the bride ready to goe to Church?
1940	*Cap:* Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
1941	O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
1942	Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,
1943	Deflowerd by him, see, where she lyes,
1944	Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue.
1945	*Par:* Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
1946	And doth it now present such prodegies?
1947	Accurst, vnhappy, miserable man,
1948	Forlorne, forsaken, destitute I am:
1949	Borne to the world to be a slaue in it.
1950	Distrest, remediles, and vnfortunate.
1951	O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
1952	To liue so vile, so wretched as I shall.
1953	*Cap:* O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,
1954	And being dead, dead sorrow nips vs all.
1955	*All at once cry out and wring their hand.*
1956	*All cry:* And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
1957	Dead, lost, vndone, absented, wholy fled.
1958	*Cap:* Cruel, vniust, impartiall destinies,

1959	Why to this day haue you preseru'd my life?
1960	To see my hope, my stay, my ioy, my life,
1961	Depriude of sence, of life, of all by death,
1962	Cruell, vniust, impartiall destinies.
1963	*Cap:* O sad fac'd sorrow map of misery,
1964	Why this sad time haue I desird to see.
1965	This day, this vniust, this impartiall day
1966	Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
1967	To be depriude by suddaine destinie.
1968	*Moth:* O woe, alacke, distrest, why should I liue?
1969	To see this day, this miserable day.
1970	Alacke the time that euer I was borne.
1971	To be partaker of this destinie.
1972	Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.
1973	*Fr:* O peace for shame, if not for charity.
1974	Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
1975	And it is vaine to wish it otherwise.
1976	Come sticke your Rosemary in this dead coarse,
1977	And as the custome of our Country is,
1978	In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,
1979	Conuay her where her Ancestors lie tomb'd,
1980	*Cap:* Let it be so, come wofull sorrow mates,
1981	Let vs together taste this bitter fate.
1982	*They all but the Nurse goe foorth, casting Rosemary on*
1983	*her and shutting the Curtens.*
1984	*Enter Musitions.*
1985	*Nur:* Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull case. *Exit.*
1986	*1.* I by my troth Mistresse is it, it had need be mended.
1987	*Enter Seruingman.*
1988	*Ser:* Alack alack what shal I doe, come Fidlers play me
1989	some mery dumpe.
1990	*1.* A sir, this is no time to play.
1991	*Ser:* You will not then?
1992	*1.* No marry will wee.
1993	*Ser:* Then will I giue it you, and soundly to.
1994	*1.* What will you giue vs?

1995	*Ser:* The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile sol you.
1996	*1.* If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.
1997	*Ser:* I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with
1998	my wodden wit. Come on Simon found Pot, Ile pose you,
1999	*1* Lets heare.
2000	*Ser:* When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
2001	And dolefull dumps the minde oppresse:
2002	Then musique with her siluer sound,
2003	Why siluer sound? Why siluer sound?
2004	*1.* I thinke because musicke hath a sweet sound.
2005	*Ser:* Pretie, what say you Mathew minikine?
2006	*2.* I thinke because Musitions sound for siluer.
2007	*Ser:* Prettie too: come, what say you?
2008	*3.* I say nothing.
2009	*Ser:* I thinke so, Ile speake for you because you are the
2010	Singer. I saye Siluer sound, because such Fellowes as you
2011	haue sildome Golde for sounding. Farewell Fidlers, fare-
2012	well. *Exit.*
2013	*1.* Farewell and be hangd: come lets goe. *Exeunt.*
2014	*Enter Romeo.*
2015	*Rom:* If I may trust the flattering Eye of Sleepe,
2016	My Dreame presagde some good euent to come.
2017	My bosome Lord sits chearfull in his throne,
2018	And I am comforted with pleasing dreames.
2019	Me thought I was this night alreadie dead:
2020	(Strange dreames that giue a dead man leaue to thinke)
2021	And that my Ladie *Iuliet* came to me,
2022	And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
2023	That I reuiude and was an Emperour.
2024	*Enter Balthasar his man booted.*
2025	Newes from *Verona.* How now *Balthasar,*
2026	How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?
2027	How fares my *Iuliet?* that I aske againe:
2028	If she be well, then nothing can be ill.
2029	*Balt:* Then nothing can be ill, for she is well,
2030	Her bodie sleepes in *Capels* Monument,

2031	And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.
2032	Pardon me Sir, that am the Messenger of such bad tidings.
2033	*Rom:* Is it euen so? then I defie my Starres.
2034	Goe get me incke and paper, hyre post horse,
2035	I will not stay in *Mantua* to night.
2036	*Balt:* Pardon me Sir, I will not leaue you thus,
2037	Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare:
2038	I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet.
2039	*Rom:* Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,
2040	And hyre those horse: stay not I say.
2041	*Exit Balthasar.*
2042	Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
2043	Lets see for meanes. As I doo remember
2044	Here dwells a Pothecarie whom oft I noted
2045	As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft
2046	With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes:
2047	And in the same an *Aligarta* hangs,
2048	Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roses,
2049	Are thinly strewed to make vp a show.
2050	Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought:
2051	And if a man should need a poyson now,
2052	(Whose present sale is death in *Mantua)*
2053	Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
2054	Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwels.
2055	Being Holiday the Beggers shop is shut.
2056	What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.
2057	*Enter Apothecarie.*
2058	*Apo:* VVho calls, what would you sir?
2059	*Rom:* Heeres twentie duckates,
2060	Giue me a dram of some such speeding geere,
2061	As will dispatch the wearie takers life,
2062	As suddenly as powder being fierd
2063	From forth a Cannons mouth.
2064	*Apo:* Such drugs I haue I must of force confesse,
2065	But yet the law is death to those that sell them,
2066	*Rom:* Art thou so bare and full of pouertie,

2067	And doost thou feare to violate the Law?
2068	The Law is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend,
2069	And therefore make no conscience of the law:
2070	Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miserie,
2071	And starued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.
2072	*Apo:* My pouertie but not my will consents.
2073	*Rom:* I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.
2074	*Apo:* Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing
2075	you will, and it will serue had you the liues of twenty men.
2076	*Rom:* Hold, take this gold, worse poyson to mens soules
2077	Than this which thou hast giuen me. Goe hye thee hence,
2078	Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into flesh.
2079	Come cordiall and not poyson, goe with mee
2080	To *Iuliets* Graue: for there must I vse thee. *Exeunt.*
2081	*Enter Frier Iohn.*
2082	*Iohn:* VVhat Frier *Laurence*, Brother, ho?
2083	*Laur.* This same should be the voyce of Frier *Iohn.*
2084	VVhat newes from *Mantua*, what will *Romes* come?
2085	*Iohn:* Going to seeke a barefoote Brother out,
2086	One of our order to associate mee,
2087	Here in this Cittie visiting the sick,
2088	VVhereas the infectious pestilence remaind:
2089	And being by the Searchers of the Towne
2090	Found and cxaminde, we were both shut vp.
2091	*Laur:* VVho bare my letters then to *Romeo?*
2092	*Iohn:* I haue them still, and here they are.
2093	*Laur:* Now by my holy Order,
2094	The letters were not nice, but of great weight.
2095	Goe get thee hence, and get me presently
2096	A spade and mattocke.
2097	*Iohn:* Well I will presently go fetch thee them. *Exit.*
2098	*Laur:* Now must I to the Monument alone,
2099	Least that the Ladie should before I come
2100	Be wakde from sleepe. I will hye
2101	To free her from that Tombe of miserie. *Exit.*
2102	*Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers*

2103	*and sweete* Water.
2104	*Par:* Put out the torch, and lye thee all along
2105	Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare close to the hollow
2106	ground.
2107	And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard,
2108	Staight giue me notice.
2109	*Boy:* I will my Lord.
2110	*Paris strewes the Tomb with flowers.*
2111	*Par:* Sweete Flower, with flowers I strew thy Bridale
2112	bed:
2113	Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite dost containe,
2114	The perfect modell of eternitie:
2115	Faire *Iuliet* that with Angells dost remaine,
2116	Accept this latest fauour at my hands,
2117	That liuing honourd thee, and being dead
2118	With funerall praises doo adorne thy Tombe.
2119	*Boy whistles and calls.* My Lord.
2120	*Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, a*
2121	*a mattocke, and a crow of yron.*
2122	*Par:* The boy giues warning, something doth approach.
2123	What cursed foote wanders this was to night,
2124	To stay my obsequies and true loues rites?
2125	What with a torch, muffle me night a while.
2126	*Rom:* Giue mee this mattocke, and this wrentehing I-
2127	ron
2128	And take these letters, early in the morning,
2129	See thou deliuer them to my Lord and Father.
2130	So get thee gone and trouble me no more.
2131	Why I descend into this bed of death,
2132	Is partly to behold my Ladies face,
2133	But chiefly to take from her dead finger,
2134	A precious ring which I must vse
2135	In deare imployment but if thou wilt stay,
2136	Further to prie in what I vndertake,
2137	By heauen Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
2138	And strewe thys hungry churchyard with thy lims.

2139	The time and my intents are sauage, wilde.
2140	*Balt:* Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.
2141	*Rom:* So shalt thou win my sauour, take thou this,
2142	Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.
2143	*Balt:* Yet for all this will I not part from hence.
2144	*Romeo opens the tombe.*
2145	*Rom:* Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
2146	Gorde with the dearest morsell of the earth.
2147	Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.
2148	*Par:* This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
2149	That murderd my loues cosen, I will apprehend him.
2150	Stop thy vnhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*.
2151	Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
2152	I doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
2153	The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou must dye,
2154	*Rom:* I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
2155	Good youth begone, tempt not a desperate man.
2156	Heape not another sinne vpon my head
2157	By sheding of thy bloud, I doe protest
2158	I loue thee better then I loue my selfe:
2159	For I come hyther armde against my selfe,
2160	*Par:* I doe defie thy coniurations:
2161	And doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
2162	*Rom:* What dost thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.
2163	*They fight.*
2164	*Boy:* O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.
2165	*Par:* Ah I am slaine, if thou be mercifull
2166	Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
2167	*Rom:* Yfaith I will, let me peruse this face,
2168	*Mercutios* kinsman, noble County *Paris?*
2169	What said my man, when my betossed soule
2170	Did not regard him as we past a long.
2171	Did he not say *Paris* should haue maried
2172	*Iuliet?* eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so,
2173	But I will satisfie thy last request,
2174	For thou hast prizd thy loue aboue thy life.

2175	Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
2176	How oft haue many at the houre of death
2177	Beene blith and pleasant? which their keepers call
2178	A lightning before death But how may I
2179	Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Iuliet*,
2180	How well thy beauty doth become this graue?
2181	O I beleeue that vnsubstanciall death,
2182	Is amorous, and doth court my loue.
2183	Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
2184	Set vp my euerlasting rest
2185	With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.
2186	Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on
2187	The dashing rockes thy sea-sicke weary barge.
2188	Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:
2189	Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kisse I dye. *Falls)*
2190	*Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.*
2191	How oft to night haue these my aged feete
2192	Stumbled at graues as I did passe along.
2193	Whose there?
2194	*Man.* A frend and one that knowes you well.
2195	*Fr:* Who is it that consorts so late the dead,
2196	What light is yon? if I be not deceiued,
2197	Me thinkes it burnes in *Capels* monument?
2198	*Man* It doth so holy Sir, and there is one
2199	That loues you dearely.
2200	*Fr.* Who is it?
2201	*Man: Romeo.*
2202	*Fr:* How long hath he beene there?
2203	*Man:* Full halfe an houre and more.
2204	*Fr:* Goe with me thether.
2205	*Man:* I dare not sir, he knowes not I am heere:
2206	On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,
2207	And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize.
2208	*Fr:* Then must I goe: my minde presageth ill.
2209	*Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.*
2210	What bloud is this that staines the entrance

2211	Of this marble stony monument?
2212	What meanes these maisterles and goory weapons!
2213	Ah me I doubt, whose heere? what *Romeo* dead?
2214	Who and *Paris* too? what vnluckie houre
2215	Is accessary to so foule a sinne?
2216	*Iuliet rises.*
2217	The Lady sturres.
2218	Ah comfortable Fryer,
2219	I doe remember well where I should be,
2220	And what we talkt of: but yet I cannot see
2221	Him for whose sake I vndertooke this hazard.
2222	*Fr:* Lady come foorth I heare some noise at hand,
2223	We shall be taken, *Paris* he is slaine,
2224	And *Romeo* dead: and if we heere be tane
2225	We shall be thought to be as accessarie.
2226	I will prouide for you in some close Nunery.
2227	*Iul:* Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.
2228	*Fr:* I heare some noise, I dare not stay, come, come.
2229	*Iul:* Goe get thee gone.
2230	Whats heere a cup closde in my louers hands?
2231	Ah churle drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.
2232	*Enter* Watch.
2233	*Watch:* This way, this way.
2234	*Iul:* I, noise? then must I be resolute.
2235	O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,
2236	Rest in my bosome, thus I come to thee.
2237	*She stabs herselfe and falles.*
2238	*Enter watch.*
2239	*Cap:* Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?
2240	See frends where *Iuliet* two daies buried,
2241	New bleeding wounded, search and see who's neare.
2242	Attach and bring them to vs presently.
2243	*Enter one with the Fryer.*
2244	*1.* Captaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,
2245	Fitte to ope a tombe.
2246	*Cap:* A great suspition keep him safe.

2247	*Enter one with Romets Man.*
2248	*1.* Heeres *Romeos* Man.
2249	*Capt:* Keepe him to be examinde.
2250	*Enter Prince with others.*
2251	*Prin:* What early mischiefe call, vs vp so soone.
2252	*Capt:* O noble Prince, see here
2253	Where *Iuliet* that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,
2254	Warme and fresh bleeding, *Romeo* and Countie *Paris*
2255	Likewise newly slaine.
2256	*Prin:* Search seeke about to finde the murderers.
2257	*Enter olde Capolet and his Wife.*
2258	*Capo:* What rumor's this that is so early vp?
2259	*Moth:* The people in the streetes crie *Romeo*,
2260	And some on *Iuliet:* as if they alone
2261	Had been the cause of such a mutinie.
2262	*Capo:* See Wife, this dagger hath mistooke:
2263	For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong *Mountague*,
2264	And it is sheathed in our Daughters breast.
2265	*Enter olde Montague.*
2266	*Prin:* Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp,
2267	To see thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.
2268	*Mount:* Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,
2269	And yong *Benuolio* is deceased too:
2270	What further mischiefe can there yet be found?
2271	*Prin:* First come and see, then speake.
2272	*Mount:* O thou vntaught, what manners is in this
2273	To presse before thy Father to a graue.
2274	*Prin:* Come seale your mouthes of outrage for a while,
2275	And let vs seeke to finde the Authors out
2276	Of such a hainous and seld seene mischaunce.
2277	Bring forth the parties in suspition.
2278	*Fr:* I am the greatest able to doo least.
2279	Most worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth.
2280	And Ile informe you how these things fell out.
2281	*Iuliet* here slaine was married to that *Romeo*,
2282	Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:

2283	The Nurse was priuie to the marriage.
2284	The balefull day of this vnhappie marriage,
2285	VVas *Tybalts* doomesday: for which *Romeo*
2286	VVas banished from hence to *Mantua.*
2287	He gone, her Father sought by foule constraint
2288	To marrie her to *Paris:* But her Soule
2289	(Loathing a second Contract) did refuse
2290	To giue consent; and therefore did she vrge me
2291	Either to finde a meanes she might auoyd
2292	VVhat so her Father sought to force her too:
2293	Or els all desperately she threatned
2294	Euen in my presence to dispatch her selfe.
2295	Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)
2296	A potion that should make her seeme as dead:
2297	And told her that I would with all post speed
2298	Send hence to *Mantua* for her *Romeo,*
2299	That he might come and take her from the Toombe.
2300	But he that had my Letters (Frier *Iohn)*
2301	Seeking a Brother to associate him,
2302	VVhereas the sicke infection remaind,
2303	VVas stayed by the Searchers of the Towne,
2304	But *Romeo* vnderstanding by his man,
2305	That *Iuliet* was deceasde, returnde in post
2306	Vnto *Verona* for to see his loue.
2307	VVhat after happened touching *Paris* death,
2308	Or *Romeos* is to me vnknowne at all.
2309	But when I came to take the Lady hence,
2310	I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep:
2311	VVhom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,
2312	VVhich she refused seeing *Romeo* dead.
2313	Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
2314	VVhat afterhappened I am ignorant of.
2315	And if in this ought haue miscaried.
2316	By me, or by my meanes let my old life
2317	Be sacrified some houre before his time.
2318	To the most strickest rigor of the Law.

2319	*Pry:* VVe still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
2320	VVheres *Romeos* man, what can he say in this?
2321	*Balth:* I brought my maister word that shee was dead,
2322	And then he poasted straight from Mantua,
2323	Vnto this Toombe. These Letters he deliuered me,
2324	Charging me early giue them to his Father.
2325	*Prin:* Lets see the Letters, I will read them ouer.
2326	VVhere is the Counties Boy that calld the VVatch?
2327	*Boy:* I brought my Master vnto *Iuliets* graue,
2328	But one approaching, straight I calld my Master.
2329	At last they fought, I ran to call the VVatch.
2330	And this is all that I can say or know.
2331	*Prin:* These letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,
2332	Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountagewe*.
2333	VVhere are these enemies? see what hate hath done,
2334	*Cap:* Come brother *Mountague* giue me thy hand,
2335	There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
2336	Can I bestowe on her, thats all I haue.
2337	*Moun:* But I will giue them more, I will erect
2338	Her statue of pure golde:
2339	That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.
2340	There shall no statue of such price be set,
2341	As that of *Romeos* loued *Iuliet*.
2342	*Cap:* As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,
2343	Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.
2344	*Prin:* A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.
2345	Come, let vs hence,
2346	To haue more talke of these sad things.
2347	Some shall be pardoned and some punished:
2348	For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,
2349	Than this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.
2350	*FINIS*.