Romeo and Juliet

by William Shakespeare

Free public domain classic — Noveliopdf

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Romeo and Juliet

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Romeo and Juliet

Author: William Shakespeare

Release date: November 1, 1997 [eBook #1112]

Most recently updated: September 22, 2025

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/1112

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK ROMEO AND JULIET ***

Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will *NOT* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold

your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

* * * * *

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"'s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"'s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the

purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . .with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Michael S. Hart

Project Gutenberg

Executive Director

* * * * *

Scanner's Notes:

What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of

Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in

ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

David Reed

==========

The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers, of the

House of

Capulet.

Sampson. Gregory: A my word wee'l not carry coales

Greg. No, for then we should be Colliars

Samp. I mean, if we be in choller, wee'l draw

Greg. I, While you liue, draw your necke out
o'th Collar

Samp. I strike quickly, being mou'd

Greg. But thou art not quickly mou'd to strike

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

Greg. To moue, is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand:

Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runst away

Samp. A dogge of that house shall moue me to stand.

I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of Mountagues

Greg. That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the weakest

goes to the wall

Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker

Vessels, are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push

Mountagues men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to

the wall
Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and vs their men
Samp. 'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant: when

I haue fought with the men, I will bee ciuill with the

Maids, and cut off their heads
Greg. The heads of the Maids?

Sam. I, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads,

Take it in what sence thou wilt
Greg. They must take it sence, that feele it
Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand:

And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fish: If thou had'st, thou had'st beene poore Iohn. Draw thy Toole, here comes of the House of the Mountagues.

Enter two other Seruingmen.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee

Gre. How? Turne thy backe, and run

Sam. Feare me not

Gre. No marry: I feare thee

Sam. Let vs take the Law of our sides: let them begin

Gr. I wil frown as I passe by, & let the[m] take it as they list

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I wil bite my Thumb at them,

which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it

Abra. Do you bite your Thumbe at vs sir?

Samp. I do bite my Thumbe, sir

Abra. Do you bite your Thumb at vs, sir?

Sam. Is the Law of our side, if I say I?

Gre. No

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

I bite my Thumbe sir

Greg. Do you quarrell sir?

Abra. Quarrell sir? no sir

Sam. If you do sir, I am for you, I serue as good a man as you

Abra. No better?

Samp. Well sir.

Enter Benuolio.

Gr. Say better: here comes one of my masters kinsmen

Samp. Yes, better

Abra. You Lye

Samp. Draw if you be men. Gregory, remember thy

washing blow.

They Fight.

Ben. Part Fooles, put vp your Swords, you know not

what you do.

Enter Tibalt.

Tyb. What art thou drawne, among these heartlesse

Hindes? Turne thee Benuolio, looke vpon thy death

Ben. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy Sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me

Tyb. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word

As I hate hell, all Mountagues, and thee:

Haue at thee Coward.

Fight.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.

Offi. Clubs, Bils, and Partisons, strike, beat them down

Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.

Cap. What noise is this? Giue me my long Sword ho

Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?

Cap. My Sword I say: Old Mountague is come,

And flourishes his Blade in spight of me.

Enter old Mountague, & his wife.

Moun. Thou villaine Capulet. Hold me not, let me go

2.Wife. Thou shalt not stir a foote to seeke a Foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, with his Traine.

Prince. Rebellious Subiects, Enemies to peace,

Prophaners of this Neighbor-stained Steele,

Will they not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernitious Rage,

With purple Fountaines issuing from your Veines:

On paine of Torture, from those bloody hands

Throw your mistemper'd Weapons to the ground,

And heare the Sentence of your mooued Prince.

Three ciuill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,

By thee old Capulet and Mountague,

Haue thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,

And made Verona's ancient Citizens

Cast by their Graue beseeming Ornaments,

To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,

If euer you disturbe our streets againe,

Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time all the rest depart away:

You Capulet shall goe along with me,

And Mountague come you this afternoone,

To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:

To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:

Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Moun. Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?

Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began:

Ben. Heere were the seruants of your aduersarie,

And yours close fighting ere I did approach,

I drew to part them, in the instant came

The fiery Tibalt, with his sword prepar'd,

Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,

He swong about his head, and cut the windes,

Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne.

While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,

Came more and more, and fought on part and part,

Till the Prince came, who parted either part
Wife. O where is Romeo, saw you him to day?

Right glad am I, he was not at this fray
Ben. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun

Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,

A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,

Where vnderneath the groue of Sycamour,

That West-ward rooteth from this City side:

So earely walking did I see your Sonne:

Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,

And stole into the couert of the wood,

I measuring his affections by my owne,

Which then most sought, wher most might not be found:

Being one too many by my weary selfe,

Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his

And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me

Mount. Many a morning hath he there beene seene,

With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deaw,

Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,

But all so soone as the all-cheering Sunne,

Should in the farthest East begin to draw

The shadie Curtaines from Auroras bed,

Away from light steales home my heauy Sonne,

And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,

Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,

And makes himselfe an artificiall night:

Blacke and portendous must this humour proue,

Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue
Ben. My Noble Vncle doe you know the cause?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him
Ben. Haue you importun'd him by any meanes?

Moun. Both by my selfe and many other Friends,

But he his owne affections counseller,

Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)

But to himselfe so secret and so close,

So farre from sounding and discouery,

As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,

Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,

Or dedicate his beauty to the same.

Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,

We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, so please you step aside,

Ile know his greeuance, or be much denide

Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,

To heare true shrift. Come Madam let's away.

Exeunt.

Ben. Good morrow Cousin

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new strooke nine

Rom. Aye me, sad houres seeme long:

Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: what sadnes lengthens Romeo's houres?

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

Ben. In loue

Romeo. Out

Ben. Of loue

Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue

Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proofe

Rom. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,

Should without eyes, see path-wayes to his will:

Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?

Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:

Heere's much to do with hate, but more with loue:

Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,

O any thing, of nothing first created:

O heauie lightnesse, serious vanity,

Mishapen Chaos of welseeming formes,

Feather of lead, bright smoake, cold fire, sicke health,

Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:

This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this.

Doest thou not laugh?

Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good hearts oppression

Rom. Why such is loues transgression.

Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast

With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,

Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne.

Loue, is a smoake made with the fume of sighes,

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Louers eyes,

Being vext, a Sea nourisht with louing teares,

What is it else? a madnesse, most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet:

Farewell my Coze
Ben. Soft I will goe along.

And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong
Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,

This is not Romeo, hee's some other where
Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?

Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee?

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

Rom. A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will:

A word ill vrg'd to one that is so ill:

In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman

Ben. I aym'd so neare, when I suppos'd you lou'd

Rom. A right good marke man, and shee's faire I loue

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

Rom. Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit

With Cupids arrow, she hath Dians wit:

And in strong proofe of chastity well arm'd:

From loues weake childish Bow, she liues vncharm'd.

Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,

Nor bid th' encounter of assailing eyes.

Nor open her lap to Sainct-seducing Gold:

O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,

That when she dies, with beautie dies her store

Ben. Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chast?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing make huge wast?

For beauty steru'd with her seuerity,

Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.

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

To merit blisse by making me dispaire:

She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow

Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now

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

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to thinke

Ben. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,

Examine other beauties,

Ro. 'Tis the way to cal hers (exquisit) in question more,

These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,

Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:

He that is strooken blind, cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:

Shew me a Mistresse that is passing faire,

What doth her beauty serue but as a note,

Where I may read who past that passing faire.

Farewell thou can'st not teach me to forget,

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

Exeunt.

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.

Capu. Mountague is bound as well as I,

In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,

For men so old as wee, to keepe the peace

Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both,

And pittie 'tis you liu'd at ods so long:

But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?

Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,

My Child is yet a stranger in the world,

Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,

Let two more Summers wither in their pride,

Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride
Pari. Younger then she, are happy mothers made
Capu. And too soone mar'd are those so early made:

Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,

Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:

But wooe her gentle Paris, get her heart,

My will to her consent, is but a part,

And shee agree, within her scope of choise,

Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:

This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,

Whereto I haue inuited many a Guest,

Such as I loue, and you among the store,

One more, most welcome makes my number more:

At my poore house, looke to behold this night,

Earth-treading starres, that make darke heauen light,

Such comfort as do lusty young men feele,

When well apparrel'd Aprill on the heele

Of limping Winter treads, euen such delight

Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night

Inherit at my house: heare all, all see:

And like her most, whose merit most shall be:

Which one more veiw, of many, mine being one,

May stand in number, though in reckning none.

Come, goe with me: goe sirrah trudge about,

Through faire Verona, find those persons out,

Whose names are written there, and to them say,

My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

Enter.

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Heere it is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his Yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his Pensill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are writ, & can neuer find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,

One paine is lesned by anothers anguish:

Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:

One desparate greefe, cures with anothers languish:

Take thou some new infection to the eye,

And the rank poyson of the old wil die
Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that
Ben. For what I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin
Ben. Why Romeo art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:

Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,

Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie

Ser. Perhaps you haue learn'd it without booke:

But I pray can you read any thing you see?

Rom. I, if I know the Letters and the Language

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reades the Letter.

Seigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: County Anselme
and his beautious sisters: the Lady widdow of Vtruuio,
Seigneur Placentio, and his louely Neeces: Mercutio and
his brother Valentine: mine vncle Capulet his wife and daughters:
my faire Neece Rosaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio, & his
Cosen Tybalt: Lucio and the liuely Helena.
A faire assembly, whither should they come?

Ser. Vp

Rom. Whither? to supper?

Ser. To our house

Rom. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters

Rom. Indeed I should haue askt you that before

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maister is

the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of

Mountagues I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest

you merry.

Enter.

Ben. At this same auncient Feast of Capulets

Sups the faire Rosaline, whom thou so loues:

With all the admired Beauties of Verona,

Go thither and with vnattainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow

Rom. When the deuout religion of mine eye

Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire:

And these who often drown'd could neuer die,

Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.

One fairer then my loue: the all-seeing Sun

Nere saw her match, since first the world begun

Ben. Tut, you saw her faire, none else being by,

Herselfe poys'd with herselfe in either eye:

But in that Christall scales, let there be waid,

Your Ladies loue against some other Maid

That I will show you, shining at this Feast,

And she shew scant shell, well, that now shewes best
Rom. Ile goe along, no such sight to be showne,

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.
Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me
Nurse. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeare old

I bad her come, what Lamb: what Ladi-bird, God forbid,

Where's this Girle? what Iuliet?

Enter Iuliet

Iuliet. How now, who calls?

Nur. Your Mother

Iuliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter: Nurse giue me leaue awhile, we must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a prety age

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre

Wife. Shee's not fourteene

Nurse. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth,

And yet to my teene be it spoken,

I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene.

How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes

Nurse. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene. Susan & she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well Susan

is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on Lamas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she marie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was wean'd I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sunne vnder the Douehouse wall, my Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it did tast the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue-house, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge, and since that time it is a eleuen yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th' roode she could haue runne, & wadled all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, & then my Husband God be with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backeward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch lefte crying, & said I: to see now how a Iest shall come about. I warrant, & I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not Iule quoth he? and pretty foole it stinted, and said I

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

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels stone? A perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth

my husband, fall'st vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward
when thou commest to age: wilt thou not Iule? It
stinted: and said I

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

Nur. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace
thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nurst, and I might
liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame

I came to talke of, tell me daughter Iuliet,

How stands your disposition to be Married?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of

Nur. An houre, were I not thine onely Nurse, I would

say thou had'st suckt wisedome from thy teat

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you

Heere in Verona, Ladies of esteeme,

Are made already Mothers. By my count

I was your Mother, much vpon these yeares

That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe:

The valiant Paris seekes you for his loue
Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all

the world. Why hee's a man of waxe
Old La. Veronas Summer hath not such a flower
Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, infaith a very flower
Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our Feast,

Read ore the volume of young Paris face,

And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen:

Examine euery seuerall liniament,

And see how one another lends content:

And what obscur'd in this faire volume lies,

Find written in the Margent of his eyes.

This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer,

To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer.

The fish liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride

For faire without, the faire within to hide:

That Booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie,

That in Gold claspes, Lockes in the Golden storie:

So shall you share all that he doth possesse,

By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse
Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger: women grow by men
Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of Paris loue?

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.

But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,

Then your consent giues strength to make flye.

Enter a Seruing man.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cur'st in the Pantery, and euery thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight.
Enter.
Mo. We follow thee, Iuliet, the Countie staies

Nurse. Goe Gyrle, seeke happie nights to happy daies.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with fiue or sixe other Maskers,

Torch-bearers.

Rom. What shall this spech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,

Weele haue no Cupid, hood winkt with a skarfe,

Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath,

Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.

But let them measure vs by what they will,

Weele measure them with a Measure, and be gone
Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.

Being but heauy I will beare the light
Mer. Nay gentle Romeo, we must haue you dance
Rom. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing shooes

With nimble soles, I haue a soale of Lead

So stakes me to the ground, I cannot moue
Mer. You are a Louer, borrow Cupids wings,

And soare with them aboue a common bound
Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,

To soare with his light feathers, and to bound:

I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,

Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke

Hora. And to sinke in it should you burthen loue,

Too great oppression for a tender thing
Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,

Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne
Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue,

Pricke loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,

Giue me a Case to put my visage in,

A Visor for a Visor, what care I

What curious eye doth quote deformities:

Here are the Beetle-browes shall blush for me
Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,

But euery man betake him to his legs

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart

Tickle the sencelesse rushes with their heeles:

For I am prouerb'd with a Grandsier Phrase,

Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on,

The game was nere so faire, and I am done

Mer. Tut, duns the Mouse, the Constables owne word,

If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire.

Or saue your reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest

Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho

Rom. Nay that's not so

Mer. I meane sir I delay,

We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day;

Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement sits

Fiue times in that, ere once in our fiue wits

Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,

But 'tis no wit to go

Mer. Why may one aske?

Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night

Mer. And so did I

Rom. Well what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye

Ro. In bed a sleepe while they do dreame things true

Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you:
She is the Fairies Midwife, & she comes in shape no bigger
then Agat-stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman,
drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, ouer mens noses as
they lie asleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners

legs: the Couer of the wings of Grashoppers, her
Traces of the smallest Spiders web, her coullers of the
Moonshines watry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone,
the Lash of Philome, her Waggoner, a small gray-coated
Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little Worme, prickt
from the Lazie-finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie
Haselnut, made by the Ioyner Squirrel or old Grub, time
out a mind, the Faries Coach-makers: & in this state she
gallops night by night, through Louers braines: and then
they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on
Cursies strait: ore Lawyers fingers, who strait dreampt on
Fees, ore Ladies lips, who strait on kisses dreame, which
oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their
breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime she gallops
ore a Courtiers nose, & then dreames he of smelling
out a sute: & somtime comes she with Tith pigs tale, tickling
a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames of
another Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore a Souldiers
necke, & then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats, of
Breaches, Ambuscados, Spanish Blades: Of Healths fiue
Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which
he startes and wakes; and being thus frighted, sweares a
prayer or two & sleepes againe: this is that very Mab that
plats the manes of Horses in the night: & bakes the Elklocks
in foule sluttish haires, which once vntangled, much
misfortune bodes,
This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learnes them first to beare,

Making them women of good carriage:
This is she

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio peace,

Thou talk'st of nothing

Mer. True, I talke of dreames:

Which are the children of an idle braine,

Begot of nothing, but vaine phantasie,

Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,

And more inconstant then the wind, who wooes

Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:

And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,

Turning his side to the dew dropping South

Ben. This wind you talke of blowes vs from our selues,

Supper is done, and we shall come too late
Rom. I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,

Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,

Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date

With this nights reuels, and expire the tearme

Of a despised life clos'd in my brest:

By some vile forfeit of vntimely death.

But he that hath the stirrage of my course,

Direct my sute: on lustie Gentlemen
Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with their napkins.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Where's Potpan, that he helpes not to take away?

He shift a Trencher? he scrape a Trencher?

1. When good manners, shall lie in one or two mens

hands, and they vnwasht too, 'tis a foule thing

Ser. Away with the Ioynstooles, remoue the Courtcubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, saue mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou louest me, let the Porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell, Anthonie and Potpan

2. I Boy readie

Ser. You are lookt for, and cal'd for, askt for, & sought

for, in the great Chamber

1. We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes,

Be brisk awhile, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. Capu. Welcome Gentlemen,

Ladies that haue their toes

Vnplagu'd with Cornes, will walke about with you:

Ah my Mistresses, which of you all

Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,

She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?

Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day

That I haue worne a Visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare:

Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,

You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musitians play:

Musicke plaies: and they dance.

A Hall, Hall, giue roome, and foote it Girles,

More light you knaues, and turne the Tables vp:

And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot.

Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:

Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin Capulet,

For you and I are past our dauncing daies:

How long 'ist now since last your selfe and I

Were in a Maske?

2. Capu. Berlady thirty yeares

1. Capu. What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,

'Tis since the Nuptiall of Lucentio,

Come Pentycost as quickely as it will,

Some fiue and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt

2. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder sir:

His Sonne is thirty

3. Cap. Will you tell me that?

His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe

Rom. What Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand

Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not sir

Rom. O she doth teach the Torches to burne bright:

It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,

As a rich Iewel in an aethiops eare:

Beauty too rich for vse, for earth too deare:

So shewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crowes,

As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes;

The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,

And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did my heart loue till now, forsweare it sight,

For I neuer saw true Beauty till this night

Tib. This by his voice, should be a Mountague.

Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the slaue

Come hither couer'd with an antique face,

To fleere and scorne at our Solemnitie?

Now by the stocke and Honour of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin

Cap. Why how now kinsman,

Wherefore storme you so?

Tib. Vncle this is a Mountague, our foe:

A Villaine that is hither come in spight,

To scorne at our Solemnitie this night

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tib. 'Tis he, that Villaine Romeo

Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,

A beares him like a portly Gentleman:

And to say truth, Verona brags of him,

To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:

I would not for the wealth of all the towne,

Here in my house do him disparagement:

Therfore be patient, take no note of him,

It is my will, the which if thou respect,

Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,

An ill beseeming semblance for a Feast

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

Ile not endure him

Cap. He shall be endur'd.

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

Am I the Maister here or you? go too,

Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,

Youle make a Mutinie among the Guests:

You will set cocke a hoope, youle be the man

Tib. Why Vncle, 'tis a shame

Cap. Go too, go too,

You are a sawcy Boy, 'ist so indeed?

This tricke may chance to scath you, I know what,

You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.

Well said my hearts, you are a Princox, goe,

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

Ile make you quiet. What, chearely my hearts

Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall

Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.

Enter.

Rom. If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,

My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready stand,

To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kisse

Iul. Good Pilgrime,

You do wrong your hand too much.

Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this,

For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,

And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kisse

Rom. Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

Iul. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in prayer
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,

They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire
Iul. Saints do not moue,

Though grant for prayers sake
Rom. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:

Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd
Iul. Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke
Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespasse sweetly vrg'd:

Giue me my sin againe
Iul. You kisse by'th' booke
Nur. Madam your Mother craues a word with you
Rom. What is her Mother?

Nurs. Marrie Batcheler,

Her Mother is the Lady of the house,

And a good Lady, and a wise, and Vertuous,

I Nur'st her Daughter that you talkt withall:

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,

Shall haue the chincks
Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O deare account! My life is my foes debt
Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best
Rom. I so I feare, the more is my vnrest
Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,

We haue a trifling foolish Banquet towards:

Is it e'ne so? why then I thanke you all.

I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night:

More Torches here: come on, then let's to bed.

Ah sirrah, by my faie it waxes late,

Ile to my rest
Iuli. Come hither Nurse,

What is yond Gentleman:

Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old Tyberio
Iuli. What's he that now is going out of doore?

Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young Petruchio
Iul. What's he that follows here that would not dance?

Nur. I know not

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

My graue is like to be my wedded bed

Nur. His name is Romeo, and a Mountague,

The onely Sonne of your great Enemie

Iul. My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,

Too early seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,

Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,

That I must loue a loathed Enemie

Nur. What's this? whats this?

Iul. A rime, I learne euen now

Of one I dan'st withall.

One cals within, Iuliet.

Nur. Anon, anon:

Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus. Now old desire doth in his death bed lie,

And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,

That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,

With tender Iuliet matcht, is now not faire.

Now Romeo is beloued, and Loues againe,

A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:

But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,

And she steale Loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes:

Being held a foe, he may not haue accesse

To breath such vowes as Louers vse to sweare,

And she as much in Loue, her meanes much lesse,

To meete her new Beloued any where:

But passion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,

Temp'ring extremities with extreame sweete.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?

Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my Cozen Romeo, Romeo

Merc. He is wise,

And on my life hath stolne him home to bed

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

Call good Mercutio:

Nay, Ile coniure too

Mer. Romeo, Humours, Madman, Passion, Louer,

Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,

Speake but one time, and I am satisfied:

Cry me but ay me, Prouant, but Loue and day,

Speake to my goship Venus one faire word,

One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,

Young Abraham Cupid he that shot so true,

When King Cophetua lou'd the begger Maid,

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,

The Ape is dead, I must coniure him,

I coniure thee by Rosalines bright eyes,

By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,

By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quiuering thigh,

And the Demeanes, that there Adiacent lie,

That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him
Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him

To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,

Of some strange nature, letting it stand

Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe,

That were some spight.

My inuocation is faire and honest, & in his Mistris name,

I coniure onely but to raise vp him

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees

To be consorted with the Humerous night:

Blind is his Loue, and best befits the darke

Mer. If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke,

Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,

And wish his Mistresse were that kind of Fruite,

As Maides cal Medlers when they laugh alone,

O Romeo that she were, O that she were

An open, or thou a Poprin Peare,

Romeo goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed,

This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,

Come shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here

That meanes not to be found.

Exeunt.

Rom. He ieasts at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the East, and Iuliet is the Sunne,

Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,

Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,

That thou her Maid art far more faire then she:

Be not her Maid since she is enuious,

Her Vestal liuery is but sicke and greene,

And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off:

It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that she knew she were,

She speakes, yet she sayes nothing, what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answere it:

I am too bold 'tis not to me she speakes:

Two of the fairest starres in all the Heauen,

Hauing some businesse do entreat her eyes,

To twinckle in their Spheres till they returne.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head,

The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres,

As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen,

Would through the ayrie Region streame so bright,

That Birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:

See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.

O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand,

That I might touch that cheeke
Iul. Ay me
Rom. She speakes.

Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art

As glorious to this night being ore my head,

As is a winged messenger of heauen

Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes

Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,

When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,

And sailes vpon the bosome of the ayre

Iul. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:

Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne to my Loue,

And Ile no longer be a Capulet

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

Iu. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:

Thou art thy selfe, though not a Mountague,

What's Mountague? it is nor hand nor foote,

Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name

Belonging to a man.

What? in a names that which we call a Rose,

By any other word would smell as sweete,

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo cal'd,

Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,

Without that title Romeo, doffe thy name,

And for thy name which is no part of thee,

Take all my selfe

Rom. I take thee at thy word:

Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,

Hence foorth I neuer will be Romeo

Iuli. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night

So stumblest on my counsell?

Rom. By a name,

I know not how to tell thee who I am:

My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my selfe,

Because it is an Enemy to thee,

Had I it written, I would teare the word

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words

Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the sound.

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike

Iul. How cam'st thou hither.

Tell me, and wherefore?

The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here,

Rom. With Loues light wings

Did I ore-perch these Walls,

For stony limits cannot hold Loue out,

And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt:

Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me
Iul. If they do see thee, they will murther thee
Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,

Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,

And I am proofe against their enmity
Iul. I would not for the world they saw thee here
Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes

And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,

My life were better ended by their hate,

Then death proroged wanting of thy Loue

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

Rom. By Loue that first did prompt me to enquire,

He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes,

I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far

As that vast-shore-washet with the farthest Sea,

I should aduenture for such Marchandise

Iul. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,

Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,

For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,

Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie

What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,

Doest thou Loue? I know thou wilt say I,

And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,

Thou maiest proue false: at Louers periuries

They say Ioue laught, oh gentle Romeo,

If thou dost Loue, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,

Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,

So thou wilt wooe: But else not for the world.

In truth faire Mountague I am too fond:

And therefore thou maiest thinke my behauiour light,

But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,

Then those that haue coying to be strange,

I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,

But that thou ouer heard'st ere I was ware

My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me,

And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,

Which the darke night hath so discouered

Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,

That tips with siluer all these Fruite tree tops

Iul. O sweare not by the Moone, th' inconstant Moone,

That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,

Least that thy Loue proue likewise variable

Rom. What shall I sweare by?

Iul. Do not sweare at all:

Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gratious selfe,

Which is the God of my Idolatry,

And Ile beleeue thee

Rom. If my hearts deare loue

Iuli. Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:

I haue no ioy of this contract to night,

It is too rash, too vnaduis'd, too sudden,

Too like the lightning which doth cease to be

Ere, one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:

This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,

May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete:

Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,

Come to thy heart, as that within my brest
Rom. O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied?

Iuli. What satisfaction can'st thou haue to night?

Ro. Th' exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine

Iul. I gaue thee mine before thou did'st request it:

And yet I would it were to giue againe

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it,

For what purpose Loue?

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

And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,

My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,

My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee

The more I haue, for both are Infinite:

I heare some noyse within deare Loue adue:

Cals within.

Anon good Nurse, sweet Mountague be true:

Stay but a little, I will come againe

Rom. O blessed blessed night, I am afear'd

Being in night, all this is but a dreame,

Too flattering sweet to be substantiall

Iul. Three words deare Romeo,

And goodnight indeed,

If that thy bent of Loue be Honourable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,

By one that Ile procure to come to thee,

Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,

And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,

And follow thee my Lord throughout the world

Within: Madam.

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

I do beseech thee

Within: Madam.

(By and by I come)

To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe,

To morrow will I send

Rom. So thriue my soule

Iu. A thousand times goodnight.

Enter.

Rome. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,

Loue goes toward Loue as school-boyes fro[m] their books

But Loue fro[m] Loue, towards schoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Iuliet againe.

Iul. Hist Romeo hist: O for a Falkners voice,

To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,

Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,

And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then

With repetition of my Romeo

Rom. It is my soule that calls vpon my name.

How siluer sweet, sound Louers tongues by night,

Like softest Musicke to attending eares

Iul. Romeo

Rom. My Neece

Iul. What a clock to morrow

Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the houre of nine

Iul. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,

I haue forgot why I did call thee backe

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it

Iul. I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there,

Remembring how I Loue thy company

Rom. And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,

Forgetting any other home but this

Iul. 'Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,

And yet no further then a wantons Bird,

That let's it hop a little from his hand,

Like a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyues,

And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,

So louing Iealous of his liberty

Rom. I would I were thy Bird

Iul. Sweet so would I,

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:

Good night, good night

Rom. Parting is such sweete sorrow,

That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow

Iul. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy brest

Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest,

The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,

Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,

And darkenesse fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,

From forth dayes pathway, made by Titans wheeles.

Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close Cell,

His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Enter.

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,

Checkring the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light:

And fleckled darknesse like a drunkard reeles,

From forth daies path, and Titans burning wheeles:

Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,

The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,

I must vpfill this Osier Cage of ours,

With balefull weedes, and precious Iuiced flowers,

The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,

What is her burying graue that is her wombe:

And from her wombe children of diuers kind

We sucking on her naturall bosome find:

Many for many vertues excellent:

None but for some, and yet all different.

O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies

In Plants, Hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:

For nought so vile, that on earth doth liue,

But to the earth some speciall good doth giue.

Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,

Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.

Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,

And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rind of this weake flower,

Poyson hath residence, and medicine power:

For this being smelt, with that part cheares each part,

Being tasted stayes all sences with the heart.

Two such opposed Kings encampe them still,

In man as well as Hearbes, grace and rude will:

And where the worser is predominant,

Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant

Rom. Good morrow Father

Fri. Benedecite.

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Young Sonne, it argues a distempered head,

So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;

Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,

And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:

But where vnbrused youth with vnstuft braine

Doth couch his lims, there, golden sleepe doth raigne;

Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,

Thou art vprous'd with some distemprature;

Or if not so, then here I hit it right.

Our Romeo hath not beene in bed to night
Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine
Fri. God pardon sin: wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly Father? No,

I haue forgot that name, and that names woe
Fri. That's my good Son, but wher hast thou bin then?

Rom. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:

I haue beene feasting with mine enemie,

Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,

That's by me wounded: both our remedies

Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:

I beare no hatred, blessed man: for loe

My intercession likewise steads my foe

Fri. Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift,

Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is set,

On the faire daughter of rich Capulet:

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;

And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine

By holy marriage: when and where, and how,

We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:

Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,

That thou consent to marrie vs to day

Fri. Holy S[aint]. Francis, what a change is heere?

Is Rosaline that thou didst Loue so deare

So soone forsaken? young mens Loue then lies

Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine

Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for Rosaline?

How much salt water throwne away in wast,

To season Loue that of it doth not tast.

The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares,

Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares:

Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,

Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.

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

Thou and these woes, were all for Rosaline.

And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for louing Rosaline

Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine

Rom. And bad'st me bury Loue

Fri. Not in a graue,

To lay one in, another out to haue

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I Loue now

Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow:

The other did not so

Fri. O she knew well,

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

But come young wauerer, come goe with me,

In one respect, Ile thy assistant be:

For this alliance may so happy proue,

To turne your houshould rancor to pure Loue

Rom. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast

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

Exeunt.

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deule should this Romeo be? came he

not home to night?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, I spoke with his man

Mer. Why that same pale hard-harted wench, that Rosaline

torments him so, that he will sure run mad

Ben. Tibalt, the kinsman to old Capulet, hath sent a Letter

to his Fathers house

Mer. A challenge on my life

Ben. Romeo will answere it

Mer. Any man that can write, may answere a Letter

Ben. Nay, he will answere the Letters Maister how he dares, being dared

Mer. Alas poore Romeo, he is already dead stab'd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a Loue song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blind Bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why what is Tibalt?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Couragious Captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing pricksong, keeps time, distance, and proportion, he rests his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a Dualist, a Dualist: a Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause: ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerso, the Hay

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies: these fashion Mongers, these pardon-mee's,
who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O flesh,
flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers
that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his Lady, was a kitchen
wench, marrie she had a better Loue to berime her: Dido
a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipsie, Hellen and Hero, hildings
and Harlots: Thisbie a gray eie or so, but not to the purpose.
Signior Romeo, Bon iour, there's a French salutation to your
French slop: you gaue vs the counterfait fairely last
night

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit

did I giue you?

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

Rom. Pardon Mercutio, my businesse was great, and in

such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains

a man to bow in the hams

Rom. Meaning to cursie

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it

Rom. A most curteous exposition

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie

Rom. Pinke for flower

Mer. Right

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flowr'd

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

Rom. O single sol'd ieast,

Soly singular for the singlenesse

Mer. Come betweene vs good Benuolio, my wits faints

Rom. Swits and spurs,

Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match

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

Rom. Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when thou wast not there for the Goose

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

Rom. Nay, good Goose bite not

Mer. Thy wit is a very Bitter-sweeting,

It is a most sharpe sawce

Rom. And is it not well seru'd into a Sweet-Goose?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from

an ynch narrow, to an ell broad

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added

to the Goose, proues thee farre and wide, abroad Goose

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

Ben. Stop there, stop there

Mer. Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the haire

Ben. Thou would'st else haue made thy tale large

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short,

or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Rom. Here's a goodly geare.

A sayle, a sayle

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke

Nur. Peter?

Peter. Anon

Nur. My Fan Peter?

Mer. Good Peter to hide her face?

For her Fans the fairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen

Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman

Nur. Is it gooden?

Mer. 'Tis no lesse I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the

Dyall is now vpon the pricke of Noone

Nur. Out vpon you: what a man are you?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,

That God hath made, himselfe to mar

Nur. By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar quatha:
Gentlemen, can any of you tel me where I may find
the young Romeo?

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

Nur. You say well

Mer. Yea is the worst well,

Very well tooke: Ifaith, wisely, wisely

Nur. If you be he sir,

I desire some confidence with you?

Ben. She will endite him to some Supper

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

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No Hare sir, vnlesse a Hare sir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent. An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent. But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent, Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner thither

Rom. I will follow you

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady:

Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.

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

Rom. A Gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to in a Moneth

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, z a were lustier then he is, and twentie such Iacks: and if I cannot, Ile finde those that shall: scuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand by too and suffer euery knaue to vse

me at his pleasure

Pet. I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly haue beene out, I warrant you, I dare draw assoone as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side

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

Nur. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I

protest vnto thee

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much:

Lord, Lord she will be a ioyfull woman

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou doest not

marke me?

Nur. I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I

take it, is a Gentleman-like offer

Rom. Bid her deuise some meanes to come to shrift this

afternoone,

And there she shall at Frier Lawrence Cell

Be shriu'd and married: here is for thy paines

Nur. No truly sir not a penny

Rom. Go too, I say you shall

Nur. This afternoone sir? well she shall be there

Ro. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,

Within this houre my man shall be with thee,

And bring thee Cords made like a tackled staire,

Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,

Must be my conuoy in the secret night.

Farewell, be trustie and Ile quite thy paines:

Farewell, commend me to thy Mistresse

Nur. Now God in heauen blesse thee: harke you sir,

Rom. What saist thou my deare Nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret, did you nere heare say two

may keepe counsell putting one away

Ro. Warrant thee my man is true as steele

Nur. Well sir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in Towne one Paris, that would faine lay knife aboard: but she good soule had as leeue see a Toade, a very Toade as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I say

so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world.
Doth not Rosemarie and Romeo begin both with a letter?
Rom. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an R
Nur. A mocker that's the dogs name. R. is for the no,
I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the
prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it
would do you good to heare it
Rom. Commend me to thy Lady
Nur. I a thousand times. Peter?

Pet. Anon
Nur. Before and apace.
Exit Nurse and Peter.
Enter Iuliet.
Iul. The clocke strook nine, when I did send the Nurse,

In halfe an houre she promised to returne,

Perchance she cannot meete him: that's not so:

Oh she is lame, Loues Herauld should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,

Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hils.

Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doues draw Loue,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings:

Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill

Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,

Is three long houres, yet she is not come.

Had she affections and warme youthfull blood,

She would be as swift in motion as a ball,

My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue,

And his to me, but old folkes,

Many faine as they were dead,

Vnwieldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.
O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes?

Hast thou met with him? send thy man away
Nur. Peter stay at the gate
Iul. Now good sweet Nurse:

O Lord, why lookest thou sad?

Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily.

If good thou sham'st the musicke of sweet newes,

By playing it to me, with so sower a face

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue awhile,

Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?

Iul. I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy newes:

Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake

Nur. Iesu what hast? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?
Iul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breth
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,
Say either, and Ile stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?
Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know
not how to chuse a man: Romeo, no not he though his face
be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and
for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to
be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower
of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy

waies wench, serue God. What haue you din'd at home?
Iul. No no: but all this did I know before
What saies he of our marriage? what of that?
Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.
My backe a tother side: o my backe, my backe:
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe
Iul. Ifaith: I am sorrie that thou art so well.

Sweet sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my Loue?

Nur. Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?

Iul. Where is my Mother?

Why she is within, where should she be?

How odly thou repli'st:

Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman:

Where is your Mother?

Nur. O Gods Lady deare,

Are you so hot? marrie come vp I trow,

Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?

Henceforward do your messages your selfe
Iul. Heere's such a coile, come what saies Romeo?

Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shift to day?

Iul. I haue
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier Lawrence Cell,

There staies a Husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,

Thei'le be in Scarlet straight at any newes:

Hie you to Church, I must an other way,

To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue

Must climde a birds nest Soone when it is darke:

I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:

But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.

Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell

Iul. Hie to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,

That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not

Rom. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,

It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That one short minute giues me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words.

Then Loue-deuouring death do what he dare,

It is inough. I may call her mine

Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,

And in their triumph: die like fire and powder;

Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey

Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,

And in the taste confoundes the appetite.

Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth so,

Too swift arriues as tardie as too slow.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot

Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,

A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,

That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,

And yet not fall, so light is vanitie

Iul. Good euen to my ghostly Confessor

Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee Daughter for vs both

Iul. As much to him, else in his thanks too much

Fri. Ah Iuliet, if the measure of thy ioy

Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more

To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath

This neighbour ayre, and let rich musickes tongue,

Vnfold the imagin'd happinesse that both

Receiue in either, by this deere encounter

Iul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,

Brags of his substance, not of Ornament:

They are but beggers that can count their worth,

But my true Loue is growne to such excesse,

I cannot sum vp some of halfe my wealth

Fri. Come, come with me, & we will make short worke,

For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,

Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good Mercutio lets retire,

The day is hot, the Capulets abroad:

And if we meet, we shal not scape a brawle, for now these

hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his Sword vpon the Table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need

Ben. Am I like such a Fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy mood,

as any in Italie: and assoone moued to be moodie, and assoone

moodie to be mou'd

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should haue none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hasell eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spie out such a quarrell? thy head is full of quarrels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: thou hast quarrel'd with a man for coffing in the street, because he hath wakened thy Dog that hath laine asleepe in the Sun. Did'st thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet

before Easter? with another, for tying his new shooes
with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling?
Ben. And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man
should buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a
quarter
Mer. The Fee-simple? O simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.
Ben. By my head here comes the Capulets
Mer. By my heele I care not
Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.

Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you
Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it with

something, make it a word and a blow
Tib. You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you

will giue me occasion
Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without

giuing?

Tib. Mercutio thou consort'st with Romeo

Mer. Consort? what dost thou make vs Minstrels? &
thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but discords:
heere's my fiddlesticke, heere's that shall make you
daunce. Come consort

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men,

Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,

Or reason coldly of your greeuances:

Or else depart, here all eies gaze on vs

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.

I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

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

Mer. But Ile be hang'd sir if he weare your Liuery.

Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,

Your worship in that sense, may call him man
Tib. Romeo, the loue I beare thee, can affoord

No better terme then this: Thou art a Villaine
Rom. Tibalt, the reason that I haue to loue thee,

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting: Villaine am I none;

Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not
Tib. Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries

That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw
Rom. I do protest I neuer iniur'd thee,

But lou'd thee better then thou can'st deuise:

Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,

And so good Capulet, which name I tender

As dearely as my owne, be satisfied

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:
Alla stucatho carries it away.
Tybalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?
Tib. What wouldst thou haue with me?
Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall vse me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make hast, least mine be about your eares ere it be out

Tib. I am for you

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy Rapier vp

Mer. Come sir, your Passado

Rom. Draw Benuolio, beat downe their weapons:

Gentlemen, for shame forbeare this outrage,

Tibalt, Mercutio, the Prince expresly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streetes.

Hold Tybalt, good Mercutio.

Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague a both the Houses, I am sped:

Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis inough,

Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much

Mer. No: 'tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill serue: aske for me to

morrow, and you shall find me a graue man. I am pepper'd I warrant, for this world: a plague a both your houses. What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to scratch a man to death: a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmeticke, why the deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme

Rom. I thought all for the best

Mer. Helpe me into some house Benuolio,

Or I shall faint: a plague a both your houses.

They haue made wormesmeat of me,

I haue it, and soundly to your Houses.

Enter.

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,

My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt

In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd

With Tibalts slaunder, Tybalt that an houre

Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet Iuliet,

Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,

And in my temper softned Valours steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, braue Mercutio's is dead,

That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,

Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth

Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies depend,

This but begins, the wo others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the Furious Tybalt backe againe

Rom. He gon in triumph, and Mercutio slaine?

Away to heauen respectiue Lenitie,

And fire and Fury, be my conduct now.

Now Tybalt take the Villaine backe againe

That late thou gau'st me, for Mercutios soule

Is but a little way aboue our heads,

Staying for thine to keepe him companie:

Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him

Tib. Thou wretched Boy that didst consort him here,

Shalt with him hence

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falles.

Ben. Romeo, away be gone:

The Citizens are vp, and Tybalt slaine,

Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death

If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away

Rom. O! I am Fortunes foole

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild Mercutio?

Tibalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt

Citi. Vp sir go with me:

I charge thee in the Princes names obey.

Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wiues and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discouer all

The vnluckie Mannage of this fatall brall:

There lies the man slaine by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman braue Mercutio

Cap. Wi. Tybalt, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,

O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild

Of my deare kinsman. Prince as thou art true,

For bloud of ours, shed bloud of Mountague.

O Cozin, Cozin

Prin. Benuolio, who began this Fray?

Ben. Tybalt here slaine, whom Romeo's hand did slay,

Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke

How nice the Quarrell was, and vrg'd withall

Your high displeasure: all this vttered,

With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd

Could not take truce with the vnruly spleene

Of Tybalts deafe to peace, but that he Tilts

With Peircing steele at bold Mercutio's breast,

Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,

And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates

Cold death aside, and with the other sends

It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,

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

His aged arme, beats downe their fatall points,

And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,

An enuious thrust from Tybalt, hit the life

Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.

But by and by comes backe to Romeo,

Who had but newly entertained Reuenge,

And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I

Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slaine:

And as he fell, did Romeo turne and flie:

This is the truth, or let Benuolio die

Cap. Wi. He is a kinsman to the Mountague,

Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:

Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,

And all those twenty could but kill one life.

I beg for Iustice, which thou Prince must giue:

Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not liue
Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio,

Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe
Cap. Not Romeo Prince, he was Mercutios Friend,

His fault concludes, but what the law should end,

The life of Tybalt
Prin. And for that offence,

Immediately we doe exile him hence:

I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding:

My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.

But Ile Amerce you with so strong a fine,

That you shall all repent the losse of mine.

It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,

Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.

Therefore vse none, let Romeo hence in hast,

Else when he is found, that houre is his last.

Beare hence his body, and attend our will:

Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Iul. Gallop apace, you fiery footed steedes,

Towards Phoebus lodging, such a Wagoner

As Phaeton would whip you to the west,

And bring in Cloudie night immediately.

Spred thy close Curtaine Loue-performing night,

That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and Romeo

Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,

Louers can see to doe their Amorous rights,

And by their owne Beauties: or if Loue be blind,

It best agrees with night: come ciuill night,

Thou sober suted Matron all in blacke,

And learne me how to loose a winning match,

Plaid for a paire of stainlesse Maidenhoods,

Hood my vnman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,

With thy Blacke mantle, till strange Loue grow bold,

Thinke true Loue acted simple modestie:

Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night,

For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night

Whiter then new Snow vpon a Rauens backe:

Come gentle night, come louing blackebrow'd night.

Giue me my Romeo, and when I shall die,

Take him and cut him out in little starres,

And he will make the Face of heauen so fine,

That all the world will be in Loue with night,

And pay no worship to the Garish Sun.

O I haue bought the Mansion of a Loue,

But not possest it, and though I am sold,

Not yet enioy'd, so tedious is this day,

As is the night before some Festiuall,

To an impatient child that hath new robes

And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse:

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes and euery tongue that speaks

But Romeos name, speakes heauenly eloquence:

Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?

The Cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nur. I, I, the Cords

Iuli. Ay me, what newes?

Why dost thou wring thy hands

Nur. A weladay, hee's dead, hee's dead,

We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.

Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead

Iul. Can heauen be so enuious?

Nur. Romeo can,

Though heauen cannot. O Romeo, Romeo.

Who euer would haue thought it Romeo

Iuli. What diuell art thou,

That dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismall hell,

Hath Romeo slaine himselfe? say thou but I,

And that bare vowell I shall poyson more

Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,

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

Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:

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

Briefe, sounds, determine of my weale or wo

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

God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,

A pitteous Coarse, a bloody piteous Coarse:

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,

All in gore blood I sounded at the sight

Iul. O breake my heart,

Poore Banckrout breake at once,

To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.

Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,

And thou and Romeo presse on heauie beere

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

O curteous Tybalt honest Gentleman,

That euer I should liue to see thee dead

Iul. What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?

Is Romeo slaughtred? and is Tybalt dead?

My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord:

Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome,

For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

Nur. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished,

Romeo that kil'd him, he is banished
Iul. O God!

Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalts blood

It did, it did, alas the day, it did
Nur. O Serpent heart hid with a flowring face
Iul. Did euer Dragon keepe so faire a Caue?

Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall:

Rauenous Doue-feather'd Rauen,

Woluish-rauening Lambe,

Dispised substance of Diuinest show:

Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,

A dimne Saint, an Honourable Villaine:

O Nature! what had'st thou to doe in hell,

When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was euer booke containing such vile matter

So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous Pallace

Nur. There's no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,

All periur'd, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,

Ah where's my man? giue me some Aqua-vitae?

These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old:

Shame come to Romeo

Iul. Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:

Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;

For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd

Sole Monarch of the vniuersall earth:

O what a beast was I to chide him?

Nur. Will you speake well of him,

That kil'd your Cozen?

Iul. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?

Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it.

But wherefore Villaine did'st thou kill my Cozin?

That Villaine Cozin would haue kil'd my husband:

Backe foolish teares, backe to your natiue spring,

Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy:

My husband liues that Tibalt would haue slaine,

And Tibalt dead that would haue slaine my husband:

All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?

Some words there was worser then Tybalts death

That murdered me, I would forget it feine,

But oh, it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,

Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished:

That banished, that one word banished,

Hath slaine ten thousand Tibalts: Tibalts death

Was woe inough if it had ended there:

Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rankt with other griefes,

Why followed not when she said Tibalts dead,

Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,

Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd.

But which a rere-ward following Tybalts death

Romeo is banished to speake that word,

Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Iuliet,

All slaine, all dead: Romeo is banished,

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that words death, no words can that woe sound.

Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer Tybalts Coarse,

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither

Iu. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shal be spent

When theirs are drie for Romeo's banishment.

Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,

Both you and I for Romeo is exild:

He made you for a high-way to my bed,

But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.

Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,

And death not Romeo, take my Maiden head
Nur. Hie to your Chamber, Ile find Romeo

To comfort you, I wot well where he is:

Harke ye your Romeo will be heere at night,

Ile to him, he is hid at Lawrence Cell

Iul. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,

And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo come forth,

Come forth thou fearfull man,

Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts

And thou art wedded to calamitie,

Rom. Father what newes?

What is the Princes Doome?

What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,

That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my deare Sonne with such sowre Company

I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome
Rom. What lesse then Doomesday,

Is the Princes Doome?

Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,

Not bodies death, but bodies banishment
Rom. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:

For exile hath more terror in his looke,

Much more then death: do not say banishment

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide

Rom. There is no world without Verona walles,

But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it selfe:

Hence banished, is banisht from the world,

And worlds exile is death. Then banished,

Is death, mistearm'd, calling death banished,

Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,

And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me

Fri. O deadly sin, O rude vnthankefulnesse!

Thy falt our Law calles death, but the kind Prince

Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the Law,

And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.

This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not

Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heauen is here

Where Iuliet liues, and euery Cat and Dog,

And little Mouse, euery vnworthy thing

Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her,

But Romeo may not. More Validitie,

More Honourable state, more Courtship liues

In carrion Flies, then Romeo: they may seaze

On the white wonder of deare Iuliets hand,

And steale immortall blessing from her lips,

Who euen in pure and vestall modestie

Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.

This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,

And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?

But Romeo may not, hee is banished.

Had'st thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,

No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,

But banished to kill me? Banished?

O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:

Howlings attends it, how hast then the hart

Being a Diuine, a Ghostly Confessor,

A Sin-Absoluer, and my Friend profest:

To mangle me with that word, banished?

Fri. Then fond Mad man, heare me speake
Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment
Fri. Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,

Aduersities sweete milke, Philosophie,

To comfort thee, though thou art banished

Rom. Yet banished? hang vp Philosophie:

Vnlesse Philosophie can make a Iuliet,

Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes Doome,

It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more

Fri. O then I see, that Mad men haue no eares

Rom. How should they,

When wisemen haue no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispaire with thee of thy estate,

Rom. Thou can'st not speake of that y dost not feele,

Wert thou as young as Iuliet my Loue:

An houre but married, Tybalt murdered,

Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightest thou speake,

Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,

And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,

Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Enter Nurse, and knockes.

Frier. Arise one knockes,

Good Romeo hide thy selfe

Rom. Not I,

Vnlesse the breath of Hartsicke groanes

Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

Knocke

Fri. Harke how they knocke:

(Who's there) Romeo arise,

Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp:

Knocke.

Run to my study: by and by, Gods will

What simplenesse is this: I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks so hard?

Whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in,

And you shall know my errand:

I come from Lady Iuliet

Fri. Welcome then

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

Where's my Ladies Lord? where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground,

With his owne teares made drunke

Nur. O he is euen in my Mistresse case,

Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy:

Pittious predicament, euen so lies she,

Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,

Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,

For Iuliets sake, for her sake rise and stand:

Why should you fall into so deepe an O

Rom. Nurse

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all

Rom. Speak'st thou of Iuliet? how is it with her?

Doth not she thinke me an old Murtherer,

Now I haue stain'd the Childhood of our ioy,

With blood remoued, but little from her owne?

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

My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Loue?

Nur. Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,

And now fals on her bed, and then starts vp,

And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,

And then downe falls againe

Ro. As if that name shot from the dead leuell of a Gun,

Did murder her, as that names cursed hand

Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,

In what vile part of this Anatomie

Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke

The hatefull Mansion

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:

Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote

The vnreasonable Furie of a beast.

Vnseemely woman, in a seeming man,

And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,

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

I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

Hast thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou slay thy selfe?

And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,

By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?

Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?

Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three do meete

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

Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,

Which like a Vsurer abound'st in all:

And vsest none in that true vse indeed,

Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:

Thy Noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,

Digressing from the Valour of a man,

Thy deare Loue sworne but hollow periurie,

Killing that Loue which thou hast vow'd to cherish.

Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Loue,

Mishapen in the conduct of them both:

Like powder in a skillesse Souldiers flaske,

Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,

And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.

What, rowse thee man, thy Iuliet is aliue,

For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.

There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou slew'st Tybalt, there art thou happie.

The law that threatned death became thy Friend.

And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.

A packe or blessing light vpon thy backe,

Happinesse Courts thee in her best array,

But like a mishaped and sullen wench,

Thou puttest vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,

Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:

But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,

For then thou canst not passe to Mantua,

Where thou shalt liue till we can finde a time

To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,

Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,

With twenty hundred thousand times more ioy

Then thou went'st forth in lamentation.

Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,

And bid her hasten all the house to bed,

Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.

Romeo is comming
Nur. O Lord, I could haue staid here all night,

To heare good counsell: oh what learning is!

My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come
Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide
Nur. Heere sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir:

Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late
Rom. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this
Fri. Go hence,

Goodnight, and here stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,

Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence,

Soiourne in Mantua, Ile find out your man,

And he shall signifie from time to time,

Euery good hap to you, that chaunces heere:

Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight

Rom. But that a ioy past ioy, calls out on me,

It were a griefe, so briefe to part with thee:

Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue falne out sir so vnluckily,

That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:

Looke you, she Lou'd her kinsman Tybalt dearely,

And so did I. Well, we were borne to die.

'Tis very late, she'l not come downe to night:

I promise you, but for your company,

I would haue bin a bed an houre ago
Par. These times of wo, affoord no times to wooe:

Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter
Lady. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,

To night, she is mewed vp to her heauinesse
Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender

Of my Childes loue: I thinke she will be rul'd

In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,

Acquaint her here, of my Sonne Paris Loue,

And bid her, marke you me, on Wendsday next,

But soft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord

Cap. Monday, ha ha: well Wendsday is too soone,

A Thursday let it be: a Thursday tell her,

She shall be married to this Noble Earle:

Will you be ready? do you like this hast?

Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,

For harke you, Tybalt being slaine so late,

It may be thought we held him carelesly,

Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:

Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen Friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord,

I would that Thursday were to morrow

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:

Go you to Iuliet ere you go to bed,

Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.

Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,

Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by,

Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.

Iul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:

It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,

That pier'st the fearefull hollow of thine eare,

Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,

Beleeue me Loue, it was the Nightingale

Rom. It was the Larke the Herauld of the Morne:

No Nightingale: looke Loue what enuious streakes

Do lace the seuering Cloudes in yonder East:

Nights Candles are burnt out, and Iocond day

Stands tipto on the mistie Mountaines tops,

I must be gone and liue, or stay and die

Iul. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:

It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,

To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,

And light thee on thy way to Mantua.

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

Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,

I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.

Ile say yon gray is not the mornings eye,

'Tis but the pale reflexe of Cinthias brow.

Nor that is not Larke whose noates do beate

The vaulty heauen so high aboue our heads,

I haue more care to stay, then will to go:

Come death and welcome, Iuliet wills it so.

How ist my soule, lets talke, it is not day

Iuli. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:

It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.

Some say the Larke makes sweete Diuision;

This doth not so: for she diuideth vs.

Some say, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,

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

Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,

Hunting thee hence, with Hunts-vp to the day,

O now be gone, more light and it light growes

Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam

Iul. Nurse

Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,

The day is broke, be wary, looke about

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

Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend

Iul. Art thou gone so? Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,

I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,

For in a minute there are many dayes,

O by this count I shall be much in yeares,

Ere I againe behold my Romeo

Rom. Farewell:

I will omit no oportunitie,

That may conuey my greetings Loue, to thee

Iul. O thinkest thou we shall euer meet againe?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue

For sweet discourses in our time to come

Iuliet. O God! I haue an ill Diuining soule,

Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,

As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,

Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look'st pale

Rom. And trust me Loue, in my eye so do you:

Drie sorrow drinkes our blood. Adue, adue.

Enter.

Iul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:

For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,

But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?

Iul. Who ist that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.

Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?

What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Lad. Why how now Iuliet?

Iul. Madam I am not well

Lad. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?

What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?

And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue:

Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of Loue,

But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit

Iul. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse

Lad. So shall you feele the losse, but not the Friend

Which you weepe for

Iul. Feeling so the losse,

I cannot chuse but euer weepe the Friend

La. Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the Villaine liues which slaughter'd him

Iul. What Villaine, Madam?

Lad. That same Villaine Romeo

Iul. Villaine and he, be many miles assunder:

God pardon, I doe with all my heart:

And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart

Lad. That is because the Traitor liues

Iul. I Madam from the reach of these my hands:

Would none but I might venge my Cozins death

Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.

Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in Mantua,

Where that same banisht Run-agate doth liue,

Shall giue him such an vnaccustom'd dram,

That he shall soone keepe Tybalt company:

And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied
Iul. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied

With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead

Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:

Madam, if you could find out but a man

To beare a poyson, I would temper it;

That Romeo should vpon receit thereof,

Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors

To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,

To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin,

Vpon his body that hath slaughter'd him
Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man.

But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle
Iul. And ioy comes well, in such a needy time,

What are they, beseech your Ladyship?

Mo. Well, well, thou hast a carefull Father Child?

One who to put thee from thy heauinesse,

Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,

That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for

Iul. Madam in happy time, what day is this?

Mo. Marry my Child, early next Thursday morne,

The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,

The Countie Paris at Saint Peters Church,

Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride

Iul. Now by Saint Peters Church, and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.

I wonder at this hast, that I must wed

Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe:

I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,

I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate

Rather then Paris. These are newes indeed

Mo. Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizzle deaw

But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne,

It raines downright.

How now? A Conduit Gyrle, what still in teares?

Euermore showring in one little body?

Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,

Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is

Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,

Who raging with the teares and they with them,

Without a sudden calme will ouer set

Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife?

Haue you deliuered to her our decree?

Lady. I sir;

But she will none, she giues you thankes,

I would the foole were married to her graue

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,

How, will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,

Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought

So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroome

Iul. Not proud you haue,

But thankfull that you haue:

Proud can I neuer be of what I haue,

But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue

Cap. How now?

How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?

Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not.

Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But fettle your fine ioints 'gainst Thursday next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peters Church:

Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.

Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,

You tallow face

Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Iul. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees

Heare me with patience, but to speake a word

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,

I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,

Or neuer after looke me in the face.

Speake not, reply not, do not answere me.

My fingers itch, wife: we scarce thought vs blest,

That God had lent vs but this onely Child,

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we haue a curse in hauing her:

Out on her Hilding

Nur. God in heauen blesse her,

You are too blame my Lord to rate her so

Fa. And why my Lady wisedome? hold your tongue,

Good Prudence, smatter with your gossip, go

Nur. I speak no treason,

Father, O Godigoden,

May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,

Vtter your grauitie ore a Gossips bowles

For here we need it not

La. You are too hot

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:

Day, night, houre, ride, time, worke, play,

Alone in companie, still my care hath bin

To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided

A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,

Of faire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,

Stuft as they say with Honourable parts,

Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a man,

And then to haue a wretched puling foole,

A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,

To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot Loue:

I am too young, I pray you pardon me.

But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you.

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:

Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.

Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,

And you be mine, Ile giue you to my Friend:

And you be not, hang, beg, starue, die in the streets,

For by my soule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,

Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:

Trust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne

Enter.

Iuli. Is there no pittie sitting in the Cloudes,

That sees into the bottome of my griefe?

O sweet my Mother cast me not away,

Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,

Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed

In that dim Monument where Tybalt lies

Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not speake a word,

Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Enter.

Iul. O God!

O Nurse, how shall this be preuented?

My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,

How shall that faith returne againe to earth,

Vnlesse that Husband send it me from heauen,

By leauing earth? Comfort me, counsaile me:

Alacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagems

Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.

What saist thou? hast thou not a word of ioy?

Some comfort Nurse

Nur. Faith here it is,

Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing,

That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:

Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then since the case so stands as now it doth,

I thinke it best you married with the Countie,

O hee's a Louely Gentleman:

Romeos a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam

Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye

As Paris hath, beshrow my very heart,

I thinke you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first: or if it did not,

Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,

As liuing here and you no vse of him

Iul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my soule too,

Or else beshrew them both

Iul. Amen

Nur. What?

Iul. Well, thou hast comforted me marue'lous much,

Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,

Hauing displeas'd my Father, to Lawrence Cell,

To make confession, and to be absolu'd
Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done
Iul. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend!

It is more sin to wish me thus forsworne,

Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue

Which she hath prais'd him with aboue compare,

So many thousand times? Go Counsellor,

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twaine:

Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,

If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday sir? the time is very short

Par. My Father Capulet will haue it so,

And I am nothing slow to slack his hast

Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies mind?

Vneuen is the course, I like it not

Pa. Immoderately she weepes for Tybalts death,

And therfore haue I little talke of Loue,

For Venus smiles not in a house of teares.

Now sir, her Father counts it dangerous

That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway:

And in his wisedome, hasts our marriage,

To stop the inundation of her teares,

Which too much minded by her selfe alone,

May be put from her by societie.

Now doe you know the reason of this hast?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

Looke sir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife

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

Par. That may be, must be Loue, on Thursday next

Iul. What must be shall be

Fri. That's a certaine text

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

Iul. To answere that, I should confesse to you

Par. Do not denie to him, that you Loue me

Iul. I will confesse to you that I Loue him

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

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

Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face

Par. Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares

Iul. The teares haue got small victorie by that:

For it was bad inough before their spight

Pa. Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report

Iul. That is no slaunder sir, which is a truth,

And what I spake, I spake it to thy face

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slaundred it

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

Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

Fri. My leisure serues me pensiue daughter now.

My Lord you must intreat the time alone

Par. Godsheild: I should disturbe Deuotion,

Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,

Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse.

Exit Paris.

Iul. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,

Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe

Fri. O Iuliet, I alreadie know thy griefe,

It streames me past the compasse of my wits:

I heare thou must and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this Countie
Iul. Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this,

Vnlesse thou tell me how I may preuent it:

If in thy wisedome, thou canst giue no helpe,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife, Ile helpe it presently.

God ioyn'd my heart, and Romeos, thou our hands,

And ere this hand by thee to Romeo seal'd:

Shall be the Labell to another Deede,

Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,

Turne to another, this shall slay them both:

Therefore out of thy long experien'st time,

Giue me some present counsell, or behold

Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife

Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,

Which the commission of thy yeares and art,

Could to no issue of true honour bring:

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

If what thou speak'st, speake not of remedy

Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe spie a kind of hope,

Which craues as desperate an execution,

As that is desperate which we would preuent.

If rather then to marrie Countie Paris

Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy selfe,

Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame,

That coap'st with death himselfe, to scape fro it:

And if thou dar'st, Ile giue thee remedie

Iul. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie Paris,

From of the Battlements of any Tower,

Or walke in theeuish waies, or bid me lurke

Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares

Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,

Orecouered quite with dead mens ratling bones,

With reckie shankes and yellow chappels sculls:

Or bid me go into a new made graue,

And hide me with a dead man in his graue,

Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,

And I will doe it without feare or doubt,

To liue an vnstained wife to my sweet Loue

Fri. Hold then: goe home, be merrie, giue consent,

To marrie Paris: wensday is to morrow,

To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,

Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:

Take thou this Violl being then in bed,

And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,

When presently through all thy veines shall run,

A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse

Shall keepe his natiue progresse, but surcease:

No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,

The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade

To many ashes, the eyes windowes fall

Like death when he shut vp the day of life:

Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,

Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,

And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death

Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,

And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe.

Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,

To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

Then as the manner of our country is,

In thy best Robes vncouer'd on the Beere,

Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie,

In the meane time against thou shalt awake,

Shall Romeo by my Letters know our drift,

And hither shall he come, and that very night

Shall Romeo beare thee hence to Mantua.

And this shall free thee from this present shame,

If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,

Abate thy valour in the acting it
Iul. Giue me, giue me, O tell me not of care
Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous:

In this resolue, Ile send a Frier with speed

To Mantua with my Letters to thy Lord

Iu. Loue giue me strength,

And the strength shall helpe afford:

Farewell deare father.

Exit

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

Cap. So many guests inuite as here are writ,

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes

Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for Ile trie if they can

licke their fingers

Cap. How canst thou trie them so?

Ser. Marrie sir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his

owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers

goes not with me

Cap. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this

time: what is my Daughter gone to Frier Lawrence?

Nur. I forsooth

Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her,

A peeuish selfe-wild harlotry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift

With merrie looke

Cap. How now my headstrong,

Where haue you bin gadding?

Iul. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin

Of disobedient opposition:

To you and your behests, and am enioyn'd

By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here,

To beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you,

Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you
Cap. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,

Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning
Iul. I met the youthfull Lord at Lawrence Cell,

And gaue him what becomed Loue I might,

Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie
Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,

This is as't should be, let me see the County:

I marrie go I say, and fetch him hither.

Now afore God, this reueren'd holy Frier,

All our whole Cittie is much bound to him

Iul. Nurse will you goe with me into my Closet,

To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,

As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

Mo. No not till Thursday, there's time inough

Fa. Go Nurse, go with her,

Weele to Church to morrow.

Exeunt. Iuliet and Nurse.

Mo. We shall be short in our prouision,

'Tis now neere night

Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,

And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:

Go thou to Iuliet, helpe to decke vp her,

Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:

Ile play the huswife for this once. What ho?

They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe

To Countie Paris, to prepare him vp

Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,

Since this same way-ward Gyrle is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt. Father and Mother.

Enter Iuliet and Nurse.

Iul. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse

I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:

For I haue need of many Orysons,

To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,

Which well thou know'st, is crosse and full of sin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my help?

Iul. No Madam, we haue cul'd such necessaries

As are behoouefull for our state to morrow:

So please you, let me now be left alone;

And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,

For I am sure, you haue your hands full all,

In this so sudden businesse

Mo. Goodnight.

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

Exeunt.

Iul. Farewell:

God knowes when we shall meete againe.

I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,

That almost freezes vp the heate of fire:

Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.

Nurse, what should she do here?

My dismall Sceane, I needs must act alone:

Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?

Shall I be married then to morrow morning?

No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,

What if it be a poyson which the Frier

Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,

Least in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I feare it is, and yet me thinkes it should not,

For he hath still beene tried a holy man.

How, if when I am laid into the Tombe,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point:

Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?

To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes.

Or if I liue, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

As in a Vaulte, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones

Of all my buried Auncestors are packt,

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but greene in earth,

Lies festring in his shrow'd, where as they say,

At some houres in the night, Spirits resort:

Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I

So early waking, what with loathsome smels,

And shrikes like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,

That liuing mortalls hearing them, run mad.

O if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

Inuironed with all these hidious feares,

And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?

And plucke the mangled Tybalt from his shrow'd?

And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,

As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines.

O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,

Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body

Vpon my Rapiers point: stay Tybalt, stay;

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drinke: I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house, and Nurse.

Lady. Hold,

Take these keies, and fetch more spices Nurse

Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir,

The second Cocke hath Crow'd,

The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:

Looke to the bakte meates, good Angelica,

Spare not for cost

Nur. Go you Cot-queane, go,

Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow

For this nights watching

Cap. No not a whit: what? I haue watcht ere now

All night for lesse cause, and nere beene sicke

La. I you haue bin a Mouse-hunt in your time,

But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A iealous hood, a iealous hood,

Now fellow, what there?

Enter three or foure with spits, and logs, and baskets.

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

Cap. Make hast, make hast, sirrah, fetch drier Logs.

Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are

Fel. I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,

And neuer trouble Peter for the matter

Cap. Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,

Thou shalt be loggerhead; good Father, 'tis day.

Play Musicke

The Countie will be here with Musicke straight,

For so he said he would, I heare him neere,

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

Enter Nurse.

Go waken Iuliet, go and trim her vp,

Ile go and chat with Paris: hie, make hast,

Make hast, the Bridegroome, he is come already:

Make hast I say

Nur. Mistris, what Mistris? Iuliet? Fast I warrant her she.

Why Lambe, why Lady? fie you sluggabed,

Why Loue I say? Madam, sweet heart: why Bride?

What not a word? You take your peniworths now.

Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant

The Countie Paris hath set vp his rest,

That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me:

Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe?

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

I, let the Countie take you in your bed,

Heele fright you vp yfaith. Will it not be?

What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?

I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?

Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead,

Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,

Some Aqua-vitŠ ho, my Lord, my Lady?

Mo. What noise is heere?

Enter Mother.

Nur. O lamentable day

Mo. What is the matter?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day

Mo. O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:

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

Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

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

Nur. Shee's dead: deceast, shee's dead: alacke the day

M. Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead

Fa. Ha? Let me see her: out alas shee's cold,

Her blood is setled and her ioynts are stiffe:

Life and these lips haue long bene seperated:

Death lies on her like an vntimely frost

Vpon the swetest flower of all the field

Nur. O Lamentable day!

Mo. O wofull time

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,

Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the Countie.

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

Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.

O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,

Hath death laine with thy wife: there she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowred by him.

Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,

My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,

And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths

Pa. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,

And doth it giue me such a sight as this?

Mo. Accur'st, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,

Most miserable houre, that ere time saw

In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage.

But one, poore one, one poore and louing Child,

But one thing to reioyce and solace in,

And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight
Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,

Most lamentable day, most wofull day,

That euer, euer, I did yet behold.

O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,

Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this:

O wofull day, O wofull day
Pa. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,

Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne:

O loue, O life; not life, but loue in death

Fat. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martir'd, kil'd,

Vncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now

To murther, murther our solemnitie?

O Child, O Child; my soule, and not my Child,

Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead,

And with my Child, my ioyes are buried

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions: Care liues not

In these confusions, heauen and your selfe

Had part in this faire Maid, now heauen hath all,

And all the better is it for the Maid:

Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,

But heauen keepes his part in eternall life:

The most you sought was her promotion,

For 'twas your heauen, she shouldst be aduan'st,

And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduan'st

Aboue the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it selfe?

O in this loue, you loue your Child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well:

Shee's not well married, that liues married long,

But shee's best married, that dies married yong.

Drie vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie

On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,

And in her best array beare her to Church:

For though some Nature bids all vs lament,

Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment

Fa. All things that we ordained Festiuall,

Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:

Our instruments to melancholy Bells,

Our wedding cheare, to a sad buriall Feast:

Our solemne Hymnes, to sullen Dyrges change:

Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse:

And all things change them to the contrarie

Fri. Sir go you in; and Madam, go with him,

And go sir Paris, euery one prepare

To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:

The heauens do lowre vpon you, for some ill:

Moue them no more, by crossing their high will.

Exeunt.

Mu. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone

Nur. Honest goodfellowes: Ah put vp, put vp,

For well you know, this is a pitifull case

Mu. I by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musitions, oh Musitions,

Hearts ease, hearts ease,

O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease

Mu. Why hearts ease;

Pet. O Musitions,

Because my heart it selfe plaies, my heart is full

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

Pet. You will not then?

Mu. No

Pet. I will then giue it you soundly

Mu. What will you giue vs?

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

I will giue you the Minstrell

Mu. Then will I giue you the Seruing creature

Peter. Then will I lay the seruing Creatures Dagger

on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa

you, do you note me?

Mu. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs

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

Peter. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,

And put vp my yron Dagger.

Answere me like men:

When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Musicke

with her siluer sound.

Why siluer sound? why Musicke with her siluer sound?

what say you Simon Catling?

Mu. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound

Pet. Pratest, what say you Hugh Rebicke?

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

Pet. Pratest to, what say you Iames Sound-Post?

3.Mu. Faith I know not what to say

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.

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

Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:

Then Musicke with her siluer sound, with speedy helpe

doth lend redresse.

Enter.

Mu. What a pestilent knaue is this same?

M.2. Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarrie for

the Mourners, and stay dinner.

Enter.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,

My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand:

My bosomes L[ord]. sits lightly in his throne:

And all this day an vnaccustom'd spirit,

Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.

I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,

(Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,

That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.

Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possest,

When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeo's man.

Newes from Verona, how now Balthazer?

Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?

How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?

How doth my Lady Iuliet? that I aske againe,

For nothing can be ill, is she be well

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.

Her body sleepes in Capels Monument,

And her immortall part with Angels liue,

I saw her laid low in her kindreds Vault,

And presently tooke Poste to tell it you:

O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,

Since you did leaue it for my office Sir

Rom. Is it euen so?

Then I denie you Starres.

Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,

And hire Post-Horses, I will hence to night

Man. I do beseech you sir, haue patience:

Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import

Some misaduenture

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiu'd,

Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit Man.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,

And hyre those Horses, Ile be with thee straight,

Well Iuliet, I will lie with thee to night:

Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift,

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:

I do remember an Appothecarie,

And here abouts dwells, which late I noted

In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,

Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,

Sharp miserie had worne him to the bones:

And in his needie shop a Tortoyrs hung,

An Allegater stuft, and other skins

Of ill shap'd fishes, and about his shelues,

A beggerly account of emptie boxes ,

Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and mustie seedes,

Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses

Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.

Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,

An if a man did need a poyson now,

Whose sale is present death in Mantua,

Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.

O this same thought did but fore-run my need,

And this same needie man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house,

Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.

What ho? Appothecarie?

Enter Appothecarie.

App. Who call's so low'd?

Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,

Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me haue

A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,

As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,

That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,

And that the Trunke may be discharg'd of breath,

As violently, as hastie powder fier'd

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe

App. Such mortall drugs I haue, but Mantuas law

Is death to any he, that vtters them

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,

And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,

Need and opression starueth in thy eyes,

Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe:

The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:

The world affords no law to make thee rich.

Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this

App. My pouerty, but not my will consents

Rom. I pray thy pouerty, and not thy will

App. Put this in any liquid thing you will

And drinke it off, and if you had the strength

Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight

Rom. There's thy Gold,

Worse poyson to mens soules,

Doing more murther in this loathsome world,

Then these poore compounds that thou maiest not sell.

I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,

Farewell, buy food, and get thy selfe in flesh.

Come Cordiall, and not poyson, go with me

To Iuliets graue, for there must I vse thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

Iohn. Holy Franciscan Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law. This same should be the voice of Frier Iohn.

Welcome from Mantua, what sayes Romeo?

Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter

Iohn. Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,

One of our order to associate me,

Here in this Citie visiting the sick,

And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne

Suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,

Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,

So that my speed to Mantua there was staid

Law. Who bare my Letter then to Romeo?

Iohn. I could not send it, here it is againe,

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,

So fearefull were they of infection

Law. Vnhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood

The Letter was not nice; but full of charge,

Of deare import; and the neglecting it

May do much danger: Frier Iohn go hence,

Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight

Vnto my Cell

Iohn. Brother Ile go and bring it thee.

Enter.

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,

Within this three houres will faire Iuliet wake,

Shee will beshrew me much that Romeo

Hath had no notice of these accidents:

But I will write againe to Mantua,

And keepe her at my Cell till Romeo come,

Poore liuing Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,

Enter.

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloft,

Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:

Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,

Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,

So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,

Being loose, vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,

But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me,

As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,

Giue me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone

Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aduenture

Pa. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew:

O woe, thy Canopie is dust and stones,

Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,

Or wanting that, with teares destil'd by mones;

The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,

Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue, and weepe.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,

What cursed foot wanders this wayes to night,

To crosse my obsequies, and true loues right?

What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo, and Peter.

Rom. Giue me that Mattocke, & the wrenching Iron,

Hold take this Letter, early in the morning

See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,

Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,

What ere thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloofe,

And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death,

Is partly to behold my Ladies face:

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,

A precious Ring, a Ring that I must vse,

In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:

But if thou iealous dost returne to prie

In what I further shall intend to do,

By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,

And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:

The time, and my intents are sauage wilde:

More fierce and more inexorable farre,

Them emptie Tygers, or the roaring Sea

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

Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,

Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow

Pet. For all this same, Ile hide me here about,

His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt

Rom. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:

Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,

And in despight, Ile cram thee with more food

Par. This is that banisht haughtie Mountague,

That murdred my Loues Cozin; with which griefe,

It is supposed the faire Creature died,

And here is come to do some villanous shame

To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

Stop thy vnhallowed toyle, vile Mountague:

Can vengeance be pursued further then death?

Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee.

Obey and go with me, for thou must die,

Rom. I must indeed, and therfore came I hither:

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,

Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon those gone,

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,

Put not an other sin vpon my head,

By vrging me to furie. O be gone,

By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,

For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:

Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,

A mad mans mercy bid thee run away

Par. I do defie thy commisseration,

And apprehend thee for a Fellon here

Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? Then haue at thee Boy

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

Pa. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,

Open the Tombe, lay me with Iuliet

Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face:

Mercutius kinsman, Noble Countie Paris,

What said my man, when my betossed soule

Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke

He told me Paris should haue married Iuliet.

Said he not so? Or did I dreame it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talke of Iuliet,

To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,

One, writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke.

Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.

A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:

For here lies Iuliet, and her beautie makes

This Vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd,

How oft when men are at the point of death,

Haue they beene merrie? Which their Keepers call

A lightning before death? Oh how may I

Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,

Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet vpon thy Beautie:

Thou are not conquer'd: Beauties ensigne yet

Is Crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,

And Deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.

Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloudy sheet?

O what more fauour can I do to thee,

Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,

To sunder his that was thy enemie?

Forgiue me Cozen. Ah deare Iuliet:

Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeue,

Shall I beleeue, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous?

And that the leane abhorred Monster keepes

Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?

For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,

And neuer from this Pallace of dym night

Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,

Heere's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.

O true Appothecarie!

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,

With Wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here

Will I set vp my euerlasting rest:

And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres

From this world-wearied flesh: Eyes looke your last:

Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you

The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse

A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:

Come bitter conduct, come vnsauory guide,

Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on

The dashing Rocks, thy Sea-sicke wearie Barke:

Heere's to my Loue. O true Appothecary:

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Enter Frier with a Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night

Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Who's there?

Man. Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well

Fri. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend

What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light

To grubs, and eyelesse Sculles? As I discerne,

It burneth in the Capels Monument

Man. It doth so holy sir,

And there's my Master, one that you loue

Fri. Who is it?

Man. Romeo

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre

Fri. Go with me to the Vault

Man. I dare not Sir.

My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,

And fearefully did menace me with death,

If I did stay to looke on his entents

Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me.

O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,

I dreamt my maister and another fought,

And that my Maister slew him

Fri. Romeo.

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which staines

The stony entrance of this Sepulcher?

What meane these Masterlesse, and goarie Swords

To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

Romeo, oh pale: who else? what Paris too?

And steept in blood? Ah what an vnkind houre

Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?

The Lady stirs

Iul. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?

I do remember well where I should be:

And there I am, where is my Romeo?

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

Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,

A greater power then we can contradict

Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,

Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:

And Paris too: come Ile dispose of thee,

Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:

Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.

Come, go good Iuliet, I dare no longer stay.

Enter.

Iul. Go get thee hence, for I will not away,

What's here, A cup clos'd in my true loues hand?

Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end

O churle, drinke all? and left no friendly drop,

To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,

Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them,

To make me die with a restoratiue.

Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead Boy, which way?

Iul. Yea noise?

Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.

'Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die.

Kils herselfe.

Boy. This is the place,

There where the Torch doth burne

Watch. The ground is bloody,

Search about the Churchyard.

Go some of you, who ere you find attach.

Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie slaine,

And Iuliet bleeding, warme and newly dead

Who here hath laine these two dayes buried.

Go tell the Prince, runne to the Capulets,

Raise vp the Mountagues, some others search,

We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,

But the true ground of all these piteous woes,

We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeo's man.

Watch. Here's Romeo's man,

We found him in the Churchyard

Con. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3.Wat. Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard side

Con. A great suspition, stay the Frier too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misaduenture is so earely vp,

That calls our person from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Cap. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?

Wife. O the people in the streete crie Romeo.

Some Iuliet, and some Paris, and all runne

With open outcry toward our Monument

Pri. What feare is this which startles in your eares?

Wat. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie Paris slaine,

And Romeo dead, and Iuliet dead before,

Warme and new kil'd

Prin. Search,

Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes

Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd Romeos man,

With Instruments vpon them fit to open

These dead mens Tombes

Cap. O heauen!

O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!

This Dagger hath mistaine, for loe his house

Is empty on the backe of Mountague,

And is misheathed in my Daughters bosome
Wife. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell

That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.
Pri. Come Mountague, for thou art early vp

To see thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,

Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath stopt her breath:

What further woe conspires against my age?

Prin. Looke: and thou shalt see
Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners is in this,

To presse before thy Father to a graue?

Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,

Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

And know their spring, their head, their true descent,

And then I will be generall of your woes,

And lead you euen to death? meane time forbeare,

And let mischance be slaue to patience,

Bring forth the parties of suspition

Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe least,

Yet most suspected as the time and place

Doth make against me of this direfull murther:

And heere I stand both to impeach and purge

My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd

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

Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo there dead, was husband to that Iuliet,

And she there dead, that's Romeos faithfull wife:

I married them; and their stolne marriage day

Was Tybalts Doomesday: whose vntimely death

Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:

For whom (and not for Tybalt) Iuliet pinde.

You, to remoue that siege of Greefe from her,

Betroth'd, and would haue married her perforce

To Countie Paris. Then comes she to me,

And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuise some meanes

To rid her from this second Marriage,

Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.

Then gaue I her (so Tutor'd by my Art)

A sleeping Potion, which so tooke effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her

The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to Romeo,

That he should hither come, as this dyre night,

To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,

Being the time the Potions force should cease.

But he which bore my Letter, Frier Iohn,

Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight

Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,

At the prefixed houre of her waking,

Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,

Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,

Till I conueniently could send to Romeo.

But when I came (some Minute ere the time

Of her awaking) heere vntimely lay

The Noble Paris, and true Romeo dead.

Shee wakes, and I intreated her come foorth,

And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience:

But then, a noyse did scarre me from the Tombe,

And she (too desperate) would not go with me,

But (as it seemes) did violence on her selfe.

All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is priuy:

And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,

Let my old life be sacrific'd, some houre before the time,

Vnto the rigour of seuerest Law

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a Holy man.

Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?

Boy. I brought my Master newes of Iuliets death,

And then in poste he came from Mantua

To this same place, to this same Monument.

This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,

And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,

If I departed not, and left him there

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will look on it.

Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?

Sirra, what made your Master in this place?

Page. He came with flowres to strew his Ladies graue,

And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did:

Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,

And by and by my Maister drew on him,

And then I ran away to call the Watch

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,

Their course of Loue, the tydings of her death:

And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyson

Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall

Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with Iuliet.

Where be these Enemies? Capulet, Mountague,

See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate,

That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue;

And I, for winking at your discords too,

Haue lost a brace of Kinsmen: All are punish'd

Cap. O Brother Mountague, giue me thy hand,

This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more

Can I demand

Moun. But I can giue thee more:

For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,

That whiles Verona by that name is knowne,

There shall no figure at that Rate be set,

As that of True and Faithfull Iuliet

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his Lady ly,

Poore sacrifices of our enmity

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,

The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head;

Go hence, to haue more talke of these sad things,

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.

For neuer was a Storie of more Wo,

Then this of Iuliet, and her Romeo.

Exeunt. omnes

FINIS.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK ROMEO AND JULIET ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will
be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright
law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works,
so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United
States without permission and without paying copyright

royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG™ LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg

electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg mission of promoting

free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you

are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided that:

• You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in

Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”

• You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.

• You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.

• You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread

works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT
LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the

trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

Project Gutenberg is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit

501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 41 Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to

subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.