PRESENTED TO

Mr. Goldwin Smith

BY

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ONE OF THE VICE-PRESIDENTS OF THE NEW SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

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INTRODUCTION.

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

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

The one object I have endeavoured to keep steadily in view has been the collection in a convenient form of every scrap of material afforded by the old editions which could possibly aid or be deserving of consideration in the great work of the restoration of Shakspere's text. And these materials I have endeavoured to free from the utterly useless rubbish which is found in all the old editions. In the text of the quartos here reprinted, no departure from the originals, however obviously corrupt, has knowingly been permitted; in the collations given in the margin, only the corrections and varied readings of the subsequent editions are recorded; the obvious blunders of those editions are excluded except in cases where they have given rise to a plausible variation in a later edition. For instance, in Act I. Sc. i. l. 127, I have not recorded the obvious blunder of Q3 and Fr. in printing honour for humour; but the obvious blunder of F1, Act II. Sc. v. l. 51, in printing so well for not well is noted, as it accounts for the plausible conjectural emendation of the later Folios, so ill. So again, in Act III. Sc. ii. l. 57, bedawde (for bedawde) of Q4 accounts for bedau'd of Q5, and has accordingly found a place in my margins. It will be seen however that I have not been severe in the application of this rule, and many varying errors have been admitted, which doubtless might have been rejected. Those who are curious to ascertain the amount of error in the old copies may consult the collations of Mommsen and the Cambridge editors, where they will find many instances of printers' blunders recorded, such as by no possibility could be deserving of a moment's consideration in the settlement of
the text. In saying this I must not be understood as casting a slur on the German and Cambridge editions; on the contrary, their editors in their minute collation of errors have done most excellent and invaluable work. They have accumulated decisive evidence as to the chronology of the old copies. That end however being attained, and the order and origin of each Quarto and Folio being finally determined, it would have been a waste of space and, worse, a hindrance, to encumber these pages with material which, having served its purpose, may now once for all be cast aside.

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

(Q1) 1597.  
Q2. 1599  
Q4. N. D.  
Q2. 1609  
Q5. 1637.  
F1. 1623  
F2. 1632  
F3. 1664  
F4. 1685.

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

Q3. THE | MOST EX-CELLENT AND | Lamentable Tragedie, of | Romeo and Juliet. | As it hath beene tundrie times publiquely Acted, | by the KINGS Maiefies Seruants | at the Globe. | Newly corrected, augmented, and amended: | [Printer’s (? Device. Rose and Crown.] LONDON | Printed for JOHN SMETHWICK, and are to be felt | at his Shop in Saint Dunflanes Church-yard, | in Fleetefreesete vnder the Dyall. | 1609.

Q4. THE MOST | EXCELLENT | And Lamentable Tragedie, | of ROMEO and | JULIET. | As it hath beene tundrie times publicly Acted, | by the KINGS Maiefies Seruants | at the GLOBE. | Newly Corrected, augmented, and amended. | [Smethwick’s Device. A smear holding in its bill a scroll inscribed Wick. The motto, Non altum peto. I. S.] LONDON, | Printed for John Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in | Saint Dunflanes Churchyard, in Fleetefreeset | vnder the Dyall.

[Note. ‘It is a curious fact that after some copies of the undated edition had been published, having Shakespeare’s name on the title-page, that name was omitted in the copies which were subsequently issued.’—HALLIWELL.  
‘Its title-page bears for the first time the name of the author. After the word “Globe” and in a separate line we find the words: “Written by W. Shakespeare.”’—CAM. EDD.

The copy in the British Museum (Press Mark, C. 34. k. 56) is without the author’s name. It is conjecturally dated, in the catalogue, ‘[1607]’ and is probably the ‘quarto in 1607’ mentioned by Knight.—Ed.]
INTRODUCTION.]

Romeo and Juliet.

Q.5. THE MOST | EXCELLENT | And Lamentable Tragedie | of Romeo and | Juliet. | As it hath been fundry times publickly Acted | by the Kings Majesties | Servants | at the Globe. | Written by W. Shake-sppeare. | Newly corrected, augmented, | and amended. | [Smethwick's Device.] | LONDON, | Printed by R. Young for John | Smethwicke, and are to be sold at | his Shop in St. Dunstans Church-yard in | Fleet street, | under the Dyall. 1637.

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

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

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

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

Act IV. Sc. i. At the Friar’s cell. In both quartos the first part of this scene, till the exit of Paris, is almost identical. From this point to the end only scattered fragments of what I believe to have been the original play, as given in Q2, are to be found in (Q1).

**SHORTENED PASSAGES.**

Act I. Sc. i. The Prince’s speech when he arrives to part the fray.—The dialogue between Mountague, his wife, and Benvolio. (Benvolio’s account of the fray breaks down after the first two lines; but that his description, as given in Q2, was in existence when (Q1) was printed seems manifest when we examine his confused account in (Q1) of the fight in which Mercutio and Tibalt are slain (Act III. Sc. i.). There will be found one of the lines—‘While we [they] were entochaunging thrusts and blows’—which (Q1) here omits. Mountague omits the description of Romeo’s melancholy humour, yet his remark—‘Black and portentous must this humour prove,’ etc., is retained.) Other evidence of shortened representation will be found in the abruptness of the conclusion of this scene in (Q1), together with the absolute agreement of the additional lines, given in Q2, with what had gone before. In Act I. Sc. iii. in the latter part of the scene, Lady Capulet’s description of Paris, lines 66–81, was certainly not added in Q2, therefore its non-appearance in (Q1) may fairly be set down as the result of omission.

For the rest the gaps made in the text of (Q1) in arranging it opposite that of Q2 so clearly show the places where omissions are to be looked for, that it is needless to point them out here. I know of no passage of any importance throughout the play which was not probably in existence at the time (Q1) was printed. Here of course reserve must be made for substituted, revised, and slightly augmented passages.

**IMPERFECT REPRESENTATION.**

Compare in both quartos, the Prologue, and, in the opening Scene, the dialogue between the Servants up to the actual commencement of the fray, and the summing up in (Q1) of the whole conduct of the fray in a descriptive stage direction. The impression this leaves on me is, that (Q1) is a text carelessly made up from imperfect notes. Other principal passages where this imperfect representation is apparent are Act I. Sc. iv., Mercutio’s description of Queen Mab. Act II. Sc. v. Where the Nurse gives an account to Juliet of her embassage. Act III. Sc. i. In which occurs the fatal affray in which Mercutio and Tybalt are slain. Act III. Sc. ii. In which the Nurse brings the account of Tybalt’s death and Romeo’s banishment to Juliet. (It should be however noted, that in this scene the corruptions and omissions are almost exclusively confined to Juliet’s speeches; those of the Nurse are nearly perfect. Of the twenty-eight lines given to her in Q2, more than twenty are found in (Q1) ; and one of the additional lines of Q2—‘Ah where’s my man? give me some Aqua-vitæ’—had been already given in (Q1) in Act II. Sc. v.)
Act III. Sc. v. After the departure of Romeo till the entry of Capulet.
Act IV. Sc. ii. to the end of the play. The greater portion of all this is evidently the result of rough notes carelessly made up. Here and there fragments more or less perfect of the original play are noticeable, and some passages (which I shall point out under their proper heading) seem to indicate a radical difference between the original play and that given in Q2. Note, as a particular instance of imperfect rendering, in Act V. Sc. i. Romeo's soliloquy on the Apothecary and his Shop.

PASSAGES POSSIBLY RE-WRITTEN FOR Q2.

Act II. Sc. vi. Romeo and Juliet meet at the Friar's cell to be married.
Act IV. Sc. v. The lamentations over the supposed dead body of Juliet.
Act V. Sc. iii. l. 12—17. Paris' address before the tomb of Juliet.
The essential differences between the two quartos in these passages cannot be accounted for as the result of imperfect note-taking during the performance. If they really existed in the original play in anything like the form they present in (Q1) they must have been re-written for Q2.

EVIDENCE OF REVISION OF THE 'COPY' FROM WHICH Q2 WAS PRINTED.

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

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

1. And steale immortall kisses from her lips;
2. Who even in pure and vestall modestie
3. Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
4. But Romeo may not, he is banished.
5. Flies may doe this, but I from this must flye.
6. They are freemen but I am banished.
7. This may flies do, when I from this must flite.
8. And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death?
In the first line *blessing* was properly substituted for *kisses*; lines 2 and 3, which are purely parenthetical, should then alone have been introduced; but the printer took all the four lines (2, 3, 5, 7) which he found on the right-hand margin of his *copy* and inserted them together, allowing the cancelled line (5), for which the marginal line 5 is a substitute, to remain in the text. Line 6, I must suppose, got into its proper place from having been written on the opposite margin.

For some other special instances of this revision I must refer the reader to the notes to my revised text of the Play. Act I. Sc. i. l. 122, 123, Sc. iv. l. 62—64; Act III. Sc. ii. l. 85, 87, Sc. v. l. 177—181; Act IV. Sc. i. l. 95—98, 110; Act V. Sc. iii. l. 102, 103, 107.

I have now only to add a few words in explanation of the plan of this work. Q2 is printed page for page and line for line with the original. The Acts and Scenes are numbered in the margin in accordance with the division of the ‘Cambridge’ and most modern editions. The lines of the text are numbered separately for each scene, but as printers’ lines, it not being possible in this reprint to number them metrically. (Q1), which is nearly one quarter less than Q2, ((Q1) has 2232 lines, including Prologue; Q2, 3007), has necessarily been printed with gaps in the text in order to bring the parallel passages of the two quartos as nearly opposite each other as possible. It is, however, printed line for line with the original, and the commencement of each page is marked with an asterisk.

The system I have adopted for the marginal notes is founded on that of the ‘Cambridge Shakespeare,’ and will present no difficulty to those accustomed to that edition. Q stands for Quarto; Qq. for the agreement of Q3, 4, 5; F for Folio; Ff. for the agreement of all the Folios. Only those quartos and folios are mentioned which differ from the text of Q2. To save space where the difference between the text of Q2 and other editions is merely a matter of punctuation, I have given the notes of punctuation within brackets, thus, Act I. Sc. i. l. 23, ‘maids.’ [?] Ff. [?] Q5,’ signifies that the Folios instead of a period have a note of interrogation after *maids* and Q5 a note of exclamation. It is of course only in passages where the sense is affected that I have taken notice of the punctuation.

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

P. A. Daniel.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

A Parallel Text Edition of the First Two Quartos,

(Q1) 1597—Q2, 1599,

ARRANGED SO AS TO SHEW THEIR DIFFERENCES,

AND WITH

COLLATIONS OF THE OTHER QUARTOS AND THE FOLIOS.

EDITED BY

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

As it hath been often (with great applaufe) plaid publiquely, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Seruants.

LONDON,
Printed by Iohn Danter.
1597.
THE
M O S T   E X-
cellent and lamentable
Tragedie, of Romeo
and Iuliet.

Newly corrected, augmented, and
amended:

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

L O N D O N
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to
be sold at his shop neare the Exchange.
1 5 9 9.
The Prologue.

Two household Frends alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona, where we lay out Scene)
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
Whose ciuill warre makes ciuill hands uncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
A paire of starre-croft Louers tooke their life:
Whose misaduentures, pitious overthrowes,

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

Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want wee'l studie to amend.
The Prologue.

Corus.

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

A 2
Enter 2. Serving-men of the Capolets.

Romeo and Juliet (Q. 1) 1597.

The most excellent Tragedie of
Romeo and Juliet.

Regorie, of my word Ile carrie no coales.

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

1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.

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

1 I strike quickly being mood’d.

2 I, but you are not quickly mood’d to strike.

1 A Dog of the house of the Mountagues moues me.

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

1 There’s not a man of them I meete, but Ile take the wall of.

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

1 Thats true, therefore Ile thruft the men from the wall, and thruft the maids to the walls: nay, thou shalt see I am a tall piece of flesh.

2 Tis well thou art not fish, for if thou wert thou wouldst be but poore Iohn.

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

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

Samp. Gregorie, on my word weele not carrie Coles.
Greg. No, for then we should be Collyers.
Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.
Greg. I while you liue, draw your necke out of choller.
Samp. I strike quickly being moued.
Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to strike.
Samp. A dog of the house of Mountague moves me.
Greg. To moue is to stirre, and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore if thou art moued thou runft away.
Samp. A dog of that house shall moue me to stand:
I will take the wall of any man or maide of Mountagues.
Greg. That shewes thee a weake slave, for the weakeft goes to the wall.
Samp. Tis true, & therfore women being the weaker vessels are euer thrust to the wall: therfore I wil puth Mountagues men from the wall, and thrust his maides to the wall.
Greg. The quarell is betweene our maifters, and vs their men.
Samp. Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant, when I haue fought with the men, I will be civill with the maides, I will cut off their heads.

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

Enter two Servingmen of the Mountagues.
1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.
2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.
1 Nay let vs haue the law on our fide, let them begin first. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.
2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile come after and frowne.

1 Moun: Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?
1 I bite my thumbe.
2 Moun: I but i’ft at vs?
1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our fide?
2 No.
1 I bite my thumbe.
1 Moun: I but i’ft at vs?
2 Say I, here comes my Masters kinsman.

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

Prince:
Grego. The heads of the maids.

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

Greg. They must take it fenfe that feele it.

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

Greg. Tis well thou art not fift, if thou hadft, thou hadft bin poore lohn: draw thy toole, here comes of the house of Moun
tagues.

Enter two other seruing men.

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

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee.

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

Greg. I will frown as I paflle by, and let them take it as they lift.

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

Abram. Do you bite your thumbe at vs sir?

Samp. I do bite my thumbe sir.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at vs sir?

Samp. Is the law of our fide if I fay I?

Greg. No.

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

Greg. Do you quarell sir?

Abra. Quarell sir, no sir.

Sà. But if you do fir, I am for you, I ferue as good a mā as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well fir. Enter Benuolio.

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

Sam. Yes better sir.

Abra. You lie.

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

They fight.

Benuo. Part foole{s}, put vp your fwords, you know not what you do.

Enter
Prince: Rebellious subjects enemies to peace,

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

Three Ciuell brawles bred of an aire word,
By the old Capulet and Mountague,
Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets.

If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
Enter Tibalt.

Tib. What art thou drawne among these hartleffe hindes? turne thee Benvolio, looke vpon thy death.

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

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

Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs or partysons.

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

Enter old Capulet in his gowne, and his wife.

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

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

Enter old Mountague and his wife.

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

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

Enter Prince Eskales, with his traine.

Prince. Rebellious subiects enemies to peace, Prophaners of this neighbour-fayned ffeele,

Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beasts:

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage, With purple fountaunes issueing from your veins:

On paine of torture from those bloudie hands, Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground, And heare the sentence of your moud Prince.

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

Haue thrice disfurb'd the quiet of our streets, And made Neronas auncient Citizens,

Caff by their graue befeeming ornaments, To wield old partizans, in hands as old,

Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate, If euer you disfurb our streets againe,
Your liues shall pay the ranfome of your fault:
For this time euery man depart in peace.
Come Capulet come you along with me,
And Mountague, come you this after noone,
To know our farther pleafure in this cafe,
To old free Towne our common judgement place,
Once more on paine of death each man depart.

Exeunt.

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

Benw: Here were the fervants of your aduerfaries,
And yours clofe fighting ere I did approch.

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

Ben: Madame, an houre before the worshipt funne
Peept through the golden window of the Eaft,
A troubled thought drew me from companie:
Where vnderneath the groue Sicamoure,
That Westward rooteth from the Citties fide,
So early walking might I see your fonne.
I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
And drew into the thicket of the wood:
I noting his affections by mine owne,
That moft are busied when th'are moft alone,

Pursued my honor, not purfuing his.
ACT I. SC. I.  Romeo and Iuliet  Q: 2. 1599.

Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You Capulet shall go along with me,
And Mountague come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleafure in this cafe:
To old Free-towne, our common judgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exit.

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

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

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

Benue. Madam, an hour before the worshipit Sun,
Peerde forth the golden window of the Eaft,
A troubled minde drive me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the grove of Syramour,
That Wefward rooteth from this Citie fide:
So early walking did I fee your fonne,
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 moft fought, where moft might not be
Being one too many by my wareie felfe, (found:
Purued my humor, not puruing his,
And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.

Mounta. Many a morning hath he there bin scene,
Moun: Black and portentious must this honor proue, 
Vnlesse good counsaile doo the caufe remoue.
Ben: Why tell me Vnkle do you know the caufe?
Enter Romeo.
Moun: I neyther know it nor can learne of him.

Ben: See where he is, but stand you both afide,
Ile know his grievance, or be much denied.
Mount: I would thou wert so happie by thy stay
To heare true shrift. Come Madame lets away.
Benuo: Good morrow Cofen.
Romeo: Is the day so young?
Ben: But new stroke nine.
Romeo: Ay me, sad hopes seeme long.
Was that my Father that went hence so faft?
Ben: It was, what sorrow lengthens Romes houres?
ACT I. SC. I.  \hspace{1cm} \textit{Romeo and Juliet} \hspace{1cm} Q. 2. 1599.

With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deawe,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe fighes,
But all so foone, as the alcheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest Eaft begin to draw,
The shadie curtaines from \textit{Auroras} bed,
Away from light fleales home my heauie fonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himfelfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,
And makes himfelfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous mufl this humor proue,
Vnleife good counfell may the caufe remoue.

\hspace{1cm} \textit{Ben.} My Noble Vncle do you know the caufe?
\hspace{1cm} \textit{Moun.} I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
\hspace{1cm} \textit{Ben.} Haue you importunde him by any meanes?
\hspace{1cm} \textit{Moun.} Both by my felfe and many other friends,
But he is owne affections counfeller,
Is to himfelfe (I will not fay how true)
But to himfelfe fo secret and fo close,
So farre from founding and discouerie,
As is the bud bit with an enious worme,
Ere he can fpread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his bewtie to the fame.

\hspace{1cm} \textit{Benuol.} See where he comes, fo pleafe you step afide,
Ile know his greuance or be much denide.
\hspace{1cm} \textit{Moun.} I would thou wert fo happie by thy flay,
To heare true thrift, come Madam lets away.

\hspace{1cm} \textit{Benuol.} Good morrow Cousin.
\hspace{1cm} \textit{Romeo.} Is the day fo young?
\hspace{1cm} \textit{Ben.} But new strooke nine.
\hspace{1cm} \textit{Romeo.} Ay me, sad houres feeme long:
Was that my father that went hence fo faft?
\hspace{1cm} \textit{Ben.} It was: what fadneffe lengthens \textit{Romeos} houres?
Romeo and Juliet (Q? 1) 1597.

Rom: Not hauing that, which hauing makes them
Ben: In loue.
Rom: Out.
Ben: Of loue.
Rom: Out of her fauor where I am in loue.
Ben: Alas that loue so gentle in her view,
Should be so tyrranous and rough in prooфе.
Rom: Alas that loue whose view is muffled still,
Should without lawes giue path-waies to our will:
Where shall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue,
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O anie thing, of nothing first create!
O heauie lightnes ferious vanitie!
Mifhapen Caos of beft seeming thinges,
Feather of lead, bright fmoke, cold fire, ficke health,
Still waking fleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.
Doest thou not laugh?
Ben: No Cofe I rather weepе.
Rom: Good hart at what?
Ben: At thy good hearts oppreſſion.
Rom: Why such is loues tranſgreſſion,
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,
Which thou wouldft propagate to have them preſt
With more of thine, this griefe that thou haft showne,
Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne:
Louve is a fmoke raiſde with the fume of fighes
Being purgde, a fire sparkling in louers eyes:
Being vext, a fea raging with a louers teares.
What is it elfe? A madnes moft difcreet,
A choking gall, and a preferuing sweet. Farewell Cofe.

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

Ro:
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>160</td>
<td>Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes the short.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>160</td>
<td>Ben. In loue.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>161</td>
<td>Rom. Out.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>162</td>
<td>Ben. Of loue.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>164</td>
<td>Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.</td>
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<tr>
<td>165</td>
<td>Should be so tirannous and rough in prooфе.</td>
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<tr>
<td>167</td>
<td>Romeo. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,</td>
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<tr>
<td>169</td>
<td>Should without eyes, see pathwaies to his will:</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Where shall we dine? δ me! what fray was here?</td>
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<td>Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:</td>
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<td>172</td>
<td>Heres much to do with hate, but more with loue:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>173</td>
<td>Why then δ brawling loue, δ louing hate,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>174</td>
<td>O any thing of nothing first created:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>175</td>
<td>O heauie lightneffe, serious vanitie,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>176</td>
<td>Mishapen Chaos of welseeing formes,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>177</td>
<td>Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fier, fitche health,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>178</td>
<td>This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,</td>
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<tr>
<td>180</td>
<td>Doest thou not laugh?</td>
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<td>Benu. No Coze, I rather weepe.</td>
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<td>Rom. Good hart at what?</td>
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<td>Benu. At thy good harts oppreßion.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>184</td>
<td>Romeo. Why such is loues tranfgreffion:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>185</td>
<td>Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breaste,</td>
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<tr>
<td>186</td>
<td>Which thou wilt propogate to haue it preat,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>187</td>
<td>With more of thine, this loue that thou haft showe,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>188</td>
<td>Doth ad more greffe, too too much of mine owne.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>189</td>
<td>Loue is a smoke made with the fume of fighes,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>190</td>
<td>Being purgd, a fire sparkling in louers eies,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>191</td>
<td>Being vext, a sea nourisht with louing teares,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>192</td>
<td>What is it else? a madnesse, most difcreete,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>193</td>
<td>A choking gall, and a preferring sweete:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>194</td>
<td>Farewell my Coze.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>195</td>
<td>Ben. Soft I will go along:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>196</td>
<td>And if you leaue me fo, you do me wrong.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

But
Ro: Tut I have lost my selfe I am not here,
This is not Romeo, hee's some other where.
Ben: Tell me in fadnes whome she is you loue?
Ro: What shall I grone and tell thee?
Ben: Why no, but sadly tell me who.
Ro: Bid a sickman in fadnes make his will.

Ah word ill vrgde to one that is so ill.
In fadnes Cofen I doo loue a woman.
Ben: I aimde fo right, when as you said you lou'd.
Ro: A right good mark-man, and shee's faire I loue.
Ben: A right faire marke faire Cofe is sooneft hit.
Ro: But in that hit you misfe, shee'le not be hit

With Cupids arrow, she hath Dianaes wit,
And in strong proofe of chaftitie well arm'd:
Gainst Cupids childish bow she liues vnharm'd,
Shee'le not abide the sledge of louing tearmes,

Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold,
Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore,
That when she dies with beautie dies her store.  

*Exeunt.*
ACT I. SC. i.]

Romeo and Juliet Q2. 1599.

Rom. Tut I haue loft my selfe, I am not here,

This is not Romeo, hees some other where.

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

Ro. What shal I grone and tell thee?

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

Ro. A fiche man in fadneffe makes his will:

A word ill vrgd to one that is so ill:

In fadneffe Cozin, I do loue a woman.

Ben. I aymde so neare, when I supposide you lou’d.

Ro. A right good mark man, thees faire I loue.

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

Romeo. Well in that hit you missle, heel not be hit.

With Cupids arrow, the hath Dian wit:

And in strong proove of chaftitie well armd,

From loues weak childish bow the lines vncharmd.

Shee will not flye the fiege of louing tearmes,

Nor bide th’incounter of affailing cies.

Nor ope her lap to fainct seducing gold,

O she is rich, in bewtie onely poore,

That when she dies, with bewtie dies her flore.

Ben. The she hath fhown, that the wil tell lieue chaft?

Ro. She hath, and in that fparring, make huge waife:

For bewtie steru’d with her feueritie,

Cuts bewtie off from all pofteritie.

She is too faire, too wise, wilfully too faire,

To merit bliffe by making me dilpaire:

Shee hath forfowrne to lone, and in that vow,

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

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

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

Ben. By giuing libertie vnto thine eyes,

Examine other bewties.

Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquifit) in queftion more,

Thefe happie masks that kis faire Ladies browes,

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

He that is trooken blind, cannot forget

B 2 The
**Enter Countie Paris, old Capulet.**

Of honorable reckoning are they both,
And pittie tis they live at odds so long:
But leaving that, what say you to my fute?

*Capu:* What should I say more than I said before,
My daughter is a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not yet attaine to fourteene yeares:
Let two more sommers wither in their pride,
Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.

*Paris:* Younger than she are Happie mothers made.
*Cap:* But too soon marde are these so early maried:

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

This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,
Such as I loue: yet you among the store,
One more most welcome makes the number more.
At my poore house you shall behold this night,
Earth tredding flars, that make darke heavne light:
Such comfort as doo lusty youngmen feele,
When well appareild April on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, euen such delights
Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all fee,
The precious treasure of his eye-sight loft,
Shew me a mistresse that is palling faire,
What doth her bewtie serue but as a note,
Where I may reade who past that palling faire:
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget,

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

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.

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

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

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

   Pari. Younger then she, are happie mothers made.

   Capu. And too foone mard are those fo early made:
   Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
   Shees the hopeful Lady of my earth:

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

   This night I hold, an old accustomed feaft,
   Whereeto I have inuited many a guest:
   Such as I loue, and you among the store,
   One more, most welcome makes my number more:

   At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
   Earthtreading starrs, that make darke heauen light:
   Such comfort as do luffie young men feele,
   When well appareld Aprill on the heele,

   Of limping winter treads, even such delight
   Among frefh fennell buds shall you this night
   Inherit at my house, heare all, all see:

   And
Romeo and Juliet (Q. 1) 1597.

And like her most, whose merite most shalbe. Such amongst view of many myne beeing one, May stand in number though in reckoning none. 

_Enter Servingman._

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

_Exeunt._

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

_Enter Benvolio and Romeo._

_Ben:_ Tut man one fire burns out anothers burning, One paine is leffned with anothers anguish: Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning, One desperate griefe cures with anothers languish. Take thou some new infection to thy eye, And the ranke poyson of the old will die.

_Romeo:_ Your Planton leafe is excellent for that.

_Ben:_ For what?

_Romeo:_ For your broken shin.

_Ben:_ Why _Romeo_ art thou mad?

_Rom:_ Not mad, but bound more than a madman is.

_Shut vp in prison, kept without my food, Whipt and torment, and Godden good fellow._

_Ser:_ Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read,

_Rom:_ I mine owne fortune in my miferie.

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

_Rom:_ I if I know the letters and the language.

_Seru:_ Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

_Rom:_ Stay fellow I can read.
ACT I. SC. 2.  Romeo and Juliet  Q2 2. 1599.

And like her moft, whose merit moft shall bee:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come go with me, go firrah trudge about,
Through faire Verona, find thofe perfons out,
Whole names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleafure flay.

Exit.

Seru. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the shoe-maker shou’d meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his laft, the fifter with his penfill, & the painter with his nets. But I am fent to find thofe perfons whose names are here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing perfon hath here writ (I muft to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out, an others burning,
On paine is lefned by an others anguifh,
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One desperate greefe, cures with an others languifh:
Take thou fome new infection to thy eye,
And the rancke poyfon of the old will dye.

Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken flin.

Ben. Why Romeo, art thou mad?

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

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read?
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miferie.
Ser. Perhaps you have learned it without booke:

But I pray can you read any thing you fee?
Rom. I if I know the letters and the language.
Ser. Yee fay honestly, reft you merrie.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.
He reads the Letter.

Sir

Seigneur Martino and his wife and daughters, Countie Anselme and his beauteous sisters, the Ladie widdow of Vtruuo, Seigneur Placentio, and his louelie Neecees, Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine uncle Capulet his wife and daughters, my faire Neece Rofaline and Liunia, Seigneur Valentio and his Cofen Tibalt, Lucio and the liuelie Hellena.

A faire assembly, whether should they come?

Ser: Vp.
Ro: Whether to supper?
Ser: To our house.
Ro: Whose house?
Ser: My Masters.
Ro: Indeed I should haue askt thee that before.
Ser: Now il'e tel you without asking. My Master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Mountagues, I pray come and cruih a cup of wine.

Ben: At this fame auncient feaft of Capulets, [you merrie.

Sups the faire Rofaline whom thou so loues:
With all the admired beauties of Verona,
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shal shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro: When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falfhood, then turne tears to fire,
And thefe who often drownde could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers
One fairer than my loue, the all seeing fonte
Nere saw her match, since firft the world begun.

Ben: Tut you saw her faire none els being by,
Her felfe poyfd with her felfe in either eye:
But in that Criffall scales let there be waide,
Your Ladies loue, against some other maide
That I will shew you thinning at this feaft,
And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

Rom: Il'e goe along no fuch fight to be showne,

But
### ACT I. SC. 2.]

**Romeo and Juliet** Q. 2. 1599.

He reads the Letter.

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Eig**n**ur Martino, &c his wife and daughters: Countie Anselm, and his b**w**tious sisters: the Lady widow of V**truuio**, Seigneur Placentio, and his lovely Neece: Mercutio and his brother Valentine: mine Vncle Capulet his wife and daughters: my faire Neece Rosaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio, and his Cofen Tybalt: Lucio and the lively Hellena.

A faire assemblie, whither should they come?

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ser. Vp.</td>
<td>Whither to supper?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ro.</td>
<td>To our house.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ser.</td>
<td>Whose house?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ro.</td>
<td>Indeed I should haue askt you that before.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ser.</td>
<td>Now telle thou without asking. My maister is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray come and cruft a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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[Exit.]

73


76

Ben. At this same auncient feast of Capulets, Sups the faire Rosaline whom thou so loues: With all the admired beauties of Verona, Go thither, and with vnattainted eye, Compare her face with some that I shall shew, And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mINE eye, Maintaines such fallhood, then turne teares to fier : And these who often drownde, could neuer die, Transparent Hereticues be burnt for liers. One fairer then my loue, the all feene Sun, Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

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

90

[?] Q3. 4. [?] Fr. [1] F2. 3. 4. Q5.

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[Tut] Tut Tut F2. Tut, tut Fr. 3. 4.

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But...
But to rejoyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capuletts wife and Nurce.

VVife: Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to mee.

Nurce: Now by my maiden head at twelve yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid. Wher's this girlie? what Iuliet. Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet: How now who cals?

Nurce: Your Mother.

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

VV: This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we muft talke in secret. Nurse come back again I haue remembred me, thou feheare our counfaile. Thou know est my daughters of a prettie age.

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

VVife: Shee's not fourteen.

Nurce: Ie lay fourteen of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteen.

How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

VVife: A fortnight and odd dayes.

Nurce: Euen or odd, of all dayes in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteen. Susan and she God refh all Chriftian foules were of an age. VVell Susan is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said on Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteen, that shall shee ma-rie I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake nowe eleuene yeares, and she was weand I never shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid wormwood to my dug, fitting in the fun vnder the Doue-houfe wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I do bear a braine; But as I said, when it did taft the wormwood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-houfe twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and since that time it is eleuene yeares: for then could Iuliet flande high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could have waddled vp and downe, for even the day before shee brake her brow, and then my husband God be with his
### ACT I. SCENE 3.

**Romeo and Juliet**

**Q** 2. 1599.

<table>
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<th>Page</th>
<th>Text</th>
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<tbody>
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<td>27</td>
<td>But to rejoyce in splendor of mine owne. Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse. Wife. Nurie wher’s my daughter? call her forth to me. Nurse. Now by my maidenhead, at twelve yeare old I had her come, what Lant, what Ladie-bird, God forbid, Wheres this Girle? what Iuliet. Enter Iuliet. Iuliet. How now who calls? Nur. Your mother. Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will? Wife. This is the matter. Nurie giue leaue a while, we mud talk in secret. Nurie come backe againe, I haue remembred mee, thou’fe heare our counfel. Thou knowest my daughters of a pretie age. Nurie. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre. Wife. Shee’s not fourteene. Nurie. He lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene let spoiien, I haue but foure, Iliees not fourteene. His ouer. Long is it now to Lammas tide? Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes. Nurie. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come Lammes Eueat night, shall she be fourteen. Susans and she, God rest all Chritian soules, were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said, on Lammes Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee marrie, I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake now eleven yeares, and she was weaned never shall forget it of all the daies of the yeare upon that day: for I had then laide worme-wood to my dug, setting in the sun under the Doue-houfe wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nag I doo beare a braine. But as I said, when it did taste the worme-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretie soole, to see it teachie and fall out with the Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-houfe, twas no need I trow to bid me trudge: and since that time it is a leven yeares, for then she could stand hylone, nag byth roode she could have run and wadled all about: for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, God be with his</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
his soule, hee was a merrie man:

Doth thou fall forward, Juliet? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit: wilt thou not Juliet? and by my holli-
dam, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see how a

jeaft shall come about, I warrant you if I should live a hun-
dred yeare, I never shou'd forget it, wilt thou not Juliet?
and by my troth she fainted and cried I.

Juliet: And fient thou too, I prethee Nurce say I.
Nurce: \textit{Well goe thy waies, God marke thee for his}
grace, thou wert the pretties! Babe that euer I nurfl, might
I but live to see thee married once, I have my wifh.

VVife: And that fame marriage Nurce, is the Theame
I meant to talke of: Tell me Juliet, howe stand you af-
fected to be married?

Juliet: It is an honor that I dreame not off.
Nurce: An honor! were not I thy onely Nurce, I
would say thou hadfl fuctd wifedome from thy Treat.

VVife: Well girle, the Noble Countie Paris feekes
thee for his Wife.

Nurce: A man young Ladie, Ladie fuch a man as all
the world, why he is a man of waxe.

VVife: Veronaes Summer hath not such a flower.
Nurce: Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.
...
[Enter Clowne] catch-word.

**Wife:** Well _Juliet_, how like you of _Paris_ love.

_Juliet:_ Ile looke to like, if looking liking mone,

But no more deepe will I engage mine eye,

Then your consent giues strenght to make it flie.

[Enter Clowne.]

_Clowne:_ Maddam you are cald for, supper is readie,

_the Nurce curtis in the Pantrie, all things in extreamitie, make haft for I must be gone to waite._

Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.

_Ro:_ What shall this speech bee spoke for our excufe?

Or shall we on without Apologie.

_Benuoleo:_ The date is out of such prolixitie,

_Weele have no Cupid hudwinckt with a Scarfe,

Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,

Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper:

Nor no without booke Prologue faintly spoke

After the Prompter, for our entrance.

But let them meaure vs by what they will,

_Weele meaure them a meaure and be gone._

_Rom:_ A torch for me I am not for this aumbling, Beeing
And find delight, writ there with bewties pen,
Examine euery married liniament,
And see how one an other lends content.
And what obscurde in this faire volume lies,
Finde written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound louver,
To bewtifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fifth lines in the fea, and tis much pride
For faire without the faire, within to hide:
That booke in manies eyes doth {hare the glorie
That booke in manies eyes doth {hare the glorie That in gold clafpes locks in the golden ftorie:
So shall you share all that he doth poiffe, By hauing him, making your felfe no leffe.
Nurfe. No leffe, 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 content givts strength to make flie. Enter Servinge.
Ser. Madam the guests are come, supper seru’d vp, you cal’d, my young Lady askt for, the Nurfe curt in the Pantrie, and e-uerie thing in extremitie: I muft hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight.
Mo. We follow thee, Juliet the Countie staies.
Nur. Go gyrl, feeke happie nights to happie dayes.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with five or fixe other Maskers, torchlearers.

Romeo. What shall this speeche be spoke for our excufe? Or shall we on without appolodie?
Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no Cupid, hudwinckt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper.
But let them meafeur vs by what they will,
Weele meafeur them a meafeur and be gone.
Rom. Gie me a torch, I am not for this ambling,
Beeing but heauie I will beare the light.

_Mer:_ Beleeue me _Romeo_ I must haue you daunce.

_Rom:_ Not I beleeue me you haue dancing shooes

With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead
So ftakes me to the ground I cannot ftirre.

---

_Mer:_ Giue me a cafe to put my vifage in,
A vifor for a vifor, what care I
What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

_Rom:_ Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart
Tickle the fenceles rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a Grandfire phrafe,
Ile be a candleholder and looke on,
The game was nere fo faire and I am done.

_Mer:_ Tut dun's the moufe, the Cunftables old word,
If thou beeft Dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Of this surreuerence loue wherein thou fllickft.
Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.

_Rom:_ Nay thats not fo. _Mer:_ I meane fir in delay,
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,
Take our good meaning for our judgement fits

Three
Being but heauie I will beare the light.

Mercu. Nay gete Romeo, we muft haue you dance.

Ro. Not I beleue me, you have dancing flooes.

With nimble soles, I have a foule of Leade
So flakes me to the ground I cannot move.

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

Rom. I am too fore enpearced with his shaft,
To fore with his light feathers, and fo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,

Vnder loues heauie birthen do I fincke.

Horatio. And to fink in it shoule you burthen loue,
Too great oppreffion for a tender thing.

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

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

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe,

Give me a cafe to put my vifage in,

A vifor for a vifor, what care I

What curious eye doth cote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes shall blufh for me.

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

But euer man betake him to his legs.

Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the fencefle rufhes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a graunfire prafe,

Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere fo faire, and I am dum.

Mer. Tut, duns the moufe, the Contables own word
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire

Or faue you reverence loue, wherein thou flickeft
Vp to the eares, come we burne daylight ho.

Ro. Nay thats not fo.

Mer. I meane fir in delay

We wafe our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our indignement fits,
Three times a day, ere once in her right wits,
Rom: So we meane well by going to this maske:
But tis no wit to goe.
Mer: Why Romeo may one ask?
Rom: I dreamt a dreame to night.
Mer: And so did I. Rom: Why what was yours?
Mer: That dreamers often lie.
Rom: In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things.
Mer: Ah then I see Queene Mab hath bin with you.
Ben: Queene Mab what's me?
She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come
In shape no bigger than an Aggat stone
On the forefinger of a Burgomafter,
Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,
Athwart mens nofes when they lie a sleepe.
Her waggon ipokes are made of ipinners webs,
The couer, of the wings of Grafhoppers,
The traces are the Moone-shine watrie beames,
The collers crickets bones, the lafh of filmes,
Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie,
Not halfe so big as is a little worme,
Pickt from the laffe finger of a maide,
And in this fort she gallops vp and downe
Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue:
O're Courtiers knees: who strait on curfies dreame
O're Ladies lips, who dreame on kifles strait:
Which oft the angrie Mab with blifters plagues,
Because their breathes with sweetmeats tainted are:
Sometimes she gallops ore a Lawers lap,
And then dreams he of smelling out a fute,
And sometime comes the with a tithe pigs taile,
Tickling a Parsons nofe that lies a sleepe,
And then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she gallops ore a fouldiers nofe,
And then dreams he of cutting forraine throats,
Of breaches ambuñcados, countermines,
Of healthes fiue fadome deepe, and then anon
Drums in his eare: at which he strartes and wakes,
And fweares a Praier or two and sleepeis againe.
This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,
And proues them women of good cariage. (the night,
This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horfes in
And plats the Elfelocks in foule fluttith haire,
Which once vntangled much miffortune breedes.
Rom:
Fine times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

**Ro.** And we meane well in going to this Mask,

But tis no wit to go.

**Mer.** Why, may one ask?

**Rom.** I dreampt a dreame to night.

**Mer.** And so did I.

**Ro.** Well what was yours?

**Mer.** That dreamers often lie.

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

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

She is the Fairies midwife, and she comes in shape no bigger the an Agot flone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little ottamie, ouer mens noyes as they lie asleep: her wagg6 spokes made of log spinners legs: the couer, of the wings of Graffhoppers, her traces of the smallet spider web, her collors of the moonfines watry beams, her whip of Crickets bone, the lafh of Philome, her waggoner, a small grey coated Gnat, not half so big as a round little worme, prickt from the lazie finger of a man. Her Charriot is an empie Hafel nut, Made by the Ioyner squirlor old Grub, time out amind, the Fairies Coatchmakers: and in this state the gallops night by night, throgh loures brains, and then they dreame of lone. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curfies strait, ore Lawyers fingers who strait dreame on fees, ore Ladies lips who strait one kifles dream, which oft the angrie Mab with blifters plagues, because their breath with sweete meates tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nofe, and then dreams he of smelling out a fute: and sometime comes she with a tithpigs tale, tickling a Perfons nofe as a lies asleep, then he dreams of an other Benefice. Sometime she dreheits ore a foouldiers neck, and then dreams he of cutting forrain throates, of breaches, ambucfados, spanifh blades: Of healths five fadome depe, and then anon drums in his eare, at which he starts and wakes, and being thus frighted, sweares a prair or two & sleepe againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the night: and bakes the Elklocks in foule fluttifh haires, which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
Romeo: Peace, peace, thou talkst of nothing.

Mercutio: True I talk of dreams,
Which are the Children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine fantasie,
Which is as thinne a substanct as the aire,
And more inconstant than the winde,
Which woos even now the frose bowels of the north,
And being angered pusses away in haste,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. (fledues.

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

Romeo: I feare too earlie, for my minde misgiues
Some conquence is hanging in the stars,
Which bitterly begins his fearfull date
With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme
Of a dishipe life, close in this breast,
By some untimelie forset of vile death:
But he that hath the steerage of my courfe
Directs my faile, on lustie Gentlemen.

Enter
ACT I. SC. 5.

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

Romeo. Peace, peace, Mercutio peace,
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Merc. True, I talk of dreams:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vain phantastie:
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And being angerd pusses away from thence,
Turning his side to the dewe dropping South.

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

Ro. I fear too earlie, for my mind misgives,
Some confiquence yet hanging in the starses,
Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date,
With this nights revelations, and expire the termes
Of a despised life close in my breast:
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.

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

Ben. Strike drum.

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

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helps not to take away?
He shift a trencher, he scrape a trencher?
1. When good manners shall lie all in one or two mens hands
And they vnwasht too, tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the ioyntoole, remove the Courtcubbett, looke to the plate, good thou, faue me a peece of March-pane, and as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindfione, and Nell, Anthonie and Potpan.

2. I Boy
Enter old Capulet with the Ladies.

Capu: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes vpplagud with Corns
Will haue about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,
Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
Shee that makes daintie, thee Ie sweare hath Corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-

More lights you knaues, & turn these tables vp,
And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.
Ah firra, this vulookt for sport comes well,
Nay fit, nay fit, good Cofen Capulet:
For you and I are past our standing dayes,
How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?

Cof: By Ladie sir tis thirtie yeares at leaft.
Cap: Tis not fo much, tis not fo much,
Tis since the mariage of Lucentio,
Come Pentecoft as quicklie as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

Cof: Tis more, tis more, his fonne is elder far.
Cap: Will you tell me that it cannot be so,
His fonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,
Good youths I faith. Oh youth’s a iolly thing.

Rom:
### ACT 1. SC. 5. | Romeo and Juliet | Q: 2. 1599.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>I boy readie. Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and fought for in the great chamber.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes, Be brisk a while, and the longer liner take all. <em>Exeunt.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16.</td>
<td>Enter all the guefts and gentlewomen to the Maskers.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. Capu.</td>
<td>Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you: Ah my miftefles, which of you all Will nowe denying to daunce, the that makes daintie, She Ile swear hath Corns: am I come neare ye now? Welcome gentlemen, I haue feene the day That I haue wonne a vifor and could tell A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare: Such as would pleafe: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone, You are welcome, gentlemen come, Mufitions play.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16.</td>
<td><em>Ah my</em> Ah me, F2, 3.4.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24.</td>
<td>A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it gyrls, More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp: And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot. Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sporte comes well:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.</td>
<td>Nay fit, nay fit, good Cozin Capulet, For you and I are paft our dauncing dayes: How long ift now fince laft your selfe and I Were in a maske?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32.</td>
<td>2. Capu. Berlady thirtie yeares.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. Capu.</td>
<td>What man tis not fo much, tis not fo much, Tis fince the nuptiall of Lucientio: Come Pentycoft as quickly as it will, Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36.</td>
<td>2. Capu. Tis more, tis more, his fonne is elder sir: His fonne is thirtie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40.</td>
<td>His fonne was but a ward 2, yeares ago.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C 3</td>
<td><em>Romeo. What</em></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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10. *and cald* cald F3.4.  
16. *Ah my* Ah me, F2, 3.4.  
23. *gentlemen come,* gentlemen, come Qq. Ff.  
25. *you,* ye F2, 3.4.  
32. *Berlady,* By'r lady F4.  
34. *Lucientio:* Lucientio, Q3. F1.  
40. 2.] two Qq. Ff.
Romeo and Juliet (Q. 1) 1597.

Romeo: What Ladie is that that doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight? O shee doth teach the torches to
burne bright!
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
Like a rich iewell in an Actiops eare,
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes showes.
The measure done, ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now? For weare it right,
I neuer faw true beautie till this night.

Tib: This by his voice should be a Mountague,
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the flaue
Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,
To fcorne and ieere at our solemnitie?
Now by the flocke and honor of my kin,
To frike him dead I hold it for no fin.

Ca: Why how now Co fen, wherfore florme you so.

Ti: Uncle this is a Mountague our foe,
A villaine that is hether come in spight,
To mocke at our solemnitie this night.

Ca: Young Romeo, is it not?
Ti: It is that villaine Romeo.
Ca: Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentle-

And to speake truth, Verona brags of him,
As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
Here in my house doo him disparagement:
Therefore be quiet take no note of him,

Beare a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeming femblance for a feast.

Ti: It fits when such a villaine is a guest,
| ACT I. SC. 5. | Romeo and Juliet | Q. 2. 1599. | 41 |
|———|———|———|———|
| Ro. | What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand | 41. [Ladies] Ladie is Qq. Fl. |
| Of yonder Knight? | 42. |
| Ser. | I know not sir. | 43. |
| Ro. | O the doth teach the torches to burn bright: | 44. |
| It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night: | 45. It seemes she] Her |
| As a rich jewel in an Ethiops eare, | beauty F2, 3, 4. |
| Bewtie too rich for vfe, for earth too deare: | 46. As] Like F2, 3, 4. |
| So showes a snowie Doue trooping with Crowes, | 47. |
| As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes: | 48. |
| The meafure done, Ie watch her place of stand, | 49. |
| And touching hers, make blefled my rude hand. | 50. |
| Did my hart loue till now, for faire it fight, | 51. |
| For I nere saw true bewtie till this night. | 52. |
| Tital. This by his voyce, should be a Mountague. | 53. nere] ne're Q5. never |
| Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the flawe | 54. |
| Come hither couerd with an antique face, | 55. what] [?] Q5. |
| To fleere and fcorne at our solemnitie? | 56. |
| Now by the flocke and honor of my kin, | 57. |
| To fstrike him dead, I hold it not a fin. | 58. |
| Capu. Why how now kinsman, wherefore florme | 59. |
| Tib. Uncle, this is a Mountague our foe: (you so? | 60. |
| A villaine that is hither come in spight, | 61. |
| To fcorne at our solemnitie this night. | 62. |
| Cap. Young Romeo is it. | 63. it.] [?] Fl. Q5. |
| Tib. Tis he, that villaine Romeo. | 64. |
| Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone, | 65. |
| A beares him like a portly Gentleman: | 66. |
| And to say truth, Verona brags of him, | 67. |
| To be a vertuous and welgovernd youth, | 68. |
| I would not for the wealth of all this Towne, | 69. |
| Here in my house do him disparagement: | 70. this] the Fl. |
| Therefore be patient, take no note of him, | 71. |
| It is my will, the which if thou respect, | 72. |
| Shew a faire prefence, and put off these frownes, | 73. |
| An illbefeming fesemblance for a feast. | 74. |
| Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a gueft, | 75. |
I'll not indure him.

Ca: He shalbe indured, goe to I say, he shall,

Am I the Master of the house or you? 
You'le not indure him? God shal mend my soule 
You'le make a mutenie amongt my guest, 
You'le set Cocke a hoope, you'le be the man. 

Ti: Vnkle tis a shame. 

Ca: Goe too, you are a faucie knaue, 

This tricke will scath you one day I know what. 

Well saied my hartes. Be quiet: 
More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet. (ting, 

Tibalt: Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee-

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings: 
I will withdraw, but this intruion shal 
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. 

Rom: If I prophane with my vnworthie hand, 
This holie shrine, the gentle finne is this: 
My lips two bluhing Pilgrims ready stand, 
To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kiffe. 

Iuli: Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too 
Which mannerly devotion thewes in this: (much, 

For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch, 
And Palmes to Palmes is holy Palmers kiffe. 

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

Iuli: Yes Pilgrime lips that they must vfe in praier. 

Ro: Why then faire saint, let lips do what hands doo, 
They pray, yeeld thou, leaft faith turne to dispaire. 

Iu: Saints doe not mooue though: grant nor praier forfake. 

Ro: Then mooue not till my praier effec I take. 
Thus from my lips, by yours my fin is purgde. 

Iu: Then haue my lips the fin that they haue tooke. 

Ro: Sinne from my lips, O trespasse sweetly vrgde!
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<td>80</td>
<td>He not endure him.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1.5</td>
<td>82</td>
<td>What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,</td>
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<tr>
<td>1.5</td>
<td>84</td>
<td>Amen the matter here or you? go too,</td>
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<tr>
<td>1.5</td>
<td>88</td>
<td>You not endure him, god shall mend my soule,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1.5</td>
<td>92</td>
<td>You make a mutinie among my guests:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1.5</td>
<td>96</td>
<td>You wil fet cock a hoope, youle be the man.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1.5</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>Ti. Why Vnle, tis a shame.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1.5</td>
<td>104</td>
<td>This holy shrine, the gentle fin is this,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1.5</td>
<td>108</td>
<td>This holy shrine, the gentle fin is this,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1.5</td>
<td>112</td>
<td>Sin from my lips, o trespas sweetly vrgd:</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Romeo and Juliet Q. 2. 1599.
Give me my finne againe.

_Iul:_ You kifle by the booke.

_Nurfe:_ Madame your mother calles.

_Rom:_ What is her mother?

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

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

My life is my foes thrall.

_Ca:_ Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,

We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards.

_They whisper in his eare._

I pray you let me intreat you. Is it so?

Well then I thanke you honest Gentlemen,

I promife you but for your company,

I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:

Light to my chamber hoe.

_Exeunt._

_Iul:_ Nurfe, what is yonder Gentleman?

_Nur:_ The sonne and heire of old Tiberio.

_Iul:_Whats he that now is going out of dore?

_Nur:_ That as I thinke is yong Petruchio. (dance?)

_Iul:_Whats he that followes there that would not

_Nur:_ I know not.

_Iul:_ Goe learn his name, if he be maried,

My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

_Nur:_ His name is Romeo and a Mountague, the onely
sonne of your great enemie.

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

Too early seene vnknowne and knowne too late:,

Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,

That I should loue a loathed enemie.

_Nurfe:_ _What is this? what's that?

_Iul:_
Giue me my fin againe.

_**Iuli.**_ Youe kiffe bith booke.

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

_**Ro.**_ What is her mother?

_**Nurf.**_ Marrie Batcheler,

Her mother is the Lady of the houfe,

And a good Ladie, and a wife and vertuous,

I Nurft her daughter that you talkt withall:

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall haue the chincks.

_**Ro.**_ Is he a Capulet?

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

_**Ben.**_ Away begon, the fport is at the beft.

_**Ro.**_ I fo I feare, the more is my vnreft.

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

We haue a trifling foolifh banquet towards:

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

I thanke you honeft gentlemen, good night:

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

Ah firrah, by my faie it waxes late,

Ile to my reft.

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

_**Nurf.**_ The fonne and heire of old Tyberio.

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

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

_**Iu.**_ Whats he that follows here that wold not dace?

_**Nur.**_ I know not.

_**Iuli.**_ Go ake his name, if he be married,

My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

_**Nurf.**_ His name is Romeo, and a Mountague,

The onely sonne of your great enemie.

_**Iuli.**_ My onely loue sprung from my onely hate,

Too earlie feene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,

Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,

That I muft loue a loathed enemie.

_**Nurf.**_ Whats tis? whats tis.

_**Iu. A**_
Iul: Nothing Nurfe but a rime I learnt euen now of one I danckst with.
Nurfe: Come your mother staies for you, Ile goe a long with you. Exeunt.

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

Enter Benuolio Mercutio.
Ben: Romeo, my cofen Romeo.
Mer: Doeft thou heare he is wife,
Vpon my life he hath stolne him home to bed.
Ben: He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good Mercutio.
Mer: Call, nay Ile conjure too.
Romeo, madman, humors, passion, liuer, appeare thou in likenes of a sigh: speake but one rime & I am satisfied, cry but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, speake to my gofflip Venus one faire word, one nickname for her purblinde sonne and heire

young
ACT II. SC. I.

Romeo and Juliet Q2 2. 1599.

152. *all are] are all Q4.

II. 1.

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

Enter Benuolio with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my Cozen Romeo, Romeo.

Mer. He is wife, and on my life hath stolen 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 figh,
Speake but on rime and I am satisfied:

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

Speake to my golship Venus one faire word,
One nickname for her purblind sonne and her,

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

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

Mer: Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one shuld
raife a spirit in his Misfris circle of some strange fashion,
making it there to stand till she had laid it, and coniurde
it downe, that were some spite. My invocation is faire
and honest, and in his Misfris name I coniure onely but
to raise vp him.

Ben: Well he hath hid himsclfe amongst those trees,
To be comforted with the humeros night,
Blinde in his loue, and beft befits the darke.

Mer: If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,
Now will he fit vnder a Medler tree,
And with his Misfris were that kinde of fruite,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
Ah Romeo that she were, ah that she were
An open Et cetera, thou a poprin Pera.
Romeo God night, il'e to my trundle bed:
This field bed is too cold for mee.
Come lets away, for tis but vaine,
To seeke him here that meanes not to be found.

Ro: He iefts at scars that neuer felt a wound:
But soft, what light forth yonder window breakes?
It is the East, and Juliet is the Sunne,
Arise faire Sunne, and kill the envious Moone
That is alreadie sicke, and pale with grieue:

That
ACT II. SC. 2.]

Romeo and Juliet Q. 2. 1599.

Young Abraham: Cupid he that shot so true,
When King Cophetua loid’d the beggar mayd.
16
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosalines bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
20
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeanes, that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjured it downe,

That were some spite.
My invocation is faire & honest, in his mistresse name,
I conjure onely but to raise vp him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees
To be comforted with the numerous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the darke.

Mar. If love be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he fit vnder a Medler tree,
And with his mistresse were that kind of fruite,
As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.

O Romeo that she were, 6 that she were
An open, or thou a Poperin Peare.

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

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

Exit.

II. 2.

Ro. He jeafs at scharres that never felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Iuliet is the Sun.
4
Arise faire Sun and kill the envious Moone,
Who is alreadie sicke and pale with greefe,

That

29. in] and in Qq, Ff.
34. Mar.] Mer. Qq, Ff.
39. open, or] open &catera, and Q4, 5, (and catera Q5)
Poprin] Poperin Q4, 5.
[Exeunt.] Q4, 5, Ff.
That thou her maid, art far more faire than she,
Be not her maide since she is enuisous,
Her veftall linerie is but pale and greene,
And none but foole doth weare it, caft it off.

She speakes, but she fayes nothing. What of that?
Her eye difcourfeth, I will anfwere it.
I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes,
Two of the faireft starres in all the skies,
Hauing fome bufines, doe entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their fpherees till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnes of her cheekes would flame thofe starrs:
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
Would through the airie region ftreame fo bright,
That birdes would fing, and thinke it were not night.
Oh now she leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
I would I were the gloue to that fame hand,
That I might kifle that cheeke.

Jul: Ay me.
Rom: She speakes, Oh speake againe bright Angell:
For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my (head,

As is a winged meffenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beftrides the laifie pacing cloudes,
And failes vpon the bofone of the aire.

Jul: Ah Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
Denie thy Father, and refufe thy name,
Or if thou wilt not be but fwoorne my loue,
And i‘le no longer be a Capulet.
Rom: Shall I heare more, or fhall I speake to this?
Jul: Tis but thy name that is mine enemie.

Whats Mountague? It is nor hand nor foote,
That thou her maide art far more faire then she:
Be not her maide since she is enuous,
Her vesture is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, & it is my loue, & that she knew she wer,
She speakes, yet she saies nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it:
I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes:
To twinckle in their spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheek wold flame those stars,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

_Iu._ Ay me.
_Ro._ She speakes.
Oh speake againe bright Angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged messinger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes,
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And sayles vpon the bofome 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 my loue,
And ile no longer be a Capulet.

_Ro._ Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?
_Iu._ Tis but thy name that is my enemie:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a Mountague,
Whats Mountague? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.

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

Rom: I take thee at thy word,
Call me but loue, and I'le be new Baptised,
Henceforth I neuer will be Romeo.

Jul: What man art thou, that thus beskrid in night,
Doeft stumble on my counsaile?

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

Jul: My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongues vterance, yet I know the found:
Art thou not Romeo and a Mountague?

Ro: Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee displease.

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

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

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

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

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

Ro:
Nor arme nor face, o be some other name
Belonging to a man.

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

Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I neuer will be Romeo.

Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beschreend in
So flumblest on my counfell? (night

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

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongues uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Mountague?
Ro. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.

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

Ro. With loves light wings did I orepearch these
For ftonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kismen are no stop to me.

Iu. If they do fee thee, they will murther thee.
Ro. Alack there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enmitie.

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

Ro. I
**Romeo and Juliet (Q1 1) 1597.**

**Act II. Sc. 2.**

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

- **Iu**: By whose directions foundst thou out this place.

- **Ro**: By loue, who first did prompt me to enquire, I he gaue me counsaile and I lent him eyes. I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre As that vast shore, waft with the furthest sea, I would adventure for such Marchandife.

- **Iul**: Thou knowft the maffe of night is on my face, Els would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeks: For that which thou hast heard me speake to night, Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie, What I haue speke: but farewell complements. Doest thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt say I, And I will take thy word: but if thou sweart,

Thou maieft proue falfe:

At Louers periuries they say Ioue smiles. Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou thinke I am too easely wonne,

Il'e frowne and say thee nay and be peruerse,

So thou wilt wooe: but els not for the world,

In truth faire *Montague*, I am too fond,

And therefore thou maieft thinke my hauior light:

But truft me gentleman Ile proue more true,

Than they that haue more cunning to be strange.

I shoule haue bin strange I musi confesse,

But that thou ouer-heardst ere I was ware

My true loues Pasion: therefore pardon me,

And not impute this yeelding to light loue,

Which the darke night hath so discouered.

- **Ro**: By yonder blesse Moone I sweare,

That tips with filter all these fruit trees tops.

- **Iul**: O sweare not by the Moone the vnconstant That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe,
Ro. I haue nights cloake to hide me fro 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.

Il. By what direction foundest thou out this place?

Ro. By loue that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes:

I am no Pylat, yet wert thou as farre
As that vast shore washeth with the farthest sea,
I should adventure for such marchandise.

Il. Thou knowe'st the mask of night is on my face,

Elfe would a maiden blufh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haft heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spake, but farwell compleat.

Doest thou loue me? I know thou wilt say I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swerft,
Thou maieft pronoue falfe at louers perjuries.
They say loue laughs, 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 woe, but elfe not for the world,

In truth faire Montague I am too fond:
And therefore thou maieft think my behauior light,
But tru't me gentleman, ile proue more true,
Then those that haue coying to be strange,

I should haue bene more strange, I muft confess,
But that thou ouerheardst ere I was ware,
My truloue passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,

Which the darke night hath't Discouered.

Ro. Lady, by vnder blest Moone I vow,
That tips with siluer all theefe frute tree tops.

Il. O sware not by the moone the'inconstant moone,

That monethly changes in her circle orbe,
Leaft that thy loue prove likewise variable.

_Ro_: Now by

_Iul_: Nay doo not sweare at all,
Or if thou sweare, sweare by thy glorious selfe,
Which art the God of my Idolatry,
And I'le beleue thee.

_Ro_: If my true harts loue

_Iul_: Sweare not at al, though I doo ioy in
I haue small ioy in this contract to night,
It is too rafh, too sodaine, too vnaduide,
Too like the lightning that doth ceafe to bee
Ere one can fay it lightens.

---

I heare some comming,

Deare loue adew, sweet _Mountague_ be true,
Stay but a little and i'le come again.

_Ro_: O bleffed bleffed night, I feare being night,
All this is but a dreame I heare and fee,
Too flattering true to be subfiantiall.

_Iul_: Three wordes good _Romeo_ and good night in-
If that thy bent of loue be honourable? (deed.
Thy purpofe marriage, fend me word to morrow
By
Leaft that thy loue proue likewife variable.

Ro. What shal I fweare by?

Lu. Do not fweare at all:

Or if thou wilt, fweare by thy gracious felfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,
And Ile beleue thee.

Ro. If my hearts deare loue.

Lu. Well do not fweare, although I joy in thee:
I haue no joy of this contract to night,
It is too rath, too vnaduid, too fudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceafe to bee,

Ere one can fay, it lightens, fweete goodnight:
This bud of loue by Sommers ripening breath,
May proue a bawtious floure when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as fweete repofe and reft,

Come to thy heart, as that within my brefet.

Ro. O wilt thou leaue me fo vnfatisfied?

Lu. What fatisfaftion canft thou haue to night?

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

Lu. I gaue thee mine before thou didft request it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.

Ro. Woldft thou withdraw it, for what purpofe loue?

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

And yet I wiff but for the thing I haue,
My bountie is as boundleffe as the fea,
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:

I heare fome noyfe within, deare loue adue:
Anon good nurfe, fweete Mountague be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.

Ro. O bleffed bleffed night, I am afear'd

Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering fweete to be fubftantiall.

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

Thy purpofe marriage, fend me word to morrow,

By
By one that il'e procure to come to thee:
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And al my fortunes at thy foote il'e lay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

_{Ro:} Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from
their bookes,
But loue from loue, to schoole with heapie lookes.
_{Iul:} Romeo, Romeo, O for a falkners voice,
To lure this Taffell gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarse and may not crie aloud,
Els would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies
And make her airie voice as hoarse as mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Romeo?
_{Ro:} It is my foule that calles vpon my name,
How filuer sweet found louers tongues in night.
_{Iul:} Romeo?
_{Ro:} Madame.
_{Iul:} At what a clocke to morrow shall I fend?

_{Ro:} At the houre of nine.
_{Iul:} I will not faile, tis twenty yeares till then.
Romeo I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
_{Rom:} Let me stay here till you remember it.
_{Iul:} I shall forget to haue thee stille staiie here,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.
_{Rom:} And il'e stay stille to haue thee stille forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
_{Iu:} Tis almof morning I would haue thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird,
By one that ile procure to come to thee,  
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,  
And all my fortunes at thy foote ile lay,  
And follow thee my L. throughout the world.  
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,  
I do beseech thee (by and by I come)  
To ceafe thy strife, and leave me to my griefe,  
To morrow will I fend.  

Ro. So thrue my soule.  
   Lu. A thousand times goodnight.  
   Ro. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,  
Loue goes toward loue as schooleboyes from their bookees,  
But loue from loue, toward schoole with heauie lookes.  

Enter Juliet againe.  

Juli, Hift Romeo hift, & for a falkners voyce,  
To lure this Taffel gentle back againe,  
Bondage is hoarfe, and may not speake aloude,  
Elfe would I teare the Cane where Eccho lies,  
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarfe, then  
With repetition of my Romeo.  

Ro. It is my soule that calls vpon my name.  
How filuer fweete, fount louers tongues by night,  
Like softeft muficke to attending eares.  
   Lu. Romeo.  
   Ro. My Neece.  
   Lu. What a clocke to morrow  
Shall I fend to thee?  
   Ro. By the houre of nine.  
   Lu. I will not faile, tis twentie yeare till then,  
I haue forget why I did call thee backe.  
   Ro. Let me stand here till thou remember it.  
   Lu. I shall forget to haue thee still stand there,  
Remembring how I loue thy companie.  
   Ro. And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this,  
   Lu. Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,  
And yet no further then a wantons bird,  

That
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a pore prisoner in his twisted guies,
And with a filke thred puls it backe againe,
Too louing iealous of his libertie.

Ro: Would I were thy bird.

Iul: Sweet so would I,

Yet I shou'd kill thee with much cherrifhing thee.
Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,

That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

Rom: Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy
I would that I were sleepe and peace of sweet to rest.

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

Enter Frier Francis.

Frier: The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning
Checkring the Eastern clouds with streakes of light,
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and Titans fierie wheeles:
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie,
We muft vp fill this oafier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers,

Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In hearbes, plants, itones, and their true qualities:
ACT II. SCENE 3.

Romeo and Juliet Q. 2. 1599.

That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twitted gues,
And with a silken threed, plucks it backe againe,
So louing Jealous of his libertie.

Ro. I would I were thy bird.

Lu. Sweete fowle would I,
Yet I fhould kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.
Parting is such a sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.

Ro. I would I were thy bird.

Lu. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest
The grey eyde morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Eastern Clouds with streakes of light
And darknesse fleckted like a drunkard reecles,
From forth daies path, made by Tytans wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghosly Friers close cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. The grey-eyed morn finiles on the frowning
Checking the Eastern clouds with streakes of light:
And flecked darknesse like a drunkard reecles,
From forth daies path, and Tytans burning wheeles:
Now ere the fun advance his burning eie,
The day to cheere, and nights dancke dewe to drie,
I must vpfill this offer cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious iuyced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kinde,
We fucking on her naturall bosome finde:
Many for many, vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, hearbes, stones, and their true quallities:
For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth live,
But to the earth some speciall good doth give:
Nor nought so good, but strain'd from that faire use,
Revolts to vice and stumbles on abuse:
Vertue it selfe turns vice being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.

Within the infant rinde of this small flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medecine power:
For this being smelt too, with that part cheares each hart,
Being tafted stales all fences with the hart.
Two such oppofed foes incampe them still,
In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
And where the worfer is predominant,
Full foon the canker death eats vp that plant.

Rom: Good morrow to my Ghostly Confeilbr.
Fri: Benedicite, what earlie tongue fo foon saluteth (me?)

Yong fonne it argues a diempered head,
So foon to bid good morrow to my bed.
Care keepe his watch in every old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep can never lie:
But where vnbruied youth with vnfruit braines
Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remains:
Therefore thy earlines doth me affure,
Thou art vprow'd by fome diemperature.
Or if not fo, then here I hit it righ.
Our Romeo hath not bin a bed to night.

Ro: The laft was true, the sweeter refit was mine.
Fr: God pardon fin, wert thou with Rofaline?
Ro: With Rofaline my Ghostly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri: Thats my good fonne: but where haft thou bin

Ro: I tell thee ere thou ask me againe,
I haue bin feasting with mine enemie:

Where on the fodaine one hath wounded mee
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth some especiall good doth giue:
Nor ought so good but strain'd from that faire vis,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

*Enter Romeo.*

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

*Fri.* Goodmorrow father.

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

*Ro.* God pardon sin, waft thou with Rosaline?

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

*Fri.* That's my good son, but wher haft thou bin the?

*Ro.* Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:

I haue bene feffting with mine enemie,
Where on a suddan one hath wounded me:

---

**Notes:**

25. *smelt with that part.*


34. *distempered* Q5, F4.

37. *lodges* F2, 3, 4.

41. *distemprature* F3, 4.

46. *father no.* Fr.
Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
With in thy help and holy phisicke lies,
I beare no hatred bleffed man: for loe
My intercefsion likewise fleades my foe.

_Rom_: From this point to the end of the play a smaller type is used in the original edition, and the running title is changed from "The most excellent Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet" to "The excellent Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

_Fri_: Be plaine my fonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeffion findes but ridling shrift.

_Rom_: Then plainly know my harts deare loue is fet
On the faire daughter of rich _Capulet:_
As mine on hers, fo hers likewise on mine,
And all combind, faue what thou muft combine
By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
Il'e tell thee as I paffe: But this I pray,
That thou content to marrie vs to day.

_Fri_: Holy S. Francis, what a change is here?
Is _Rofaline_ whome thou didft loue fo deare
So foone forfooke, lo yong mens loue then lies
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.

_Ifsu Maria_, what a deale of brine
Hath waflit thy faallow cheekes for _Rofaline?_
How much falt water caft away in wafté,
To fefon loue, that of loue doth not taffe.
The funne not yet thy fighes from heaven cleares,
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
And loe vpon thy cheeke the faine doth fit,
Of an old teare that is not waft off yet.
If euer thou wert thus, and thefe woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for _Rofaline,
And art thou changde, pronounce this fentence then
Women may fal, when ther's no strength in men.

_Rom_: Thou chidft me oft for louing _Rofaline._
_Fr_: For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.
_Rom_: And baidft me burie loue.

_Fr_: Not in a graue,
To lay one in another out to haue.

_Rom_: I pree thee chide not, she whom I loue now

_Doth_
ACT II. SC. 3.]

Romeo and Juliet Q. 2. 1599.

52. [wounded both.] wounded, both Q3. 4. wounded: both Q5.

56. and] rest Ff.

Fri. Be plaine good soune and homely in thy drift, 
Ridling confession, finds but ridling thrift.

Ro. Then plainly know, my harts deare love is let
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combind, saue what thou mull 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 confent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. Frauncis what a change is here
Is Rosaline that thou didst love so deare,
So soone forsaken? young mens love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.
Iefn Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath wafht thy fallow cheekes for Rosaline?

How much fast water throwne away in wafle,
To season love, that of it doth not taste.
The Sun not yet thy fighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ringing in mine auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth fit,
Of an old teare that is not wafht off yet.
If ere thou wafht thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.

And art thou chang'd, pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when theres no strenght in men.
Ro. Thou chidst me oft for louing Rosaline.
Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.

Ro. And badst me burse love.
Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in an other out to haue.
Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now.

Doth
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not so.
Fr: Oh she knew well
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come young Wagner, come goe with mee,
In one respect Ile thy assistant bee:
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turne your Housholds rancour to pure love.  Exeunt.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio.

Mer: Why what's become of Romeo? came he not home to night?
Ben: Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.
Mer: Ah that same pale hard hearted wench, that Ro-
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.  (saline,
Mer: Tybalt the Kinflman of olde Capolet
Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers Hous: Some Challenge on my life.
Ben: Romeo will answer it.
Mer: I, anie man that can write may answer a letter.
Ben: Nay, he will answer the letters matter if hee bee challenged.
Mer: Who, Romeo? why he is alreadie dead: stabd with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the ear
with a lune fong, the vere pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde bow-boyes but-shaft.  And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?
Ben: Why what is Tybalt?
Mer: More than the prince of cattes I can tell you. Oh he is the courageous captaine of complements. Catfo, he fighthes as you finge pricke-fong, keepes time dystance and proportion, refts me his minum reft one two and the thirde in your bosome, the very butcher of a filken button, a Duel-
lift a Duellift, a gentleman of the very first houfe of the first and
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not so.

_Fri._ O she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, that could not spell:

But come young wauerer, come go with me,
In one respect 'tis thy assistent be:
For this alliance may so happily prove,
To turne your households rancor to pure love.

_Ro._ O let vs hence, I stand on sudden haft.

_Fri._ Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

_Exeunt._

_Enter Benuolio and Mercutio._

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

_Ben._ Not to his fathers, I spake with his man.

_Mer._ Why that fame pale hard hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will fure run mad.

_Ben._ Tybalt, the kinman to old Capulet, hath sent a letter to his fathers house.

_Mer._ Any man that can write may anfwer a letter.

_Ben._ Nay, he wil anfwer the letters maifter how he dares, being dared.

_Mercu._ Alas poore Romeo, he is alreadie dead, stabd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a love fong, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde-bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is hee a man to encounter Tybalt?

_Ro._ Why what is Tybalt?

_Mer._ More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the courageous captain of Complements: he fights as you'fing prickfong, keeps time, distance & proportion, he refts, his minum refts, one two, and the third in your bosome: the very butcher of a silke button, a dualift a dualift, a gentleman of the very first house of the
| Page 68 | Romeo and Juliet (Q. 1) 1597. [ACT II. SC. 4.]
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerfo, the Hay. Ben: The what? Me: The Poxe of such limping antique affecting fantasticoes these new tuners of accents. By Iefu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why grand-fir is not this a miserable cafe that we should be still afflicted with these strange flies: these fashionmongers, these pardonnees, that stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot fitte at cafe on the old bench. Oh their bones, their bones. Ben. Heere comes Romeo. Mer: Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. O flesh flesh how art thou fishtified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowdin: Laura to his Lady was but a kitchin drudg, yet she had a better love to berime her: Dido a dowdy Cleopatra a Gypsie, Hero and Hellen bildings and harletries: Thibbie a gray eye or so, but not to the purpofe. Signior Romeo bon iour, there is a French curtesie to your French flop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yesternight. Rom: What counterfeit I pray you? Me: The flip the flip, can you not conceiue? Rom: I cry you mercy my bufines was great, and in such a cafe as mine, a man may freaine curtesie. Mer: Oh thats as much to say as such a cafe as yours wil constraime a man to bow in the hams. Rom: A moft curteous exposition. Me: Why I am the very pinke of curtesie. Rom: Pinke for flower? Mer: Right. Rom: Then is my Pumpe well flour’d: Mer: Well said, follow me nowe that ieft till thou haft worn out thy Pumpe, that when the single sole of it is worn the ieft may remaine after the wearing folie finguler. Rom: O</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>
first and second cause, ah the immortal all Passado, the Punto never fo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantasies, these new tuners of accent: by Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lametabfe thing grundfar, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies: these fashion-mongers, these pardons mee, who stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot fit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo,

Ben. Here Comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering, O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? now is he for the numbers that Petrach flowed in: Laura to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marriage had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipsie, Hellen and Hero, hildings and harlots: Thiskie a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, Bonieur, theres a French falutation to your French flop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairly laft night.

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

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

Ro. Pardon good Mercatia, my businesse was great, and in such a cafe as mine, a man may frayne curtefie.

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

Ro. Meaning to curie.

Mer. Thou haft moft kindly hit it.

Ro. A moft curteous exposition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pinck of curtefie.

Ro. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Ro. Why then is my pump well flowerd.

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

Ro. O
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Act II. Sc. 4.</th>
<th>Romeo and Juliet (Q. 1) 1597.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rom: O single foald iest folie singuler for the singlenes.</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Me. Come between us good Benuolio, for my wits faile.</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rom: Swits and fpurres, swits &amp; fpurres, or Ile cry a match.</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mer: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chase, I have done: for I am sure thou hast more of the goosë in one of thy wits, than I have in all my five: Was I with you there for the goosë?</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rom: Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when thou wert not with me for the goosë.</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Me: Ile bite thee by the eare for that iest.</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rom: Nay good goosë bite not.</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mer: Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp sauce</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rom: And was it not well seru’d in to a sweet goosë?</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mer: Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that stretceth from an ynych narrow to an ell broad.</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rom: I stretccht it out for the word broad, which added to the goosë, proues thee faire and wide a broad goosë.</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mer: Why is not this better now than groning for lounë? why now art thou fociable, now art thou thy selfe, nowe art thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This drueling lounë is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ben: Stop there.</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Me: Why thou wouldst haue me stopp my tale against the haire.</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ben: Thou wouldst haue made thy tale too long?</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mer: Tut man thou art deceived, I meant to make it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale? and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rom: Heers goodly geare.</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enter Nurse and her man.</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mer: A faile, a faile, a faile.</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ben: Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nur: Peter, pree thee giue me my fan.</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mer: Pree thee doo good Peter, to hide her face: for her fanne is the fairer of the two.</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nur: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
60  Ro  O single folde icaft, folie singular for the tinglemonde.
Mer.  Come betweene vs good Benwolio, my wits faints.
Ro.  Swits and spurs, swits and spurres, or ile crie a match.
Mer.  Nay, if our wits run the wildgoose chafe, I am done:  
For thou haft more of the wildgoose in one of thy wits, then I  
am sure I have in my whol heart.  Was I with you there for the  
goose?
Ro.  Thou waft neuer with me for any thing, when thou waft  
not there for the goose:  
Mer.  I will bite thee by the care for that icaft.
Rom.  Nay good goose bite not.
Mer.  Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting, it is a moft sharp sawce.
Rom.  And is it not then well seru'd in to a sweete goose?  
Mer.  Oh heres a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an  
ych narrow, to an ell broad.
Ro.  I stretch it out for that word broad, which added to the  
goose, proues thee farre and wide a broad goose.
Mer.  Why is not this better now then groning for lone, now  
art thou fociable, now art thou Romeo: now art thou what thou  
art, by art as well as by nature, for this driueling loue is like a  
great naturall that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable  
in a hole.
Ben.  Stop there, stop there.
Mer.  Thou desierest me to stop in my tale against the haire.
Ben.  Thou wouldst else haue made thy tale large.
Mer.  O thou art deceiu'd, I would have made it short, for I  
was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to  
occupie the argument no longer.
Ro.  Heeres goodly geare.  
A fayle, a fayle.
Mer.  Two two, a shert and a smocke.
Nur.  Peter:
92  Peter.  Anon.
Nur.  My fan Peter.
Mer.  Good Peter to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.
E 3  Mer.  God
Romeo and Iuliet (Q1) 1597. [ACT II. SC. 4.]

Mer: God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.
Nur: Is it godyegooden I pray you.
Mer: Tis no leffe I assure you, for the baudie hand of the diall is euen now uppon the pricke of noone.
Nur: Fie, what a man is this?
Rom: A Gentleman Nurfe, that God hath made for himselfe to marre.
Nur: By my troth well said: for himselfe to marre quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong Romeo?
Rom: I can: but yong Romeo will bee elder when you haue found him, than he was when you fought him. I am the yongeft of that name for fault of a worfe.
Nur: Well said.
Mer: Yea, is the worft well? mas well noted, wisely, wisely.
Nu: If you be he fir, I defire some conference with ye.
Ben: O, belike the meanes to invite him to supper.
Mer: So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.
Rom: Why what haft found man?
Mer: No hare fir, vnsleffe it be a hare in a lenten pye, that is somewhat stale and hoare ere it be eaten.

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

Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio:

Nur: Marry farewell. Pray what faucie merchant was this that was fo full of his roperipe?
Rom: A gentleman Nurfe that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will fpeake more in an houre than hee will stand to in a month.
Nur: If hee stand to anie thing against mee, Ile take him downe if he were luffier than he is: if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that shall: I am none of his flurt-gills, I am none of his skaines mates.
Mer. God ye goodden faire gentlewoman.
Nur. Is it good den?
Mer. Tis no leffe I tell yee, for the bawdie hand of the dyal, is now vpon the prick of noone.

Nur. Out vpon you, what a man are you?
Ro. One gentlewoman, that God hath made, himselfe to mar.
Nur. By my troth it is well said, for himselfe to mar quoth a.

Getleme ca any of you tel me wher I may find the yong Romeo?
Ro. I can tel you, but young Romeo will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you fought him: I am the yongest of that name, for fault of a worfe.

Nur. You say well.
Mer. Yea is the worft wel, very wel took, isaith, wifely, wifely.

Nur. If you be he fir, I defire fome confidence with you.
Ben. She will endite him to fome fupper.
Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud.

Ro. What haft thou found?
Mer. No hare fir, vuleffe a hare fir in a lenten pie, that is fomething stale and hoare ere it be fpent.

But a hare that is hore, is too much for a fcore, when it hores ere it be fpent.
Romeo, will you come to your fathers? weele to dinner thither.
Ro. I will follow you.
Mer. Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Nur. I pray you fir, what fawcie merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?
Ro. A gentleman Nurfe, that loues to heare himfelfe talke, and will fpake more in a minute, then hee will fland too in a moneth.

Nur. And a fpake any thing againft me, Ile take him downe, and a were luftier then he is, and twentie fuch Iacks: and if I cannot, ile finde those that flall: fcuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt gills, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou muf't fland.
She turns to Peter her man.

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

*Pet: I see no bodie vie you at his pleasurable, if I had, I would soone haue drawn: you know my toole is as soone out as anothers if I see time and place.

*Nur: Now afore God he hath so vexl me, that euery member about me quiers: fcuruie Iacke. But as I said, my Ladie bad me seek ye out, and what thee bad me tell yee, that Ile keepe to my felse: but if you should leade her into a fooles paradise as they saye, it were a verie groffe kinde of behauiour as they saye, for the Gentlewoman is yong. Now if you should deale douly with her, it were verie weake dealing, and not to be offered to anoie Gentlewoman.

*Rom: Nurfe, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I protest.

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

*Rom: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

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

*Rom: Bid her get leave to morrow morning
To come to thrift to Frier Laurence cell:
And stay thou Nurfe behinde the Abbey wall,
My man shall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackled flaire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Muß be my conduc in the secret night.

Hold, take that for thy pains.

*Nur: No, not a penie truly.

*Rom: I say you shall not chuse.

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

*Rom: Farewell, be truflie, and Ile quite thy paine. Exit

*Nur:
stand by too and suffer every knaue to vse me at his pleasure.

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

Nur. Now afofe God, I am so vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruie knaue: pray you fir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what me bid me fay, I will keepe to my selfe: but firft let me tel ye, if ye mould leade her in a fooles paradife, as they say, it were a very groffe kind of behauior as they fay: for the Gentlewoman is yong: and therefore, if you should deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be ofred to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dea-

Rom. Nurfe, commend me to thy Lady and Mistrefle, I pro-
tect vnto thee...

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

Ro. What wilt thou tel her Nurfe? thou doeft not marke me?

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

Ro. Bid her deuife some means to come to thrift this afternoon, And there she shall at Frier Lawrence Cell

Be shrieued and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly fir not a penny.

Ro. Go too, I fay you shall.

Nur. This afternoone fir, well she shall be there.

Ro. And fay good Nurfe behinde the Abbey wall, Within this howre my man shall be with thee, And bring thee cordes made like a tackled stayre, Which to the high toppallant of my ioy,

Must be my conuoy in the secret night.

Farewell be truffe, and ile quit thy paines:

Farewel, commend me to thy Mistrefle.

Nur. Now
Nur: Peter, take my fanne, and goe before. Ex. omnes.

Enter Iuliet.

Jul: The clocke stroke nine when I did send my Nursette
In halfe an houre she promis'd to returne.
Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.
Oh she is lazie, Loues heralds shou'd be thoughts,
And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.
Now God in heauen bleffe thee, harke you sir.

Ro. What faift thou my deare Nurfe?

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

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as steele.

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

Ro. I Nurfe, what of that?

Nur. A mocker thats the dog, name R. is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the pretieth fententious of it, of you and Rosamund, that it would do you good to heare it.

Ro. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thoufand times Peter.

Petr. Anon.


Enter Iuliet.

Iul. The clocke strooke nine when I did send the Nurfe,

In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him, thats not so:
Oh she is lame, loues heraulds shoule be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Suns beames,
Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble piniond doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind swift Cupid wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmoft hill,
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is there long houres, yet she is not come,
Had she affections and warme youthfull bloud,

She
Oh wheres ... aqua vitae

Enter Nurse.

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

Nur: Oh I am wearie, let mee rest a while. Lord how
my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Giue me some aqua
vitae.

Jul: I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes.
Nur: Fie, what a iaunt haue I had: and my backe a to-
ther side. Lord, Lord, what a cafe am I in.

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

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

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

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

M. And his to me, but old folks, many fain as they wer dead,
Vnwieldie, flowe, heauie, 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.

Lu. Now good sweete Nurse, O Lord, why lookest thou fad?
Though newes be fad, yet tell them merily.
If good, thou shamest the musick of sweete newes,
By playing it to me, with so fower a face.

Nur. I am a wareie, giue me leaue a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunce haue I?

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

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

Lu. How art thou out of breath, when thou haft breath
To fay to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou doest make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doest excufe.
Is thy newes good or bad? anfwere to that,
Say either, and ile stay the circumstance:

Let me be fatisfied, ift good or bad?

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

Lu. No, no. But all this did I know before.
What fayes he of our marriage, what of that?

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

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

J ul: Lord, Lord, how odly thou replieft? He faiers like a kinde Gentleman, and an honest, and a vertuous; wheres your mother?

Nur: Marry come vp, cannot you fay a while? is this the poulette for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl have done, euen doot your selfe.

J ul: Nay fay sweet Nurfe, I doo intreate thee now, What fayes my Loue, my Lord, my Romeo?

Nur: Goe, hye you straungt to Friar Laurence Cell,
And frame a fufe that you muft goe to thrift:
There fayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I muft prouide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your Lord muft clime a birdes neft foone.
I muft take paynes to further your delight,
But you muft beare the burden foone at night.
Doth this newes pleafe you now?

J ul: How doth her latter words reuiue my hart.
Thanks gentle Nurfe, diispatch thy busines,
And Ile not faile to meete my Romeo.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Frier.

Rom: Now Father Laurence, in thy holy grant
Confiifts the good of me and Iuliet.
Fr: Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.
My back a tother side, a my backe, my backe:
Betheawe your heart for sendinge me about
To catch my death with iaunsing vp and downe.

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

Sweete, sweete, sweete Nurfe, tell me what fayes my lone?

*Nur. Your lone fayes like an honeft gentleman,
And a Courteous, and a kinde, and a handforme,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?*

*Is. Where is my mother, why she is within, wher shuld she be?*

How odly thou replieft:
Your lone fayes like an honeft 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 meffages your selfe.*

*Is. Heres such a coyle, come what fayes Romeo?*

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

*Is. I haue.*

*Nur. Then high you hence to Frier Lawrence Cell,*

There fayes a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Theile be in scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I muft an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your lone
Muft clime a birds neaft foone when it is darke,
I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen foone at night.

Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

*Iuli. Hie to high fortune, honeft Nurfe farewell.*

**Exeunt.**

*Enter Frier and Romeo.*

*Fri. So smyle the heauens vpon this holy act,*
That after houres, with forrow chide vs not.
*Ro. Amen, amen, but come what forrow can,*
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy
<table>
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<th>Romeo and Juliet (Q1 1) 1597.</th>
<th>ACT II. SC. 6.</th>
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</thead>
</table>
| **Rom**: This morning here she pointed we should meet, And consummate those neuer parting bands, Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands, And come she will.  
**Fr**: I geffe she will indeed, Youths loue is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed. |

---

Enter Julieth somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.

See where she comes.

So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:

Of loue and ioy, see see the foueraigne power,

**Jul**: Romeo.

**Rom**: My Julieth welcome. As doo waking eyes  
(Cloaed in Nights myfts) attend the froliche Day,  
So Romeo hath expected Julieth,  
And thou art come.

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

**Rom**: All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.  
**Jul**: Romeo from thine all brightnes doth arife.

**Fr**: Come wantons, come, the stealsing houres do passe  
Defer imbracements till some fitter time,  
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,  
Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.  
**Rom**: Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.

**Jul**: Make haft, make haft, this lingring doth vs wrong.  
**Fr**: O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.

Haft is a common hindrer in crosfe way.  

Exeunt omnes.
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devooring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die like fier and powder:
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so,
Too swift arrivies, as tardie as too lowe.

Enter Juliet.

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

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thankes too much.

Rome. Ah Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heart like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre and let rich musickes tongue,
Unfold the imagind happines that both
Receive in either, by this deare encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament,
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true love is growne to such exceffe,
I cannot sum vp sum of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,

(Tworke,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

[Exeunt.] F2, 3, 4.
Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.

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

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

Ben: Am I like such a one?

Mer: Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude,
and as foone mooude to be moodie, and as foone moodie to
be moooud.

Ben: And what too?

Mer: Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue

none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for crack-
ing of nuts, haung no other reason, but because thou hadst
haflill eyes? what eye but such an eye would haue pickt out

such a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee
wakd thy dogge that lay a sleepe in the Sunne? With a
Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Easter: and
with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands.
And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

Ben: By my head here comes a Capolet.

Enter Tybalt.

Mer: By my heele I care not.

Tyb: Gentlemen a word with one of you.
Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.

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

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 fayes, God fend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a lacke in thy moode as any in Italie: and affoone mouded to be moodie, and affoone moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leffe in his beard, then thou haft: thou wilt quarell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reafon, but becaufe thou haft hafel eyes: what eye, but such an eye wold spie out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarelles, as an egge is full of meate, and yet thy head hath bene beaten as addle as an egge for quarelling: thou haft quarelld with a man for coffing in the streete, becaufe hee hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine asleep in the fun. Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Eafter, with an other for tying his new floroes with olde riband, and yet thou wilt tuter me from quarelling?

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

Mer. The fee-fimple, o simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the Capulets.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tybalt. Follow me clofe, for I will speake to them.

Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.
Mer: But one word with one of vs? You had best couple it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow.
Tyb: I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.

Mer: Could you not take occasion?

Tyb: Mercutio thou confort with Romeo?
Mer: Confort. Zwounes confort? the flawe wil make fid-lers of vs. If you doe firra, look for nothing but discord: For heeres my fiddle-flicke.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb: Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.
Mer: But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Mary go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in that fence your worship may call him man.

Tyb: Romeo the hate I beare to thee can afford no bet-ter words then thefe, thou art a villaine.
Rom: Tybalt the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, ther-fore I well perceiue thou knowft me not.

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

Mer: O dishonorable vile submission.
**ACT III. SC. 1.**  
*Romeo and Juliet*  
Q2, 1599.

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<td>Merc. And but one word with one of vs, couple it with something, make it a word and a blowe.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Tib. You shall find me apt enough to that sir, and you wil give me occasion.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Merc. Could you not take some occasion without giving?</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Tyb. Mercutio, thou comfortest with Romeo.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Merc. Comfort, what doest thou make vs Minstrels? and thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to hear nothing but discords: heeres my fiddlesticke, heeres that shall make you daunce: zounds comfort.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men: Either withdraw vnto some private place, Or reafon coldly of your greeuances: Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.</td>
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<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>Merc. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze. I will not budge for no mans pleafure I.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Enter Romeo.</td>
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<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>Tyb. Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Merc. But ile be hangd sir if he wear your liuerie: Marrie go before to field, heele be your follower, Your worship in that senfe may call him man.</td>
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<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Tyb. Romeo, the loue I beare thee, can affoord No better terme then this: thou art a villain.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ro. Tybalt, the reafon that I have to loue thee, Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting: villain am I none. Therefore farewell, I fee thou knowest me not.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou haft done me, therefore turne and draw.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ro. I do protest I never injured thee, But loue thee better then thou canft deniſe: Till thou shalt know the reafon of my loue, And fo good Capulet, which name I tender As dearely as mine owne, be satisfied.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Merc. O calme, dishonourable, vile submiſſion:</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

F 3

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35. *ns.] [?] Qg. Fl.  
44. *zounds] Come Fl.  
60. *villaine am I none] (I am Q9) om. F2, 3, 4.  
64. *injured] injur’d Q3, 4. injur’d Q5, Fl.  
65. *loue] lou’d Fl.  
68. *mine] my Q4, Fl.  
Allaflockado caries it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

_Tyb_: What wouldeft with me?

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

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

_Tibalt_ vnder Romeo's arme _thrusts_ _Mercutio_, in and flyes.

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

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

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

_Rom_: I did all for the beft.

_Mer_: A poxe of your houfes, I am fairely drefte. Sirra goe fetch me a Surgeon.

_Boy_: I goe my Lord.

_Mer_: I am pepperd for this world, I am fped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to morrow you shall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houfes, I shall be fairely mounted uppon foure mens shouders: For your houfe of the _Mountegues_ and the _Capolets_: and then some peantantly rogue, some Sexton, some base flaue shall write my Epitaph, that _Tyrball_ came and broke the Princes Lawes, and _Mercutio_ was flaine for the firft and second caufe. Wher's the Surgeon?

_Boy_: Hee's come fir.

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

_Exeunt_
ACT III. SC. I.

Romeo and Juliet

Q. 2. 1599.

Alla flucatho carries it away,
Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

Tib. What wouldst thou haue with me?

M. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues,
that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall vfe mee
hereafter drie beate the rest of the eight. Will you pluckle your
fword out of his pilcher by the cares? make hafte, leaft mine be
about your cares ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.
Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come fir, your Palfado.
Rom. Draw Benuolio, beate downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for shame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, Mercutio, the Prince exprefly hath
Forbid this bandying in Verona streetes,
Hold Tybalt, good Mercutio.

Away Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both houfes, I am fped,
Is he gone and hath nothing.

Ben. What art thou hurt?

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

Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

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

Ro. I thought all for the beft.

Mer. Helpe me into some houfe Benuolio,

Or
Romeo: This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie.
My very friend hath take this mortal wound
In my behalf, my reputation stain'd
With Tibalts flander, Tybalt that an housr
Hath beene my kinsman. Ah Juliet
Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,
And in my temper softens valor's steale.

Enter Benuolio.

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

Enter Tibalt.

Ben.: Heere comes the furious Talbot backe againe.
Rom.: A liue in tryumph and Mercutio slaine?
Away to heauen respe'ctiue lenity:
And fier eyed fury be my conduit now.
Now Tibalt take the villaine backe againe,
Which late thou gau'ft me: for Mercutios soule,
Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,
And staines for thine to beare him company.
Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

Fight, Tibalt falleth.

Ben.: Romeo away, thou feest that Tibalt's slaine,
The Citizens approach, away, begone

Thou wilt be taken.

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

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath got this mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation flaind
With Tybals flaunder, Tybalt that an houre
Hath bene my Cozen, O sweete Juliet,
Thy bewtie hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper foftned valours sfeele.

Enter Benuolio.

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

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

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt backe againe.

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

TY. Thou wretched boy that didst cofort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Ro. This shall determine that.

They Fight. Tibalt falles.

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

Ro. O
Romeo: Ah I am fortunes flaué.

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Wher's he that flué Mercutio, Tybalt that villaine?
Ben: There is that Tybalt.

Vp sirra goe with vs.

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pry: Where be the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben: Ah Noble Prince I can discouer all
The moft vnlukeky mannage of this brawle.
Heere lyes the man flaine by yong Romeo,
That flew thy kinfman braue Mercutio,
M: Tibalt, Tybalt, O my brothers child,
Vnhappie fight? Ah the blood is fpilt
Of my deare kinfman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, thed bloud of Mountagew.

Pry: Speake Benuolio who began this fray?
Ben: Tibalt heere flaine whom Romes hand did flay.
Romeo who fpake him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was.

But Tibalt still persifting in his wrong,

The flout Mercutio drewe to calme the fторme,

Which Romeo feeing cal'd flay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their ftrife,
ACT III. SC. I.

Romeo and Juliet Q. 2. 1599.

Ro. O I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why doft thou fly?

Enter Citizens.

Citti. Which way ran he that kild Mercutio?

Tybalt that murtherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies Tybalt.
Citi. Vp fir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet,
their wives 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 brail,
There lies the man flaine by young Romeo,
That flew thy kisman, braue Mercutio.

Capu. Wi. Tybalt, my Cozin, O-my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O the bloud is fpild
Of my deare kisman, Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, thead bloud of Mountague.
O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. Benuolio, who began this bloudie fray?
Ben. Tybalt here flain, whom Romeos hand did fly,
Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarell was, and vrgd withall
Your high displeasure all this vtrered,
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the vnruly spheene
Of Tybalt deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steele at bold Mercutios breaf,
Who all as hot, turns deadly poyn't to poyn't,
And with a Martiall fcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aside, and with the other lends
It backe to Tybalt, whose dexteritie
Retorts it, Romeo he cries aloud,

Hold friends, friends part, and swifter then his tongue,
And with his agill arme yong Romeo,
As faft as tung cryde peace, foughc peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thrufits and blows,
Vnder yong Romeos laboring arme to part,
The furious Tybalt caft an envious thrufit,
That rid the life of stout Mercutio.
With that he fled, but prefently return'd,
And with his rapier braued Romeo:
That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.
And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did Tybalt fall,
And this way Romeo fled.

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

Prin: And for that offence
Immediately we doo exile him hence.
I have an interefl in your hates proceeding,
My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with fo large a fine,
That you shall all repent the loffe of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excufes,
Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.

Pottie fhall dwell and gouerne with vs still:
Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.

Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul: Gallop apace you ferie footed fieedes

To
His aged arme beates downe their fatall poynts,
And twixt them ruethes, vnderneath whole arme,
An enuius 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 entertaynd revenge,
And toote they go like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slaine:
And as he fell, did Romeo turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let Benuolio die.

Ca. Wi. He is a kisman to the Mountague,
Affection makes him false, he [speakes not true:
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all thofe twentie could but kill one life.
I beg for Iustice which thou Prince must giue:
Romeo flew Tybalt, Romeo must not liue.
Prin. Romeo flew him, he flew Mercutio,
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.
Capu. Not Romeo Prince, he was Mercutios friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But ile amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excufes,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase out abufes.
Therefore vfe none, let Romeo hence in haft,
Elfe when he is found, that houre is his laft.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercie but murders, pardoning thofe that kill.

III. 2.

Enter Juiyet alone.
Gallop apace, you fierie footed fleedes,
G Towards
To Phæbus mansion, such a Waggoner
As Phaeton, would quickly bring you thither,
And fend in cloudie night immediately.

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

But how now Nurse: O Lord, why lookst thou sad?
What haft thou there, the cordes?

---

*Nur:*
Towards Phæbus lodging, such a wagoner
As Phaetan would whip you to the west,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy close curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawyes eyes may wincke, and Romeo
Leape to these armes, ventalt of and vnscene,
Louers can fee to do their amorous rights,
And by their owne bewties, or if loue be blind,
It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou sober futed matron all in blacke,
And leaerne me how to loose a winning match,
Plaide for a paire of stainlesse maydenhoods.
Hood my vnmand blond bayting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted simple modestie:
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the winges of night,
Whiter then new snow vpon a Raunens backe:
Come gentle night, come louning black browd night,
Gibe me my Romeo, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little iarres,
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 poiffeit it, and though I am fold,
Not yet enioyd, fo 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 Nurfe.

Enter Nurfe with cords.

And she brings newes, and euery tongue that speakes
But Romeos name, spakes heavenly eloquence:
Now Nurfe, what newes? what haft thou there,
The cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?
Romeo and Juliet (Q: 1) 1597.  
[ACT III. SC. 2.]

Nur: I, I, the cordes: alacke we are vndone,  
We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone.  
Jul: What diuell art thou that torments me thus?  
Nurf: Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.  
Jul: This torture should be roard in dismall hell.  
Can heauens be so ennious?  
Nur: Romeo can if heauens cannot.

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes.  
God saue the sample, on his manly breasft:  
A bloody coarfe, a piteous bloodie coarfe,  
All pale as afhes, I Iwounded at the fight.

Jul: Ah Romeo, Romeo, what disafter hap  
Hath feuerd thee from thy true Juliet?  
Ah why should Heauen so much confpire with Woe,  
Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,  
So soon to flunder vs by timeleffe Death?  
Nur: O Tybalt, Tybalt, the beft frend I had,  
O honeft Tybalt, curteous Gentleman.

Jul: What storme is this that blowes fo contrarie,  
Is Tybalt dead, and Romeo murdered:  
My deare loude coufen, and my deareft Lord.  
Then let the trumpet found a generall doome  
These two being dead, then licing is there none.

Nur.
Nur. I, I, the cords.

Lu. Ay me what news? why doth thou wring thy hâds?

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

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

Lu. Can heauen be so envious?

Nur. Romeo can,

Though heauen cannot. O Romeo, Romeo,
Who euer would haue thought it Romeo?

Lu. What diuell art thou that doft torment me thus?

This torture should be rored in dismall hell,
Hath Romeo flaine himselfe? say thou but I,

And that bare vowell I shall poyfon more
Then the death arting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.

Or those eyes shot, that makes thee anfwere I:

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

Briefe, sounds, determine my weale or wo.

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

God faue the marke, here on his manly brefl,

A piteous coarfe, a bloudie piteous coarfe,
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawbe in bloud,
All in goare bloud, I founded at the fight.

Lu. O break my hart, poore banckrout break at once,

To prifon eyes, nere looke on libertie.

Vile earth too earth refigne, end motion here,
And thou and Romeo prifon on heauie beare.

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

O curteous Tybalt, honest Gentleman,
That euer I shouelde liue to see thee dead.

Lu. What fiorne is this that blowes so contrarie?

Is Romeo slaughtred? and is Tybalt dead?

My deareft Cozen, and my dearest Lord,
Then dreadfull Trumpet found the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

G 2

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

O painted sepulcher, including filth.

Was never booke containing so foule matter,
So fairly bound. Ah, what meant Romeo?

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

Shame come to Romeo.
Iul: A blister on that tongue, he was not borne to shame:

Upon his face Shame is ashamed to sit.

But wherefore villain didst thou kill my Cousen?
That villain Cousen would have kild my husband.
Nur. Tybalt is gone and Romeo banished,

Romeo that kild him he is banished.

Iuli. O God, did Romemos hand flhead Tibalts bloud?

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

Nur. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face.

Iu. Did euer draggon keepe so faire a Cauie?

Bewtifull tirant, fiend angelical:
Rauenous doue featherd rauë, woluiih rauening lamb,
Defpifed substance of diuineft showe:

Iuft oppofite to what thou iuftly feem'ft,
A dimme faint, an honourable villain:
O nature what hadft thou to do in hell
When thou didft bower the spirit of a fiend,

In mortall paradifie of fuch sweete flem
Was euer booke containing fuch vile matter
So fairely bound? do that deceit fhould dwell
In fuch a gourious Pallace.

Nur. Theres no truft, no faith, no honeftie in men,
All periurde, all forsworne, all naught, all difsemlers,
Ah wheres my man? give me fome Aqua-vitae:
These griefs, thefe woes, thefe forrows make me old,

Shame come to Romeo.

Iu. Blisterd be thy tongue
For fuch a wifh, he was not borne to shame:
Upon his brow shame is afham'd to fit:

For tis a throane where honour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the vnuerfal earth.
O what a beaft was I to chide at him?

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

Iu. Shall I fpake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poor my lord, what tongue fhal smooth thy name,
When I thy three hours wife haue mangled it?
But wherefore villain didft thou kill my Cozin?

That villain Cozin would haue kild my husband:
Backe foolsih teares, backe to your native sprinig,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which
All this is comfort. But there yet remaines

VVorfe than his death, which faine I would forget:
But ah, it preffeth to my memorie,

\textit{Romeo} is banished. Ah that word Banished

Is worfe than death. \textit{Romeo} is banished,

Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Juiet,
All killd, all flaine, all dead, all banished.

Where are my Father and my Mother Nurfe?
\textit{Nur} : VVeepting and wayling ouer Tybalts coarse.

\* VVill you goe to them?
\textit{Iul} : I, I, when theirs are spent,
Mine shal he shed for Romeos banishment.

Nur :
Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy,
My husband liues that Tybalt would have slaine,
And Tybalt's dead that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser then Tybalt's death
That murdred me, I would forget it faine,
But oh it presses to my memorie,
Like damned guilty deeds to finers mindes,
Tybalt is dead and Romeo banimed:
That banimed, that one word banimed,
Hath ilaine ten thousand Tybalt's: Tybalt's death
Was woe enow if it had ended there:
Or if lower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be ranckt with other griefes,
Why followed not when she saied Tybalt's dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might have moued,
But with a reareward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished: to speake that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Iuliet,
All slaine, all dead: Romeo is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe found.
Where is my father and my mother Nurfe?
Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer Tybalt's coarse,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

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Romeo and Iuliet

Harke

G 3

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Nur: Ladie, your Romeo will be here to night,
Ile to him, he is hid at Laurence Cell.
Jul: Doo fo, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.  

Enter Frier.

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

Enter Romeo.

Rom: Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
VVhat Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
VVWhich yet we know not.
Fr: Too familiar
Is my yong fonne with fuch fowre companie:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Rom: VVhat leffe than doomes day is the Princes doome?
Fr: A gentler judgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banifhment.
Rom: Ha, Banifhed? be mercifull, fay death:
For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,
Than death it felfe, doo not fay Banifhment.
Fr: Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom: There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it felfe.
Hence banifhed, is banifht from the world:
And world exilde is death. Calling death banifhment,

Thou cutft my head off with a golden axe,
And smilft vpon the froke that murders me.
Fr: Oh monftrous finne, O rude vnthankfulnes:
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
(Taking thy part) hath rufhd afide the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banifhment:

This
ACT III. SCENE 3.

Romeo and Juliet Q2. 1599.

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

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

III. 3.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

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

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

Fri. Too familiar

Is my deare fonne with fuch fowre companie?
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

Ro. What leffe then doomesday is the Princes doome?

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

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

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

Ro. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it felte:

Hence banished, is banisht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, mitermed, calling death banished,
Thou cuttst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilst pon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin, 5 rude vnhankfulnes,
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rufted aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment.

Exit.

This
This is meere mercie, and thou seeft it not.

_Rom_: Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
Where _Juliet_ liues: and euerie cat and dog,
And little mouse, euerie vnworthie thing
Lie here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But _Romeo_ may not. _More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues_
In carrion flyes, than _Romeo_: they may feaze
On the white wonder of faire _Juliet's_ skinne,
And _steale_ immortall kisles from her lips;

But _Romeo_ may not, he is _banished_.
Flies may _doo_ this, but _I_ from this _must_ flye.
Oh _Father_ hadst thou no _strong_ _poyfon_ mixt,
No _farpe_ ground _knife_, no _prefent_ _meane_ of _death_
Though _nere_ so _meane_, but _banishment_
To _torture_ me _withall_: _ah_, _banished._

_O_ _Frier, the damned _vse_ that _word_ in _hell:_
_Howling_ attends it. _How_ hadst _thou_ the _heart_,
Being a _Diuine_, a _ghoftly_ _Confessor,
A _finne_ _abfoluer_, and my _frend_ _profeft_,
To _mangle_ me _with_ that _word_, _Banishment_?

_Fr_: _Thou_ _fond_ _mad_ _man, _heare_ me _but_ _speake_ a _word._
_Rom_: _O_, _thou_ _wilt_ _talke_ _againe_ of _Banishment._

_Fr_: _Ile_ _gine_ _thee_ _armour_ to _beare_ _off_ _this_ _word_,
_Aduerfities_ _sweete_ _milke, _philofophie_,
To _comfort_ thee _though_ thou _be_ _banished._

_Rom_: _Yet_ _Banished_? _hang_ _vp_ _philofophie_,
_Vnleffe_ _philofophie_ _can_ _make_ a _Juliet_,
_Difplant_ a _Towne, _reuerie_ a _Princes_ _doome_,
It _helpes_ _not, _it _preuailes_ _not, _talke_ _no_ _more._

_Fr_: _O_, _now _I_ _fee_ _that_ _madmen_ _have_ _no_ _eares._
_Rom_: _How_ _should_ _they, _when_ _that_ _wise_ _men_ _have_ _no_ _eyes._

Fr:
This is deare mercie, and thou seeft it not.

Ro. Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is here

Where Iuliet liues, and euery cat and dog,
And little moufe, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But Romeo may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues

In carrion flies, then Romeo: they may seaze
On the white wonder of deare Iuliet's hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and veftall modeftie

Still bluth, as thinking their owne kisles fin.
This may flyes do, when I from this muft flie,
And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not, he is banished.

Flies may do this, but I from this muft flie:
They are freemen, but I am banished.
Hadft thou no poysion mixt, no sharpe ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere fo meane,

But banished to kill me: Banished?

O Fri, the damned vfe that word in hell:
Howling attends it, how haft thou the heart
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sin obsoluer, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word banished?

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

Ro. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

Fri. Ile gie thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersitie sweete milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou art banished.

Ro. Yet banished? hang vp philosophie,

Vnleffe Philosophie can make a Iuliet,
Difplant a towne, ruerse a Princes doome,
It helps not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

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

Ro. How should they when that wife men haue no eyes.

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

*Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy Loue,
An houre but married, Tybalt murdred.
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy hayre.
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the meafure of an vnmade graue.

Nurse knockes.
Fr: Romeo arise, stand vp thou wilt be taken,

I heare one knocke, arise and get thee gone.

Nu: Hoe Fryer.

Fr: Gods will what wilfulnes is this?

Shee knockes againe.

Nur: Hoe Fryer open the doore,
Fr: By and by I come. Who is there?
Nur: One from Lady Juliet.
Fr: Then come neare.

Nur: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,
Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's Romeo?
Fr: There on the ground, with his owne teares made drunke.

Nur: Oh he is euen in my Miftrefle cafe.
In't in her cafe. Oh wofull sympathy,
Pitteous predicament, euen fo lyes shee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping;
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man.
For Iuliets sake, for her sake rise and stand,
Why should you fall into fo deep an O.

He rifes.

Romeo: Nurse.

Nur:
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Ro. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy loue,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightst thou teare thy hayre,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade graue.

Enter Nurse, and knocke.
Fri. Arise one knocks, good Romeo hide thy selfe.
Ro. Not I, vnlesse the breath of hart-sick groans,
Myft-like infold me from the search of eyes.
They knocke.
Fri. Hark how they knock (whose there) Romeo arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp.
Slud knock.

Run to my studie by and by, Gods will
What simpleness is this? I come, I come.
Knocke.
Who knocks so hard? whose come you? whets your will?

Enter Nurse.
Nur. Let me come in, and you shal know my errant:
I come from Lady Juliet.
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Wheres my Ladys Lord? wheres Romeo?
Fri. There on the ground,

With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen in my mistrefle cafe,
Luft in her cafe. O wofull sympathy:
Pitious predicament, euen so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For Juliets sake, for her sake rile and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O?

Rom. Nurse.
Nur. Ah
Romeo and Juliet (Q. 1) 1597. [ACT III. SC. 3.

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

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

Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,
Now I haue staine the childhood of her ioy,
With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? And what sayes
My conceal'd Lady to our cancel'd loue?

*Nur:* Oh she faith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,
And Tybalt cryes, and then on Romeo calles.

*Rom:* As if that name flot from the deadly leuel of a gun
Did murder her, as that names curfed hand
Murderd her kinsman. Ah tell me holy Fryer
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may facke
The hatefulfull manfion?

_He offers to stab himselfe, and Nurse snatches the dagger away._

*Nur:* Ah?

*Fr:* Hold, stay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme
Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote
The vnrefonable furyes of a beast.
Vnfeemely woman in a feeming man,
Or ill befeeming beast in feeming both.
Thou haft amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempred,
Haft thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?
Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.

Ro. Spakeft thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth not she thinke me an old murtherer,

Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy,

With bloud remoued, but little from her owne?

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

My conceald Lady to our cancel'd loue?

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

And now falls on her bed, and then startts vp,

And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,

And then downe falls againe.

Ro. As if that name shot from the deadly leuell of a gun,

Did murther her, as that names curfed hand

Murderd her kinfman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,

In what vile part of this Anatomie

Doth my name lodge? Tell me that I may facke

The hatefull manfion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:

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

Thy teares are womanifh, thy wild acts deuote

The vnreafonable furie of a beaft.

Vnfeemely woman in a feeming man,

And ilbefeeming beaft in feeming both,

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

I thought thy disposition better temperd.

Haft thou faline Tybalt? wilt thou sley thy felie?

And sley thy Lady, that in thy life lies,

By doing damned hate vpon thy felie?

Why rayleft thou on thy birth? the heaven and earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth all three do meet,

In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loose.

Fie, fie, thou shameft thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,

Which like a Vfurer aboundst 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,
Roufe vp thy spirits, thy Lady _Juliet_ liues,  
For whose sweete fake thou wert but lately dead:  
There art thou happy. _Tybalt_ would kill thee,  
But thou fliest _Tybalt_, there art thou happy too.

A packe of bleslings lights vpon thy backe,  
Happines Courts thee in his beft array:  
But like a misbehaude and fullen wench  
Thou frownft vpon thy Fate that finilles on thee.

Take heede, take heede, for such dye miserable.  
Goe get thee to thy louve as was decreed:  
Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,  
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set:  
For then thou canst not passe to _Mantua_.

_Nurfe_ provide all things in a readines,  
Comfort thy Miftrefle, haft the honfe to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt vnto.  

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

_Rom_: Doe fo and bidde my sweet prepare to childe,  
Farwell good Nurfe.
Digressing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue sworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou haft vowed to cherish,
Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,
Mishapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleffe solliders flaske,
Is set a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What rowfe thee man, thy Juliet is alieue,
For whose deare fake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happie, Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou fledest Tilalt, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of blessings light vpon thy backe,
Happines courts thee in her best array,
But like a mishaued and fullen wench,
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heede, take heede, for such die miserable.
Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to Mantua,
Where thou shalt liue till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thoufand times more ioy
Then thou wentft forth in lamentation.
Go before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haften all the house to bed,
Which heauie forrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

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

Ro. Do fo, and bid my sweete prepare to chide.
Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe.
Nur: Heere is a Ring Sir, that she bad me giue you,
Rom: How well my comfort is reuied by this.

Exit Nurse.

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

Enter olde Capolet and his wife, with
County Paris.

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

Par: These times of woe affoord no time to wooe,
Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.
Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet
calles him againe.

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

But soft what day is this?
Par: Munday my Lord.
Cap: Oh then Wensday is too soone,
On Thuriday let it be: you shall be maried.

Wee'le
**ACT III. SCENE 4.**

**Romeo and Juliet**  
*Q* 2. 1599.

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<td>Fri.</td>
<td>Go hence, goodnight, &amp; here stands all your state:</td>
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<td>176</td>
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<td>Either be gone before the watch be set,</td>
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<td>Or by the breake of day disguise from hence,</td>
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<td>Soiourne in Mantua, ile find out your man,</td>
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<td>180</td>
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<td>And he shall signify from time to time,</td>
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<td>Every good hap to you, that chancnes here:</td>
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<td>Give me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.</td>
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</table>

**Fri.**

Go hence, goodnight, & here stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,

Or by the break of day disguise from hence,

Sojourn in Mantua, I will find out your man,

And he shall signify from time to time,

Every good hap to you, that chances here:

Give me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.

**Ro.**

But that a joy past joy calls out on me,

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

Farewell.

**Exeunt.**

---

**III. 4.**

*Enter old Capulet, his wife and Paris.*

**Ca.** Things haue faile out sir so vnluckily,

That we haue had no time to move our daughter,

Looke you, she lou'd her kinfman Tybalt dearely

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

Tis very late, sheele not come downe to night:

I promise you, but for your companie,

I would haue bene a bed an houre ago.

**Paris.** These times of wo affoord no times to wooe:

Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

**La.** I will, and know her mind early to morrow,

To night shees mewed vp to her heauines.

**Ca.** Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender

Of my childes loue: I thinke she will me rule

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 fonne Paris loue,

And bid her, marke you me? on wensday next.

But soft, what day is this?

**Pa.** Monday my Lord.

**Ca.** Monday, ha ha, well wensday is too soone,

A thursday let it be, a thursday tell her

**She**
Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or so:
For looke ye Sir, Tybalt being slaine so lately,
It will be thought we held him careleslye:
If we should reuell much, therefore we will haue
Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more ado.
But what say you to Thursday.
Par: My Lorde I wishe that Thursday were to morrow.
Cap: Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to bed.
Acquaint her with the County Paris loue,
Fare well my Lord till Thurfday next.
Wife gette you to your daughter. Light to my Chamber.
Afore me it is so very very late,
That we may call it earely by and by.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.

Iul: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke
That pierst the fearfull hollow of thine eare:
Nightly she fings on yon Pomegranate tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.
Rom: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,
And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuious Strakes
Doo lace the feuering clowdes in yonder Eaft.
Nights candles are burnt out, and icound Day
Stands tiptoes on the mystic mountaine tops.
I must be gone and liue, or fly and dye.
Iul: Yon light is not day light, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Then flyawhile, thou shalt not goe soone.
Rom: Let me fly here, let me be tane, and dye:
If thou wilt haue it so, I am content.
Ile fly you gray is not the Mornings Eye,
ACT III. SC. 5.  Romeo and Juliet  Q. 2. 1599.

She shall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this hafte?

Well, keepe no great ado, a friend or two,
For harke you, Tybalt being attire so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly
Being our kinman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weeke have some halfe a doozen friends,
And there an end, but what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow.

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

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,
Afore mee, it is so very late that wee may call it early by and by,

Goodnight.

Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.

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

Rom. It was the Larke the herauld of the morn,
No Nightingale, looke loue what enious streeakes
Do lace the feuering cloudes in yonder East:
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond day
Stands tipto on the mystie Mountaine tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Iu. Yond light is not daylifht, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhale,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.

Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.

Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
Ile say yon gray is not the the mornings eye,
It is the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.
I'le say it is the Nightingale that beates
The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,
And not the Larke the Messenger of Morne.
Come death and welcome, Juliet wils it so.
What fayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.
    Jul.: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.
It is the Larke that fings so out of tune,
Straining harph Dicords and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some fay, the Larke makes sweete Division:
This doth not so: for this diuideth vs.
Some fay the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntvp to the day.
So now be gone, more light and light it growes.
    Rom.: More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Farewell my Loue, one kiss and Ile descend.
    He goeth downe.

    Jul.: Art thou gone so, my Lord, my Loue, my Frend?
I must heare from thee euery day in the:hover:
For in an hower there are manie minutes,
Minutes are dayes, so will I number them:
Oh, by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I see thee againe.
    Rom.: Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.
    Jul.: Oh, thinkft thou we shall ever meete againe.
    Rom.: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe shall serue
For sweete discoueries in the time to come.

    Jul.:
Tis but the pale reflex of Cinthias brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whose noates do beate
The vaultie heavens so high above our heads,
I have more care to stay then will to go:
Come death and welcome, Juliet wills it so.
How if my foule? let's talke it is not day.
   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 Division:
This doth not so: for she divideth vs.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Huntsup to the day.
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.

Romeo. More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Enter Madame and Nurse.

    Nur. Madam.
    Iu. Nurse.

    Nur. Your Lady Mother is cuming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.
    Iuli. Then window let day in, and let life out.
    Ro. Farewell, farewell, one kiffe and Ile descend.

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

Ere I againe behold my Romeo.

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

    Iu. O thinkst thou we shall ever meete againe?
    Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweete discourses in our times to come.

H 3

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

Enter Nurse hastily.

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

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

Jul: I cannot chuse, hauing so great a losse. 
Moth: I cannot blame thee. 
But it greenes thee more that Villaine liues.
Jul: What Villaine Madame? 
Moth: That Villaine Romeo. 
Jul: Villaine and he are manie miles a funder.

Moth:
ACT III. SC. 5.

Romeo and Juliet Q2. 1599.

56 Ro. O God I haue an ill diuining foule,
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 lookest pale.
Rom. And truft me loue, in my eye do you:
Drie sorrow drinks our bloud. Adue, adue.

Exit.

62 Lu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doft thou with him
That is renowned for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But fend him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp?
Lu. Who is that calls? It is my Lady mother.

68 Is the not downe so late or vp so early?
What vnaccustomed caufe procures her hither?
La. Why how now Julliet?
Lu. Madam I am not well.

La. Euermore weeping for your Cozens death?
What wilt thou wath him from his graue with teares?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him liue:
Therefore hauee done, some griefe shews much of loue,
But much of greefe, shewes still some want of wit.
Lu. Yet let me weeppe, for such a feeling loffe.
La. So shall you feele the loss, but not the friend
Which you weeppe for.

Lu. Feeling to the loffe,
I cannot chuse but euer weeppe the friend.
La. Wel gyrl, thou weepst not so much for his death,
As that the villainne liues which slughtered him.

84 Lu. What villain Madam?
La. That fame villainne Romea.
Lu. Villaine and he be many miles a sunder:
God padon, I do with all my heart:

88 And yet no man like he, doth greeue me my heart.

La. That
Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
I soone would send to Mantua where he is,

That shoulde beflow on him so sure a draught,
As he shoulde soone beare Tybalt companie.

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

(Moth: Well let that passe. I come to bring thee joyfull
Jul: And joy comes well in such a needfull time.

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

Jul: What day is that I pray you?
Moth: Marry my Childe,
* The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,
The Countie Paris at Saint Peters Church,
Early next Thurfday morning must provide,
To make you there a glad and joyfull Bride.

Jul: Now by Saint Peters Church and Peter too,
He shal not there make mee a joyfull Bride.
La. That is because the Traytor murderer liues.  

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

La. We will have vengeance for it, feare thou not.  
Then wepe no more, Ile send to one in Mantua,  
Where that fame banništ runnagate doth liue,  
Shall gie him such an vnaccustomd dram,  
That he shall soone keepe Tybalt companie:  
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.  

Lu. Indeed I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead  

Is my poore heart so for a kинфman vext:  
Madam if you could find out but a man  
To beare a poyfon, I would temper it:  
That Romeo should vpon receit thereof,  
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors  
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,  
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozen,  
Vpon his body that hath slaughterd him.  

Mo. Find thou the means, and Ile find such a man,  
But now Ile tell thee joyfull tidings Gyrl.  

Lu. And joy comes well in such a needie time,  
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?  

M. Well, well, thou haft a carefull father child,  
One who to put thee from thy heauines,  
Hath forted out a sudden day of joy,  
That thou expe6ts not, nor I lookt not for.  

Lu. Madam in happie time, what day is that?  
M. Marrie my child, early next Thursday morne,  
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,  
The Countie Paris at Saint Peters Church,  
Shall happily make thee there a joyfull Bride.  

Lu. Now by S. Peters Church, and Peter too,  
He shall not make me there a joyfull Bride.  
I wonder at this hast, that I muft wed  

Ere he that should be husband comes to wooe:  

I pray
Are these the newes you had to tell me of?
Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie yet.
And when I doe, it shalbe rather Romeo whom I hate,
Than Countie Paris that I cannot loue.

Enter olde Capolet.

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

Capo: Why how now, euermore shouring?
In one little bodie thou resemblest a sea, a barke, a storme:

For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating in thy euering falling teares,
And tost with sighes arising from thy hart:
Will without succour shipwracke prestantly.
But heare you Wife, what haue you founded her, what faies she to it?

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Ca. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drifte deaw,
But for the Sunet of my brothers fonne,
It rains downright. How now a Conduit girl, what still in tears
Euermore shouering in one little body?
Thou counteafits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebe and fowe with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Saying in this falt froid, the windes thy fighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,

Without a sudden calm will ouerfet
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?

La. I fyr, but she will none, the guie you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.

Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will she none? doth she not guie vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not coun the bleft,

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

Lu. Not proud you have, but thankful that you have:
Proud can I neuer be of what I have,

But thankfull evene for hate, that is meant loue.

Ca. How, how, howhow, chopt lodgick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud mistrefle minion you?

Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine Ioynts gaineft Thurfday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peters Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

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<th>Out you greene ficknes baggage, out you tallow face.</th>
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<td><a href="#">ACT III. SC. 5.</a></td>
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<td><strong>Out you greene ficknes baggage, out you tallow face.</strong></td>
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<td></td>
<td><strong>Lu:</strong> Good father heare me speake? <strong>She kneels downe.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Cap:</strong> I tell thee what, eyther resolue on thursday next <strong>To goe with Paris to Saint Peters Church:</strong></td>
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<td>Or henceforth never looke me in the face. <strong>Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch.</strong></td>
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<td>Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest <strong>That God had sent vs but this onely chyld:</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td>But now I see this one is one too much, <strong>And that we haue a croffe in hauing her.</strong></td>
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<td></td>
<td><strong>Nur:</strong> Mary God in heauen bleffe her my Lord, <strong>You are too blame to rate her so.</strong></td>
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<td></td>
<td><strong>Cap.</strong> And why my Lady wifedome? hold your tung, <strong>Good prudence smatter with your goffips, goe.</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td><strong>Nur:</strong> Why my Lord I speake no treason. <strong>Cap:</strong> Oh goddegodden.</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td>Vtter your graunity ouer a goffips boule, <strong>For heere we need it not.</strong></td>
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<td></td>
<td><strong>Mo:</strong> My Lord ye are too hotte. <strong>Cap:</strong> Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td>Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad, <strong>Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Still my care hath beene to see her matcht. <strong>And hauing now found out a Gentleman,</strong></td>
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<td></td>
<td>Of Princeley parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde. <strong>Stuft as they say with honorable parts,</strong></td>
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<td></td>
<td>Proportioned as ones heart coulde with a man:**</td>
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<td></td>
<td>And then to hauve a wretched whyning foole, <strong>A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,</strong></td>
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<td></td>
<td>To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon mee? <strong>But</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>160</td>
<td>Out you greene ficknefle carrion, out you baggage, You tallow face.</td>
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<tr>
<td>164</td>
<td>Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>168</td>
<td>Speake not, replie not, do not anfwere me. My fingers itch, wife, we scarce thought vs blest, That God had lent vs but this onely childe, But now I see this one is one too much, And that we haue a curfe in hauing her: Out on her hilding.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>176</td>
<td>Fa. And why my Lady wisdome, hold your tongue, Good Prudence smatter, with your gossips go.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>180</td>
<td>May not one speake?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>184</td>
<td>Wi. You are too hot.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>188</td>
<td>To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided A Gentleman of noble parentage, Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly liand, Stuft as they say, with honourable parts, Proportiond as ones thought would with a man, And then to haue a wretched puling foole, A whining mamnet, in her fortunes tender, To anfwer, ile not wed, I cannot loue:</td>
<td></td>
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<td>190</td>
<td>liand] allied Qq. Ff.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>196</td>
<td>I am too young, I pray you pardon me. But</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>
But if you cannot wedde Ie pardon you,
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Looke to it, thinke on't, I doe not vfe to ieft.
I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,
Lay hand on heart, aduife, bethinke your felfe,
If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend:
If not, hang, drowne, starue, beg,
Dye in the ftreetes: for by my Soule
Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,
Nor what I haue fhall euer doe thee good,
Thinke on't, looke to't, I doe not vfe to ieft.  

but: Is there no pitty hanging in the cloudes,
That lookes into the bottom of my woes?
I doe befeech you Madame, caft me not away,
Defer this mariage for a day or two,
Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed
In that dimme monument where Tybalt lyes.

Moth: Nay be affured I will not speake a word.

Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee.  

Iul: Ah Nurfe what comfort? what counfell canft thou giue me.

Nur: Now truft me Madame, I know not what to say:
Your Romeo he is banisht, and all the world to nothing
He neuer dares returne to challendge you.

Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, Romeo is but a dishclout
In refpect of him. I promise you
ACT III. SC. 5.

Romeo and Juliet

Q2. 1599.

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

Exit.

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

Mo. Telke not to me, for Ile not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Exit.

lu. O God, ô Nurfe, how shal this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shal that faith returne againe to earth,
Vuleffe that husband send it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? comfort me, counfaile me:
Alack, alack, that heauen should pra&ife stratagems
Vpon fo foft a subie6t as my selfe.

What sayft thou, hast thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurfe.

Nur. Faith here it is, Romeo is banishe and all the world to
That he dares nere come back to challenge you: (nothing,
Or if he do, it needs must be by ftealth.
Then fince the cafe fo stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:
Romios a difhclout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not fo greene, so quick, fo faire an eye
As Paris hath, beshrow my very hart,
I thinke you happy in this second match.
As for your husband he is dead:
Or twere as good he were, for you have no life of him.

Iul: Speakst thou this from thy heart?

Nur: I and from my soule, or else bef threw them both.

Iul: Amen.

Nur: What say you Madame?

Iul: Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,
I pray thee goe thy wayes vnto my mother
Tell her I am gone having displeased my Father.
To Fryer Lawrence Cell to confesse me,
And to be absolu'd.

Nur: I will, and this is wisely done.

She lookes after Nurse.

Iul: Auncient damnation, O most cursed fiend.
Is it more finne to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue
That thou hast praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,
Thou and my bofom henceforth shall be twaine.
Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,
If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.

Exit.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Fr: On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,
Par: My Father Capolet will haue it so,
And I am nothing flacke to flow his haft.

Fr: You say you doe not know the Ladies minde?

Vneeuen is the course, I like it not.

Par: Immoderately she weepes for Tybalts death,
And therefore have I little talkt of loue.
For Venus smiles not in a house of teares,
Now Sir, her father thinkes it daungerous:
That shee doth giue her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisedome hafts our mariage,
To stop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her selfe alone
May be put from her by societie.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>232</td>
<td>I thinke you are happie in this seconnd 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 vfe of him.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| 236  | Lu. Speakft thou from thy heart?  
Nur. And from my soule too, elie befhrew them both.  
Lu. Amen.  
Nur. What? |
| 240  | Lu. Well thou haft conforted me maruellous much, Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone, Hauing displeafe'd my father, to Laurence Cell, To make confefion, and to be obfolu'd. |
| 244  | Lu. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.  
Nur. Auncient damnation, o moft wicked fiend, Is it more fin to with us thus forworne, Or to difpraise my Lord with that fame tongue, Which she hath praife him with aboue compare, So many thoufand times?  Go Counsellor, Thou and my bofome henceforth shall be twaine: Ile to the Frier to know his remedie, If all else faile, my felfe have power to die. |
| 252  | Exit. |
| 236. Spakesft] Speakst Qq.  
237. else] or else Qq. Ff.  
Two lines, And ... too| Or else ... both, Ff. |
| 240. maruellous] maruel-ous Ff. marve-lous F2, 3. 4. |
| 244. [Exit.] Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4. |

### IV. 1.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday fir : the time is very short.  
Par. My Father Capulet will haue it fo,  
And I am nothing low to flacke his haffe.  
Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies minde?  
Vneuen is the courfe, I like it not.  
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalds death,  
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,  
For Venus smiles not in a house of teares,  
Now fir, her father counts it daungerous  
That she do give her sorrow so much sway:  
And in his wifedome haftes our marriage,  
To stop the inundation of her teares.  
Which too much minded by her felfe alone  
May be put from her by focietie.  

| 236 | Speakft Qq.  
| 240 | maruellous Ff. marve-lous F2, 3. 4.  
| 243 | absolu'd Qq. Ff, 2, 3. Abswved F4.  
| 244 | [Exit.] Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.  

[Exeunt] Ff.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.  
[Count F2, 3, 4.]  

| 4 | talke] talkt Q5. |
| 7 | do] doth Qq. Ff, 2. should F3, 4. |
Now doe ye know the reason of this haft.

Fr: I would I knew not why it should be lowd.

Enter Paris.

Heere comes the Lady to my cell,

Par: Welcome my lone, my Lady and my wife:

Iu: That may be fir, when I may be a wife,

Par: That may be, must be lone, on thursday next.

Iu: What must be shalbe.

Fr: Thats a certaine text.

Par: What come ye to confession to this Fryer.

Iu: To tell you that were to confess to you.

Par: Do not deny to him that you loue me.

Iul: I will confess to you that I loue him,

Par: So I am sure you will that you loue me.

Iu: And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,

Being spoke behind your backe, than to your face.

Par: Poore foule thy face is much abus'd with teares.

Iu: The teares haue got small victory by that,

For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par: Thou wrongft it more than teares by that report.

Iu: That is no wrong fir, that is a truth:

And what I spake I spake it to my face.

Par: Thy face is mine and thou haft laundred it.

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

Are you at leasure holy Father now:

Or shall I come to you at evening Maffe?

Fr: My leasure ferues me penfue daughter now.

My Lord we must entreate the time alone.

Par: God sheild I should disturb deuotion,

Iuliet farwell, and keep this holy kiffe.

Exit Paris.

Iu: Goe shut the doore and when thou haft done so,

Come weep with me that am past cure, past help,

Fr: Ah Iuliet I already know thy griefe,

I heare thou must and nothing may proroge it,
| Now do you know the reason of this haste. | 16   | 15. haste.] [?] Qq. Ff.  
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be flowed. | 16. slowed] slow'd Ff.  
Looke sir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell. | 17. toward] towards Qq. Ff.  

---

| Fri. I would I knew not why it should be flowed. | 16   | 15. haste.] [?] Qq. Ff.  
Looke sir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell. | 16. slowed] slow'd Ff.  

---

Enter Juliet.

| Pa. Happily met my Lady and my wife. | 20   | 20. may be[,] om. Q4.  
| Lu. That may be sir, when I may be a wife. | 20   |  
| Pa. That may be, must be lone, on Thursday next. | 20   |  
| Lu. What must be shall be. | 20   |  
| Fri. Thats a certain text. | 20   |  

---

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

Looke sir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Pa. Happily met my Lady and my wife.

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

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

Lu. What must be shall be.

Fri. Thats a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

| Lu. To aunswere that, I should confesse to you. | 24   |  
| Pa. Do not deny to him, that you love me. | 24   |  
| Lu. I will confesse to you that I love him. | 24   |  
| Par. So will ye, I am sure that you love me. | 24   |  

---

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

Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

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

Lu. That is no flaunder sir, which is a truth,

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

| Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou haft flandred it. | 36   |  
| Lu. It may be so, for it is not mine owne. | 36   |  

---

Are you at leisure, holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at euening Marius?

Fri. My leisure serves me penfue daughter now,

My Lord we must entreate the time alone.

Par. Godspeed, I shoule disrube deuotion,

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rowe yee,

Till then adue, and kepe this holy kifé.

Exit.

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

Come weepe with me, paft hope, paft care, paft help.

Fri. O Juliet I already know thy greefe,

It strains me paft the compasse of my wits,

I heare thou muft, and nothing may prorogue it.

---

Exit Paris. Ff.
* On Thursday next be married to the Countie.
  
  _Jul:_ Tell me not Frier that thou heardst of it, 
  
  Unleffe thou tell me how we may preuent it.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>134</th>
<th>&quot;Romeo and Juliet (Q₁) 1597.&quot;</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>On Thursday next be married to the Countie.</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Jul:</em> Tell me not Frier that thou heardst of it,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Unleffe thou tell me how we may preuent it.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Give me some sudden counsell: else behold</td>
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<tr>
<td>Twixt my extremest and me, this bloody Knife</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that</td>
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<td>Which the Commision of thy yeares and arte</td>
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<td>Could to no issue of true honour bring.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Speake not, be briefe: for I desire to die,</td>
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<tr>
<td>If what thou speakest, speake not of remedie.</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Fr:</em> Stay <em>Juliet</em>, I do speake a kinde of hope,</td>
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<tr>
<td>VVhich craves as desperate an execution,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>As that is desperate we would preuent.</td>
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<tr>
<td>If rather than to marrie Countie <em>Paris</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>Thou hast the strength or will to slay thy selfe,</td>
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<tr>
<td>This not unlike that thou wilt undertake</td>
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<tr>
<td>A thing like death to chide away this shame,</td>
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<tr>
<td>That coapes with death it selfe to flye from blame.</td>
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<tr>
<td>And if thou doest, Ie giue thee remedie.</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Jul:</em> Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie <em>Paris</em>)</td>
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<td>From off the battlements of yonder tower:</td>
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<td>Or chaine me to some steepie mountains top,</td>
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<tr>
<td>VVhere roaring Beares and saunge Lions are:</td>
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<tr>
<td>Or shut me nightly in a Charnell-houfe,</td>
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<tr>
<td>VVith reekie shanks, and yeolow chaples sculls:</td>
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<tr>
<td>Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:</td>
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</table>

Things
ACT IV. SC. 1.]  Romeo and Juliet  Q. 2. 1599.

On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

In. 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 wife,
And with this knife ile helpe it preuently.

God ioynd my heart, and Romeo thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to Romeo feald:
Shall be the Labell to an other deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to an other, this shall fley them both:
Therefore out of thy long experienct time,
Giue me some prefent counsell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudie knife

If what thou speakest, speake not of remedie.

Fri. Hold daughter, I do fpie a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperat an execution,
As that is desperat which we would preuent.

If rather then to marrie Countie Paris
Thou haft the strength of will to stay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coaft with death, himselfe to scape from it:
And if thou dareft, Ile giue thee remedie.

In. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie Paris,
From of the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuifh wayes, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares,
Orecouer quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie shanks and yealow chapells sculls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his,
Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;
And I will doo it without feare or doubt,
To keep my selfe a faithfull vnstaind VVife
To my deere Lord, my deerest Romeo.

Fr: Hold Iuliet, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
Let not thy Nurfe lye with thee in thy Chamber:
And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:
VVhen presently through all thy veynes shall run
A dull and heauie slumber, which shall feaze
Each vitall spirit: for no Pulse shall keepe
His naturall progresse, but surcease to beate:
No signe of breath shall testifie thou liuft.

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

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

Fri. Hold then, go home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie Paris: wensday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not the Nurfe lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When prefently through all thy veines shall run,
A cold and drowzie humour: for no pulfe
Shall keepe his natuie progresse but furceafe,
No warmth, no breast shall teftifie thou liuest,
The roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade:
Too many ahes, thy eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he fhuts vp the day of life.
Each part depriu’d of supplie gouernment,
Shall fiffse and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likeneffe of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and fortie houres,
And then awake as from a pleafant fleep.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our countrie is,
Is thy beft robes vncovered on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou fhall be borne to that fame auncient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie,
In the meane time againft thou fhalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my Letters know our drift,
And hither fhall he come, an he and I
Will watch thy walking, and that very night
Shall Romeo beare thee hence to Mantua.
And this fhall free thee from this preuent fhame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanifh feare,
Abate thy valour in the actung it.
Romeo and Juliet (Q. 1) 1597.  

ACT IV. SC. 2.

Iul: Frier I goe, be sure thou send for my deare Romeo.  

Exeunt.

Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurse, and Servingman.

Capo: Where are you sirra?  
Ser: Heere forfooth.  
Capo: Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes.  
Ser: I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe them by licking their fingers.  
Capo: How canft thou know them so?  
Ser: Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fingers.  
Capo: Well get you gone.  
Exit Servingman.

But wheres this Head-ftrong?  
Moth: Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier Laurence Cell  
To be confefl.  
Capo: Ah, he may hap to doo some good of her,  
A headstrong selfewild harlotrie it is.  
Enter Iuliet.  
Moth: See here she commeth from Confession,  
Capo: How now my Head-strong, where haue you bin gadding?  
Iul: Where I haue learned to repent the sin  
of froward wilfull opposition  
Gainft you and your behetfs, and am enioynd  
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,  
And craue remifion of fo foule a fact.  
She kneels downe.  
Moth: Why thats well said.  
Capo: Now before God this holy reuercnt Frier  
All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.  
Goe tell the Countie prentely of this,  
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.  

Jul:
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>124</td>
<td><strong>Fri.</strong> Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>128</td>
<td>In this resolu, ile send a Frier with speed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>128</td>
<td>To Mantua, with my Letters to thy Lord.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>128</td>
<td><strong>Jue.</strong> Loue give me strength, and strength shall helpe afford:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>128</td>
<td>Farewell deare father. (Exit.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. 2.</td>
<td><strong>Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and Serving men, two or three.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td><strong>Ca.</strong> So many guefts inuite as here are writ,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Sirrah, go hire me twentie cunning Cookes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td><strong>Ser.</strong> You shall haue none ill fir, for ile trie if they can lick their fingers.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td><strong>Cap.</strong> How canft thou trie them so?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td><strong>Ser.</strong> Marrie fir, tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fingers: therefore hee that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td><strong>Ca.</strong> Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnifht for this time:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>What is my daughter gone to Frier Lawrence?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td><strong>Nur.</strong> I forfooth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td><strong>Cap.</strong> Well, he may chance to do some good on her,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>A peeuifh selfewield harlottry it is.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td><strong>Enter Juliet.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td><strong>Nur.</strong> See where she comes from thrift with merie looke.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td><strong>Ca.</strong> How now my headfrong, where haue you bin gadding?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td><strong>Jue.</strong> Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin Of disobedient opposition,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>To you and your behests, and am enioynd By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>To beg your pardon, pardon I befeech you, Henceforward I am euer rule by you.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td><strong>Ca.</strong> Send for the Countie, go tell him of this, Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td><strong>Jue.</strong> I met the youthfull Lord at Lawrence Cell, And gane him what becomed loue I might, Not sphepping ore the bounds of modeftie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td><strong>Cap.</strong> Why I am glad out, this is wel, stand vp,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>This is aft should be, let me see the Countie:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>I marrie go I say and fetch him hither. Now</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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123. of feare] of care F1.  
[Exeunt] Q4, 5.  
ACT IV. SCENE 2.  
9, 10. Prose in Ff.  
25. becomd] becomed F1. becomed Q4, 5.  
28. ast] a'st Q4, 5, Ff.
Jul: Nurse, will you go with me to my Closet, 
To fort such things as shall be requisite 
Against to morrow.

Moth: I pree thee doo, good Nurse goe in with her, 
Helpe her to fort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines, 
And I will come vnto you prefently,

Nur: Come sweet hart, shall we goe: 
Jul: I pree thee let vs.

Exeunt Nurse and Iuliet.

Moth: Me thinks on Thursday would be time enough. 
Capo: I say I will haue this dispatcht to morrow, 

Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.

Moth: I pray my Lord, let it be Thursday. 
Capo: I say to morrow while shees in the mood. 

Moth: We shall be short in our prouision. 
Capo: Let me alone for that, goe get you in, 
Now before God my heart is pafsing light, 
To fee her thus conformed to our will. 

Exeunt. 

Enter Nurse, Iuliet.

Nur: Come, come, what need you anie thing elie? 
Jul: Nothing good Nurse, but leaue me to my felfe: 
For I doo meaue to lye alone to night. 

Nur: Well theres a cleane smocke vnder your pillow, 
and fo good night. 

Exit. 

Enter Mother.

Moth: What are you busie, doo you need my helpe? 
Jul: No Madame, I defire to lye alone, 
For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.

Moth: Well then good night, be stirring Iuliet, 
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow.

Exit. 

Jul:
Now afore God, this reverend holy Friar,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.

32  *Iu.* Nurfe, will you go with me into my Clofet,
To helpe me for such needfull ornaments,
As you think fit to furnish me to morrow?

36  *Mo.* No not till Thursday, there is time enow.

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

Exeunt.

*Mo.* We shall be shor in our prouifion,
Tis now neare night.

*Fa.* Truth, 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 vp him
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this fame wayward Gyrle is so reclaymd.

Exit.

IV. 3.

*Enter Iuliet and Nurfe.*

*Iu.* I those attires are best, but gentle Nurfe
I pray thee leave me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many oryfons,

To moue the heavenes to smile vpon my flate,
Which well thou knoweft, is croffe and full of sin.

*Enter Mother.*

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

*Iu.* No Madam, we haue culd such necessaries

As are behooffull for our flate to morrow:
So pleae you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurfe this night fit vp with you,
For I am sure you haue your hands full all,

In this fo sudden businesse.

*Mo.* Good night.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou haft need.

Exeunt.

*Iu.* Farewell,
Juliet: Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete a-gaine.

Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.

What if this Potion shoulde not worke at all,
Muft I of force be married to the Countie?
This shalbe forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
What if the Frier shoulde give me this drinke?
To poyfon mee, for feare I shoulde difclofe
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious Man:
I will not entertaine fo bad a thought.

What if I shoulde be stifled in the Toomb?

Awake an houre before the appointed time:

Ah then I feare I shalbe lunaticke,
And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
Romeo and Juliet  Q. 2. 1599.

16. Farewell, God knowes when we shall meete againe,
I have a faint cold feare thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes vp the heate of life:
I le call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should she do here?

20. My diffmall fceane I needs must act alone.
Come Violl, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it, lie thou there,

24. What if it be a poysfon which the Frier
Subtilly hath ministrd to haue me dead,
Least in this marriage he shoulde be diuonourd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?

28. I feare it is, and yet me thinks it shoulde not,
For he hath still bene tried a holy man.
How if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that Romeo

32. Come to redeeme me, theris a fearfull poynt:
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes.

36. Or if I lyue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulve, an aucnient receptacle,

40. Where for this many hundred yeares the bones
Of all my buried auncestors are packt,
Where bloudie Tybalt yet but greene in earth,
Lies festring in his throude, where as they say,
At some hours in the night, spirits refort:
Alack, alack, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smels,
And shrikes like mandrakes torn out of the earth,

44. That lyuynge mortalls hearing them run mad:
O if I walke, shall I not be diftraught,
Inuironed with all these hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioyns?

17. life] fire Ff.
21. Violl] Violl Qq. F1
29. a] an Q5.
33. stifled] stifled Ff. Q5.
40. this] these Qq. Ff.
47. shrikes] shrieks F4.
49. O if I walke] Or if I
walke Q4, 5. Or if I
walke F2, 3. 4. (walk
F4.)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Romeo and Juliet (Q. 1) 1597.</th>
<th>ACT IV. SC. 4.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Daff out my franticke brains. Me thinkes I see My Cofin Tybalt weltring in his bloud, Seeking for Romeo: Stay Tybalt Stay. Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>She falls upon her bed within the Curtaines.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enter Nurse with hearbs, Mother.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moth: Thats well said Nurse, set all in redines, The Countie will be heere immediatly.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Enter Oldeman.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Cap: Make haft, make haft, for it is almoft day, The Curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocke, Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nur: Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you will be sicke anone.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cap: I warrant thee Nurse I haue ere now watcht all night, and haue taken no harme at all. Moth: I you haue beene a mouse hunt in your time.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enter Servingman with Logs &amp; Coales.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cap: A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood: How now firra? What haue you there?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ser: Forsooth Logs.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cap: Goe, goe chooze dryer. Will will tell thee where thou shalt fetch them.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ser: Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to choose a Log.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exit.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cap: Well goe thy way, thou shalt be logger head. Come, come, make haft call vp your daughter, The Countie will be heere with musicke firaight.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gods</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
54. *desperate* Qq. *desperate* Fl.
57. *a* my Ft. *his* F2, 3, 4.

### ACT IV. Scene 4.

52. And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his throwde,
And in this rage with some great kinfmans bone,
As with a club dash out my desparate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon a Rapiers poyn: *flay Tybalt, flay?*
*Romeo, Romeo, Romeo*, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter *Lady of the house* and Nurse.

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

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

Enter *old Capulet*.

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

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

**Ca.** No not a whit, what I haue watcht ere now,
All night for lesse caufe, and nere bene ficke.

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

Exit *Lady and Nurse*.

**Ca.** A jealous hood, a jealous hood, now fellow, what is there?
   *Enter three or foure with spits and logs,*
   and Baskets.

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

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

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

**Ca.** Maffe and well said, a merrie horfon, ha,
Twou shalt be loggerhead, good father tis day.

*Play Muficke.*
The Countie will be here with muficke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neare.

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

Enter
Gods me hees come, Nurse call vp my daughter.

_Nur:_ Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady birde? faft I warrant. What _Iuliet_? well, let the County take you in your bed: yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next night, the Countie _Paris_ hath set vp his rest that you then rest but little. What lambe I say, faft still: what _Lady_ Loun, what bride, what _Iuliet_? Gods me how found she sleepe? Nay then I see I must wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on your bed, dreft in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the day, some Aqua vite hoe.

_Enter Mother._

_Moth:_ How now what the matter?

_Nur:_ Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.

_Moth:_ Accurft, vnhappy, miserable time.

_Enter Oldeman._

_Cap:_ Come, come, make haft, wheres my daughter?

_Moth:_ Ah shees dead, shees dead.

_Cap:_ Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.

Accurfed time, vnfortunate olde man.
Enter Nurse.

Go wake\textit{ Juliet}, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with \textit{Paris}, fie, make haste,
Make haste, the bridgroome, he is come already, make haste I say.

\textit{Nur}. Mis\textit{tris}, what mis\textit{tris}, \textit{Juliet}, faft I warrant her she,
Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you sluggabed,
Why Loe I say, Madam, sweee heart, why Bride :
What not a word, you take your penniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie \textit{Paris} hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgive me.

Marrie and Amen : how found is she a sleepe :
I needs must wake her : Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be ?
What dreft, and in your clothes, and downe againe ?
I must needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead.
Oh wereaday that euer I was borne,

\textit{Mo}. What noife is here?
\textit{Nur}. O lamentable day.
\textit{Mo}. What is the matter ?
\textit{Nur}. Looke, looke, oh heauie day !
\textit{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.

\textit{Fa}. For shame bring \textit{Juliet} forth, her Lord is come.
\textit{Nur}. Shees dead : deceat, shees dead, alack the day.
\textit{M}. Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.
\textit{Fa}. Hah let me see her, out alas shees cold,

\textit{Mo}. What noife is here?
\textit{Nur}. O lamentable day.
\textit{Mo}. What is the matter ?
\textit{Nur}. Looke, looke, oh heauie day !
\textit{Mo}. O me, O me, my child, my onely life.
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Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee :
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

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\textit{Fa}. For shame bring \textit{Juliet} forth, her Lord is come.
\textit{Nur}. Shees dead : deceat, shees dead, alack the day.
\textit{M}. Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.
\textit{Fa}. Hah let me see her, out alas shees cold,
Enter Fryer and Paris.

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

Cap: Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.

O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,
Deflowerd by him, fe, where she lyes,

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

Par: Haue I thought long to fee this mornings face,
And doth it now prefent fuch prodegies?

Accurft, vnhappy, miferable man,
Forlorne, forfaken, deftitute I am:
Borne to the world to be a flaue in it.
Diftreft, remediles, and vnfortunate.
O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To liue fo vile, fo wretched as I ftiall.

Cap: O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,
And being dead, dead forrow nips vs all.

All cry: And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, loft, vndone, abfented, wholy fled.

Cap: Cruell, vniuft, impartiall deffinies,
Why to this day haue you preferu'd my life?
To fee my hope, my flay, my ioy, my life,
Depriude of fence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vniuft, impartiall deffinies.

Cap: O sad fac'd forrow map of misery,
Why this sad time haue I defird to fee.
This day, this vniuft, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop'd to fee my comfort full,
To be depriude by fuddaine deffinie.

Moth: O woe, alacke, diftreft, why shoulde I liue?
To fee this day, this miferable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne.
To be partaker of this deffinie.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.
Nur. O lamentable day!
Mo. O wofull time!
Fa. Death that hath tane her hêce 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 leave him all life liuing, all is deaths.

Par. Haue I thought loue to fee this mornings face,
And doth it give me such a fight as this?
Mo. Accurft, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw,
In lafting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing child,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

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

Par. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, flaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell, thee quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.
Fa. Defpifde, diffrefed, hated, martird, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camft thou now,

To murther, murther, our solemnitie?
O childe, O childe, my foule and not my childe,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace
Romeo and Juliet (Q1 1597). [ACT IV. SC. 5.

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

* Come sticke your Rosemary in this dead coarse,
And as the custom of our Country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,
Conuay her where her Ancestors lie tomb'd,

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

They all but the Nurse goe forth, casting Rosemary on her and shutting the Curtens.

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

i. I by my troth Mistresse is it, it had need be mended. Enter
Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions care lies not,
In thefe confusions heauen and your selle
Had part in this faire maide, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keeps his part in eternall life,
The moft you fought was her promotion,
For twas your heauen she should be aduanft,
And weepe ye now, feeing the is aduanft
Shees not well married, that lines married long,
But shees best married, that dies married young.
Drie vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie
On this faire Coarfe, and as the cuftome is,
And in her best array beare her to Church:
For though some nature bids vs all lament,
Yet natures teares are reaons merriment.
Fa. All things that we ordained fentiull,
Turne from their office to black Funerall:
Our infruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheare to a sad buriall feaft:
Our folemne himnes to fullen dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers ferue for a buried Coarfe:
And all things change them to the contrarie.
Fri. Sir go you in, and Madam go with him,
And go sir Paris, every one prepare
To follow this faire Coarfe vnto her graue:
The heauens do lowre vpon you for fome ill:
Mone them no more, by croffing their high wil.

Exeunt manet.

Mufi. Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.
Nur. Honest goodfellowes, ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull cafe.

Fid. I my my troath, the cafe may be amended. [Exit omnes.

K 3

68. confusions care) confusions, care Qq. confusions: Care Ff.
69. confusions] [.] Q3. 4.
Ff. [.] Q5.

75. she] that sh F2, 3. 4.

77. it selfe] himselfe Q5.

85. some fond F2, 3. 4.
us all] all us Ff.

90. burial] funerall Q5.


102. Fid.] Mu. Ff.
my my] by my Qq. Ff.
[Exeunt omnes] Qq. om. Ff.
Enter Serviungman.

Ser: Alack alack what shal I doe, come Fidlers play me some mery dumpe.
1. A sir, this is no time to play.
Ser: You will not then?
1. No marry will wee.
Ser: Then will I giue it you, and soundly to.
1. What will you giue us?

Ser: The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile sol you.

1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.

Ser: I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with my wodden wit. Come on Simon found Pot, Ile poe you,
1. Lets heare.
Ser: When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
And dolefull dumps the minde opprefle:
Then musique with her siluer found,
Why siluer found? Why siluer found?
1. I thinke becaufe musicke hath a sweet found.
Ser: Pretie, what say you Mathew minikine?
2. I thinke becaufe Musitions found for siluer.
Ser: Prettie too: come, what say you?
3. I say nothing.
Ser: I thinke so, Ile speake for you becaufe you are the Singer. I faye Siluer found, becaufe such Fellowes as you haue fildome Golde for founding. Farewell Fidlers, farewell.

1. Farewe'l
Enter Will Kemp.

Peter. Munitions, oh Munitions, harts eafe, harts eafe,
O, and you will haue me line, play harts eafe.
Fidler. Why harts eafe?

Peter. O Munitions, becaufe my hart it selfe plaise my hart is
O play me some merie dump to comfort me. (full:
Minfrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.

Peter. You will not then?
Minfl. No.

Peter. I will then giue it you foundly.

Minfl. What will you giue vs?

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

I will giue you the Minfrell.

Peter. Then I will lay the Seruing-creatures dagger on your
I will carry no Crochets, ile re you, ile fa

You, do you note me?
Minfl. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.

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

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

When griping grieves the hart doth wound, then mufique with
her filuer found.

Why filuer found, why musique, with her filuer found, what say
you Simon Catling?

Minfl. Mary fir, becaufe filuer hath a sweet found.

Peter. Prates, what say you Hugh Rebick?

2. M. I say filuer found, becaufe Munitions found for filuer.

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

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

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

I will say for you, it is musique with her filuer found,
Because Munitions have no gold for founding:

Then Mufique with her filuer found with speedy help doth lend redrefle.

104
108
112
116
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Enter Peter.] Q. 5, Ff.

105. Fidler.] Mu. Ff.
106. is full] is full of woe Q. 5.
110. Minst.] Mu. Ff.
112. Minst.] Mu. Ff.
121. Then . . . wit.] Given to Peter Q. 5.


sound post] Sound-Post Ff.
Enter Romeo.

**Rom:** If I may trust the flattering Eye of Sleep, 
My Dreame prefagde some good euent to come. 
My bofome Lord fits cheerfull in his throne, 
And I am comforted with pleasing dreams. 
Me thought I was this night alreadye dead: 
(Strange dreames that giue a dead man leave to thinke) 
And that my Ladie **Juliet** came to me, 
And breathd such life with kifes in my lips, 
That I reuiude and was an Emperour.

Enter Balthasar his man booted. 
Newes from Verona. How now Balthasar, 

How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well? 
How fares my **Juliet**? that I aske againe: 
If she be well, then nothing can be ill. 

**Balt:** Then nothing can be ill, for she is well, 
Her bodie sleepe in Capels Monument, 
And her immortall parts with Angels dwell. 

Pardon me Sir, that am the Meffenger of such bad tidings.

**Rom:** Is it euen so? then I defie my Starres. 

* Goe get me incke and paper, hyre poft horfe, 
I will not fly in **Mantua** to night. 

**Balt:** Pardon me Sir, I will not leave you thus, 
Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare: 
I dare not, nor I will not leave you yet. 

**Rom:** Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper, 
And hyre thofe horfe: fly not I say. 

Exit
ACT V. SC. 1.  

_Romeo and Juliet_ Q2. 1599.  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Min.</th>
<th>What a pestilent knave is this name?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>M.</em> 2.</td>
<td>Hang him Jack, come weele in here, tarrie for the mourners, and stay dinner.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Exit.**

---

**Enter Romeo.**

_Ro._ If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,  
My dreams prefage some joyful newes at hand,  
My bofomes L. fits lightly in his throne:  
And all this day an vnaccustum'd spirit,  
Lifts me aboue the ground with chearfull thoughts,  
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.  
Ah me, how sweete is loue it selfe posel.

---

**Newes from Verona, how now Balthazer,**  
_Doist thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?_  
_How doth my Lady, is my Father well?_  
_How doth my Lady Juliet? that I aske againe,_  
_For nothing can be ill if she be well._

---

**Man.** Then the is well and nothing can be ill,  
Her body sleepes in _Capels_ monument,  
And her immortall part with Angels liues.  
I saw her lowe in her kindreds vault,  
And prefently tooke pofte to tell it you:  
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,  
Since you did leaue it for my office fir.

---

_Rom._ Is it in so? then I denie you starrses.  
_Thou knowest_ my lodging, get me inke and paper,  
And hire poft horfes, I will hence to night.  
_Man._ I do befeech you sir, haue patience:  
_Your lookees are pale and wilde, and do import_  
_Some misaduenture._  
_Ro._ Thou art deceiu'd,  
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.  

---

3.  _L._ Lord Q4. 5. F2. 3. 4.  
4.  _this day an_ thisan day an F1.  
3.  _vnaccustom'd_ vuccustom'd F1.  
7.  _dreame that gives_ dreams that gives Q4.  
_dreames that give Q5._

---

138.  _Min._] Mu. Ff.

---

[Enter Romeo.  

**V. 1.**

---

**[Exeunt.]** Q4. 5.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

---

18.  _Capels_] _Capulet's_ F4.

---

24.  _in_] _even_ Qq. Ff.  
_denie_ deny F2. 3. 4. Q5.  
25.  _knowest_] _knowst_ Q5.
Exit Balthasar.

Well Juliet, I will lye with thee to night. Lets fee for meanes. As I doo remember

Here dwells a Potheccarie whom oft I noted

As I past by, whose needie shop is stuffed With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes: And in the same an Aligarta hangs,

Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roses, Are thinly firewedd to make vp a shew. Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought: And if a man shoulde need a poyfon now, (Whose present fale is death in Mantua) Here he might buy it. This thought of mine Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwells.

Being Holiday the Beggers shop is flut. What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say. Enter Apothecarie. 

Apo: Who calls, what would you sir?

Rom: Heeres twentie duckates, Give me a dram of some such speeding geere, As will dispatch the wearie takers life, As suddenly as powder being fierd From
Haft thou no Letters to me from the Frier?  

Man. No my good Lord.  

Ro. No matter get thee gone,  
And hyre those horfes, Ile be with thee straight.  

Well Juliet, I will lie with thee to night:  
Let's fee for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift,  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.  
I do remember an Apothecarie,  
And here abouts which late I noted,  
In tattred weeds with overwhelming browes,  
Culling of simples, meager were his lookes,  
Sharpe miserie had worn him to the bones:  
And in his needie shop a tortoyes hung,  
An allegater stufft, and other skins  
Of ill hapte fishes, and about his thelues,  
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,  
Greene earthen pots, bladders and muffie feedes,  
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 poyfon now,  
Whose sall is present death in Mantua,  
Here liues a Catife wretch would fell it him.  
O this same thought did but forerun my need,  
And this same needie man must fell it me.  
As I remember this should be the housé,  
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.  
What ho Apothecarie.  

Appo. Who calls so lowd?  

Kom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,  
Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue  
A dram of poyfon, fuch foone spreading geare,  
As will dispearse it selfe through all the veines,  
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,  
And that the Trunke may be dischargd of breath,  
As violently, as haftie powder fierd

[Enter Apothecarie.]
From forth a Cannons mouth.

\[\text{Apo:} \] Such drugs I haue I must of force confesse,
But yet the law is death to thofe that fell them.

\[\text{Rom:} \] Art thou fo bare and full of poertie,
And doeft thou feare to violate the Law?
The Law is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend,
And therefore make no conffeience of the law:
Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miferie,
And starued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.

\[\text{Apo:} \] My poertie but not my will confents.
\[\text{Rom:} \] I pay thy poertie, but not thy will.
\[\text{Apo:} \] Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing
you will, and it will ferue had you the lines of twenty men.

\[\text{Rom:} \] Hold, take this gold, worfe poyfon to mens foules

Than this which thou haft giuen me. Goe hye thee hence,

Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into fleth.
Come cordiall and not poyfon, goe with mee
To Iuliets Graue: for there muft I vfe thee.  

\[\text{Enter Frier John.} \]

\[\text{John:} \] What Frier Laurence, Brother, ho?

\[\text{Laur:} \] This fame fhould be the voyce of Frier John.
VWhat newes from Mantua, what will Romeo come?

\[\text{Iohn:} \] Going to fecke a barefoote Brother out,
One of our order to affociate mee,
Here in this Cittie visiting the fick,
VWhereas the infectious pestilence remaind:
And being by the Searchers of the Towne
Found and examinide, we were both shut vp.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.</td>
<td>Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but Mantuas lawe Is death to any he that vters them.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72</td>
<td>And fearest to die, famine is in thy cheekes, Need and oppreßion starueth in thy eyes, Contempt and beggerie hangs vpon thy backe:</td>
<td>The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76</td>
<td>Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.</td>
<td>My pouertie, but not my will confents.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>Put this in any liquid thing you will And drinke it off, and if you had the strength Of twentie men, it would dißpatch you straight.</td>
<td>Going to find a barefoote brother out,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84</td>
<td>Doing more murther in this loathsome world, Then these poore cöponds that thou maißt not fell, I fell thee poyson, thou haft fold me none, Farewell, by foode, and get thy selfe in flesh.</td>
<td>And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne Suspecting that we both were in a houfe, Where the infectious pestilence did raigne, Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88</td>
<td>Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.</td>
<td>Come Cordiall and not poyson, go with me To Iuliets graue, for there must I vfe thee.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>92</td>
<td>Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.</td>
<td>Enter Lawrence.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>96</td>
<td>Law. This same should be the voyce of Frier Iohn, Welcome from Mantua, what fayes Romeo?</td>
<td>Or if his minde be writ, giue me his Letter.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>Joh. Going to find a barefoote brother out, One of our order to affociate me, Here in this Citie visiting the sicke,</td>
<td>So that my ipeed to Mantua there was flaid.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**ACT V. SCENE 2.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>69</td>
<td>Poti.] App. &amp; Ap. Fl. (also at lines 78, 80.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72</td>
<td>fear'st Fl. Q5.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73</td>
<td>thine Q5, F3, 4.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74</td>
<td>hang on F2, 3, 4.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79</td>
<td>pay Q4, 5.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83</td>
<td>There is] There's Fl.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84</td>
<td>murthers Q4, murders Q5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85</td>
<td>maißt Q4, maist Q5, F3, 4.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>if his] if F2, 3, 4.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Laur: Who bare my letters then to Romeo?
John: I haue them still, and here they are.

Laur: Now, by my holy Order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.

Goe get thee hence, and get me presently
A spade and mattocke.

John: Well I will presently go fetch thee them. Exit.
Laur: Now must I to the Monument alone,
Leaft that the Ladie shoud before I come
Be wakde from sleepe. I will hye
To free her from that Tombe of miserie. Exit.

Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers and sweete water.

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

Paris firews the Tomb with flowers.

Par: Sweete Flower, with flowers I strew thy Bridale bed:
Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite doft containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie:
Faire Iuliet that with Angells doft remaine,
Accept this lateft favour at my hands,
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead
With funerall praifes doo adorne thy Tombe.

Boy
ACT V. SC. 3.  

_Romeo and Juliet_ Q. 2. 1599.

*Law.* Who bare my Letter then to _Romeo_?  

*John._ I could not fend it, here it is againe,  
Nor get a meffenger to bring it thee,  
So fearefull were they of infection.  

*Law._ Unhappy fortune, by my Brotherhood,  
The Letter was not nice but full of charge,  
Of deare import, and the neglecting it,  
May do much danger: _Frier John_ go hence,  
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it straight  
Vnto my Cell.  

*John._ Brother goe and bring it thee.  
(Exit.)  

*Law._ Now must I to the Monument alone,  
Within this three houres will faire _Juliet_ wake,  
Shee will bethrew 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 living Coarfe, clofe in a dead mans Tombe.  
(Exit.)  

**Enter Paris and his Page.**  

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

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

*Par._ Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew  
O woe, thy Canapie is duft and ftones,  
Which with sweete water nightly I will dewe,  
Or wanting that, with teares diffild by mones,  
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe:  
Nightly  

[Exit.]  

P. 1. _aloofe_ aloft F1, 2, 3.  
2. _young_ yong Q4.  
3. _along_ alone F2, 3.  
4. _Laying_ Laying F3, 4.  
10. _alone_ along F2.  
12. _strew_ [.] Q3, 4. [:]  
14. _dewe_ new Q5.
Boy whistles and calls. My Lord.

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

Par: The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foote wanders this was to night,
To slay my obsequies and true loves rites?
What with a torch, muffle me night a while.

Rom: Give mee this mattocke, and this wrentching I-ron.
And take these letters, early in the morning,
See thou deliver them to my Lord and Father.

So get thee gone and trouble me no more.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face,
But chiefly to take from her dead finger,
A precious ring which I must vie
In deare imployment, but if thou wilt slay,
Further to pric in what I undertake,

By heauen Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And firewe thys hungry churchyard with thy lims.
The time and my intents are savage, wilde.

Balt: Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.
Rom: So thalt thou win my favour, take thou this,
Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.
Balt: Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

Romeo opens the tombe.

Rom: Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorde with the dearest morfell of the earth.
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.

Par: This is that banisht haughtie Mountague,
That murderd my loves cousin, I will apprehend him. Stop
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weepe.  

_Whistle Boy._

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

_Enter Romeo and Peter._

_Ro._ Giue me that mattocke and the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hearest or leaft, 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 muft vse,
In deare imployment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous doft returne to prie
In what I farther shall intend to doo,
By heauen I will teare thee Joyn by Joyn,
And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy lims:
The time and my intents are sauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring sea.

_Pet._ I will be gone sir, and not trouble ye.

_Ro._ So shalt thou shew me friendshid, take thou that,
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

_Pet._ For all this fame, ile hide me here about,

_His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt._

_Ro._ Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg’d with the dearest morfell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Jawes to open,
And in defpight ile cram thee with more food.

_Pa._ This is that baniift haughtie Mountague;
That murdred my loues Cozin, with which greese
Stop thy unhallowed toyle vile Mountague.
Can vengeance be purfued further then death?
I doe attach thee as a fellow here.
The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou must dye,
Rom: I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good youth be gone, tempt not a desperate man.

Heape not another sinne vpon my head
By shedding of thy bloud, I doe protest
I love thee better then I love my selfe:
For I come hyther armde againft my selfe,

Par: I doe defie thy conjurations:
And doe attach thee as a fellow here.
Rom: What doft thou tempt me, then have at thee boy.

They fight.
Boy: O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.
Par: Ah I am slaine, if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with Juliet.
Rom: Yfaith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutios kinrman, noble County Paris?
What said my man, when my betrost foule
Did not regard him as we past along.
Did he not say Paris should have marrid
Juliet? eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so.

But I will satisfie thy last request,
For thou hast prizd thy love aboue thy life.

Death

Romeo and Juliet (Q. 1) 1597. [ACT V. SC. 3]
ACT V. SC. 3.

Romeo and Juliet Q2. 2. 1599.

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

Romeo. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth tempt not a desperate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke upon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to furie, be gone,
By heaven I loue thee better then my selfe:
Stay not, begone, live, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.

Par. I do defie thy commiration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.

Romeo. Wilt thou provoke me? then haue at thee boy.

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

Par. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull;
Open the Tombe, lay me with Juliet,
Romeo. I faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutios kinman, Noble Countie Paris,
What said my man, when my betolled soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of Juliet,
To thinke it was so? O 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 slaughtered youth:
For here lies Juliet, and her bewtie makes
This Vault a feastinge preence full of light.
Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft haue many at the houre of death
Beene blith and pleafant? which their keepers call
A lightning before death But how may I
Call this a lightning. Ah deare Juliet,

How well thy beauty doth become this graue?
O I beleue that vnsubftanciall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my loue.

Therefore will I, O heere, O euery heere,
Set vp my euerylafting ref
With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.

Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on
The dashing rockes thy fea-ficke weary barge.
Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are swift: thus with a knife I dye.

Falls. Enter
Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they bene merie? which their keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my wife,
Death that hath stickt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy bewtie:
Thou art not conquered, bewties enfigne yet
Is crymson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And deaths pale flag is not advanced there.

Tybalt lyest thou there in thy bloudie meet?
O what more fanour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To funder his that was thine enemie?
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare Juliet
Why art thou yet so faire?
I will beleue,
Shall I beleue that vnsubstanfall death is amorous,
And that the leane abhorred monfter keepes
Thee here in darke to be his parramour?
For feare of that I still will faie with thee,
And neuer from this pallat of dym night.
Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou turn bluest in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here
Will I fet vp my euerlafting rest:
And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres,
From this world wearied flesh, eyes looke your laft:
Armes take your laft embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, scale with a righteous kisse
A datelesse bargain to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnfaoury guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The daunger Rocks, thy seaick weary barke:
Heres to my Loue. O true Appothecary:
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.

How oft to night have these my aged feet
Stumbled at graves as I did passe along.
Who's there?
  Man. A friend and one that knowes you well.
  Fr. Who is it that comforteth so late the dead,
What light is yon? if I be not deceived,
Me thinkes it burnes in Capels monument?
  Man. It doth so holy Sir, and there is one
That loues you dearely.
  Fr. Who is it?
  Man. Romeo.
  Fr. How long hath he beene there?
  Man. Full halfe an houre and more.
  Fr. Goe with me thether.
  Man. I dare not sir, he knowes not I am here:
On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,
And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize.
  Fr. Then must I goe: my minde prefageth ill.

Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.

What bloud is this that staines the entrance
Of this marble stony monument?
What meanes these maisterles and goory weapons?
Ah me I doubt, whose heere? what Romeo dead?
Who and Paris too? what vnluckie houre
Is accessary to so foule a finne?

Juliet rises.

The Lady sturres.

Ah comfortable Fryer.
I doe remember well where I should be,
And what we talkt of: but yet I cannot see
Him for whose sake I vndertooke this hazard.
  Fr. Lady come fowrth, I heare some noife at hand,
  We
Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crowe, and Spade.

Frier. S. Frances be my speed, how oft to night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? Whoes there?
Man. Heeres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Frier. Blifie be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyelefte sculles: as I dicerne,
It burneth in the Capels monument.

Man. It doth so holy fir, and theris my maister, one that you
Frier. Who is it? (loue.
Man. Romeo.

Frier. How long hath he bin there?
Man. Full halfe an houre.
Frier. Go with me to the Vault.
Man. I dare not fir.

My Mafter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death
If I did fly to looke on his entents.
Frier. Stay then 'ile go alone, fear comes vpon me.
O much I feare some ill vnthriftie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this yong tree heere,
I dreampt my maister and another fought,
And that my maister flew him.
Frier. Romeo.

Alack alack, what bloud is this which flaines
The ftony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane thefe maisterlefte and goarie swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

Romeo, oh pale! who elfe, what Paris too?
And sleept in bloud? ah what an vnkind hower
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady fitres.

Jul. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my Romeo?
Frier. I heare some noyfe Lady, come from that neft

Enter... } Enter... Qq. Ff.

126. Francis] Francis Qq. Ff.
127. Man.] Bait. Q4, 5
(also at lines 132, 134, 136, 138, 144).


132. It... sir] separate line Ff.

142. fear comes] feares Q4, 5, 144. young Qq. Ff.

143. vnthriftie] unlucky Qq. Ff.

156. where is] where's Ff.
We shall be taken, Paris he is slaine,
And Romeo dead: and if we here be tane
We shall be thought to be as accessearie.
I will provide for you in some close Nunery.
  Iul: Ah leave me, leave me, I will not from hence.
  Fr: I heare some noisie, I dare not stay, come, come.
  Iul: Goe get thee gone.
Whats heere a cup close in my loyers hands?
Ah churle drinke all, and leave no drop for me.

Enter watch.

Watch: This way, this way.
  Iul: I, noyse? then must I be resolute.
O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,
Rest in my bofome, thus I come to thee.
  She slaks her selfe and falles.

Enter watch.

Cap: Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?
See frends where Juliet two daies buried,
New bleeding wounded, search and see who's neare.
Attach and bring them to vs presently.

Enter one with the Fryer.

1. Captaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,
Of death, contagion, and unnaturall sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradiet
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bofome there lies dead:
And Paris too, come iie diipose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnnes:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming,
Come go good Juliet, I dare no longer fly.

_Exit._

_Jul._ Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
Whats heere? a cup closd in my true loues hand?
Poisson, I fee hath bin his timeleffe end:
O churle, drunk all, and left no friendly drop.

_172_ To help me after, I will kiffe thy lips,
Happie some poyfion yet doth hang on them,
To make me dye with a reforative.
Thy lips are warme.

_Enter Boy and Watch._

_Watch._ Leade boy, which way.

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

_Watch boy._ This is the place there where the torch doth burne.

_Watch._ The ground is bloudie, fearch about the Churchyard.
Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull fight, heere lies the Countie flaine,
And Juliet bleeding, warme, and newlie dead:
Who heere hath laine this two daies buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the Capulets,
Raiſe vp the Mountagues, some others fearch,
We see the ground whereon theſe woes do lye,

_188_ But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes
We cannot without circumſtance defcry.

_Enter Romeos man._

_Watch._ Heres Romeos man, we found him in the Churchyard.

_Chief. watch._ Hold him in fafetie till the Prince come hither.

_3._ _Frier, and another Watchman._

_192_ 3. _Watch._ Here is a Frier that trembles, fighes, and weepes,
Fitte to ope a tombe.

Cap: A great suspition, keep him safe.

Enter one with Romets Man.

1. Heeres Romois Man.

Capt: Keepe him to be examinde.

Enter Prince with others.

Prin: What early mischiefe calls vs vp so soone.

Capt: O noble Prince, fee here

Where Juliet that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,

Warne and freth bleeding, Romeo and Countie Paris

Likewise newly slaine.

Prin: Search feeke about to finde the murderers.

Enter olde Capolet and his Wife.

Capo: What rumor's this that is so early vp?

Moth: The people in the streeetes crie Romeo,

And some on Juliet: as if they alone

Had been the caufe of such a mutinie.

Capo: See Wife, this dagger hath mistooke:

For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong Mountague,

And it is sheathed in our Daughters breast.

Enter olde Montague.

Prin: Come Mountague, for thou art early vp,

To fee thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.

Mount: Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,

And yong Benuolio is deceafed too:

What further mischiefe can there yet be found?

Prin: Firft come and fee, then speake.

Mount: O thou vntaught, what manners is in this

To preffe before thy Father to a graue.

Prin: Come seale your mouthes of outrage for a while,

And let vs feeke to finde the Authors out
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,  
As he was comming from this Church-yards side.  

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

**Enter the Prince.**

196  
**Prin.** What misadventure is so early vp,  
That calls our person from our morning rest?  

**Enter Capets.**

200  
**Ca.** What should it be that is so shrike abroad?  
**Wife.** O the people in the street criе Romeо,  
Some Juleт, and some Paris, and all runne  
With open outcry toward our Monument.  
**Pr.** What fear is this which startles in your eares?  
**Watch.** Soueraine, here lies the County Paris slaine,  
And Romeо dead, and Juleт dead before,  
Warne and new kild. (comes.  
**Prin.** Search, seeke & know how this foule murder  
**Wat.** Here is a Frier, and Slaughter Romeos man,  
208  
With Instruments vpon them, fit to open  
Theſe dead mens Tombes.  

**Enter Capulet and hiswife.**

212  
**Ca.** O heavens! O wife looke how our daughter  
This dagger hath mistane, for loe his house (bleeds!  
Is emptie on the back of Montague,  
And it misheathed in my daughters boſome.  
**Wife.** O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell  
That warne my old age to a sepulcher.  

**Enter Montague.**

216  
**Prin.** Come Montague, for thou art early vp  
To see thy sonne and heire, now earlying downe.  
**Moun.** Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,  
Grieſe of my sonnes exile hath flopt her breath.  
220  
What further woe conspires againſt mine age?  
**Prin.** Looke and thou shalt fee.  
**Moun.** O thou vnaught, what maners is in this,  
To preſe before thy father to a grave?  
**Prin.** Seal vp the mouth of outrage for a while,  
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,
Of such a hainous and feld scene mischaunce.

Bring forth the parties in suspition.

Fr: I am the greatest able to doo leaft.
Moost worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth.
And Ile informe you how these things fell out.

Juliet here flaine was married to that Romeo,
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:
The Nurse was priuie to the marriage.
The balefull day of this vn happie marriage,
VVas Tybalt’s doomesday : for which Romeo
VVas banished from hence to Mantua.
He gone, her Father fought by foule constraint
To marrie her to Paris: But her Soule
(Loathing a second Contract) did refuse
To giue content; and therefore did she urge me
Either to finde a meanes she might auoyd
What so her Father fought to force her too:
Or els all desperately she threatned
Euen in my pretence to dispatch her selfe.
Then did I giue her, (tutored by mine arte)
A potion that should make her seeme as dead:
And told her that I would with all port spede
Send hence to Mantua for her Romeo,
That he might come and take her from the Toombe.
But he that had my Letters (Frier John)
Seeking a Brother to affociate him,
VVhereas the sicke infection remaind,
VVas stayed by the Searchers of the Towne,
But Romeo vnderstanding by his man,
That Juliet was deceasde, returnde in post
Vnto Verona for to see his loue.
VVhat after happened touching Paris death,
Or Romeo is to me vnknowne at all.

But
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>228</td>
<td>And know their spring, their head, their true descent, And then will I be general of your woes,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>229</td>
<td>And lead you even to death, mean time forbear, And let mischance be slave to patience, Bring forth the parties of suspicion.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>230</td>
<td>Frier. I am the greatest able to do least, Yet most suspected as the time and place Doth make against me of this direfull murther: And here I stand both to impeach and purge My selfe condemned, and my selfe excuse.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>231</td>
<td>Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know in this?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>232</td>
<td>Frier. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath Is not so long as is a tedious tale.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>233</td>
<td>Romeo there dead, was husband to that Juliet, And the there dead, thats Romeo's faithfull wife: I married them, and their solemn marriage day Was Tibalts doomeiday, whose untimely death Baniished the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| 234  | For whome, and not for Tibalts, Juliet pinde. You to remove that siege of griefe from her Betrothd and would have married her perforce To Countie Paris. Then comes she to me, And with wild looks bid me devise some meane To rid her from this second marriage: Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe. Then gave I her (so tuterd by my art) A sleeping potion, which so took effect As I intended, for it wrought on her The forme of death, meane time I writ to Romeo That he should hither come as this dire night To help to take her from her borrowed grave, Being the time the potions force should cease. But he which bore my letter, Frier John, Was stayed by accident, and yesternight Returned my letter back, then all alone At the prefixed hower of her waking, M Came
But when I came to take the Lady hence,

I found them dead, and she awak't from sleep:
VVhom faine I would haue taken from the tombes,

VVhich she refus'd seeing Romeo dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
VVhat afterhappened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought have miscaried.

By me, or by my means let my old life
Be sacrific'd some hour before his time.
To the most strickeft rigor of the Law.

Pry: We still have knowne thee for a holy man,
VVheres Romos man, what can he say in this?

Balth: I brought my master word that shee was dead,
And then he poast'd straigt from Mantua,
Vnto this Toombe. These Letters he deliuered me,
Charging me early give them to his Father.

Prin: Let's see the Letters, I will read them ouer.
VVhere is the Counties Boy that calld the VVatch?

Boy: I brought my Master vnto Juliets grave,
But one approching, straigt I calld my Master.
At last they fought, I ran to call the VVatch.
And this is all that I can say or know.

Prin: These letters doe make good the Fryers worde,

Come Capolet, and come olde Mountagew.
Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keepe her clofely at my Cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here untimely lay,
The Noble Paris, and true Romeo dead.

She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
And bear this worke of heauen with patience :
But then a noyfe did scare me from the Tombe,
And me too desperate would not go with me :
But as it feemes, did violence on her felfe.
Al this I know, & to the marriage her Nurfe is priuie:
And if ought in this miicaried by my fault,
Let my old life be facrific'd some houre before his time,
Vnto the rigour of feuereft law.

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Wheres Romeo man? what can he fay to this?
Balth. I brought my maifter newes of Iuliet's death,
And then in poste he came from Mantua,
To this fame place. To this fame monument
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatened me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that raifd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your maifter in this place?
Boy. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies graue,
And bid me fand aloofe, and fo I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my maifter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their courfe of Loue, the tidings of her death,
And here he writes, that he did buy a poyfon
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall,
Came to this Vault, to die and lye with Iuliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet, Mountague?
Where are these enemies? see what hate hath done,

Cap: Come brother Mountague give me thy hand,
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
Can I beffowe on her, thats all I haue.

Moun: But I will gie them more, I will ereft
Her statue of pure golde:
That while Verona by that name is knowne.
There shal no statue of such price be fet,
As that of Romeos loued Iuliet.

Cap: As rich shal Romeo by his Lady lie,
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.

Prin: A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let vs hence,
To have more talke of these sad things.
Some shal be pardoned and some punished:
For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,
Than this of Iuliet and her Romeo.

FINIS.
ACT V. SC. 3.  Romeo and Juliet  Q2. 1599.  179

See what a scorn is laide vpon your hate?
That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue,
   And I for winking at your discords too,
Haue loft a brace of kinfmen, all are punifht.
   Cap. O brother Mountague, giue me thy hand,
This is my daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demaund.
   Moun. But I can giue thee more,
   For I will raie her statue in pure gold,
That whiles Verona by that name is knowne,
   There shall no figure at such rate be fet,
As that of true and faithfull Iuliet.
   Capel. As rich shall Romeo by his Ladies lie,
Poore sacrificies of our enmitie.
   Prim. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for sorrow will not shew his head:
   Go hence to haue more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardoned, and some punifhed,
   For neuer was a Storie of more wo,
Then this of Iuliet and her Romeo.

FINISH.
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LIST OF PAPERS

TO BE READ AT THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY’S MEETINGS, AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, GOWER ST, W.C., FROM OCTOBER, 1874, TO JUNE, 1875, AT 8 P.M.

Friday, October 9. The Politics of Shakspere’s Historical Plays; by Richard Simpson, Esq., B.A.

Friday, November 13. The ‘Weak Endings’ of Shakspere, in relation to the Chronology of his Plays; by Professor J. K. Ingram, LL.D., Trin. Coll., Dublin.

Friday, December 11. I. On Hamlet’s inserted Speech of “a dozen or sixteen Lines,” by Wm. T. Malleson, Esq., and Professor J. R. Seeley, M.A., Cambridge. II. A Discussion on the Play of Cymbeline; to be opend by J. W. Hales, Esq., M.A., or F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.

Friday, January 8. On the first Two Quartos of Hamlet, 1603, 1604; by the Rev. E. A. Abbott, D.D. (This paper is not intended for printing.)


Friday, March 12. On the Date of King John; by Brinsley Nicholson, Esq., M.D.

Friday, April 9. A Paper by Professor Leo, Ph.D., of Berlin.

Friday, May 14. A Scratch Night: short Papers or Remarks on any Shakspere Topics, by any Members of the Society who will send or speak what they have to say.

Friday, June 11. On the Originals of Shakspere’s Plots; by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq.

Offers of other Papers and of Scraps are desired, and should be made to Mr Furnivall, 3, St George’s Square, Primrose Hill, London, N.W. The Committee can appoint the 4th Friday of any month for the reading of any extra Paper that they approve.
The following Publications of the New Shakspere Society have been issued for 1874:

Series I. Transactions: The New Shakspere Society's Transactions, Part I, containing four Papers by the Rev. F. G. Fleay, M.A., with Reports of the Discussions on them, a Table of the Quarto Editions of Shakspere's Works, 1593-1630, and a print of the genuine Parts of Timon and Pericles; with an Appendix containing, i. Mr James Spedding's Paper on the several shares of Shakspere and Fletcher in Henry VIII, with the late Mr S. Hickson's, Mr Fleay's, and Mr Furnivall's independent confirmations of Mr Spedding's results. 2. The late Mr S. Hickson's Paper on the several shares of Shakspere and Fletcher (when young) in the Two Noble Kinsmen, with Mr Fleay's and Mr Furnivall's Notes, and Tables of Metrical Tests, confirming Mr Hickson's results.

Series II. 1. A Parallel-Text Edition of the first two Quartos of Romeo and Juliet, 1597 and 1599, arranged so as to show their Differences, and with Collations of all the Quartos and Folios, edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq.

This Edition is presented to the Society by H. R. H. Prince Leopold, one of its Vice-Presidents.

Dr Ingeby also presented to every Member of the Society who had paid his Subscription by Nov. 7, 1874, a copy of his Still Lion, an attempt to establish a Science of Criticism of Shakspere's Text.

Series IV. Shakspere Allusion-Books. Part I. a. Greenes Groatesworth of Wit [written in 1592], 1596; b. Henry Chettle's 'Kind-Harts Dreame' [written in 1593]; c. 'Englandes Mourning Garment' [1603]; d. A Mourneful Dittie, entituled Elizabethes Losse, together with A Welcome for King James [1603]; e. extracts from 'Willobie his Avisa; Or the true Picture of a Modest Maid, and of a Chast and constant wife,' 1594; f. extracts from Marston, Carew, &c.; g. Gabriel Harvey's Third Letter, from his 'Fourre Letters and certaine Sonnets,' 1592; h. five sections.—Poetrie; Poets; Comparative Discourse of our English Poets, with the Greeke, Latine, and Italian Poets; Painters; Musique;—from Francis Meres's Palladis Tamia, 1598, &c. &c.; edited by C. Mansfield Ingeby, Esq., LL.D.

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Series I. Transactions. Part II. Containing Papers by Mr Hales, Mr Fleay, Mr Simpson, and Professor Ingram, with Reports of the Discussions on them.

Series II. Plays. The First two Quartos of Romeo and Juliet, 1597 and 1599, in a. simple Reprints; (for b. Parallel-Texts, see above;) c. a revised Edition of the Quarto Text of 1599, collated with the other Quartos and the Folios; the whole edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq.

[All in type.]


Series II. Plays. Preparing: 2. Henry V: a. Facsimile Reprints of the Quarto and first Folio; b. Parallel-Texts of the Quarto and First Folio, arranged so as to show their differences; c. a revised edition of the Play; the whole edited by Brinsley Nicholson, M.D.

3. The Two Noble Kinsmen, by Shakspere and Fletcher; a. A Reprint of the Quarto of 1636; b. a revised Edition, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index of all the words, distinguishing Shakspere's from Fletcher's, by Harold Littledale, Esq., Trinity College, Dublin.


The following works have been suggested for publication:

1. Parallel Texts of the imperfect sketches of b. Hamlet, and its Quarto 2 (with the Folio and a revised Text); c. Merry Wives of Windsor, and Folio 1; d. The Contention, and Henry VI, Part 2, in F1; The True Tragedy, and Henry VI, Part 3, in F1.

¹ The original Italian story by Luigi da Porto, 1530, with a Translation, &c., by Prof. G. Pace-Santfelice, can be had at Glaisher's, 265, High-Holborn, for 1s.; the facsimile Quarto of Much Adoe, 1600, for 1s., and Booth's reprint of the Folio for 12s. 6d.
2. Parallel Texts of the following Quarto Plays and their versions in the First Folio, with collations: Richard III, Q1; 2 Henry IV, Q1; Troilus and Cressida, Q1; Lear, Q1: to show the relations of the Folio text to that of the previous editions. Of Othello, four Texts, Q1, Q2, F1, and a revised Text.

3. Parallel Texts of the two earliest Quarto of Midsummer Night’s Dream, and Merchant of Venice; to show which edition is the better basis for a revised text.

4. The First Quarto of Much Ado about Nothing; Lounes Labour’s Lost; Richard II; 1 Henry IV; from which the copies in the Folio were printed.

Reprints in Quarto of the remaining Folio Plays, with collations. When possible, the passages which Shakspere used from North’s Plutarch, Holinshed’s and Halle’s Chronicles, &c., will be printed opposite the texts of his Roman and Historical Plays. Also the plots of the old plays of ‘The Taming of a Shrew,’ ‘Promos and Cassandra,’ ‘The troublesome raigne of King John,’ &c., will be printed parallel with the plots of Shakspere’s Plays that were founded on them. In all Reprints of Quarto and Folio editions of Shakspere’s Plays, the numbers of act, scene, and line, will be given in the margin, so as to make the books handy to work with.

Series V. The Contemporary Drama. Works suggested by Mr Richard Simpson (see The Academy, Jan. 31, 1874, p. 120-1):—

a. The Works of Robert Greene, Thomas Nash (with a selection from Gabriel Harvey’s), Thomas Lodge, and Henry Chettle.

b. The Arraignment of Paris (Peele’s); Arden of Faversham; George-a-Greene; Locrine; King Edward III (of which Act ii. is by a different hand, and that, almost certainly Shakspere’s); Mucedorus; Sir John Oldcastle; Thomas Lord Cromwell; The Merry Devil of Edmonton; The London Prodigal; The Puritan; A Yorkshire Tragedy; Fair Ein; The Birth of Merlin; The Siege of Antwerp; The Life and Death of Thomas Stuceley; A Warning to Fair Women. (Perhaps ‘The Prodigal Son,’ and ‘Hester and Ahasuerus,’ extant in German Translations.)

c. The Martinist and Anti-Martinist Plays of 1589-91; and the Plays relating to the quarrel between Dekker and Jonson in 1600.

d. Lists of all the Companies of Actors in Shakspere’s time, their Directors, Plays, Plays, and Poets.

e. Dr Wm. Gager’s Moleager, a tragedy, printed Oct. 1592 (with the correspondence relating to it between Dr Gager of Christ Church, and Dr John Reynolds of Corpus (Univ. Coll. Oxf. MS. J. 18; and at Corpus). Also, Reynolds’s rejoinder in 1593, ‘The Overthrow of Stage Plays,’ &c., with the letters between him and Gentilis. Also, Gentilis’s ‘Disputatio de Actoribus et Spectatoribus Fabularum non notandis.’ Hannov. 1659. And ‘Fucus sive Histroiostatix’ (a play against Reynolds), Lambeth MS. 838.

f. Robert Chester’s Love’s Martyr—from which Shakspere’s lines to the ‘Phœnix and Turtle’ were taken—with an Introduction showing who Salisbury was, to whom the Chorus Vatum dedicates the book; and showing the relation between Chester’s poem and Shakspere’s Cymbeline.


Series VIII. Miscellaneous. Autotypes of the parts of the Play of Sir Thomas More that may possibly be in young Shakspere’s handwriting, from the Harleian MS. 7368. Thomas Rymer’s ‘Tragedies of the last Age considered and examined’, 1673, 1692; and his ‘A short View of Tragedy of the last Age’, 1693.
THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.

(THF FOUNDER'S PROSPECTUS REVISED.)

To do honour to Shakspere¹, to make out the succession of his plays, and thereby the growth of his mind and art; to promote the intelligent study of him, and to print Texts illustrating his works and his times, this New Shakspeare Society is founded.

It is a disgrace to England that while Germany can boast of a Shakspeare Society which has gathered into itself all its country's choicest scholars, England is now without such a Society. It is a disgrace, again, to England that even now, 258 years after Shakspere's death, the study of him has been so narrow, and the criticism, however good, so devoted to the mere text and its illustration, and to studies of single plays, that no book by an Englishman exists which deals in any worthy manner with Shakspere as a whole, which tracks the rise and growth of his genius from the boisth romanticism or the sharp young manishness of his early plays, to the magnificence, the splendour, the divine intuition, which mark his ablest works. The profound and generous "Commentaries" of Gervinus²—an honour to a German to have written, a pleasure to an Englishman to read—is still the only book known to me that comes near the true treatment and the dignity of its subject, or can be put into the hands of the student who wants to know the mind of Shakspere. I am convinced that the unsatisfactory result of the long and painful study of Shakspere by so many English scholars—men of great power and acuteness—arises mainly from a neglect of the only sound method of beginning that study, the chronological one.³

Unless a man's works are studied in the order in which he wrote them, you cannot get a right understanding of his mind, you cannot follow the growth of it. This has been specially brought home to me by my work at Chaucer. Until I saw that his Pity was his first original work, the key of his life was undiscovered; but that found, it at once opened his treasure-chest; the rest of the jewels he has left us were at once disclosed in their right array, the early pathetic time of his life made clear, its contrast with the later humorous one shown, and, for the first time these 470 years, the dear old man stood out as he was known in Wycliffe's time. Something of this kind must take place in the mind of every one who will carefully and reverently follow Shakspere's steps on his way up to the throne of Literature, where he, our English poet, sits, the glory not of our land alone, but of the world.

Dramatic poet though Shakspere is, bound to lose himself in his wondrous and manifold creations; taciturn "as the secrets of Nature" though he be; yet in this Victorian time, when our geniuses of Science are so wresting her secrets from Nature as to make our days memorable for ever, the faithful student of Shakspere need not fear that he will be unable to pierce through the crowds of forms that exhibit Shakspere's mind, to the mind itself, the man himself, and see

¹ This spelling of our great Poet's name is taken from the only unquestionably genuine signatures of his that we possess, the three on his will, and the two on his Stratford conveyance and mortgage. None of these signatures have an e after the k; four have no a after the first e; the fifth I read -ere. The e and a had their French sounds, which explain the forms 'Shaxper', &c. Though it has hitherto been too much to ask people to suppose that Shakspere knew how to spell his own name, I hope the demand may not prove too great for the imagination of the Members of the New Society.
² Miss Bunnell's translation, with an Introduction by myself, is publish by Smith and Elder, 12s. Mr. H. N. Hudson's 'Shakespeare: his Life, Art, and Character' (Sampson Low and Co.), with comments on twenty-five of his best Plays, is the best original commentary of its kind in English that I know. It is of course much indebted to German criticism. Mrs Jameson's 'Characteristics of Women' (5s., Routledge) has some most subtle and beautiful studies of Shakspere's chief woman-creations. See too Prof. Dowden's forthcoming Mind and Art of Shakspere. (H. S. King.)
³ The ordinary editions puts the Plays higgledy-piggledy; often, like the Folio, beginning with Shakspere's almost-last play, the Tempest, and then putting his (probably) third, the Two Gentlemen of Verona, next it. No wonder readers are all in a maze. Further, though I can put my finger on Chaucer's "nytgynghale that cleyth forth the fresheke leves newe," and say 'Here is first the real Chaucer,' yet I (though past 49) cannot yet do the like for Shakspere. Is it "the nimble spirits in the arteries," note 1, page 6 (perhaps an insertion in the amended edition of 1597), or in The Comedic of Errors, iii. 2

Sing, Siren, for thy selfe, and I will dote; Spread o're the situer weare thy golden hair, And as a l[or] I le take the[m], and there lie: How many of the readers of this can? Yet oughtn't we all to have been able to do it from the time we were 18, or twenty-one?
him as he was; while in the effort, in the enjoyment of his new gain, the worker will find his own great reward.

Fortunately for us, SHAKSPERE has himself left us the most satisfactory—because undesigned—evidence of the growth in the mechanism of his art, in the gradual changes in his versification during his life, changes that must strike every intelligent reader, and which I cannot at all understand the past neglect of. To cite only one such change, that from the sparing use of the unstopt line to the frequent use of it\(^1\)—a test which, when applied to three of SHAKSPERE’s unripest, and three of his ripest (though not best) plays, gives the following result,—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Earliest Plays</th>
<th>Latest Plays</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Louis Labour’s Lost</td>
<td>The Tempest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Comedy of Errors</td>
<td>Cymbeline King of Britaine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The two Gent. of Verona</td>
<td>The Winter’s Tale</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Proportion of unstopt lines to stop lines.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Louis Labour’s Lost: 1 in 18:14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Comedy of Errors: 1 in 10:7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The two Gent. of Verona: 1 in 10:0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tempest: 1 in 3:02</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cymbeline King of Britaine: 1 in 2:52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Winter’s Tale: 1 in 2:12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

surely shows its exceeding value at a glance, though of course it alone is not conclusive. Working with this and other mechanical tests—such as Mr Spedding’s, of the pause, of double endings (or redundant final syllables), of the weak ending in as, in, &c. (including light endings), the use of rymes, Alexandrines, &c.—we can, without much trouble, get our great Poet’s Plays into an order to which we can then apply the higher tests of conception, characterization, knowledge of life, music of line, dramatic development, and imagination, and see in how far the results of these tests coincide with, or differ from, those of the former ones; whether the conscious growth of power agrees or not with the unconscious change of verse.\(^4\)

Having settled this, we can then mark out the great Periods of SHAKSPERE’s work—whether with Gervinus and Delius we make Three, or, guided by the verse-test, with Bathurst, we make Four, or

\(^1\) Here are two extreme instances. The early one has a stop at the end of every one of its first 16 lines. The late one has only 4 end-stopt lines. (See the late C. Bathurst’s ‘Differences of Shakspere’s Versification at different Periods of his Life,’ 1857.)

(Early) Louis Labour’s lost, iv. 3 (p. 135, col. 1, Booth’s reprint)

**Ber.**

‘O’tis more then neede,

Have you then, affections men at armes;

Consider what you first did warre vnto:

To fast, to study, and to see no woman;

Flat treason against the kingly state of youth.

Say, Can you fast? your stomachs are too young;

And abstinance ingendres maladies.

And where that you have vow’d to studie (Lords),

In that each of you has forsworne his Booke.

Can you still dreams and pere, and thereon looke?

For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of studies excellency,

Without the beauty of a womans face?

From womens eyes this doctrine I derive:

They are the Ground, the Books, the Acharans;

From whence doth spring the true Prometheus fire.

Why, vniversall plodding poisons vp

The nimble spirits in the arteries.\(^3\)

As motion and long during action tyres

The sinnowy vigour of the traveller.\(^2\)

---

James I. inserted in the middle. Mr Spedding, however, always held, and the metrical tests show, that it was not; but that the whole Play was late.

\(^3\) Mr J. W. Hales’s 7 Tests are, 1. External Evidence (dates of printing); 2. Internal (from allusions in the Plays, &c.); 3. Metre; 4. Language and Style (2 and 4 comprised under Form); 5. Power of Characterization; 6. Dramatic Unity; 7. Knowledge of Life. (See The Academy, Jan. 17, 1874, p. 63; Jan. 31, p. 117.)

\(^4\) The Sonnets and Minor Poems will be discussed in their chronological order with the Plays.
with other critics Five, and define the Characteristics of each Period.\(^1\) We can then put forth a Student's Handbook to Shakspeare, and help learners to know him. But before this, we can lay hand on Shakspeare's text, though here, probably, there will not be much to do, thanks to the labours of the many distinguish scholars who have so long and so faithfully work at it. Still, as students, we should follow their method. First, discuss the documents: print in parallel columns the Quarto and Folio copies of such plays as have both,\(^2\) and determine whether any Quarto of each Play, or the Folio, should be the basis of its text,\(^3\) with special reference to Richard III. Secondly, discuss all the best conjectural readings, seeking for contemporary confirmations of them; and perhaps drawing up a Black List of the thousands of stupid or ingenuously fallacious absurdities that so-called emenders have devised. Thirdly, led by Mr Alexander J. Ellis, discuss the pronunciation of Shakspeare and his period, and the spelling that ought to be adopted in a scholars'-edition of his Plays, whether that of the Quartos or Folio,\(^4\) or any of Shakspeare's contemporaries. It is surely time that the patent absurdity should cease, of printing 16th- and 17th-century plays, for English scholars, in 19th-century spelling. Assuredly the Folio spelling must be nearer Shakspeare's than that; and nothing perpetuates the absurdity (I imagine) but publishers' thinking the old spelling would make the book sell less. Lastly, we could (unless we then found it needless) nominate a Committee of three, two, or one, to edit Shakspeare's Works, with or without a second to write his Life.

The above, the main work of the Society, will be done as in ordinary Literary and Scientific Societies, by Meetings, Papers, and Discussions; the Papers being shorter, and the Discussions much fuller, than in other bodies. The Society's first Meeting was held on Friday, March 13, at 8 P.M., at University College, Gower Street, London, W.C., as the Committee of the Council of the College have been good enough to grant the use of the College rooms to the New Shakspeare Society at a nominal charge, to cover the cost of gas and firing. Offers of Papers to be read at the Society's Meetings are wishit for, and should be made to the Director. The Papers read will be issued as the Society's Transactions, and will form Series I of the Society's Publications.

The second part of the New Shakspeare Society's work will be the publication of—2. A Series of Shakspeare's Plays, beginning with the best or most instructive Quartos, both singly, and in parallel Texts with other sketch-Quartos or the Folio, when the Play exists in both forms; and when not, from the Folio only. This Series will include a. Reprints of the Quartos and first Folio; b. trial-editions of the whole of Shakspeare's Plays in the spelling of the Quarto or Folio that is taken as the basis of the Text. 3. A Series of the Originals and Analogues of Shakspeare's Plays, including extracts from North's Plutarch, Holinshed, and other works used by him; 4. A short Series of Shakspeare-Allusion Books, contemporary tracts, ballads, and documents alluding-to or mentioning Shakspeare or his works; 5. A Selection from the Contemporary Drama, from Garrick's Collection, &c.; 6. Works on Shakspeare's England, such as Harrison's celebrated Description of England, W. Stafford's Complaint, &c.; 7. A chronological Series of English Mysteries, Miracle-Plays, Interludes, Masks, Comedies, &c., up to Shakspeare's time; 8. Miscellanies, including (at Mr Tennyson's suggestion) some facsimiles of Elizabethan and Jacobite handwritings, to show what letters would be most easily mistaken by printers; and (at Mrs G. H. Lewes's suggestion) reprints of last-century criticisms on Shakspeare, to show the curious variations in the history of opinion concerning him; besides other occasional works.

The Society's Transactions will be in Svo; its Texts will be issued in a handsome quarto, the quarto for Members only; but as the Society's work is essentially one of popularisation, of stirring-up the intelligent study of Shakspeare among all classes in England and abroad, all such publications of the Society as the Committee think fit, will be printed in a cheap form, for general circulation.

The Presidency of the Society will be left vacant till one of our greatest living poets sees that his duty is to take it. A long list of Vice-Presidents is desired, men eminent in Literature, Art, Science, Statesmanship or rank, as well to do honour to Shakspeare, as to further the work of the

\(^1\) The doubtful Plays like Hen. VI, Titus Andronicus, Pericles (of which Mr Tennyson has convinced me that Shakspeare wrote at least the parts in which Pericles loses and finds his wife and daughter: see a print of them in the New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, Part I), The Two Noble Kinsmen (see West, Rec., April, 1847, and the second Paper in the Appendix to the New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, 1871, Part I), &c., could be discusst here. The Plays just mentioned will be edited for the Society.

\(^2\) The Second and Third Parts of Henry VI would be set beside 'The first part of the contention' and 'the true tragedy'; 'The Merry Wives' by its first sketch, &c.

\(^3\) In the first Trial-editions of the Plays in Quarto for the Society, the spelling of the text adopted as the basis of the edition, whether Quarto or Folio, will be followed.
Society on him. I hope for a thousand members—many from our Colonies, the United States, and Germany; so that the Society may be a fresh bond of union between the three great Teutonic nations of the world. I hope our New Shakspere Society will last as long as Shakspere is studied. I hope also that every Member of the Society will do his best to form Shakspere Reading-parties, to read the Plays chronologically, and discuss each after its reading, in every set of people, Club or Institute, that he belongs to: there are few better ways of spending three hours of a winter evening indoors, or a summer afternoon on the grass. Branch Societies, or independent ones in union with us, should also be formed to promote these Readings, and the general study of Shakspere, in their respective localities. To such Societies as wish it, proofs of the Papers to be read in London will be sent in advance, so that each such Society can, if it pleases, read at each of its Meetings the same Paper that is read at the Parent Society on the same night.

The Society will be managed by a Committee of Workers, with power to add to their number. The first Director will be myself, the Founder of the Society. Its Treasurer will be William Payne, Esq., The Keep, Forest Hill, London, S.E.; its Honorary Secretary, Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, London, E.; its Bank, the Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C.; its printers, Messrs Childs, Bungay, Suffolk; and its publishers, Messrs Trübner and Co., 57 and 59, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

The subscription (which constitutes Membership, without election or payment of entrance-fee) is a Guinea a year, payable on every first of January to the Honorary Secretary, Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, London, E., by cheque, or Money Order payable at the Chief Office, E.C. The first year's subscription is now due.

United States Members who wish their books posted to them, must pay 3s. a year extra in advance, with their Subscription, to Mr Snelgrove, or to Prof. F. J. Child, Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, the Society's Honorary Secretary for the United States of America.

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL,
28 March, 1874.
3, St George's Square, Primrose Hill, London, N.W.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

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