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PRESENTED

TO THE MEMBERS

OF

The New Shakspere Society

BY

H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD,

ONE OF THE VICE-PRESIDENTS OF THE SOCIETY.
ROMEo AND JULIET.

Parallel Texts of the First Two Quartos,

(Q1) 1597—Q2, 1599.

EDITED BY

P. A. DANIEL.

PUBLISHED FOR

The New Shakspere 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 Shaksperean student.

The one object I have endeavoured to keep steadily in view has been the collection in a convenient form of every scrap of material afforded by the old editions which could possibly aid or be deserving of consideration in the great work of the restoration of Shakspere’s text. And these materials I have endeavoured to free from the utterly useless rubbish which is found in all the old editions. In the text of the quartos here reprinted, no departure from the originals, however obviously corrupt, has knowingly been permitted; in the collations given in the margin, only the corrections and varied readings of the subsequent editions are recorded; the obvious blunders of those editions are excluded except in cases where they have given rise to a plausible variation in a later edition. For instance, in Act I. Sc. i. l. 127, I have not recorded the obvious blunder of Q3 and F1 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 bedaubde) of Q4 accounts for bedeaw’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.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Quarto</th>
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<tr>
<td>Q1 1597</td>
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<td>Q3 1609</td>
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<td>Q4 N. D.</td>
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The title-pages of Q3, 4, and 5 are as follows:—

**Q3. THE MOST EXCELLENT AND Lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet.** As it hath beene fundrie times publiquely Acted, by the Kings Maiesties Servants at the Globe. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended: [Printer's (?) Device. Rose and Crown.] LONDON Printed for JOHN SMETHWICK, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunflanes Church-yard, in Fleetestreete under the Dyall. 1609.

**Q4. THE MOST EXCELLENT And Lamentable Tragedie, of ROMEO and JULIET.** As it hath beene fundrie times publiquely Acted, by the Kings Maiesties Servants at the Globe. Newly Corrected, augmented, and amended. [Smethwick's Device. A smeth holding in its bill a scroll inscribed Wick. The motto, Non altum peto. I. S.] LONDON, Printed for John Smethwicke, and are to bee sold at his Shop in Saint Dunflanes Churchyard, in Fleetestreete under the Dyall.

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

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

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

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

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

Act III. Sc. ii. The Nurse announces to Juliet the banishment of Romeo. The Nurse’s speeches in this scene are substantially identical in both quartos. Act III. Sc. iii. Romeo in concealment at the Friar’s cell. By far the greater portion of this scene as given in (Q1) is substantially identical with Q2. Act III. Sc. v. The parting of the
Lovers in the first part of this scene is much alike in both quartos. So is the latter part of the scene, allowing for omissions in (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 Montague, 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 entrenching thrusts and blows'—which (Q1) here omits. Montague 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 Quarters, 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-vite'—had been already given in (Q1) in Act II. Sc. v.)
INTRODUCTION.] Romeo and Juliet.

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.

PASSENGES 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 eije 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. blessing
3. Who euen in pure and vertue modestie
4. Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
5. Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.
6. They are freemen but I am banished.
7. 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 2233 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; Fr. 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. [?] Fr. [!] 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 applause)
plaid publiquely, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsfdon
his Servants.

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

NEWLY CORRECTED, AUGMENTED, AND AMENDED:

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

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at his shop near the Exchange. 1599.
The Prologue.

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

(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 fatall loynes of these two foes,
A paire of faerre-croft louers, take their life:  
whose mifaduentur’d pittious ouerthrowes,
Doth with their death burie their Parents frife.
The fearfull passage of their death-markt loue,  
And the continuance of their Parents rage:
which but their childrens end nought could remove:
Is now the two hours traffique of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,  
what heare shal miffe, our toyle shal frite to mend.

A 2

This Prologue is omitted in the Folio editions.
The most excellent Tragedie of
Romeo and Juliet.

Enter 2. Serving-men of the Capolets.

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

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

Samp. Gregorie, on my word weele not carrie Coles.
Greg. No, for then we should be Collyers.
Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.
Greg. I while you liue, draw your necke out of choller.
Samp. I strike quickly being moued.
Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to strike.
Samp. A dog of the house of Mountague moues 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 flauie, for the weakesst goes to the wall.
Samp. Tis true, & therfore women being the weaker vessells are ever thrust to the wall: therfore I wil path Mountagues men from the wall, and thrust his maides to the wall.
Greg. The quarrell is betwenee our maisters, and vs their men.
Samp. Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant, when I haue fought with the men, I will be ciuil with the maides, I will cut off their heads.

A 3 Gregor. 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 side, let them begin firft. Ile tell thee what Ile doe, as I goe by ile bite my thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.
2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile come after and frowne.
1 Moun: Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?
1 I bite my thumbe.
2 Moun: I but i’ft at vs?
1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our side?
2 No.
1 I bite my thumbe.
1 Moun: I but i’ft at vs? Enter Beneuolio.
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 senfe thou wilt.
   Greg. They must take it senfe that seele it.
   Samp. Me they shall seele while I am able to stand, and tis
   knowne I am a pretie piece of flesh.
   Greg. Tis well thou art not fishe, if thou hast, thou hast bin
   poore Iohn: draw thy toole, here comes of the house of Moun-
   tengues.

   Enter two other seruing men.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarel I, I will back thee.
   Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?
   Samp. Fear me not.
   Greg. No marrie, I fear thee.
Samp. Let vs take the law of our sides, let them begin.
   Greg. I will frown as I passe by, and let them take it as they lift.
   Samp. Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which
   is disgrace to them if they beare it.

Abram. Do you bite your thumb at vs sir?
   Samp. I do bite my thumb sir.
   Abram. Do you bite your thumb at vs sir?
   Samp. Is the law of our side if I say I?
   Greg. No.
   Samp. No sir, I do not bite my thumbe at you sir, but I bite
   my thumbe sir.

Greg. Do you quarel sir?
   Abram. Quarel sir, no sir.
   Sam. But if you do sir, I am for you, I serue as good a man as you.
   Abram. No better.
   Samp. Well sir.            Enter Benuolio.

Greg. Say better, here comes one of my maisters kinisme.
   Sam. Yes better sir.
   Abram. You lie.
   Samp. Draw if you be men, Gregorie, remember thy washing
   blowe.

Benuo. Part fooles, put vp your swords, you know not what
you do.            Enter
Prince: Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,

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

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

If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What art thou drawne among these hartlesse hindes?

.py. 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 Partifons, strike, beate them downe,
Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet in his gowne, and his wife.

Capu. What noyse is this? giue me my long fword hoe.
Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a sword?
Cap. My sword I say, old Mountague is come,
And florishes his blade in spight of me.

Enter old Mountague and his wife.

Mount. Thou villaine Capulet, hold me not, let me go.
M. Wife. 2. Thou shalt not stir one foote to seeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, with his traine.

Prince. Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-flayned fiche,
Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beaufs:
That quench the fire of your pennisious rage,
With purple fountains ifuing from your veins:
On paine of torture from those bloudie hands,
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And heare the sentence of your moued Prince.
Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old Capulet and Mountague,
Haue thrice disturb'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 euery you disturb be our streets againe,
Your liues shall pay the ransome of your fault:
For this time euery man depart in peace.
Come Capulet come you along with me,
And Mouutague, come you this after noone,
To know our farther pleasure in this cafe,
To old free Towne our common judgement place,
Once more on paine of death each man depart.

Exeunt.

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

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

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

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

Pursued my honor, not pursuing his.

Moun:
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 afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common judgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Mounta. Who set this auncient quarell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the servants of your aduerarie
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The siefe 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, hift him in sorne:
While we were enterchaunging thrufhs and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

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

Benue. Madam, an houre before the worhipt Sun,
Peerde forth the golden window of the Eaft,
A troubled minde drive me to walke abroad,
Where underneathe the groue of Syramour,
That Westward rooteth from this Citie side:
So early walking did I see your fonne,
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the court of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most fighted, where most might not be
Being one too many by my weare selfe, (found:
Pursued my humor, not pursuig his,
And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.

Mounta. Many a morning hath he there bin seene,
Moun: Black and portentious must this honor prove,
Vulette good counsaille doo the cause remoue.
Ben: Why tell me Vnclle do you know the cause?

Enter Romeo.

Moun: I neyerth know it nor can hearne of him.

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

Mount: I would thou wert so happe 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 Romeos houres?
ACT I. SC. 1.]

With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deawe,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,
But all so soon, as the alcheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw,
The thadie curtaines from Aurora's bed,
Away from light stales home my heauie sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous muft this humor proue,
Vnleffe good coumfell may the cause remove.

136  Ben. My Noble VnCLE do you know the cause?
      Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
      Ben. Have you importunde him by any meanes?
      Moun. Both by my selfe and many other friends,

But he is owne affections coumfeller,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and discouerie,
As is the bud bit with an envious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaves to the ayre,
Or dedicate his bewtie to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his forrows grow,

We would as willingly giue cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benuol. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
Ile know his greeuance or be much denide.
      Moun. I would thou wert so happie by thy stay,

To heare true shrift, come Madam lets away.

Exeunt.

Benuol. Good morrow Cousin.
Romeo. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new stroke nine.
Romeo. Ay me, sad hours seeme long:
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was: what sadness lengthens Romeo's houres?

Rom. Not
Rom.: Not haung that, which haung makes them
Ben.: In loue.
(short. 160
Ro.: Out.
Ben.: Of loue.
Ro.: Out of her favor where I am in loue.
Ben.: Alas that loue so gentle in her view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proofe.
Ro.: 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 serious vanitie!
Mishapen Caos of beft seeming things,
Feather of lead, bright fmode, cold fire, sick health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue fcele I, which feele no loue in this.
Doest thou not laugh?
Ben.: No Cofe I rather weep.
Rom.: Good hart at what?
Ben.: At thy good hearts oppression.
Ro.: Why such is loues transgression,
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,
Which thou wouldft propagate to haue them preft
With more of thine, this griefe that thou haft showne,
Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne:
Loue is a fmode raifde with the fume of fighes
Being purgde, a fire fparkling in louers eyes:
Being vext, a fea raging with a louers teares.
What is it else? A madness 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.:
Rô. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes thô short.

Ben. In loue.
Rom. Out.
Ben. Of loue.
Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

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

Romeo. Alas that loue, whole view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see pathwaies to his will:
Where shall we dine? δ me! what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heres much to do with hate, but more with loue:
Why then δ brawling loue, δ louing hate,
O any thing of nothing first created:
O heauie lightneffe, ferious vanitie,
Mishapen Chaos of welseeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fier, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Doeft thou not laugh?

Benu. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good hart at what?
Benu. At thy good harts oppression.
Romeo. Why such is loues transgression:
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagat to haue it preaft,
With more of thine, this loue that thou haft showne,
Doth ad more grieue, too too much of mine owne.
Louse is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,

Being purgd, a fire sparkling in louers cies,
Being vext, a sea nourisht with louing teares,
What is it else? a madneffe, most diсreete,
A choking gall, and a preferuing sweete:

Farewell my Coze.

Ben. Soft I will go along:
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

But
Romeo and Juliet (Q3 1) 1597.

[ACT I. SC. 1.

\[ Ro: \] Tut I haue lost my selfe I am not here,
This is not Romeo, hee's some other where.
\[ Ben: \] Tell me in sadnes 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 sadnes make his will.
Ah word ill vergde to one that is so ill.
In sadnes Cofen I doo loue a woman.
\[ Ben: \] I aimde so 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 soonest hit.
\[ Ro: \] But in that hit you miste, shee'le not be hit
With Cupids arrow, she hath Dianaes wit,
And in strong proffe of chastitie well arm'd:
Gainst Cupids childish bow she liues vnarm'd,
Shee'le not abide the sedge 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.  \textit{Exeuc.}
ACT I. SC. I.]

Romeo and Juliet  Q. 2. 1599.

196
Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,

This is not Romeo, hees some other where.

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

Ro. What shall I grone and tell thee?

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

Ro. A sicke man in sadneffe makes his will:

A word ill vrgd to one that is so ill:

In sadneffe Cozin, I do loue a woman.

Ben. I synde fo neare, when I supposde you lou’d.

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

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

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

With Cupids arrow, she hath Dias wit:

And in stronge proofe of chaftitie well armd,

From loues weak childish bow she lines vncharmd.

Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,

Nor bide th’incounter of affailing eies.

204
Nor ope her lap to fainted seducing gold,

O she is rich, in bewtie oney poore,

That when she dies, with bewtie dies her store.

Ben. Thé she hath sworn, that she wil til lieue chaft?

Ro. She hath, and in that sparing, make huge waft:

For bewtie steru’d with her seueritie,

Cuts bewtie off from all pofteritie.

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

212
To merit bliffe by making me dispaire:

Shee hath forfowrne to loue, and in that vow,

Do I lue dead, that lue 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 (exquisit) in question more,

220
These happie maskes that kis faire Ladies browes,

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

He that is fstrokeen blind, cannot forget

B 2


199. me who f] me who:

Q. 3. me who. F. 3. 3.

Q. 3. me who. F. 4.

200. A . . . makes] Bid a

... make Q. 4. 5. A . . .

in good sadness makes

F. 3. 4.

201. A word] O. word F. 3.

3. 4.

204. mark man] marks-man

F. 3. 4.

213. rich, in bewtie] rich

in beauty, Q. 3. Fl.

216. make] makes F. 3. 4.

Q. 4. 5.

217. steru’d] starv’d F. 4.

219. is too] is to Q. 4.

wise, wisely] wisene : sely

F. 1. wise wisely F. 2.

228. These] These F. 3. 4.


F. 3. 4.
Enter Countie Paris, old Capulet.

Of honorable reckoning are they both,
And pitie tis they liue at ods so long:
But leauing that, what say you to my fute?

Capu: What shold I say more than I saied 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 soone marde are these so early maried:

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

This night I hold an old accustomd Feast,
Where I have invited many a guest,
Such as I loue: yet you among the store,
One more moft welcome makes the number more.
At my poore howse you shall behold this night,
Earth treading flars, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as doo luftie youngmen feele,
When well apparaile Aprill on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, even such delights
Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my howse, heare all, all see,

And
The precious treasure of his eye-sight loft,
Shew me a mistreefe that is passing faire,
What doth her bewtie serue but as a note,
Where I may reade who paft that passing faire:
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget,

_Ben._ Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. _Exeunt._

_Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne._

_Capu._ But _Mountague_ is bound as well as _I_,
In penalitie alike, and lis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as we to keepe the peace.

_Par._ Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie lis, you liu'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my _fute_?

_Capu._ But sayling ore what I haue said before,

My child is yet a straunger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the chaunge of fourteen yeares,
Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.

_Pari._ Younger then she, are happie mothers made.

_Capu._ And too foone mard are thefe so early made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but the,
Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth:

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

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

At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earth treadinge starres, 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 freth fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see:

A_C_ T_ I_._ S_C_ N_ E_ 2._
And like her moost, whose merite moost shalbe. 
Such amongst view of many myne beeing one, 
May stand in number though in reckoning none. 

Enter Serviatingman.

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

Exeunt.

Ser: Seeke them out whose names are written here, 
and 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 Fither 
with his Penfill, I must to the learned.

Enter Benuolio and Romeo.

Ben: Tut man one fire burns out anothers burning, 
One paine is lefshed with anothers anguifi:
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning, 
One desperate griefe cures with anothers languifi.
Take thou some new infectiion 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.

Slut vp in prison, kept without my foode, 
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

Ser: Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read, 
Rom: I mine owne fortune in my 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.

He
And like her most, whose merit most shall bee:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come go with me, go sirrah trudge about,
Through faire Verona, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

Exit.

Serv. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his stuff, the fisher with his penfill, & the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.

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

Romeo. Your Plantan leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Romeo. For your broken thin.

Ben. Why Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,

Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:

But I pray can you read any thing you see?

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

Ser. Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

B 3

He
He reads the Letter.

Seigneur Martino and his wife and daughters, Countie Anfelmme and his beauteous fisters, the Ladie widow of Vtruoio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louelie Necees, Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine uncle Capulet his wife and daughters, my faire Nece Rosaline and Luia, Seigneur Valentio and his Cofen Tibalt, Lucio and the liuelie Hellena.

A faire assemblie, whether should they come?

Ser: Vp.
Ro: Whether to supper?
Ser: To our house.
Ro: Whole house?
Ser: My Masters.
Ro: Indeed I should haue askt thee that before.
Ser: Now i'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 crush a cup of wine. Reft

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

Sups the faire Rosaline 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 fallhood, then turne teares to fire,
And thefe who often drownde could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers
One fairer than my loue, the all seeing Sonne
Nere saw her match, since firft the world begun.

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

Rom: Ie goe along no such fight to be showne,
S
Eigneur Martino, his wife and daughters: Countie Anselme and his beuyous fisters: the Lady widdow of Vtrunio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louely Neeces: Mercutio and his brother Valantine: 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 asemble, whither shold they come?
  Ro. Whither to supper?
  Ser. To our house.
  Ro. Whole house?
  Ser. My Maisters.

Ro. Indeed I should have askt you that before.
  Ser. Now ile tell you without asking. My maister is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Mountagues, I pray come and crush a cup of wyne. Reft you merrie.

Ben. At this fame auncient feast of Capulets,

Sups the faire Rosaline whom thou so loues:
  With all the admired beauties of Verona,
  Go thither, and with vnattainted eye,
  Compare her face with some that I shall show,
  And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.
  Ro. When the devout religion of mine eye,
  Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fier:
  And these who often drownde, could never die,
  Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
  One fairer then my love, the all seeing Sun,
  Nere faw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut you saw her faire none elfe being by,
  Her felse poyf with her felse in either eye:
  But in that Christall scales let there be waide,
  Your Ladies loye against some other maide:
  That I will shewe you shining at this feast,
  And she shall seant shewe well that now seemes best.
  Ro. Ile go along no such fight to be shoune,
But to rejoynce in splendor of mine owne.
   Enter Capulet's wife and Nurse.

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

Nurse: Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I had her come, what Lambe, what Ladie bird, God forbid.

VWWhere's this girlie? what Iuliet.  Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet: How now who cals?

Nurse: Your Mother.

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

VW: This is the matter. Nurce giue leaue a while, we must talke in secreet. Nurce come back again I have remembred me, thou'fe heare our counfaile. Thou know est my daughters of a prettie age.

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

VWife: She's not fourteene.

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

VWife: A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse: Euen or odd, of all dayes in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night shal she be fourteene. Susan and she God rest all Christian soules were of an age. VWell Susan is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said on Lammas Eue at night shal she be fourteene, that shal she marie I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake nowe e-leaven yeares, and she was weand I neuer shal I forget it, of all the daies of the yeare upon that day: for I had then laid wormeswood to my dug, siting in the sun under the Doue-
houte wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, say I do beare a braine; But as I said, when it did teft the wormeswood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-houte twas no neede I trow to lid me trudge, and since that time it is ealueen yeare: for then could Iuliet sandle high lone, say by the Roode, she could have waded vp and downe, for evan the day before shes brake her brow, and then my husband God be with his
I. 3.

But to rejoyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

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

Wheres this Girle? what Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. Your mother.

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

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

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age unto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. Ille lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I have but foure, shees not fourteene.

How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Euen or odd, of all daies in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night, still she be fourteen. Susan and she, God rest all Christian foules, were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said, on Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteen, that shall she marrie, I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake now eleven yeares, and she was weaned. I never shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare upon that day: for I had then laide worme-wood to my dog, sitting in the sun under the Dove-house wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I doo bear a braine. But as I said, when it did taile the worme-wood on the nipple of my dog, and felt it bitter, pretie foole, to see it teachie and fall out with the Dugge. 

Shake quoth the Dove-house, twas no need I trow to bid me trudge: and since that time it is a lenne yeares, for then she could stand hylone, nay 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
his foule, hee was a merrie man:
Doft thou fall forward, Iuliet? thou wilt fall backward when
thou haft more wit: wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my holli-
dam, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see how a
waft shall come about, I warrant you if I should live a hun-
dred yeare, I never should forget it, wilt thou not Iuliet?
and by my troth she stinted and cried I.

Iuliet: And stint thou too, I prethee Nurce say I.
Nurce: VVell goe thy saies, God marke thee for his
grace, thou wert the prettiesst Babe that ever I nurst, might
I but live to see thee married once, I have my wish.
VVife: And that same marriage Nurce, is the Theame
I meant to take of: Tell me Iuliet, howe stond you af-
fected to be married?
Iul: It is an honor that I dreame not off.
Nurce: An honor I were not I thy onely Nurce, I
would say thou hast fuxk'd wisdome from thy Teat.
VVife: Well girls, the Noble Countie Paris sekes
thee for his Wife.

Nurce: A man young Ladie, Ladie such 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.
ACT I. SC. 3.]

Romeo and Juliet Q. 2. 1599.

his foule, a was a merrie man, tooke up the child, yea quoth he, doest thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? And by my holydam, the pretie wretch left crying, and said I: to see how aieafgh shall come about: I warrant, and I should live a thousand yeares, I never should forget it: wilt thou not Iule quoth he? and pretie foole it flinted, and said I.

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

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, and say I: and yet I warrant it had apon it brow, a bumpas big as a young Cockrels flole: a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst upon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not Iule? It flinted, and said I.

Iuli. And flint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace I have done: God marke thee too his grace, thou waft the prettiest babe that ere I nursed, and I might liue to see thee married once, I have my wish.

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

How standes your dispositions to be married?

Iuliet. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst suckt wisedome from thy teate.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you Here in Verona, Ladies of esteeme,

Are made alreadie mothers by my count.

I was your mother, much vpon these yeares

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

The valiant Paris seekes you for his loue.

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

Old La. Veronas Sommer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hees a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you looe the Gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast,

Reade ore the volume of young Paris face,
"Wife: Well Juliet, how like you of Paris loye.
Juliet: Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue,
But no more deepe will I engage mine eye,
Then your consent giues stength to make it flie.

[Enter Clowne.]
Clowne: Maddam you are cald for, supper is readie,
the Nurce curst in the Pantrie, all things in extreamitie,
make haft for I must be gone to waite.

Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.
Rom: What shal this speech bee spoke for our excufe?
Or shal we on without Apologie.

Benuoleo: The date is out of souch prolixitie,
Weele haue 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 measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom: A torch for me I am not for this aumbling, Beeing
And find delight, writ there with bewties pen,
Examine euerie married liniament,
And see how one an other lends content.
And what obscure in this faire volume lies,
Finde written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this unbound louver,
To bewtifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fifth lies in the sea, and tis much pride
For faire without the faire, within to hide:
That booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie
That in gold claspes locks in the golden store:
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
By having him, making your selfe no lese.

Nurse. No lese, nay bigger women grow by men.
Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of Paris loute?
Juliet. Icke looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eie,
Then your consent giues strength to make flic. Enter Seruing.

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

Mo. We follow thee, Juliet the Countie stales.
Nurse. Go gyre, feeke hapie-nights to hapie dayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or fixe other
Maskers, torchbearers.

Romeo. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without appologie?
Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no Cupid, hudwinckt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bowe of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a torch, I am not for this ambling,

Being
Romeo and Juliet (Q. 1) 1597.  [ACT I. SC. 4.]

Beinge but heauie I will beare the light.
Mer: Beleeue me Romeo I must haue you daunce.
Rom: Not I beleue me you haue dancing shooes
With nimble foles, I haue a foule of lead
So stakkes me to the ground I cannot stirre.

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

Rom: Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart
Tickle the fenecles rufhes with their hecles :
For I am prouerbd with a Grandfire phrase,
Ile be a candleholder and looke on,
The game was nere so 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 furreuerence loue wherein thou ftickft.
Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.
Rom: Nay thats not fo. Mer: I meane sir in delay,
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,
Take our good meaning for our judgement fits

Three
ACT I. SC. 4.

Romeo and Juliet  Q2. 1599.

Being but heauie I will beare the light.

Mercu. Nay gentle Romeo, we must haue you dance.

Ro. Not I beleue me, you haue dancing fooes.

With nimble soles, I haue a soule of Leade
So stakkes me to the ground I cannot moue.

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 so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,

Vnder loues heauie birthen do I fincke.

Horatio. And to sink in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boyffrous, 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 vilage in,

A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth cote deformities:
Here are the beetles browes shal blash for me.

Benu. Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the fenceffe ruffle with their heelcs:
For I am prowerbd with a graunfire phrafe,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere to faire, and I am dum.

Mer. Tat, duns the mouse, the Constantin word own
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire

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

Ro. Nay thats not so.

Mer. I meane sir in delay

We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our indgement fits,

Flue
Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.
Rom: So we meane well by going to this maske:
But tis no wit to goe.
Mer: Why Romeo may one aske?
Rom: I dreamt a dreame to night.
Mer: And so did I. Rom: Why what was yours?
Mer: That dreamers often lie. (true.
Rom: In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things
Mer: Ah then I see Queene Mab hath bin with you.
Ben: Queene Mab whats she?
She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come
In shape no bigger than an Agnat stone
On the forefinger of a Burgomaster,
Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,
Athwart mens noyes when they lie a sleepe.
Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,
The couer, of the wings of Grasshoppers,
The traces are the Moone-shine watrie beames,
The collers crickets bones, the lath of filmes,
Her waggoner is a small gray coated flic,
Not halfe so big as is a little worme,
Pickt from the laste finger of a maide,
And in this fort the gallops vp and downe
Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue:
O're Courtiers knees: who freait on curfies dreame
O're Ladies lips, who dreame on kifes freait:
Which off the angiic Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breathes with sweetmeats tainted are:
Sometimes the gallops ore a Lawers lap,
And then dreames he of smelling out a sute,
And sometime comes she with a tithe pigs taile,
Tickling a Parsons nofe that lies a sleepe,
And then dreames he of another benefice:
Sometime the gallops ore a fouldiers nofe,
And then dreames he of cutting foraine throats,
Of breaches ambuftados, countermines,
Of healthes fiue fadome deepe, and then anon
Drums in his eare: at which he startes and wakes,
And fweares a Fraier or two and sleepeas againe.
This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,
And proves them women of good cariage. (the night,
This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Hories in
And plats the Ellielocks in foule fluttifh hair,
Which once vntangled much miffortune breedes. Rom:
Fiue 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 aske?

Rom. I dreamt 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 Agat stone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little ottamie, ouer mens noyes as they lie asleep: her waggō spokes made of long spinners legs: the couer, of the wings of Grashoppers, her traces of the smallest spider web, her collors of the moonshines 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 emptie Hafel nut, Made by the Ioyner squirrel or old Grub, time out amind, the Fairies Coatmakers: and in this state the gallops night by night, throught louers brains, and then they dreame of loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curfies strait, ore Lawyers fingers who strait dreame on fees, ore Ladies lips who strait one kisses dream, which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues, because their breath with sweete meates tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nofe, and then dreames he of smelning out a fute: and sometime comes she with a tithpigs tale, tickings a Persons nofe as a lies asleep, then he dreames of an other Benefice. Sometime the drieuth ore a fouldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting forrain throates, of breaches, ambuscados, spanishe blades: Of healths fufe fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eare, at which he startes and wakes, and being thus frighted, sweares a prairie or two & sleepe againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the night: and bakes the Elklocks in foule fluttith haires, which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

C 2

This
Rom: Peace, peace, thou talkst of nothing.
Mer: True I talke of dreames,
Which are the Children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine fantasie,
Which is as thinne a substance as the aire,
And more inconstant than the winde,
Which wooes euen now the froste bowels of the north,
And being angred pusses away in haste,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. (selues.
Ben: Come, come, this winde doth blow vs from our
Supper is done and we shall come too late.
Ro: I feare too earlie, for my minde milgues
Some consequnce is hanging in the stars,
Which bitterly begins his searefull date
With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme
Of a disspied life, clofe in this breast,
By some untimelie forset of vile death:
But he that hath the stearinge of my courfe
Directs my faile, on luftie Gentlemen.
This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That pressses them and learnes them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is the.

Romeo. Peace, peace, Mercutio peace,
Thou talkst of nothing.

Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantafie:
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more inconstant then the wind who wooes,
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:
And being angered pusses away from thence,
Turning his fide to the dewe dropping South.

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

Ro. I feare too earlie, for my mind mifiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starrs,
Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date,
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a despified life clofsle in my brefte:
By somes vile forfait of untimely death.

But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direc$t my rate, on lustie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike drum.

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

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away?
He shifft a trencher, he scrape a trencher?
1. When good manners shal lie all in one or two mens hands
And they vnwaft too, tis a soule thing.

Ser. Away with the ioyntstooles, remoue the Courtcubbert,
looke to the plate, good thou, faue me a peece of March-panne,
and as thou loues me, let the porter let in in Susan Grindflone, and
Nell, Anthonie and Potpan.

2. I Boy
Enter old Capulet with the Ladies.

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

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

Cof: By Ladie sir tis thirtie yeares at leaft.
Cap: Tis not so much, tis not so much,
Tis since the mariage of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost 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 lolly thing.
2. I boy readie.

   Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and sought for in
   the great chamber.

3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
   Be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all.

   Exeunt.

Enter all the guestis and gentlewomen to the

   Maskers.

1. Capu. Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
   Unplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:
   Ah my mistyfies, which of you all
   Will now denye 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 worn a visor and could tell
   A whispering tale in a faire Ladies ear:
   Such as would please: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
   You are welcome, gentlemen come, Musitions play.

   Musick plays and they dance.

2. A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it gyres,
   More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp:
   And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.
   Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:
   Nay sit, nay sit, good Cosin Capulet,
   For you and I are past our dauncing dayes:
   How long ift now since lust your selfe and I
   Were in a maske?


   1. Capu. What man tis not so much, tis not so much,
   Tis since the nuptiall of Lucentio:
   Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,
   Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

2. Capu. Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder sir:
   His sonne is thirtie.

   1. Capu. Will you tell me that?
   His sonne was but a ward 2. yeares ago.

   Romeo. What
Rom: What Ladie is that that doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight? O thee doth teach the torches to
burne bright!
It feemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
Like a rich iewell in an Aethiops eare,
Beautie too rich for vfe, for earth too deare :
So fhines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes shoues.
The meafure done, ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand.
Did my heart loute till now? Forsweare it fight,
I neuer sawe true beautie till this night.

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

Ca: Why how now Coffe, wherfore fcrone you fo.

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

Ca: Young Romeo, is it not?

Ti: It is that villaine Romeo. (man,
Ca: Let him alone, he bares him like a portly gentl-

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

Beare a faire presence, and put off thewes frownes,
An ill befeeming femblance for a feast.

Ti: It fits when such a villaine is a gueft,
Ro. What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
   Ser. I know not sir.

Ro. O she doth teach the torches to burn bright:
It seemes she hangs upon the cheeke of night:
   As a rich Iewel in an Ethiops care,
   Bewtie too rich for vfe, for earth too deare:

So showes a showie Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes:
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blest my rude hand.

Did my hart loue till now, forswear it fight,
For I nere faw true bewtie till this night.

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

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

Cap. Young Romeo is it.
   Tib. Tis he, that villaine Romeo.
   Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:

And to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a vertuous and welguoerd youth,
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement:

Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An illbeseming semblance for a feast.

Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a guest,
Ille not indure him.

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

Am I the Master of the house or you?

You're not indure him? God shal mend my foule

You're make a mutenie amongst my guestes,

You're set Cocke a hoope, you're be the man.

Ti: Uncle tis a shame.

Ca: Goe too, you are a saucie knaue,

This tricke will scath you one day I know what.

Well said my hartes. Be quiet:

More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet. (ting,

Tibalt: Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee-

Makes my fleth tremble in their different greetings:

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shalI

Now seeming sweet, conviuet to bitter gall.

Rom: If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,

This holie shrine, the gentle finne is this:

My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,

To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kisse.

Iuli: Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too

Which mannerly devotion shewes in this:

For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,

And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kisse.

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

Iuli: Yes Pilgrime lips that they must vse in praiere.

Ro: Why then faire saint, let lips do what hands doo,

They pray, yeeld thou, least faith turne to difpaire.

Ju: Saints doe not mooue though: grant nor prayer

surfake.

Ro: Then mooue not till my praiers effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours my fin is purgde.

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

Ro: Sinne from my lips, O trespasse sweetly vrgde!
Ile not endure him.

*Capu.* He shall be endured.

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

Am I the master here or you? go too,

Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,

Youle make a mutinie among my guests:

You wil set cock a hoope, youle be the man.

*Ti.* Why Vncle, tis a shame.

*Capu.* Go too, go too,

You are a sawcie boy, if so indeed?

This trick may chance to scath you I know what,

You must contrarie me, marrie tis time,

Well saied my hearts, you are a princox, go,

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

Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.

*Ti.* Patience perforce, with wilful full choller meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall

Now seeming sweet, convert to bittref cooked gall. *Exit.*

*Ro.* If I proфанe with my vnworthieft hand,

This holy shrine, the gentle fin is this,

My lips two blushing Pylgrims did readie stand,

To smoothe that rough touch with a tender kiss.

*Ju.* Good Pilgrim you do wrôg your hâd too much
 Which mannerly deuotion showes in this,

For saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,

And palme to palme is holy Palmers kis.

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

*Jul.* I Pilgrim, lips that they must lie in praire.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Ro.* Sin from my lips, ô trespas sweetly vrgd:

*Giu*
Romeo and Juliet (Q2 1) 1597.

ACT I. SC. 5.

Gieue me my finne againe.

*Iu:* You kiffe by the booke.

*Nurse:* Madame your mother calles.

*Rom:* What is her mother?

*Nurse:* Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the

house, and a good Lady, and a wife, and a vertuous. I nurst

her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can

lay hold of her shall haue 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 have 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 promise you but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:
Light to my chamber hoe.

*Exeunt.*

*Iul:* Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?

*Nur:* The sunne and heire of old Tiberio.

*Iul:* Whats he that now is going out of dore?

*Nur:* That as I thinke is yong Petrucho. (dance?)

*Iul:* Whats he that followes there that would not

*Nur:* I know not.

*Iul:* Goe learne 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.

*Nurse:* *V*What is this? what's that?

*Iul:*
Guie me my sin againe.

_Iti_. Youe kisfe bith booke.

_Nur_. Madam your mother craues a word with you.

_Ro_. What is her mother?

_Nur_. Marrie Batcheler,

Her mother is the Lady of the house,

And a good Ladie, and a wife and vertuous,

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

_Ro_. Is she a Capulet?

124 O deare account! my life is my foes debt.

_Ben_. Away begon, the spore is at the best.

_Ro_. I so I feare, the more is my vureft.

_Capu_. Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,

128 We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards:
Is it ene so? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeft gentlemen, good night:
More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.

132 Ah sirrah, my faie it waxes late,

Ile to my reft.

_Iti_. Come hither Nurfe, what is yond gentleman?

_Nur_. The sone and heire of old Tyberio.

136 _Iti_. 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.

140 _Iti_. Go aske his name, if he be married,

My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

_Nur_. His name is Romeo, and a Mountague,

The onely sone of your great enemie.

144 _Iti_. My onely loue sprung from my onely hate,

Too earlie seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,

Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,

That I must loue a loathed enemie.


_Iu_. A
**Romeo and Juliet (Q1 1597)**

[ACT II. SC. I.]

*Iul:* Nothing *Nurse* but a rime I learnt euen now of one I dancft with.

*Nurse:* *Come your mother stays 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 Benvolio Mercutio._

*Ben:* *Romeo,* my cofen *Romeo.*

*Mer:* Doest 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 sigb: speake but one rime & I am fatified, cry but ay me.  Pronounce but Loue and Doue, speake to my giffip *Venus* one faire word, one nickname for her purblinde sonne and heire

young
[ACT II. SC. 1.]

**Romeo and Juliet**

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*I. A rime I learnt euen now*

Of one I danct withall.

**One cals within Juliet.**

**Nurf.** Anon, anon:

Come lets away, the strangers all are gone.

**Chorus.**

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,

And young affection gapes to be his heire,

That faire for which loue gronde for and would die,

With tender *Juliet* match, is now not faire.

Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,

Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:

But to his foe supposd he must complaine,

And the steale loues sweete bait from fearful hookes:

Being held a foe, he may not haue access:

To breathe such vowes as louers sfe to sweare,

And the as much in loue, her meanes much leffe,

To meete her new beloued any where:

But passion lends them power, time meanes to meete,

Tempring extremities with extreeme sweete,

**Enter Romeo alone.**

**Ro.** Can I go forward when my heart is here,

Turne backe dull earth and find thy Center out.

**Enter Benuolio with Mercutio.**

**Ben.** *Romeo*, my Colen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.

**Mer.** He is wife, and on my life hath stolne him home to bed.

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

Call good *Mercutio*:

Nay Ile compose too.

**Mer.** *Romeo*, humours, madman, passion louder,

Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,

Speake but on rime and I am satisfied:

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

**Speake to my gochip *Venus* one faire word,**

One nickname for her purblind sonne and her,
young Abraham: Cupid bee 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 quivering 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 incuocation is faire and honest, and in his Misfris name I coniure onely but to raife vp him.

Ben: Well he hath hid himsele amongst those trees,
To be comforted with thenumerous night,
Blinde in his loue, and best 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 Peare.
Romeo God night, il' e to my trundle bed:
This field bed is too cold for mee.
Come lets away, for tis but vaine,
To seeke him here that means not to be found.
Ro: He iefts at ieas that neuer felt a wound:
But soft, what light forth yonder window breaks?
It is the Eaft, and Juliet is the Sunne,
Arife faire Sunne, and kill the envious Moone
That is alreadie sicke, and pale with griefe:
Young Abraham: Cupid he that shot so true,
When King Cophetua loud the beggar mayd.
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,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeanour, 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 mischief circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjured it downe,
That were some spight.

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

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees
To be comforted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the darke.

Mar. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark,
Now will he sit under a Medlar tree,
And with this mischief were that kind of fruit,
As maidens call Medlers, when they laugh alone.
O Romeo that she were, that she were
An open, or thou a Popin 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 this in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found.

Ro. He jeasts at iтарres that never felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the Sun.

Arise faire Sun and kill the envious Moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with greefe,

That
That thou her maid, art far more faire than she.
Be not her maide since she is envious,
Her vesflall linerie is but pale and greene,
And none but foole do wear it, caft it off.

She speakes, but she sayes nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourseth, I will answere it.
I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes,
Two of the fairest starres in all the skyes,
Hauing some busines, doe entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their phisares till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnes of her cheekes would thame those stars:
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
Would through the airie region streame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night.
Oh now she leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
I would I were the gloue to that same hand,
That I might kisse that cheeke.

Iul: Ay me.

Rom: She speakes, Oh speake againe bright Angell:
For thou art as glorious to this night being ouer my (head,

As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wounding eyes,
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lasie pacing cloudes,
And failes vpon the boosome of the aire.

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

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

Iul: 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 envious,
8  Her vestall liuery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, & it is my loug, & that she knew she wer,
She speakes, yet she saies nothing, what of that?
12  Her eye discourses, I will anfwerre it:
I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes:
Two of the fairest flarres in all the heauen,
Hauing some busines to entreate her eyes,
16  To twinckle in their spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheek wold shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
20  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,
24  That I might touch that cheeke.
  Iu. Ay me.
   Ro. She speakes.
Oh speake againe bright Angel, for thou art
28  As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes,
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
32  When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And saules vpon the boforme of the ayre.
  Iuli. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
Denie thy father and refuse thy name:
36  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:
40  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* cal'd,
Retaine the divine perfection he owes:
Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I haue.

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

*Iu.*: What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,
Doest stumble on my counsafele?

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

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

*Ro.*: By loues light winges did I oerperch these wals,
For stonic limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen 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 swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enmitie.

*Jul.*: I would not for the world they shuld find thee

---

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Nor arme nor face, do be some other name
Belonging to a man.

Whats 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 tylte, 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 loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Henceforth I neuer will be Romeo.

Juli. What man art thou, that thus beschreen in
So stumbeleft on my counfell?

Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I
My name deare saint, is hatefull to my selfe,

Because it is an enemie to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Juli. My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongues uttering, yet I know the found.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Mountague?

Ro. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.

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

Ro. With loues light wings did I oereparch thefe
For fonic limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kismen are no flop to me.

Juli. If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

Ro. Alack there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am profe against their enmitie.

Juli. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Ro: I haue 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 foundft thou out this place.

Ro: By loue, who first did prompt me to enquire,
I he gaue me counsfaile and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre
As that vaft shore, waft with the furtheft sea,
I would aduenture for fuch Marchandife.

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

Doeft thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt faie I,
And I will take thy word: but if thou sweareft,
Thou maiest proue false:
At Lovers perjuries they faie loute smiles.
Ah gentle Romeo, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinke I am too eafily wonne,
Il’e frowne and faie thee nay and be peruerfe,
So thou wilt wooe: but els not for the world,
In truth faire Mountague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauiong light:
But truft me gentleman Ie proue more true,
Than they that haue more cunning to be frange.
I should haue bin frange I muft confesse,
But that thou ouer-heardft ere I was ware
My true loues Pafion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath so diſcovered.

Ro: By yonder blifted Moone I sweare,
That tips with filuer 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 eies,
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.

In. By whose direction foundst thou out this place?
Ro. By loue that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes:

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

In. Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face;
Elfe would a maiden blueth paint my cheeke,
For that which thou haist heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spake, but farwell complement.

Doest thou loue me? I know thou wilt say I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swearest,
Thou maist prove false at louers perjuries.
They say loue laughes, oh gentle Romeo,
If thou doest loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but elfe not for the world,
In truth faire Montague I am too fond:
And therefore thou maist think my behavior light,
But truth me gentleman, ile proue more true,
Then those that haue coyng to be strange,
I should haue bene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouerheardst ere I was ware,
My trulowe passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath so discoverd.

Ro. Lady, by yonder blessed Moone I vow,
That tips with filuer all these frute tree tops.

In. O sweare not by the moone th'inconstant moone,
That monethly changes in her circle orbe,
Leaft that thy loue proue 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 Idolatrie,

And I'll beleue thee.

Ro: If my true harts loue

Iul: Sweare not at all, though I doo ioy in

I haue small ioy in this contract to night,

It is too rash, too toodaine, too vnaduidde,

Too like the lightning that doth cease to bee

Ere one can say it lightens.

---

I heare some comming,

Deare loue adew, sweet Mountague be true,

Stay but a little and il' come againe.

Ro: O blessed blessed night, I feare being night,

All this is but a dreame I heare and see,

Too flattering true to be substantiall.

Iul: Three wordes good Romeo and good night in-
If that thy bent of loue be honourable? (deed.

Thy purpeose marriage, send me word to morrow

By
Leaft that thy loue proue likewise variable.
   Ro. What shall I sweare by?
   Iu. Do not sweare at all:

Or if thou wilt, sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,
And Ile beleue thee.
   Ro. If my hearts deare loue.
   Iu. Well do not sweare, although I joy in thee:
    I haue no joy of this contract to night,
    It is too rath, too vnaduisd, too sudden,
    Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,

Ere one can say, it lightens, sweete goodnight:
This bud of loue by Sommers ripening breath,
May proue a bewithous flourre when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,

Come to thy heart, as that within my breft.
   Ro. O wilt thou leave me fo vnfatisfied?
   Iuli. What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?
   Ro. Th'exchage of thy loues faithful vow for mine.

   Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to glue againe.
   Ro. Woldst thou withdraw it, for what purpose loue?
   Iu. But to be franke and glue it thee againe,

And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bountye is as boundlesse as the sea,
My loue as deepe, the more I glue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:

I heare some noyse within, deare loue adue:
Anon good nurse, sweete Mountague be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
   Ro. O bleffed bleffed night, I am afeard

Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flatteringe sweete to be substantiall.
   Iu. Three words deare Romeo, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,

Thy purpose mariage, send me word to morrow,
By one that il’e procure to some to thee:
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And al my fortunes at thy foote il’o lay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

_Ro:_ Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from their booke,
But loue from loue, to schoole with heauie 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 soule that calles vpon my name,
How siluer sweet sound louers tongues in night.
_Iul:_ Romeo?
_Ro:_ Madame.
_Iul:_ At what a clocke to morrow shall I send?

_Ro:_ At the house of nine.
_Iul:_ I will not fails, 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 still stay here,
Remembrring how I love thy companie.
_Rom:_ And il’e stay still to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
_Iu:_ Tis alwast 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. Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To cease thy strife, and leave me to my grief;
To morrow will I send.

Ro. So thrue my oule.

JU. 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 lookees.

Enter Iuliet againe.

JULI. Hieft Romeo hieft, 6 for a falkners voyce,
To lure this Tassell gentle back againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloude,
Elfe would I teare the Cauze where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my Romeo.

Ro. It is my foule that calls vpon my name.

How siluer sweete, found louers tongues by night,
Like softesf muficke to attending eares.

JU. Romeo.

Ro. My Neece.

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

Ro. By the houre of nine.

JU. I will not faile, tis twenty yeare till then,
I haue forget why I did call thee backe.

Ro. Let me stond here till thou remember it.

JU. I shall forget to haue thee stond there,

Rememering how I loue thy companie.

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

JU. Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,

And yet no farther then a wantons bird,

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

RU: Would I were thy bird.

IUL: Sweet so would I,
Yet I shoulde kill thee with much cherishing 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 smyles on the frowning
Checkring the Easterne clouds with streakes of light,
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and Titans fierie wheeles:
Now ere the Sunne advance his burning eye,
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie,
We must vp fill this oasier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyed flowers,

Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In hearbes, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
### ACT II. SC. 3.]

**Romeo and Juliet**<br>Q: 2. 1599.

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<td>That lets it hop a little from his hand, Like a poor prisoner in his twisted guses, And with a silken threed, plucks it backe againe, So lounne Jealous of his libertie. Ro. I would I were thy bird. Ju. Sweete so would I, Yet I should kill thee with much cherisheing:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>192</td>
<td>Good night, good night. Parting is such sweete sorrow, That I shall say good night, till it be morrow. Ju. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy brest. Ro. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweete to rest.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>196</td>
<td>The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night, Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streaks of light And darkennel fleckted like a drunkard reeles, From forth daies pathay, made by Tytans wheeles. Hence will I to my ghostly Friers clofe cell, His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.</td>
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**II. 3.**

Enter Frier alone with a basket. (night, Exit.

**Fri.** The grey-eyed morne smiles on the frowning night, Checkring the Easterne cloudes with streaks of light: And flecked darkennel like a drunkard reeles, From forth daies path, and Titans burning wheeles: Now ere the sun advance his burning eie, The day to cheere, and nights dancke dewe to drie, I must vpfill this oder cage of ours, With balefull weedes, and precious iuyced flowers, The earth that's natures mother is her tombe, What is her burying graue, that is her wombe: And from her wombe children of diuers kinde, We fucking on her naturall boforme finde: Many for many, vertues excellent: None but for some, and yet all different. O mickle is the powerful grace that lies In Plants, hearbes, ftones, and their true quallities:
For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give:
Nor nought so good, but strain'd from that faire vise,
Revolts to vice and stumbles on abuse:
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.

Within the infant rinde of this small flower,
Poison hath residence, and medecine power:
For this being smelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,
Being tastted slays all fences with the hart.
Two such opposed foes incampe them still,
In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the canker death eats vp that plant.

Rom: Good morrow to my Ghostly Consettior.
Fri: Benedictice, what earlie tongue so soone saluteth (me?)

Young soone it argues a distempered head,
So soone to bid good morrow to my bed.
Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eie,
And where care lodgeth, sleep can never lie:
But where vnbruued youth with vnstuft braines
Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines:
Therefore thy earlines doth me assure,
Thou art yprowf'd by some distemperance.
Or if not so, then here I hit it righ
Our Romeo hath not bin a bed to night.

Ro: The past was true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fr: God pardon sin, wert thou with Rosaline?
Ro: With Rosaline my Ghostly father no,
I have forgot that name, and that names woe. (then?)
Fr: Thats my good soone: but where haft thou bin
Ro: I tell thee ere thou ask it me againe,
I have bin feafling with mine enemie:

Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee

That's
ACT II. SC. 3.] Rome and Juliet Qr. 2. 1599.

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some speciall good doth give:
Nor ought so good but straund from that faire vie,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

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

Ro. Goodmorrow father.

Fri. Benedicetie.

What early tongue so sweete saluteth me?
Young sone, it argues a distempered bed,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:
Care keepest his watch in every old mans eye,
And where care lodges, sleepe will never lye:
But where vnbruised youth with vnsluft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raigne.

Therefore thy earliness doth me affure,
Thou art vproud with some distemperate:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Rome hath not bene in bed to night.

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

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

E Thats
Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
With in thy help and holy phisicke lies,
I beare no hatred bleffed man: for loe
My interceffion likewise fleades my foe.
  Frier: Be plaine my fonne and homely in thy drift,
   Ridling confefion findes but ridling thrift.
  Rom: Then plainly know my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, fo hers likewise on mine,
And all combind, saue 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 didst loue fo deare
So fone forfooke, lo yong mens loue then lies
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.
  Iefu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath waft thy fallow cheeke for Rofaline?
How much falt water caft away in waste,
To feaon loue, that of loue doth not taft.
The funne not yet thy fighes from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
And loe vpon thy cheeke the flaine doth fit,
Ol’an old teare that is not waft off yet.
If euer thou wert thus, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rofaline,
And art thou changde, pronounce this fentence then
Women may fal, when ther’s no strenth in men.
  Rom: Thou chidft me oft for louing Rofaline.
  Fr: For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.
  Rom: And badft me burie loue.
  Fr: Not in a graue,
To lay one in another out to hane.
  Rom: I pree thee chide not, the whom I loue now

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.'
ACT II. SC. 3.] Romeo and Juliet Q^2. 1599.

52 That's by me wounded both, our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phisick lies:
I bear no hatred blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise reads my foe.

56 Fri. Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession, findes but ridling thift.

Ro. Then plainly know, my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combind, faue what thou must combine
By holy marriage, when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:

64 Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. Frauncis what a change is here
Is Rofaline that thou didst loue so deare,
So soon forfaken? young mens loue then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.
Isfia Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath waft thy fallow cheekes for Rofaline?

68 How much salt water throwne away in waftle,
To feason loue, that of it doth not taste.
The sun not yet thy fighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ringing in mine auncient eares:

72 Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth fit,
Of an old teare that is not waftt off yet.
If ere thou waft thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rofaline.

76 And art thou chang'd, pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when thers no strenghte in men.

Ro. Thou chidist me oft for louing Rofaline.

Fri. For dotting, not for louing pupill mine.

Ro. And badist me bure loue.

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 grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not so.

Pr. Oh she knew well
Thy loue did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come yong Waurer, come goe with mee,
In one respect Ile thy assistant bee:
For this alliance may so happie prove,
To turne your Housholds rancour to pure loue. **Exeunt.**

* Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.

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 wenche, that Ro-
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad. (**Jaline,**

Mer. Tybalt the Kinsman of olde Capulet
Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers House:
Some Challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answere it.

Mer. I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answere the letters matter if bee bee
challenged.

Mer. Who, Romeo? why he is alreadie dead: stabd
with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the eare
with a loue fong, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the
blinde bow-boyes but-shaft. And is he a man to encounter

Tybalt?

Ben. Why what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than the prince of cattes I can tell you. Oh
he is the courageous captaine of complements. Catfo, he
fightes as you sing pricke-fong, keepes time dystance and
proportion, refts me his minum rest one two and the thirde
in your bofome, the very butcher of a silken button, a Duell-
lift a Duellift, a gentleman of the very first houfe of the first
and
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not so.
  Fri. O the knew well,
Thy loue did reade by rote, that could not spelle:
But come young waauer, come go with me,
In one respect ile thy assistante be:
For this alliance may so happie prove,
To turne your houholds rancor to pure loue.
  Ro. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden haft.
  Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

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

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

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

Ben. Tubal, the kinsman to old Capulet, hath sent a letter to his
fathers house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answere it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answere a letter.

Ben. Nay, he wil answere the letters maister how he dares, be-
ing dared.

Mercu. Alas poore Romeo, he is alreadie dead, stabd with a
white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue
song, the very pinte of his heart, cleft with the blinde
bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is hee a man to encounter Ty-
bal?

Ro. Why what is Tybalt?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the courageous
captain of Complements: he fights as you fing pricksong, keeps
time, distance & proportion, he rest, his minut rest, one two,
and the third in your boforme: the very butcher of a filke but-
ton, a dualist a dualist, a gentleman of the very first house of the

E 2

first
and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto re- 
uerfo, the Hay.

Ben: The what?

Me: The Poxe of such limping antique affecting fan-
tasticoes these new tuners of accents. By ifu a very good 
blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why grand-
fin is not this a miserable cafe that we shoule be stil afflicted 
with these strange flies: these fashionmongers, these par-
donnees, that stand so much on the new forme, that they 
cannot sitte at cafe on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr 
bones.

Ben. Heere comes Romeo.

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

Rom: What counterfeit I pray you?

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

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

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

Rom: A most 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 
worne out thy Pumpe, that when the sngle sole of it is worn 
the ieft may remaine after the wearing solie singuler. Rom: O
Act II. Sc. 4]

Romeo and Juliet

Q2, 1599.

24 first and second cause, ah the immortal Paffado, the Punto reuerfo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

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

Enter Romeo,

Ben. Here Comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering, O flesh, flesh, how art thou fihifed? now is he for the numbers that Petrach flowed in: Laura to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipifie, Hellen and Hero, hildings and harlots: Thisbie a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, Bonieur, thers a French salutation to your French flop: you gauge vs the counterfeite fairly last night.

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

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

Ro. Pardon good Mercutio, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtsie.

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

Ro. Meaning to curtie.

Mer. Thou haft mofit kindly hit it.

Ro. A moff curtuous exposition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pincke of curtseie.

Ro. Pincke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Ro. Why then is my pump well flowered.

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

Ro. O
Romeo and Juliet (Q1 1597)

[ACT II. SC. 4.]

Rom: O single soald iest folie singuler for the singlenes.

Me. Come between vs good Benuolio, for my wits faile.

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

Mer: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chafe, I haue

done: for I am sure thou haft more of the goose in one of

thy wits, than I haue in al my fiue: Was I with you there for

the goose?

Rom: Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when

thou wert not with me for the goose.

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

Rom: Nay good goose bite not.

Mer: Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a moxt tharp jaue

Rom: And was it not well fern'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer: Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that stretctheth

from an ynch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom: I stretcht it out for the word brod, which added to

the gooe, proues thee faire and wide a broad goose.

Mer: Why is not this better now than grooning for loue?

why now art thou sociable, now art thou thy selfe, nowe art

thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling

loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide

his bable in a hole.

Ben: Stop there.

Me: Why thou wouldft haue me stopp my tale against

the haire.

Ben: Thou wouldft haue made thy tale too long?

Mer: Tut man thou art deceived, I meant to make it

short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale? and

meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Rom: Heers goodly geare. Enter Nurfe and her man.

Mer: A faile, a faile, a faile.

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

Nur: Peter, pree thee giue me my fan.

Mer: Pree thee doo good Peter, to hide her face: for

her fanne is the fairer of the two.

Nur: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

Mer:
ACT II. SC. 4.] Romeo and Juliet Q2 1599.

60 Ro. O single folde ieast, folie singular for the singlenesse.
   Mer. Come betweene vs good Benuolio, my wits fainets.
   Ro. Swits and spurs, swits and spurres, or ile crie a match.
   Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wildgoose chafe, I am done:

64 For thou haft more of the wildgoose in one of thy wits, then I
   am sure I haue in my whol: fiue. 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 eare for that ieast.
   Rom. Nay good goose bite not.
   Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting, it is a most sharpe sawe.
   Rom. And is it not then well seru’d in to a sweete goose?

67 Mer. Oh heres a wit of Cheuerell, that strecthes from an
   ynhch 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 grousing for loue, now
   art thou fociable, now art thou Romeo: now art thou what thou
   art, by art as well as by nature, for this droueling loue is like a
   great naturall that runs lolling vp and dounue to hide his bable
   in a hole.
   Ben. Stop there, flop there.
   Mer. Thou desirest me to flop in my tale against the haire.

72 Ben. Thou wouldst elfe haue made thy tale large.
   Mer. O thou art deceiu’d, I would haue made it short, for I
   was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to
   occupie the argument no longer.

80 Ro. Heeres goodly geare. Enter Nurfe and her man.
   A sayle, a sayle.
   Mer. Two two, a shert and a smocke.
   Nur. Peter:

76 83. desirest] desi’st F2, a, 3.
   85. for] or F1, a, 3.

77 Why?] Why?] Q4.

80 bable] bauble F4.

88 Ro. Heeres goodly geare. Enter Nurfe and her man.

84 Ben. Thou desirest me to flop in my tale against the haire.
   Ben. Thou wouldst elfe haue made thy tale large.

88 [Enter etc] between lines

87 & 88 F4.

90 shert] shirt Qq. Fl.

E 3 Mer. God
Romeo and Juliet (Q2. 1) 1597.

[Mercutio, Benvolio, and others]

Mer. God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it godyegooden I pray you.

Mer. Tis no leffe I asure you, for the baudie hand of the diali is euyn now upon 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 sain: for himselfe to marre quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong Romeo?

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

Nur. Well sain.

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

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

Ben. O, belike the meanes to inuite him to supper.

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

Rom. Why what haft found man?

Mer. No hare sir, vnleffe it be a hare in a lenten pye, that is somewhat flale and hoare ere it be eaten.

_He walkes by them, and slichs._

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

But a hare thats hoare is too much for a score,

if it hore ere it be spent.

Youl come to your fathers to supper?

Rom. I will.

Mer. Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell sweete Ladie.

_Exeunt Benvolio, Mercutio._

* Nur. Marry farewell. Pray what saucie merchant was this that was so full of his roperipe?

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

Nur. If bee stand to anie thing against mee, Ile take him downe if he were lufter than he is: if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that shal: I am none of his flurt-gills, I am none of his skaines mates. She
Mer. God ye goodden faire gentlewoman.
Nur. Is it good den?
Mer. Tis no leff I tell yee, for the bawdie hand of the dysal,
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?
Gétlemé cá any of you tel me whe re I may find the yong Romeo?
Ro. I can tell you, but young Romeo will be older when you
have found him, then he was when you fought him: I am the
youngest of that name, for fault of a worfe.
Nur. You say well.
Mer. Yea is the worft wel, very wel took, ifaith, wifely, wifely.
Nur. If you be he fir, I defire some confidence with you.
Ben. She will endite him to some supper.
Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.
Ro. What hast thou found?
Mer. No hare fir, vnleffe a hare fir in a lenten pie, that is some-
thing stale and hoare ere it be spent.
An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meate in
lent.
But a hare that is hore, is too much for a score, when it hores ere
it be spent.
Romeo, will you come to your fathers? weele to dinner thither.
Ro. I will follow you.
Mer. Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.
Exeunt.
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 himselfe talke,
and will speake more in a minute, then hee will stand too in a
moneth.
Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe,
and a were luffier then he is, and twentye such Jacks: and if I
cannot, Ile finde thofe that shall: fcurue knaue, I am none
of his flurt gills, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must
stand
She turns to Peter her man.
And thou like a knaue must stand by, and see euerie Iacke vfe me at his pleasure.

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

Nur: Now afores God he hath so vexed me, that euerie member about me quiers: scuruiue Iacke. But as I said, my Ladie bad me seeske ye out, and what shee bad me tell yee, that Ile keepe to my selfe: but if you shoulde lead her into a foole's paradise as they saye, it were a verie grosse kinde of behauiour as they say, for the Gentlewoman is yong. Now if you shoulde deale doubly with her, it were verie weake dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

Rom: Nurse, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I 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 Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,
My man shall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackled faire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy
Must be my conduct 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 trullie, and Ile quite thy pains. Exit

Nur:
stand by too and suffer every kneue to vs me at his pleasure.

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

Nur. Now afores God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quieres, skurue knaue: pray you sir a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behauior as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: and therefore, if you should deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dea-

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I pro-
test unto thee.

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

Ro. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou dost not marke me?

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

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

Be shrieued and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly sir not a penny.

Ro. Go too, I say you shall.

Nur. This afternoon sir, well the shall be there.

Ro. And stay good Nurse behinde the Abbey wall, Within this houre my man shall be with thee, And bring thee cordes made like a tackled stayer, Which to the high toppallant of my joy,

Muft be my conuoy in the secret night.

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

Enter Juliet.

Jul: The clocke stroke nine when I did send my Nurisse
In halfe an houre she promisit to returne.
Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.
Oh she is lazie, Loues heralds shoulde be thoughts,
And runne more swift, than hattie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.
| Nur. Now God in heauen bleffe thee, harke you fir. | 168 | 169. here | hearr FL. |
| Ro. What saith thou my deare Nurfe? | 170. a{away} FL. |
| Nur. Is your man secret, did you here here say, two may keep counsell putting one away. | 171. Warrant | / warrant |
| Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as steele. | F4. 3; 4. | man | man FL. |
| Nur. Well fir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in town one Paris, that would faine lay knife aboord : but the good soule had as leeue fee a tode, a very tode as fee him : I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I say so, she lookes as pale as any clout in the verfall world, doth not Rosemarie and Romeo begin both with a letter? | 175. see a | a see F4. |
| Ro. I Nurfe, what of that? Both with an R. | 181. dog | name R. | dogs | name R. |
| Nur. A mocker thats the dog, name R. is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettie fententious of it, of you and Rosemarie, that it would do you good to heare it. | name. R. Q5. |
| Ro. Commend me to thy Lady. | 184. no. [.] |
| Nur. I a thousand times Peter. | Q5. |
| Pet. Anon. | 188. |

| Enter Iuliet. | 189. |
| Iu. The clocke stroke nine when I did send the Nurfe, In halfe an houre she promisa to returne, Perchance she cannot meete him, thats not so : | 190. promised | promis'd Q5. |
| 4 Oh she is lame, loues heraulds shoule be thoughts, Which ten times fatter glides then the Suns beames, Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hills. Therefore do nimble pinion doues draw lowe, | 4. heraulds | Herould F4. |
| 5 glides | glide F4. |
| And therefore hath the wind swift Cupid wings : Now is the Sun vpon the highmoff hill, Of this dayes journey, and from nine till twelve, Is there long hares, yet she is not come, | 8. wind swift | Hyphenated |
| 9 she is three Q4. | Q3. 5. FL. |
| 11. is three | three F4. |
Enter Nurse.

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

Nur: Oh I am wearie, let mee rest a while. Lord how my bones ache. Oh where is my man? Give me some aquavitae.

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

Nur: Fie, what a haue I haue I had: and my backe a together side. Lord, Lord, what a case am I in.

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

Nur: Romeo, nay, alas you cannot chuse a man. Hees no bodie, he is not the Flower of curtesie, he is not a proper man: and for a hand, and a foot, and a baudie, we go thy way wench, thou hast it ifaith. Lord, Lord, bow my head beats?

Jul: What of all this? tell me what sayes he to our marriage?

Nur:
ACT II. SC. 5.]  

Romeo and Juliet  Q. 2. 1599.  

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?  
Haft thou met with him? fend thy man away.  

_Nur._ Peter stay at the gate.  

_ Iu._ Now good sweete _Nur_ , O Lord, why lookest thou fad?  
Though newes be fud, yet tell them merily.  
If good, thou shameft the musicke of sweete newes,  
By playing it to me, with so fower a face.  

_Nur._ I am a wareie, give me leaue a while,  
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunce haue I?  

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

_Nur._ Iesu what haste, can you not stay a while?  
Do you not fee that I am out of breath?  

_ Iu._ How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?  

The excuse that thou doest make in this delay,  
Is longer then the tale thou doest excusse.  
Is thy newes good or bad? anfwere to that,  
Say either, and ile stay the circumstance:  

_Let me be satisfied, ift good or bad?_  

_Nur._ Well, you haue made a simple choyse, you know not  
how to chufe a man: _Romeo_, no not he though his face be better  
then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a hand  
and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet  
they are paft compare: he is not the flower of curtefe, but ile  
warrant him, as gentel as a lamme: go thy wayes wench, ferue  
God. * What haue you dinde at home?  

_ Iu._ No, no. But all this did I know before.  
What sayes he of our marriage, what of that?  

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

_F_  

---  

13. _She would_? _She'd_ Fa, 3. 4.  
   Two lines, first ending _folks_ F4.  
   _looks_ Fa.  
   _looks_ F3.  
22. _chamest_? _sham'at_ Q4. 5. F4.  
   _It'_? _I'd_ Q4. F4.  
27. _good good_? _good_ Fa. 3. 4.  
29. _that'_? _om. Fa. how_ F3. 4.  
36. _excuse_? _lege excels_ F1. 2. 3. _lege excell_ F4.  
40. _a body_? _body_ Q4. 5. _a_ 
   _boddy_ F4. 2. 3. 4.  
41. _tie'_? _Fa. 3. 4.  
42. _as'_? _a_ F4.  
44. _this'_? _this'_ this F4.  

---
Nur: Marry he sakes like an honest Gentleman, and a
kinde, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?

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

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

Iul: Nay slyt sweet Nurfe, I doo intreate thee now,
What sakes my Loue, my Lord, my Romeo?

Nur: Goe, hye you straight to Friar Laurence Cell,
And frame a suse that you must goe to shrift:
There sakes a Bridgroome to make you a Bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I must prouide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your Lord must clime a birds nest soone.
I must take pains to further your delight,
But you must beare the burden soone at night.
Doth this newes please you now?

Iul: How doth her latter words reuiue my hart.
Thankes gentle Nurfe, dispatch thy bufines,
And Ile not faile to meete my Romeo.

Exit. Romeo, Frier.

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

Fr: Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.
48 My back a tother side, a my backe, my backe: 
Belthrew your heart for sendeing me about
To catch my death with iauing vp and downe.
   
   49 O faith I am forrie that thou art not well.
   
   50 Iauing] iauing Fl.
   51. not well] so well F1.
   52 so ill F2, 3. 4.

52 Sweete, sweete, sweete Nurfe, tell me what fayes my loue?
   
   Nur. Your loue fayes like an honest gentleman,
   And a Courteous, and a kinde, and a handforme,
   And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?
   
   53 Where is my mother, why she is within, wher shuld she be?
   How odly thou repliest:
   Your loue fayes like an honest gentleman,
   Where is your mother?
   
   Nur. O Gods lady deare,
   Are you so hot, marrie come vp I trow,
   Is this the poultis for my aking bones:
   Henceforward do your messages your selfe.
   
   54 Heres such a coyle, come what fayes Romeo?
   Nur. Have you got leue to go to shrit to day?
   55 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 straights at any newes:
   Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
   To fetch a Ladder by the which your loue
   Muft climbe a birds neaft soone when it is darke,
   I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight:
   But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
   
   Go iie to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
   
   Iuli. Hie to high fortune, honest Nurfe farewell.

II. 6.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with forrow chide vs not.
Ro. Amen, amen, but come what forrow can,

4 It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That
Romeo and Juliet (Q2 1) 1597.

ACT II. SC. 6.

Rom: This morning here he pointed we should meet,
And consummate those nearer parting bands,
Witness our harts love by joining hands,
And come she will.

Fr: I gesse she will indeed,
Youths love is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.
See where she comes.
So light of foot some near hurts the troden flower:
Of love and joy, see see the soueraigne power,

Iul: Romeo.

* Rom: My Juliet welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloaide in Nights mytts) attend the frolickke Day,
So Romeo hath expected Juliet,
And thou art come.

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

Rom: All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.

Iul: Romeo from thine all brightnes doth arise.

Fr: Com wantons, come, the sleaping hours do passe
Defer embracements till some firmer 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.

Iul: Make haft, make haft, this lingering doth vs wrong.

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

Haft is a common hinderer in crosse way.  Exeunt omnes.
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fier and powder:
Which as they kisse confume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so,
Too swift arriues, as tardie as too ilowe.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foote
Will neere weare out the everlafting flint,
A louer may bestride the gossmours,
That ydeles in the wanton sommer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

Ilu. Good euon to my ghastlie confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.

Ilu. As much to him, elfe is his thankes too much.

Ro. Ah Iuliet, if the meaure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre and let rich musickes tongue,
Unfold the imagind happiness that both
Receive in either, by this deare encounter.

Ilu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brag of his subsance, not of ornament,
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to fuch excelle,
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,
(worke, Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

F 2
Enter Benvolio, Mercutio.

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

Mer: Thou art like one of those, that when hee comes
into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the
boord, and fayes, God send 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 Jacke being mooude,
and as foone mooude to be moodie, and as foone moodie to
be mood.

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, hauing no other reaion, but because thou hadst
hafill 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 heere comes a Capolet.

Enter Tybalt.

Mer: By my heele I care not.
Tyb: Gentlemen a word with one of you.
Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good Mercutio let's retire,
The day is hot, the Capels abroad:
And if we meete we shall not scape a brawl, for now these hot daies, is the mad blood stirring.

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

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jacke in thy moode as any in Italie: and assoone moued to be moodie, and assoone 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 lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarell with a man for cracking Nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hafel eyes: what eye, but such an eye 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 hast quarelled with a man for coffing in the streete, because hee hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Easter, with another for tying his new shoes with old riband, and yet thou wilt tumer me from quarelling?

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

Mer. The fee-simpe, is simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the Capulets.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

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

Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.
Mer: 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 slaue wil make fiddlers of vs. If you doe firra, look for nothing but discord: For beeres my fiddle-sticke.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb: Well peace be with you, here comes my man.
Mer: But Ile be hanged if he wear your lyuery: Mary go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in that fene your worship may call him man.
Tyb: Romeo the hate I beare to thee can afford no better words then thefe, thou art a villaine.
Rom: Tybalt the love I beare to thee, doth excuse the appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, therefore I well perceiue thou knowst me not.

Tyb: Base boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore drawe.
Ro: I doe proteft I neuer injured thee, but loue thee better than thou canst deuife, till thou shalt know the reason of my loue.

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

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

Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou comfortest with Romeo.

Mer. Confort, what doest thou make vs Minstrels? and thou make Minstrel of vs, looke to hear nothing but discords: heere my fiddlestickke, heere that shall make you daunce: sounds comfort.

Ben. We talk here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances:
Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

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

Mer. But ile be hangd sir if he weare your liuerie:
Marrie go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love I beare thee, can afford
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

Ro. Tybalt, the reason that I have to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villaine am I none.

Therefore farewell, I see thou knowest me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou haft done me, therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I do protest I neuer injuried thee,
But loue thee better then thou canst deuife:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good Capulet, which name I tender
As dearly as mine owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submissioun:

F 3

Alla
Allaftockado caries it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

Tyb: What wouldst with me?

* Mer: Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your nine lines, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your scabard, least mine be about your eares ere you be aware.

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

Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thrufts 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 serue I warrant. What meant you to come betweene us? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom: I did all for the best.

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

Boy: I goe my Lord.

Mer: I am pepperd for this world, I am sped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to morrow you shall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houfes, I shall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens shoulers: For your houfe of the Montegues and the Capuletts: and then some peasantly rogue, some Sexton, some base flauce shall write my Epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the Princes Lawes, and Mercutio was flaine for the first and second caufe. Wher's the Surgeon?

Boy: Hee's come sir.

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

Exeunt

Rom:
_Alla flucaho_ 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 viue mee
hereafter drie beate the rest of the eight. Will you pluckle your
sword out of his pilcher by the eares? make haffe, leaft mine be
about your eares ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle _Mercutio_, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come fir, your Paffado.

Rom. Draw _Benvolio_, beate downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for shame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, _Mercutio_, the Prince exprefly hath

Forbid this bandying in _Verona_ freetes,
Hold Tybalt, good _Mercutio_.

_Away Tybalt._

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague a both houses, I am sped,

Ben. What art thou hurt?

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

Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

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

Ro. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Helpe me into some house _Benvolio_,

Or
Romeo and Juliet (Q_1) 1597.

Rom: This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie.

My very frend hath tane this mortall wound
In my behalfe, my reputation staine
With Tibalt's slaunder, Tybalt that an houre
Hath beeene my kinfman. Ah Juliet

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

Enter Benuolio.

Ben: Ah Romeo Romeo braue Mercutio is dead,
That gallant spirit hath a spir'd the cloudes,
Which too vntimely scornd the lowly earth.

Rom: This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend
This but begins what other dayes must end.

Enter Tibalt.

Ben: Heere comes the furious Tibalt backe againe.

Rom: A liue in triumphy and Mercutio slaine?
Away to heauen respectiuue lenity:
And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.

Now Tibalt take the villaine backe againe,
Which late thou gau't 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 fallles.

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

Thou wilt be taken.

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

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath got this mortall hurt
In my behalf, my reputation slain
With Tybals slander, Tybalt that an houre
Hath bene my Cozen, O sweete Juliet,
Thy biewtie hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softened valours feste.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, braue Mercutio is dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspired the Clowdes,
Which too vntimely here did scorn the earth.

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

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt backe againe.

Ro. He gan in triumph and Mercutio slaine,
Away to heaven, respectiue lenitie,
And fier end furie, be my conduct now,
Now Tybalt take the villaine backe againe,
That late thou gauest me, for Mercutio soule
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to kepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Ty. Thou wretched boy that diidst cōfort 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 slaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince wil doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence be gone away.

Ro. O
Rom: Ah I am fortunes slaue.

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Wher's he that slue 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 most unlucky mannage of this brawle.
Here lyes the man slaine by yong Romeo,
That flew thy kinsman braue Mercutio,

M: Titlalt, Tybalt, O my brothers child,
Unhappie fight? Ah the blood is spilt
Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, shed bloud of Mountagew.

Pry: Speake Benuolio who began this fray?

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

But Titlalt still persifting in his wrong,

The stout Mercutio drewe to calme the storme,

Which Romeo seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,

And
ACT III. SC. 1.]  

Romeo and Juliet  Q. 2. 1599.  

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>136</td>
<td>Enter Citizens.</td>
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<tr>
<td>136</td>
<td>Tybalt Which way ran he that kild Mercutio?</td>
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<tr>
<td>136</td>
<td>Ben. There lies that Tybalt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>136</td>
<td>Citi. Vp sir, go with me: I charge thee in the Princes name obey.</td>
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<tr>
<td>136</td>
<td>Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet, their wives and all.</td>
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<tr>
<td>140</td>
<td>Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?</td>
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<td>140</td>
<td>Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discoyer all:</td>
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<tr>
<td>144</td>
<td>The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall, There lies the man slaine by young Romeo, That flew thy kinsman, braue Mercutio.</td>
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<tr>
<td>144</td>
<td>Capu. Wt. Tybalt, my Cozin, O my brothers child, O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O the bloud is spild Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true, For bloud of ours, shhead bloud of Mountague.</td>
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<tr>
<td>148</td>
<td>O Cozin, Cozin.</td>
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<tr>
<td>148</td>
<td>Prin. Benuolio, who began this bloudie fray?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>152</td>
<td>Ben. Tybalt here slain, whom Romeoos hand did slay, Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke How nice the quarell was, and vrgd withall Your high displeasure all this vtered, With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed Could not take truce with the vnruely displeene Of Tybalt deafe to peace, but that he tilts With piercing Steele at bold Mercutios breast, Who all as hot, turnes deadly poiyn to poyn, And with a Martaill corne, with one hand beates Cold death aside, and with the other sends It backe to Tybalt, whose dexteritiie Retorts it, Romeo he cries aloud,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>160</td>
<td>Hold friends, friends part, and swifter then his tongue,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**His**
And with his agill arme yong _Romeo_,
As saft as tung cryde peace, fought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thurfts and blows,
Vnder yong _Romeo_ laboring arme to part,
The furious _Tybalt_ caft an enuious thurf,
That rid the life of stout _Mercutio_.
With that he fled, but presently return'd,
And with his rapier braued _Romeo_:
That had but newly entertain'd renuenge.
And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did _Tybalt_ fall,
And this way _Romeo_ fled.

_Mo_: He is a _Mountagew_ and speakes partiall,
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke stiffe:
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 haue an interest in your bates proceeding,
My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with so large a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
I will be daese to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abusues.

Pittie shall dwell and gourne with vs still:
Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.

_Exeunt omnes._

_Enter _Juliet._

_Jul_: Gallop apace you fierie footed steedes
**ACT III. SC. 2.**

*Roméo and Juliete*  
Q. 1599.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>168</td>
<td>His aged arme beastes downe their fatal poynts, And twixt them rufhes, vnderneath whose arme, An enuious thrust from Tybalt, hit the life. Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled, But by and by comes backe to Roméo, Who had but newly entertained revenge, And toote they go like lightning, for ere I Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slaine: And as he fell, did Roméo turne and flie, This is the truth, or let Benovio die.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>176</td>
<td>Ca. Wi. He is a kisman to the Montague, Affection makes him false, he speakes not true: Some twenty of them fought in this blacke frieze, And all those twentie could but kill one life. I beg for Iustice which thou Prince must giue:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>180</td>
<td>Roméo flew Tybalt, Roméo must not liue.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>184</td>
<td>Prin. Roméo flew him, he flew Mercutio, Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>188</td>
<td>Capu. Not Roméo Prince, he was Mercutio friend, His fault concludes, but what the law should end, The life of Tybalt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>192</td>
<td>Prin. And for that offence, Immediately we do exile him hence:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>195</td>
<td>I have an interest in your hearts proceeding: My bloud for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding. But ile amerce you with fo strong a fine, That you shall all repent the losse of mine. It will be deafe to pleading and excuses, Nor tears, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses. Therefore vfe none, let Roméo hence in hafte, Else when he is found, that houre is his laft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>199</td>
<td>Beare hence this body, and attend our will, Mercie but murders, pardoning those that kill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>203</td>
<td>It will! I will Q. 1599.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>204</td>
<td>out] our Ft.</td>
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<tr>
<td>205</td>
<td>his] the Q. 1599.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

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**III. 2.**

*Enter* Juliete alone.

Gallop apace, you fierce footed steedes,  

G  

Towards
To Phœbus mansion, such a Waggoner
As Phaeton, would quickly bring you thither,
And send in cloudie night immediately.

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

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

Nur:
Towards Phæbus lodging, such a wagner
As Phætan would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudie night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain love-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and Romeo
Leape to these arms, vntalkt of and vnleeene,
Lovers can see to do their amorous rights,
And by their owne bewartes, or if love be blind,
It beft agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou sober futed matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loofe a winning match,
Plaide for a paire of stainelefe maydenhoods.
Hood my vnmand bloud baying in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till strange lovee grow bold,
Think true love acted simple modestie:
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the winges of night,
Whiter then new snowe vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come loving blacke brownd night,
Gie me my Romeo, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the face of heauen so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish Sun.
O I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possiit it, and though I am fold,
Not yet enioy, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some fettiall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurfe.

Enter Nurfe with cords.

And she bringes newes, and euery tongue that speakes
But Romes name, speakes heavenely eloquence:
Now Nurfe, what newes? what haft thou there,
The cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?
| Nur: | I, I, the cordes: alacke we are vndone, |
| We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone. |
| Jul: | What diuell art thou that tormentes me thus? |
| Nur: | Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead. |
| Jul: | This torture shoule be roard in dismall hell. |
| Can heauns be so enious? |
| Nur: | Romeo can if heauns cannot. |

---

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

Jul: Ah Romeo, Romeo, what disastre hap
Hath seuerd thee from thy true Juliet?
Ah why should Heauen so much confpire with Woe,
Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,
So soone to funder vs by timelesse Death?

Nur: O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best frend I had,
O honest Tybalt, courteous Gentleman.

Jul: What storme is this that blowes so contrarie,
Is Tybalt dead, and Romeo murdered:
My deare loude confen, and my dearest Lord.
Then let the trumpet sound a generall doome
These two being dead, then liuing is there none.
ACT III. SC. 2.]

Romeo and Juliet
Q. 2. 1599.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Nur. I, I, the cords.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>iverday] wedeaday Qq.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>Alack the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>Ilu. Can heauen be fo enuous?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>rored] roar'd Ft.</td>
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<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>Though heauen cannot. O Romeo, Romeo,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>Who euer would haue thought it Romeo?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>Briefe, sounds, determine my weale or wo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Brief, sounds,] [ ,] om. Q5, F4.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>Ilu. What diuell art thou that doft torment me thus?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>This torture shoold be rored in difmall hell,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Hath Romeo flaine himselfe? say thou but I,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62</td>
<td>And that bare vowell I shall poyfon more</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>Then the deat aring eye of Cockatrice,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>I am not I, if there be such an I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>Or thospe eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>If he be flaine say I, or if not, no.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72</td>
<td>Briefe, sounds, determine my weale or wo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74</td>
<td>Ilu. If I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76</td>
<td>God saue the marke, here on his manly breft,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78</td>
<td>A piteous coarse, a bloudie piteous coarse,</td>
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<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawbde in bloud,</td>
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<tr>
<td>82</td>
<td>All in goare bloud, I founded at the fight.</td>
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<tr>
<td>84</td>
<td>Ilu. O break my hart, poore banckrount break at once,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>86</td>
<td>To prifon eyes, nere looke on libertie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88</td>
<td>Vile earth too earth refigne, end motion here,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90</td>
<td>And thou and Romeo preffe on heauie beare.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>92</td>
<td>Nur. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94</td>
<td>O curteous Tybalt, honest Gentleman,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>96</td>
<td>That euer I shouold liue to fee thee dead.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>98</td>
<td>Ilu. What ftorne is thi that blowes fo contrarie?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>Is Romeo slauthtred? and is Tybalt dead?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>102</td>
<td>My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>104</td>
<td>Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>106</td>
<td>For who is liuing, if thospe two are gone?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

G 2

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

Iul: Ah heavens, did Romeo 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 falfe, all faithles, periurde, all forfworne.

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

Upon his face Shame is ashamed to sit.

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

Romeo that kild him he is banished.

Jul. O God, did Romeo send (head) Titall's bloud?

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

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

Jul. Did euer dragon keepe so faire a Caue?

Bewtifull tirant, fiend angelicall:
Rauenous doue-featherd ruë, woluiush rauening lamb,
Defilied substance of diuinest showe:

Luft opposite to what thou iustly feem'dt,
A dimme saint, an honourable villain:
O nature what hast thou to do in hell
When thou diid bower the spirit of a fiend,

In mortall paradise of such sweete flesh?
Was euer booke containing such vile matter
So fairely bound? o that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Pallace.

Nur. Theres no truft, no faith, no honestie in men,
All perjurde, all forsworne, all naught, all diftemblers,
Ah wheres my man? giue me some Aqua-vite:
These griefes, these woes, these forrows make me old,

Shame come to Romeo.

Jul. Blisterd be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his brow shame is afham'd to fit:

For tis a thronae where honour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the vnuerfal earth.

O what a beast was I to chide at him?

Nur. Wil you speake wel of him that kild your cozyn?

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

Ah poor my lord, what tongue shal snoonc thy name,
When I thy three hourses wife haue mangled it?
But wherefore villain didst thou kill my Cozin?

That villaine Cozin would haue kild my husband:
Backe foolish teares, backe to your natue spire,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
All this is comfort. But there yet remaines

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

Romeo is banished. Ah that word Banished

Is worfe than death. Romeo is banished,

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

Where are my Father and my Mother Nurse?
Nur.: VVeping and wayling ouer Tybalts coarfe.

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

Romeo and Juliet Q. 2. 1599.

108 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 weepe 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 guiltie deeds to sinners mindes,
Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished:
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath flaine ten thoufand Tybalt's: Tybalt's death
Was woe enowgh if it had ended there:
Or ifower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be ranckt with other grieves,
Why followed not when she said Tybalt's dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue moued,
But with a reareward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished: to speake that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slaine, all dead: Romeo is banished,

128 There is no end, no limit, measure bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe found.
Where is my father and my mother Nurse?
Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer Tybalt's course,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

132 In. Wath they his wounds with teares? mine shall be
When theirs are drie, for Romeos banishment. (ipent,
Take vp thofe cordes, poore ropes you are beguilde,
Both you and I for Romeo is exilde:
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widowed.
Come cordes, come Nurse, ile to my wedding bed,
And death not Romeo, take my maiden head.
Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile finde Romeo
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:

G 3

Harke
Romeo and Juliet (Q. 1) 1597.

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,
What Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
Which yet we know not.

_Fr._ Too familiar
Is my yong sonne with such sower companie:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

_Rom._ What leffe than doomes day is the Princes doome?

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

_Rom._ Ha, Banished? be mercifull, say death:
For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,
Than death it selfe, doo not say Banishment.

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

_Rom._ There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe.
Hence banished, is banish't from the world:
And world exile is death. Calling death banishment,

Thou cuttst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilst upon the stroke that murders me.

_Fr._ Oh monfrous sinne, O rude vnthankfulness:
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
(Taking thy part) hath rushd aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment:

This
Harke ye, your Romeo will be here at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at Lawrence Cell.
   
   Jt. O find him, give this ring to my true Knight,
   And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Friar and Romeo.

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

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

Fri. Too familiar

Is my deare Sonne with such soure 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.

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

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

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

Hence banished, is banisht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, mistermd, calling death banisht,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,

Fri. O deadly sin, rude vnhankfulness,
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rufht aside the law,

And turnd that blacke word death to banishment.

This
This is mere mercie, and thou feest it not.

_Rom_: Tis torture and not mercy, heaven is here
Where _Juliet_ lies: and euerie cat and dog,
And little moufe, euerie vnworthie thing
Liu in heaven, and may looke on her,
But _Romeo_ may not. More validite,
More honourable state, more courtship lies
In carrion flies, than_ Romeo_: they may feaze
On the white wonder of faire _Juliet_ skinne,
And steale immortall kisses from her lips;

But _Romeo_ may not, he is banisched.
Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.
Oh Father hadst thou no strong poyson mixt,
No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,
Though nere so meane, but banishment
To torture me withall: ah, banished.
_O Friar, the damned vile that word in hell:_
Howling attends it. How hadst thou the heart,
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,
A finne aboluer, and my frens profest,
To mangle me with that word, Banishment?

_Fr_: Thou fond mad man, heare me but speake a word.
_Rom_: O, thou wilt talke againe of Banishment.

_Fr_: Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,
Aduersties sweete milke, philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou be banisished.

_Rom_: Yet Banished? hang vp philosophie,
Vnleffe philosophie can make a _Juliet_,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helpe not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

_Fr_: O, now I see that madmen haue no eares.

_Rom_: How should they, when that wife men haue no eyes.

_Fr_: 
This is deare mercie, and thou seest it not.

Rom. Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is here

Where Juliet liues, and euery cat and dog,

And little mouse, euery unworthy 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 feaze

On the white wonder of deare Juliet's hand,

And feale immortall blessing from her lips,

Who euin in pure and vestall modestie

Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses fin.

This may flyes do, when I from this must flie,

And fayest thou yet, that exile is not death?

But Romeo may not, he is banished.

Flies may do this, but I from this must flie:

They are freemen, but I am banished.

Hadst thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,

No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,

But banished to kill me: Banished?

O Friar, the damned vse that word in hell:

Howling attends it, how haft thou the heart

Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,

A fin obfoluer, and my friend proseft,

To mangle me with that word banished?

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

Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,

Aduerfities sweete milke, Philofophie,

To comfort thee though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang vp philosophie,

Vnleffe Philofophie can make a Juliet,

Displant a towne, reuerfe a Princes doome,

It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

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

Rom. How shouleth they when that wise men haue no eyes.

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

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy Loue,
An houre but married, Tytalt 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.

Nur: Hoe Fryer.

Fr: Gods will what willfulness 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 tears made druake.

Nur: Oh he is euen in my Miftrefle cafe.
Line in her cafe. Oh wofull sympathy,
Pitiful predicament, euen so lyes thee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping;
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man.
For Juliets sake, for her sake rife and stand,
Why shoud you fall into so 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 feele,
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
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 vnmade graue.

Enter Nurse, and knocke.
Fri. Arise one knocks, good Romeo hide thy selfe.
Ro. Not I, vnleafe the breath of hartscike grones,
Myft-like infold me from the search of eyes.

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

Slad knock.
Run to my studie by and by, Gods will
What simpleness is this? I come, I come.

Knocke.
Who knocks so hard? where come you? whats your will?

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

Nur. O he is euen in my mistresse cafe,
Iust in her cafe. O wofull sympathy:
Pitious prediccament, euen so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, and you be a man,
For Juliets sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O?

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah
Nur: Ah sir, ah sir. Wel death's the end of all.
Rom: Spakest thou of Juliet, how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an olde murderer,
Now I haue stainde the childhood of her joy,
With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? And what fayes
My conceal'd Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur: Oh she faith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now falls on her bed, now on the ground,
And Tybalt cryes, and then on Romeo calles.
Rom: As if that name shot 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 hatefull manision?

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

Nur: Ah?
Fr: Hold, slay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme
Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote
The vnreasonable furyes of a beast.
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
Or ill beseeming beast in seeming both.
Thou haft amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd,
Haft thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Romeo and Juliet</th>
<th>1599.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>ACT III. SC. 3.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Nur.</strong> Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Ro.</strong> Spakest thou of <em>Juliet</em>? how is it with her?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Doth not she thinke me an old murtherer,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Now I haue flaind the childhood of our joy,</td>
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<tr>
<td>With bloud remoued, but little from her owne?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes</td>
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<tr>
<td>My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Nur.</strong> Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And now falls on her bed, and then start vp,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And Tybalt calls, and then on <em>Romeo</em> cries,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And then downe falls againe.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Ro.</strong> As if that name shot from the deadly leuell of a gun,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Did muther her, as that names cursed hand</td>
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<tr>
<td>Murderd her Kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,</td>
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<tr>
<td>In what vile part of this Anatomie</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Doth my name lodge? Tell me that I may sackle</td>
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<tr>
<td>The hatefull mansion.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Fri.</strong> Hold thy desperate hand:</td>
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<tr>
<td>Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thy teares are womanith, thy wild acts denote</td>
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<tr>
<td>The unreasonable furie of a beast.</td>
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<td>I thought thy disposition better temperd.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Haft thou flame Tybalt? wilt thou sley thy selfe?</td>
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<tr>
<td>And sley thy Lady, that in thy life lies,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Why rayleth thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Since birth, and heauen, and earth all three do meet,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loafe.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Which like a Vfurer aboundt in all:</td>
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<tr>
<td>And vsest none in that true vse indeed,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thy Noble shape is but a forme of waxe,</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**H** Digresting
Roufe vp thy spirits, thy Lady Juliet liues,
For whofe sweet fake thou wert but lately dead:
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou fleueft Tybalt, there art thou happy too.

A packe of blessings lights upon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his beft array:
But like a misbehaude and fallen wench
Thou frownft vpon thy Fate that smilles on thee.
Take heede, take heede, for such dye miserable.
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed:
Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set:
For then thou canft not passe to Mantua.

Nurfe prouide all things in a readines,
Comfort thy Mistresse, haft the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt vnto.

*Nur.* Good Lord what a thing learning is.
I could haue stayde here all this night
To heare good counfell. Well Sir,
Ile tell my Lady that you will come.

*Rom.* Doe fo and bidde my sweete prepare to childe,
Farwell good Nurfe.
Digressing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue sworne but hollow periuirie,
Killing that loue which thou haft vowed to cherish,
Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,
Mithapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skillestfe scoulders flaske,
Is set a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What rowse thee man, thy Juliet is alieue,
For whose deare sake thou waft but lately dead.
There art thou happie, Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou flewest Tibalt, there art thou happie.
The law that threatened death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of blessings light vpon thy backe,
Happines courts thee in her best array,
But like a mished and fullen wench,
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou 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 twentie hundred thoufand times more ioy
Then thou wentst forth in lamentation.
Go before Nurfe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heauie sorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

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

Ro. Do so, and bid my sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Here
Nurse offers to goe in and turns againe.
Nur: Here is a Ring Sir, that she bad me giue you,
Rom: How well my comfort is reviud by this.

Exit Nurse.

Fr: Soiorne in Mantua, Ile finde out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time:
Every good hap that doth befall thee heere.
Farwell.
Rom: But that a ioy, paft ioy cryes out on me,
It were a griefe fo 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 means not to come downe to night.

Par: Theser 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 desperate tender of my child.
I thinke she will be rulde in all resepctes by mee:

But soft what day is this?
Par: Munday my Lord.
Cap: Oh then Wensday is too soone,
On Thursdays let it be: you shall be married.
Nur. Here sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir:
Hie you, make haft, for it growes very late.
Ro. How well my comfort is requir'd by this.
Fri. Go hie, goodnight, & here stands al your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguife from hence,
Soioorne in Mantua, iie find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Euerie good hap to you, that chaunces here:
Gie me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.
Ro. But that a joy past ioy calls out on me,
It were a grieue, 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 moue our daughter,
Looke you, she lou'd her kinman Tybalt dearely
And so did I. Well we were borne to die.
Tis very late, sheele not come downe to night:
I promife 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 heaunines.

Ca. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my childes love: I thinke she will me rulde
In all respeets by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife go you to her ere you go to bed,

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

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

She
Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or so:
For looke ye Sir, Tybalt being flaine so lately,
It will be thought we held him careleslye:
If we should reuell much, therefore we will have
Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe.
But what say you to Thursday.

Par: My Lorde I wishe that Thurslacy 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 Thursday next.
Wife gette you to your daughter. Light to my Chamber.
Afore me it is so very very late,
That we may call it earely by and by.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window.

Jul: 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 the fings on yon Pomegranate tree,
Believe me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morn,
And not the Nightingale. See Lune what enuisous strakes
Doo lace the feuring clowdes in yonder East.
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond Day
Stands tiptoes on the mysticke mountaine tops.
I must be gone and lue, or flye and dye.

Jul: Yon light is not day light, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhaled,
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Then stye awhyle, thou shalt not goe soone.

Rom: Let me stye here, let me be tane, and dye:
If thou wilt haue it so, I am content.
Ile stye yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,
She shall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
24 Well, keepe no great ado, a friend or two,
For harke you, Tybalt being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly
Being our kinman, if we reuell much:
28 Therefore weele haue some halfe a doozen friends,
And there an end, but what say you to Thurday?
Paris, My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow.
Ca. Well get you gone, a Thurday be it then:
32 Go you to Juliete 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,
36 Goodnight.
Exeunt.

III. 5.

Enter Romeo and Juliete aloft.

Iu. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierst the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
4 Nightly the fisgs on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.
Rom. It was the Larke the herauld of the morne,
No Nightingale, looke loue what enious stريك
8 Do lace the feuering clouds in yonder East:
Nights candles are burnt out, and icand day
Stands tipto on the mystie Mountaine tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Iu. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhale,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
12 Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.
Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
He say yon gray is not the the mornings eye,
16 Tis

(We'ill Q5. Wee'I F3. 4.)
28. doozen] dozen Qq. Ff.
35. very] om. Ff.

1. It... day] om. Fa. 3. 4.
9. Iocond} iocond Q3, 4.
10. tiplo] tip-loe Q4. 5.
13. exhale] exhales Q3. 4.
19. the the] the Qq. Ff.
It is the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.
I'll 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 sayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.
\textit{Jul}: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.
It is the Larke that fings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say, the Larke makes sweete Division:
This doth not so: for this diuideth vs.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with Hunts in to the day.
So now be gone, more light and light it growes.
\textit{Rom}: More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Farewell my Loue, one kisse and Ile descend.
\textit{He goeth downe}.
\textit{Jul}: Art thou gone so, my Lord, my Loue, my Friend?
I must heare from thee euerie day in the hower:
For in an hower there are manie minutes,
Minutes are dayes, so will I number them:
Oh, by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I see thee again.
\textit{Rom}: Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
That may conveigh my greetings lowe to thee.
\textit{Jul}: Oh, thinkst thou we shall ever meete againe.
\textit{Rom}: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe shall ferue
For sweete discourses in the time to come.
ACT III. SC. 5. | Romeo and Juliet | Q2. 1599.

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

24 Come death and welcome, Iuliet wills it so.
How if my soule ? lets talke it is not day.

   Iu. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that fings so out of tune,
Straining harth Disords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:
This doth not so : for the diuideth vs.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,

28 O now I would they had changd voyces too :
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Huntsup to the day.
O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

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

Enter Madame and Nurfe.

Nur. Madam.

   Iu. Nurfe.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is cüming to your chäber,
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 decend.

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

48 Ere I againe behold my Romeo.

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

   Iu. O thinkst thou we shall euuer meete againe?

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

H 3

Iu. O
Jul: Oh God, I haue an ill diuining soule.
Me thinkes I see thee now thou art below
Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:
Either mine ey-fight failes, or thou lookst pale.
Rom: And trust me Loeue, in my eye fo doo you,
Drie forrow 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?
Iul: How now, who calls?
Nur: It is your Mother.
Moth: Why how now Juliet?
Iul: Madam, I am not well.
Moth: What euermore weeping for your Cofesns death:
I thinke thoulte wash him from his graue with teares.

Iul: I cannot chufe, hauing fo great a losse.
Moth: I cannot blame thee.
But it greenes thee more that Villaine liues.
Iul: What Villaine Madame?
Moth: That Villaine Romeo.
Iul: Villaine and he are manie miles a funder.
ACT III. SC. 5.  Romeo and Iuliet  Q₂ 2. 1599.

   Ro. O God I haue an ill diuinig soule,
      Me thinkeis I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
      As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
      Either my eye-fight failes, or thou lookest pale.
      Rom. And trust me loue, in my eye so do you:
      Drie sorrow drinks our bloud.  Adue, adue.

          Exit.

      Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
         If thou art fickle, what doft thou with him
         That is renown'd for faith?  be fickle Fortune:
         For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
         But send him backe.

          Enter Mother.

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

      Is she not downe so late or vp so early?
      What vnaccustomd caufe procures her hither?
      La. Why how now Iuliet?
      Iu. Madam I am not well.

      La. Euermore weeping for your Cozen's death?
      What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
      And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him liue:
      Therfore haue done, some grieue shews much of loue,

      But much of greefe, shewes still some want of wit.
      Iu. Yet let me wepe, for such a feeling losse.
      La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
      Which you wepe for.

      Iu. Feeling so the losse,
      I cannot chuse but euer wepe the friend.
      La. Wel gyre, thou weepst not so much for his death,
      As that the villaine liues which slaughterd him.

      Iu. What villaine Madam?
      La. That fame villaine Romeo.
      Iu. Villaine and he be many miles a sunder:
      God padon, I do with all my heart:

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

          La. That
Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
I soone would send to Mantua where he is,
That should bestow on him so sune a draught,
As he should soone beare Tybalt companie.

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

(newes?)

Moth: Well let that passe. I come to bring thee ioystfull
Iul: And ioy comes well in such a needfull time.

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

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

Iul: Now by Saint Peters Church and Peter too,
He shall not there make mee a ioystfull Bride.

Are
La. That is because the Traytor murderer liues.

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

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

Ju. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinfman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, 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 slaughtered him.

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

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

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

Ju. Madam in happie time, what day is that?

Mo. 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.

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

Ere he that shoule be husband comes to wooe:

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

Enter olde Capolet.

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

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

For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating in thy everfalling teares,
And toft with sighes arising from thy hart:
Will without succour shipwracke preently.
But heare you Wife, what haue you founded her, what faies
she to it?
Moth: I haue, but she will none she thankes ye:
VVould God that she were married to her graue.

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

Iul: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:
Proud can I neuer 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. VVhat's here, chop logicke.
Proud me no prouds, nor thanke me no thankes,
But settle your fine ioynts on Thursday next
To goe with Paris to Saint Peters Church,
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.
I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
I will not marrie 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,
132 But for the Sunset of my brothers fonne,
It rains downright. How now a Conduit girle, what will in tears
Euermore fhowring in one little body?
Thou counteftfits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebbe and flowe with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Saying in this falt floud, the windes thy fighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a fudden calme will ouerfet
Thy tempeft toffed body. How now wife,
Have you deliuered to her our decree?

La. I fir, but she will none, the give 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 give vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,

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

Ju. Not proud you haue, but thankful that you haue:
Proud can I never be of what I hate,

But thankfull even for hate, that is meant loue.

Ca. How, how, howhow, chopt lodgick, what is this?
Proud and I thanneke you, and I thanneke you not,

And yet not proud mitrefse minion you?

Thanneke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But fettle your fine Ioynts gainft Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peters Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

You
Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.

_160_

_164_

_iu_: Good father heare me speake?

_She kneelees downe._

_Cap_: I tell thee what, pytther refolue on thursday next
To goe with _Paris_ to Saint Peters Church:
Or henceforth never looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch.
Why wife, we thought that we were scarcey blest
That God had sent vs but this onely chyld:
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a croffe in hauing her.

_Nur_: Mary God in heauen bleffe her my Lord,
You are too blame to rate her fo.

_Cap_. And why my Lady wifedome? hold your tung,

_Good prudence smatter with your gossips, goe._

_Nur_: Why my Lord I speake no treason.

_Cap_: Oh goddegodden.

_Viter your graviute over a gossips boule,_
For heere we need it not.

_Mo_: My Lord ye are too hotte.

_Cap_: Gods bleffed mother wife it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleepeing,
Still my care hath beene to see her matcht.
And hauing now found out a Gentleman,
Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
Stuff as they say with honorable parts,
Proportioned as ones heart coulde with a man:
And then to have a wretched whyning foole,
A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,
To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon mee?

_But_
160 Out you greene sickenesse carrion, out you baggage,  
You tallow face.
  
   La. Fie, fie, what are you mad ?
   Iu. Good Father, I befeech you on my knees,

164 Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.
    Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch, 
    I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday, 
    Or never after looke me in the face.

168 Speake not, replie not, do not answere me. 
    My fingers itch, wife, we scarce thought vs blest, 
    That God had lent vs but this onely childe, 
    But now I see this one is one too much, 

172 And that we have a curfe in hauing her : 
    Out on her hilding. 
    Nur. God in heauen blesse her : 
    You are to blame my Lord to rate her so. 

176 Fa. And why my Lady wiwdome, hold your tongue, 
    Good Prudence smatter, with your gossip go. 
    Nur. I speake no treason, 
    Father, o Godigeden, 

180 May not one speake ?
    Fa. Peace you mumbling foole, 
    Vtter your grauitie ore a Goffips bowle, 
    For here we need it not. 

184 Wi. You are too hot. 
    Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad, 
    Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play, 
    Alone in companie, still my care hath bene 

188 To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided 
    A Gentleman of noble parentage, 
    Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly liand, 
    Stuff as they say, with honourable parts, 

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

196 I am too young, I pray you pardon me.  


169. itch, wife.) itch, wife:
   F5. itch: Wife, Q5.

177. Prudence smatter.)
   Prudence smatter Q3. 4.
   F1. Prudence smatter
   Q5. gossip] gossip, Q4. gossip, F1.

179. Father, o Godigeden.)
   O Godigden, F2. 3. O
   God gi good en F4.

   Q4. 5.

190. liand] allied Qq. Ff.
Romeo and Juliet (Q: 1) 1597.

ACT III. SC. 5.

But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you,
Graze where you will, you shal not houfe with me.
Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vfe to ief.
I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,
Lay hand on heart, aduife, bethinke your selfe,
If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend:
If not, hang, drowne, flarue, beg,
Dye in the streetes: for by my Soule
Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,
Nor what I haue shal euuer doe thee good,
Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vfe to ief.         Exit.

Int: Is there no pitty hanging in the cloudes,
That lookes into the bottom of my woes?
I doe befeech you Madame, cest 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.       Exit.


Nur: Now trufts me Madame, I know not what to say:
Your Romeo he is baniʃht, and all the world to nothing
He neuer dares returne to challenge you.

Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, Romeo is but a dithclout
In respect of him. I promise you
But and you will not wed, I'll pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me,
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.
Thursday is neare, lay hand on hart, aduise,
And you be mine, I'll giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, beg, starue, dye in the streets,
For by my soule I'll neere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:
Truft too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne.

Exit.

Iu. Is there no pittie fittting in the cloudes
That sees into the botomme of my greefe?
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where Tibalt lies.

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

Exit.

Iu. O God, o Nurfe, how shall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne agayne to earth,
Vnleffe that husband send it me from heauen,
By leaving earth? comfort me, countaile me:
Alack, alack, that heauen should practifie stratagemes
Vpon so soft a subject as my selue.
What sayst thou, haft thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort Nurfe.

Nur. Faith here it is, Romeo is banished and all the world to
That he dares nere come back to challenge you: (nothing,
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the cafe so stends as now it doth,
I thinke it beft you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:

Romios a difficault to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quick, so faire an eye
As Paris hath, bethrow my very hart,
I think you happy in this second match.  
As for your husband he is dead:  
Or were as good he were, for you have no use of him.  

Iul: Speakst thou this from thy heart?  
Nur: I and from my sole, or else beflawed them both.  
Iul: Amen.  

Nur: What say you Madame?  
Iul: Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,  
I pray thee goe thy waies unto my mother  
Tell her I am gone having displeased my Father.  
To Fryer Laurence Cell to confesse me,  
And to be absolu'd.  

Nur: I will, and this is wisely done.  

She looks after Nurfe.  

Iul: Auncient damnation, O most cursed fiend.  
Is it more finne to with me thus forlorn,  
Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue  
That thou hast prais'd him with aboue compare  
So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twaine.  
Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,  
If all haue els, I haue the power to dye.  

Exit.  

Enter Fryer and Paris.  

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

Vnueun is the course, I like it not.  

Par: Immoderately she weepes for Tybalt's death,  
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.  
For Venus finiles not in a house of teares,  
Now Sir, her father thinke it daungorous:  
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway.  
And in his wisedome haft's our mariadge,  
To stop the inundation of her teares.  
Which too much minded by her selfe alone  
May be put from her by societie.
232 I thinke you are happie in this second match,
For it excels your first, or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or twere as good he were,
As lying here, and you no vie of him.

236   \textit{Iu.} Speak'st thou from thy heart?
    \textit{Nur.} And from my foule too, else befhrew them both.
    \textit{Iu.} Amen.
    \textit{Nur.} What?

240   \textit{Iu.} Well thou haft comforted me maruellous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displea'd my father, to Laurence Cell,
To make confession, and to be obsolu'd.

244   \textit{Nur.} Marrie I will, and this is wûely done.
    \textit{Iu.} Auncient damnation, ð moost wicked fiend,
Is it more sin to with me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue,

248   Which she hath prais'd him with aboue compare,
So many thousand times? Go Counsellor,
Thou and my boosome henceforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.

Exit.

IV. 1.

\textit{Enter Frier and Countie Paris.}

\textit{Fri.} On Thursday sir: the time is very short.
\textit{Par.} My Father \textit{Capulet} will haue it fo,
And I am nothing slow to slache his haft.

4 Vneuen is the course, I like it not.
    \textit{Par.} Immoderately she weepes for Tybalts death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,

8 For \textit{Venus} smiles not in a hous of teares.
Now sir, her father counts it daungerous
That she do giue her sorrow so much for
And in his wisedome haftes our marriage,

12 To stop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her selfe alone
May be put from her by societie.

\textit{Now}
Now doe ye know the reason of this haft.

Fr: I would I knew not why it should be slowd.

Enter Paris.

Heere comes the Lady to my cell,

Par: Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife:

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

Par: That may be, must be loue, 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 behinde your backe, than to your face.

Par: Poore soule thy face is much abut'd with teares.

Iu: The teares haue got small victory by that,

For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par: Thou wrong'ft it more than teares by that report.

Iu: That is no wrong sir, that is a truth:

And what I spake I spake it to my face.

Par: Thy face is mine and thou haft flaudred it.

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

Are you at leasure holy Father now:

Or shall I come to you at euening Maffe?

Fr: My leasure feres 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 weepe 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,

On
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slowed.
Looke sir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Pa. Happily met my Lady and my wife.
Ju. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be, must be loue, on Thursday next.
Ju. What must be shall be.
Fri. Thats a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?
Ju. To answer that, I should confess to you.
Pa. Do not deny to him, that you loue me.
Ju. I will confess to you that I loue him.
Par. So will ye, I am sure that you loue me.
Ju. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poor soule thy face is much abusde with tears.
Ju. The teares have got small victorie by that,
For it was bad inough before their spight.
Pa. Thou wrongt it more then teares with that report.
Ju. That is no flannder sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou hast flanndred it.
Ju. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leasure, holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

Fri. My leasure feres me penfue daughter now,
My Lord we must entreate the time alone.
Par. Godshield, I should disturbe devotion,
Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowle yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse.

Exit.

Ju. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past help.

Fri. O Iuliet I already know thy greefe,
It straines me past the compass of my wits,
I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it.

15. haste. [?] Qq. Fl.
16. slowed slaw'd Fl.
17. toward] towards Qq. Fl.
20. may be[,] om. Q4.
41. we] you Fl. / Fl. 3.4.
46. care] care Q5.
On Thursday next be married to the Countie.

*I*: Tell me not Frier that thou hearst of it,


Vuleffe thou tell me how we may preuent it.

Give me some sudden counsel: els behold
Twixt my extremes and me, this bloodie Knife
Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that
Which the Commissioun of thy yearcs and arte
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Speake not, be briefe: for I desire to die,
If what thou speakst, speake not of remedie.

*Fr*: Stay *Juliet*, I doo speie a kinde of hope,
VWhich craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate we would preuent.
If rather than to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strenght or will to slay thy selfe,
Tis not vnlike that thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chyde away this shame,
That coapt with death it selfe to flye from blame.
And if thou doost, Ile give thee remedie.

*Jul*: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)
From off the battlemes of yonder tower:
Or chaine me to some steeple mountaines top,
VWhere roaring Beares and fauage Lions are:
Or shut me nightly in a Charnell Houfe,

VVWith reekie shanks, and yeelow chaples sculls:
Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:

Things
### Act IV. Sc. 1. 

**Romeo and Juliet**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>50.</td>
<td><em>Countie</em> count Fa, 3. 4.</td>
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<tr>
<td>51.</td>
<td><em>hearest</em> hear'st Q5.</td>
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<td>52.</td>
<td>On Thursday next be married to this Countie.</td>
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<td>55.</td>
<td><em>Romeos</em> Q5.</td>
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<td>56.</td>
<td>Tell me not Frier, that thou hearest of this,</td>
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<td>58.</td>
<td>If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,</td>
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<td>60.</td>
<td>Do thou but call my resolution wise,</td>
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<td>62.</td>
<td>And with this knife I'll help it presently.</td>
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<tr>
<td>65.</td>
<td><em>Romeo's</em> Q5.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66.</td>
<td>God ioynd my heart, and <em>Romeos</em> thou our hands</td>
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<tr>
<td>67.</td>
<td><em>slay</em> slay Q4. Fl.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69.</td>
<td>And ere this hand by thee to <em>Romeos</em> seald:</td>
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<tr>
<td>71.</td>
<td>Shall be the Labell to an other deed,</td>
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<td>72.</td>
<td>Or my true heart with trecherous revolt,</td>
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<tr>
<td>74.</td>
<td><em>slay</em> slay Q4. 5. F3. 4.</td>
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<tr>
<td>75.</td>
<td>Turne to an other, this shall fley them both:</td>
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<td>76.</td>
<td><em>lay</em> F3.</td>
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<td>77.</td>
<td>Therefore out of thy long experience time,</td>
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<td>78.</td>
<td><em>is it</em> it is F3. 4.</td>
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<td>79.</td>
<td>Give me some present counsell, or behold</td>
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<td>80.</td>
<td>Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudie knife</td>
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<td>85.</td>
<td>Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,</td>
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<td>86.</td>
<td><em>dar'st</em> dar'st Fl.</td>
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<td>89.</td>
<td>Which the commission of thy yeares and art,</td>
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<td>91.</td>
<td>Could to no issue of true honour bring:</td>
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<td>92.</td>
<td>Be not so long to speake, I long to die,</td>
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<td>93.</td>
<td>If what thou speakest, speake not of remedie.</td>
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<td>94.</td>
<td><em>Fri.</em> Hold daughter, I do fpane a kind of hope,</td>
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<td>96.</td>
<td>Which craues as desperate an execution,</td>
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<td>97.</td>
<td>As that is desperate which we would preuent.</td>
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<td>98.</td>
<td>If rather then to marrie Countie <em>Paris</em></td>
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<td>100.</td>
<td>Thou haft the strength of will to slay thy selfe,</td>
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<td>102.</td>
<td>Then is it likely thou wilt undertake</td>
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<td>103.</td>
<td>A thing like death to chide away this shame,</td>
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<td>104.</td>
<td><em>is it</em> it is F3. 4.</td>
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<td>105.</td>
<td>That coape with death, himselfe to scape from it:</td>
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<td>107.</td>
<td>And if thou dar'est, Ile give thee remedie.</td>
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<tr>
<td>108.</td>
<td><em>Fri.</em> Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie <em>Paris</em>,</td>
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<tr>
<td>109.</td>
<td>From of the battellments of any Tower,</td>
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<td>110.</td>
<td>Or walke in theeuith wayes, or bid me lurke</td>
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<td>111.</td>
<td>Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares,</td>
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<td>112.</td>
<td>Or hide me nightly in a Charnele house,</td>
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<td>113.</td>
<td>Orecouer quite with dead mans rating bones,</td>
</tr>
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<td>114.</td>
<td>With reekie thanks and yealow chapels sculls:</td>
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<tr>
<td>115.</td>
<td>Or bid me go into a new made graue,</td>
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<tr>
<td>116.</td>
<td>And hide me with a dead man in his,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>117.</td>
<td>Things</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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 Juliet, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:

When presently through all thy veynes shall run
A dull and heauie flumber, which shall feaze
Each vitall spirit: for no Pulf shall keepe
His naturall progresse, but furceafe to beate:
No signe of breath shall testifie thou liuist.

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, have made me tremble,
And I will do it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstaind wife to my sweete loue.

Fri. Hold then, go home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie Paris: wens'day is to morrow,

To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,

When presently through all thy veins shal' run,
A cold and drowzie humour: for no pulse
Shall kepe his natuie proresse but furceafe,
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,
The roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade:
Too many athes, thy eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he shutts vp the day of life.
Each part depriued of supple gouvemment,

Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of thrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and fortie houres,
And then awake as from a pleasaunt sleepe.

Now when the Bridegrome in the morning comes,
To rowfe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our countrie is,
Is thy best robes uncoenerd on the Beere,

Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou shall be borne to that fame aunccient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,

Shall Romeo by my Letters know our drift,
And lither shall he come, an he and I
Will watch thy walking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the actung it.

Iu. Giue
Romeo and Juliet (Qr 1) 1597.

[ACT IV. SC. 2.]

Iul: Frier I goe, be sure thou send for my deare Romeo.
Exeunt.

Enter olde Capulet, his Wife, Nurfè, and Serviingman.

Capo: Where are you firra?
Ser: Heere forfooth.

Capo: Goe, provide me twentie cunning Cookes.
Ser: I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe them by licking their fingers.

Capo: How canst thou know them so?
Ser: Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fingers.

Capo: Well get you gone.
Exit Serviingman.

But wheres this Head-strong?
Moth: Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier Laurence Cell
To be confest.

Capo: Ah, he may hap to doo some good of her,
A headstrong selfewild harlotrie it is.

Enter Juliet.

Moth: See here the 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 oppostition
Gainst you and your behets, and am enioynd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And craue remisfion of so foule a fact.

She kneels downe.

Moth: Why thats well said.

Capo: Now before God this holy reverent Frier
All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.
Goe tell the Countie prefently of this,
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.

Jul:
ACT IV. SC. 2.] Romeo and Juliet Q. 2. 1599. 139

124  
128  
IV. 2.

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

Ca. So many guests invite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You shall have none ill sir, for ife trie if they can lick their fingers.
Capu. How canst thou trie them so?
Ser. Marrie sir, this an ill Cooke that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore hee that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.
Ca. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfruitful for this time:
What is my daughter gone to Frier Lawrence?
Nur. I forsooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her,
A peevish selfwield harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where she comes from thrift with merie looke.
Ca. How now my headstrong, where have you bin gadding?
Jl. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition,
To you and your behoof, and am enioynd
By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon, pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am ever rule by you.
Ca. Send for the Countie, go tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
Jl. I met the youthfull Lord at Lawrence Cell,
And gave him what become lon of might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.
Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is wel, stand vp,
This is aft should be, let me see the Countie:
I marrie go I say and fetch him hither.  

123. of care] of care F1.

[Exeunt] Q4. 5.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.


22. Countie] Count F2. 3. 4.

25. become] became F1. becomeed Q4. 5.

Jul: Nurse, will you go with me to my Closet,
To fort such things as shall be requisite
Against to morrow.
Moth: I pree thee doo, good Nurse goe in with her,
Helpe her to fort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,
And I will come vnto you preffently,
Nur: Come sweet hart, shall we goe:
Iul: I pree thee let vs.

Exeunt Nurse and Juliet.

Moth: Me thinks on Thuriday would be time enough.
Capo: I say I will haue this dispatcht to morrow,
Goe one and certifie the Count thereof.
Moth: I pray my Lord, let it be Thursday.
Capo: I say to morrow while shees in the mood.
Moth: We shall be short in our provision.
Capo: Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
Now before God my heart is passing light,
To see her thus conformed to our will.

Exeunt. Iuliet.

Nur: Come, come, what need you anie thing else?
Iul: Nothing good Nurse, but leave me to my selfe:
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.
Nur: Well there a cleane smocke vnder your pillow,
and so good night.

Exit.

Enter Mother.

Moth: What are you busie, doo you need my helpe?
Iul: No Madame, I desire 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.

Iul:
Now afores God, this reverend holy Frier,
All our whole Citty is much bound to him.

_Ju_. Nurse, will you go with me into my Closet,
To helpe me for such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnishe me to morrow?

_Mo_. No not till Thursday, there is time enow.

_Fa_. Go Nurse, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.

_Exeunt._

_Mo_. We shall be short in our prouision,
Tis now neare night.

_Fa_. Truth, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to _Juliet_, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once, what ho?

They are all forth, well I will walke my selle
To Countie Paris, to prepare vp him
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this fame wayward Gyrle is so reclaymed.

.Exit.

IV. 3.

_Enter Juliet and Nurse._

_Ju_. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leue me to my selle to night:
For I haue need of many oryfons,
To moue the heauen to startle vp my sate,
Which well thou knowest, is crost and full of sin.

_Enter Mother._

_Mo_. What are you busie ho? need you my helpe?

_Ju_. No Madam, we haue culd such necessaries

As are behoefeful for our sate to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night fit vp with you,
For I am sure you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.

_Mo_. Good night.

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

_Exeunt._

_Ju_. Farewell,
Iul. Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete again.

Ah, I doe take a fearfull thing in hand.

What if this Potter should not worke at all,
Must I of force be married to the Countie?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
What if the Frier should give me this drinke
To poyson mee, for feare I should disclose
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious Man:
I will not entertaine so bad a thought.

What if I should be stifled in the Toomb?

Awake an houre before the appointed time:

Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke,

And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
ACT IV. SC. 3.] Romeo and Juliet Q. 2. 1599. 143

16  Iu. Farewell, God knowes when we shall mete agayne,
I haue a faint cold fear thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of life:
I le call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurfe, what should she do here?

20  My diuinall sceane I needs must act alone.
Come Violl, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it, lie thou there,
What if it be a poyson which the Frier
Subtilly hath ministrad to haue me dead,
Leaft in this marriage he should be dishonourd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?

28  I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not,
For he hath still bene tried a holy man.
How if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that Romeo

32  Come to redeeme me, there a fearefull poynyt:
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes.

35  Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vault, an auncient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred yeares the bones
Of all my buried auncetors are packt,
Where bloudie Tybalt yet but greene in earth,
Lies seftirng in his shroude, where as they say,

40  At some houres in the night, spirits refort:
Alack, alack, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome finels,
And shrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,

44  That liuing mortalls hearing them run mad:
O if I walke, shall I not be diftraught,
Invioroned with all thefe hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?

48  17.  life] fire Fl.
21. Violl] Viall Q. Fr
22. then] om. F.4.
29 a] an Q.5.
33. stifled] stifled Ft. Q5.
40. this] these Qq. Ft.
47. shrives] shrieks F4.
49. O if I walke] Or if I
walke Q4, 5. Or if I
walke F2, 3, 4. (walk
F4.)
Dash out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I see
My Cozin Tybalt weltring in his bloud,
Seeking for Romeo: stay Tybalt stay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.

She fals upon her bed within the Curtains.

Enter Nurse with hearts, Mother.

Moth: Thats well said Nurse, set all in redines,
The Countie will be heere immediatly.

Enter Oldman.

Cap: Make haft, make haft, for it is almost day,
The Curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocke,
Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.

Nur: Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you
will be sicke anone.

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

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

Enter Servingman with Logs & Coales.

Cap: A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood: How now sirra?
What haue you there?

Ser: Forsooth Logs.

Cap: Goe, goe choose dryer. Will will tell thee where
thou shalt fetch them.

Ser: Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to
choose a Log.

Exit.

Cap: Well goe thy way, thou shalt be logger head.
Come, come, make haft call vp your daughter,
The Countie will be heere with muicke straigbt.
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his throwde,
And in this rage with some great kinmsmans bone,
As with a club dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghoff,
Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body
Vpon a Rapiers poynt: say Tybalt, say?
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

La. Hold take the keyes & fetch more spicies Nurce.
Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the Pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come, sir, sir, sir, the second Cock hath crowed.
The Curphys bell hath roong, tis three a clock:
Looke to the bakte meates, good Angelica,
Spare not for coft.

Nur. Go you cot-queane go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.

Ca. No not a whit, what I haue watcht ere now,
All night for lesser cause, and nere bene sicke.

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 shew 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 Musick.
The Countie will be here with musick straight,
For so he fad he would, I heare he neare.

Nurse, wife, what bo, what Nurse I say?

Enter
Gods me hees come, Nurfe 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 wecke now, but the next night, the Countie Paris hath fet vp his rest that you shal rest but little. What lambe I say, faft still: what Lady, Loue, 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 vitae hoe.

Enter Mother.

Moth: How now what's 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.

Accursfed time, vnfortunate olde man.
Enter Nurse.
Go waken Juliet, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with Paris, hie, make haste,
Make haste, the bridgroome, he is come already, make haste I say.

Nur. Mistris, what mistris, Juliet, faft I warrant her she,
Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you fuggabed,
Why Loue I fay, Madam, sweete heart, why Bride:
What not a word, you take your penniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie Paris hath fet vp his ref,
That you shall ref but little, God forgive me.

Marrie and Amen: how found is the a sleepe:
I needs must wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele 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,

Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord my Lady.

Mo. What noife is here?

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day!

Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life.
Reuieue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

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

Nur. Shees dead: deceat, shees dead, alack the day.

M. Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.

Fa. Hah let me fee her, out alas shees cold,

Her bloud is fetled, and her ioynts are stifte:
Life and these lips have long bene separated,
Death lies on her like an untimely froft,
Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

K 2

Nur. O
Enter Fryer and Paris.

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

Cap: Ready to goe, but never to returne.

O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,
Deflowerd by him, fee, where she lyes,
Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I give all that I have.

Par: Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it now present such prodigies?
Accurrst, vnhappy, miserable man,
Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am:
Borne to the world to be a slave in it.
Diftrest, remediles, and vnfortunate.
O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To liue so vile, so wretched as I shal.

Cap: O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,
And being dead, dead forrow nips vs all.

All at once cry out and wring their hands.

All cry: And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, loft, vendone, abfented, wholy fled.

Cap: Cruel, vnuiuft, impartiall destinies,
Why to this day haue you preferu’d my life?
To see my hope, my slay, my ioy, my life,
Depriu’d of fence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vnuiuft, impartiall destinies.

Cap: O sad face’d forrow map of misery,
Why this sad time haue I desird to see.
This day, this vnuiuft, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop’d to see my comfort full,
To be depriu’d by suddaine destinie.

Moth: O woe, alacke, diftreft, why should I liue?
To see this day, this miserable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne.
To be partaker of this destinie.
Alacke the day, alacke and well slay.
**ACT IV. SC. 5.**

**Romeo and Juliet**

Q. 2. 1599.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td><em>Nur.</em> O lamentable day!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Mo.</em> O wofull time!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Fa.</em> Death that hath tane her béece to make me waile</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ties vp my tongue and will not let me speake.</td>
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<td></td>
<td><em>Enter Friar and the Countie.</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td><em>Fri.</em> Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Fa.</em> Ready to go but never to returne.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>O bone, the night before thy wedding day</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Hath death laine with thy wife, there she lies,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Flower as she was, deflowered by him,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>And leave him all life living, all is deaths.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Par.</em> Have I thought love to see this mornings face,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>And doth it give me such a sight as this?</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Mo.</em> Accurst, vnappie, wretched hatefull day,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Most miserable houre that ere time saw,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage,</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>But one poore one, one poore and loving child,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>But one thing to rejoyce and solace in,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>And cruel death hath caught it from my sight.</td>
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<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td><em>Nur.</em> O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Most lamentable day, most wofull day</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>That ever, ever, I did yet bedold.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,</td>
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<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>O wofull day, O wofull day.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Par.</em> Beguild, divorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Most detestable death, by thee beguild,</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>By cruel, cruell, thee quite ouerthrowne,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.</td>
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<td></td>
<td><em>Fat.</em> Defpifde, dirfrefled, hated, martird, kild,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Uncomfortable time, why canst thou now,</td>
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<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>To murther, murther, our solemnitie?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>O childe, O childe, my foule and not my childe,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
|      | And with my child my ioyes are buried.  

*Fri.* Peace


39. *there* see there *Fa*, 3.  See, there *F4*.

40. *deflowered* deflowered now *Fa*. deflower'd now F3, 4.

43. *all life living,* all, life, liviing, Q4, 5.

44. *love* long Q4, F4.

Fr.: O peace for shame, if not for charity.
Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to wish it otherwise.

* Come sticke your Rosemary in this dead coarfe,
And as the custome of our Country is,
In all her beft and sumptuous ornaments,
Conuay her where her Anceftors lie tomb'd,

Cap.: Let it be fo, come wofull sorrow mates,
Let vs together taffe this bitter fate.

They all but the Nurse goe foorth, casting Rosemary on
her and shutting the Curtens.

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

1. I by my troth Mistrefs is it, it had need be mended.
Enter
ACT IV. SC. 5.]

Romeo and Juliet Qr. 2. 1599.

68. Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions care liues not,
   In these confusions heauen and your selfe
   Had part in this faire maide, now heauen hath all,
   And all the better is it for the maid:

72. Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
   But heauen keepes his part in eternall life,
   The moft you sought was her promotion,
   For twas your heauen she should be aduanft,
   And weep ye now, seeing she is aduanft
   Above the Cloudes, as high as heauen it selfe.
   O in this loue, you loue your child so ill,
   That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
   Shees not well married, that liues married long,
   But shees beft married, that dies married young.
   Drie vp your teares, and fick your Rosemarie
   On this faire Coarfe, and as the custome is,
   And in her beft array beare her to Church:
   For though some nature bids vs all lament,
   Yet natures teares are reaons merriment.

76. Fa. All things that we ordained festiuall,
   Turne from their office to black Funerall:
   Our instrumnts to melancholy bells,
   Our wedding cheare to a fad buriall feast:
   Our solemnne hymnes to fullen dyrge change:
   Our Bridall flowers fere for a buried Coarfe:
   And all things change them to the contrarie.

77. Fri. Sir go you in, and Madam go with him,
   And go fr Paris, euer one prepare
   To follow this faire Coarfe vnto her graue:
   The heauen do lowre vpon you for some ill:
   Mowe them no more, by croffing their high wil.

   Exeunt manet.

80. Myfii. 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.

84. Fid. I my my troath, the cafe may be amended. [Exit omnes.

K. 3

Enter

85. some] send Fa, 3. 4. us all] all us Ff.

88. burial] funerall Q5.


102. Fid.] Mu. Ff.
Enter Serv'ngman.

Ser: Alack alack what shal I doe, come Fidlers play me some mery dumpe.
1. A fir, this is no time to play.
Ser: You will not then?
1. No marry will wee.
Ser: Then will I giue it you, and soundly to.
1. What will you giue us?

Ser: The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile fol you.

1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.

Ser: I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with my wodden wit. Come on Simon found Pot, Ile pote you,
1. Lets heare.
Ser: When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
And dolefull dumps the minde oppresse:
Then musique with her siluer found,
Why siluer found? Why siluer found?
1. I thinke because musick hath a sweet found.
Ser: Prettie, what say you Mathew minikine?
2. I thinke because Musitions found for siluer.
Ser: Prettie too: come, what say you?
3. I say nothing.
Ser: I thinke fo, Ile speake for you because you are the Singer. I saye Siluer found, because such Followes as you haue fildome Golde for founding. Farewell Fidlers, farewell.

Exit.

1. Farewe'l
Enter Will Kemp.

O, and you will have me live, play harts cæse.

Peter. O Musitions, because my hart it selse plaies my hart is O play me some merie dump to comfort me. (full: Minstrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.

Peter. You will not then?

Minst. No.

Peter. I will then give it you foundly.

Minst. What will you give us?

Peter. No money on my faith, but the glecke.

I wil give you the Minstrell.

Minstrel. Then will I give you the Servuing-creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the seruing-creatures dagger on your I will cary no Crochets, ile re you, Ile fa (pate. You, do you note me?

Minst. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.

2. M. Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.

Then have at you with my wit.

Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my Answere me like men. (yron dagger.

When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then musique with her siller found.

Why siller found, why musique, with her siller found, what say you Simon Catling?

Minst. Mary sir, because siller hath a sweet sound.

Peter. Prates, what say you Hugh Reblick?

2. M. I say siller found, because Musitions found for siller.

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 siller found,

Because Musitions have no gold for founding:

Then Musique with her siller found with speedy help doth lend redresse.

Exit.

Minst.
1. Farewell and be hang'd: come lets goe. Exeunt.

Enter Romeo.

Rom: If I may truft the flattering Eye of Sleepe, My Dreame presagde some good event to come. My boforme Lord fits chearfull in his throne, And I am comforted with pleasing dreames. Me thought I was this night alreadie dead: (Strange dreames that giue a dead man leave to thinke) And that my Ladie Juliet came to me, And breathd such life with kisles in my lips, That I resiude 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. Bait: 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 Meilenger of such bad tidings.

Rom: Is it euen so? then I defte my Starres. Goe get me incke and paper, hyre post horfe, I will not stay in Mantua to night. Bait: 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 those horfe: stay not I say. Exit
Min. What a pestilent knave is this name?
M. 2. Hang him lack, come weele in here, tarrie for the mourners, and stay dinner.

Enter Romeo. Exit.

Romeo and Juliet Q. 2. 1599.

ACT V. SCENE 1.


ACT V. SCENE 1.

[Enter Romeo man Balthazer] Q. 5.

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand,
My bofomes L. fits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit,
Lifts me above the ground with cheerfull thoughts,
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreame that gives a deadman leave to think,
And Breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviue and was an Emperor.
Ah me, how sweete is loue it selfe possed
When but loues shadowes are so rich in joy.

Newes from Verona, how now Balthazer,
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady, is my Father well:
How doth my Lady Juliet? that I ask again:
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Man. Then she is well and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleepe in Capell's monument,
And her immortal part with Angels liues.
I saw her laid lowe in her kindreds vault,
And presenty took the post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringinge these ill newes,
Since you did leue it for my office fir.

Rom. Is it in so? then I denie you flares.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire post horses, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beseech you sir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and do import
Some misadventure.
Ro. Tush thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Exit Balthasar.

Well Juliet, I will lye with thee to night.  
Let's see for means: As I do remember.

Here dwells a Pothecarie whom oft I noted.

As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft,  
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes:  
And in the same an Aligartia hangs,

Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roses,  
Are thinly firewed to make vp a show.  
Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought:  
And if a man shoulde need a poyson now,  
(Whose present sale is death in Mantua)  
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine  
Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwels.

Being Holiday the Beggers shop is shut.  
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.  

Enter Apothecarie.

Apo: VVho calls, what would you sir?

Rom: Herees twentie duckates,  
Gieue me a dram of some such speekeing geere,

As will dispatch the wearie takers life,  
As suddenly as powder being fierd
ACT V. SC. 1.]

Romeo and Juliet Q 2. 1599.

32 Haft thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
   Man. No my good Lord.

   Ro. No matter get thee gone,
   And hyre those horses, Ile be with thee straight.

   Well Juliet, I will lie with thee to night:
   Lets see for means, O mischiefe thou art swift,
   To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
   I do remember an Apothecarie,
   And here abouts a dwells which late I noted,
   In tattred weeds with overwhelming browes,
   Culling of simples, meager were his looks,
   Sharpe miserie had wore him to the bones:
   And in his needie shop a tortoyes hung,
   An allegater fluid, and other skins
   Of ill shapte fishes, and about his shelues,
   A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
   Greene earthen pots, bladders and muffie seedes,
   Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Rofes
   Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
   Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,

32 40 a] om. Ft. he Fa. 3. 4.

34 Q5.

40 An if a man did need a poyson now,
   Whole sile is present death in Mantua,
   Here liues a Catiffe wretch would sell it him.
   O this fame thougth did but forerun my need,
   And this fame needie man must fell it me.
   As I remember this should be the house,
   Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
   What ho Apothecarie.

   Appo. Who calls so lowd?

   Kom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
   Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue
   A dram of poyson, such soone spreading geare,

   63 speed] spreading

   Q5.

65 life-wearie-taker] life-

   wearie-taker Q5.

   As will dispairse it selfe through all the veins,
   That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
   And that the Trunke may be dichargd of breath,
   As violently, as haffie powder fiere

   Doth

   [Exit Man.] Ft.

52 60 A] And Q5. F5. 4.

56


63

65
From forth a Cannons mouth.

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

* Rom: Art thou so bare and full of pouertie,
And doest thou fear to violate the Law?
The Law is not thy friend, nor the Lawes friend,
And therefore make no conscience of the law:
Upon thy backe hangs ragged Miferie,
And starved Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.

*Apo: My pouertie but not my will consents.

Rom: I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.

*Apo: Hold take you this, and put it in any liquid thing
you will, and it will serve had you the lines of twenty men.

Rom: Hold, take this gold, worse poyson to mens soules
Than this which thou hast given me. Goe hye thee hence,

Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into fleth.
Come cordiall and not poyson, goe with mee
To Iuliets Graue: for there must I vie thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier John.

John: What Frier Laurence, Brother, ho?

Laur: This same should be the voyce of Frier John.
What newes from Mantua, what will Romeo come?

John: Going to seke a barefoote Brother out,
One of our order to associate mee,
Here in this City visiting the sick,
Whereas the infectious pestilence remaind:
And being by the Searchers of the Towne
Found and examin'd, we were both shut vp.

Laur:
Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.

Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but Mantuas lawe
Is death to any he that vtters them.

Ro. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fearst to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppression starueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggerie hangs vpon thy backe :
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affords no law to make thee rich :
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.

Poti. My pouertie, but not my will confines.

Ro. I pray thy pouertie and not thy will.

Poti. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
Of twentie men, it would dispach you straignt.

Ro. There is thy Gold, worse poysfon to mens foules,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Then thefe poore copeunds that thou maiest not fell,
I fell thee poysfon, thou haft fold me none,
Farewel, buy foode, and get thy selfe in fteh.

Come Cordiall and not poysfon, go with me
To Juliets graue, for there must I vfe thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

Ioh. Holy Francifcan Frier, brother, ho.

Enter Lawrence.

Law. This fame shoule be the voyce of Frier Iohn,
Welcome from Mantua, what sayes Rome?

Or if his minde be writ, give me his Letter.

Ioh. Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to affoiate me,
Here in this Citie visitit the fickle,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house,
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was ftaid.

Low. Who
Laur: Whose are my letters then to Romeo?
John: I have 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 mattock.

John: Well I will presently go fetch thee them. Exit.
Laur: Now must I to the Monument alone,
Least that the Ladie should before I come
Be wake from sleepe. I will hie
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.

Par: fires the Tomb with flowers.

Par: Sweete Flower, with flowers I strewe thy Bridale
bed:
Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite doft containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie:
Faire Juliet that with Angells doft remaine,
Accept this latest fauour at my hands,
That luying 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 again,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearing 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 ile go and bring it thee. (Exit.
Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three hours will faire Juliet wake,
Shee will befriewe me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to Mantua,
And keepe her at my Cell till Romeo come,
Poore liuing Coarfe, clothe in a dead mans Tombe.
Exit.

V. 3.  

Enter Paris and his Page.
Par. Give mee thy Torch boy, hence and stand aloose,
Yet put it out, for I would not be scene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all alone,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shal no foote vpon the Church-yard tread,
Being loose, unferme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it, whille then to me
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Gie me those flowers, do as I bid thee, go.
Pa. I am almost afraid to stand alone,
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will adventure.
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I strewe
O woe, thy Canapie is dust and stone,
Which with sweete water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares distifled by mones,
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe:

Nightly
Boy whistles and calls. My Lord.

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

Par: The boy giues warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foote wanders this was to night,
To slay my obsequies and true loues 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 deliuer 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 prie in what I vndertake,

By heaven Ile teare thee joynt by joynt,
And firewe thy hungry churchyard with thy lims.
The time and my intents are fawage, wilde.

Balt: Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.
Rom: So shalt thou win my fauour, 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 deeteable 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 loues cosen, I will apprehend him. Stop
Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue and weep.

Whistle Boy.
The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,
What curfed foote wanders this way to night,
To crosse my obsequies and true loues right?
What with a Torch? 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 seest, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must vs,
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 Ioynt by Ioynt,
And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are fiauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring fea.

Pet. I will be gone fir, and not trouble ye.
Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendshipp, take thou that,
Lieue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this fame, ize 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 Iawes to open,
And in despight ile cram thee with more foode.

Pa. This is that banisht haughtie Mountague,
That murdred my loues Cozin, with which greefe
Stop thy unhallowed toyle vile Mountague.
Can vengeance be pursuued further then death?
I doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou must dye,
Rom: I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good youth be gone, tempt not a desperate man.

Heape not another sinne vpon my head
By sheding of thy bloud, I doe protest
I loue thee better then I loue my selfe:
For I come hyther armde against my selfe,

Par: I doe defie thy coniurations:
And doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
Rom: What doft thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.
They fight.
Boy: O Lord they 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,
Mercutius kinsman, noble County Paris?
What saide my man, when my betossed soule
Did not regard him as we past along.
Did he not say Paris should haue maried
Juliet? eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so.

But I will satisfie thy last request,
For thou haft prizd thy loue aboue thy life.
It is suppos'd the faire creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnshallowed toyle vile Mountague:
Can vengeance be pursu'd further then death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee,
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.
Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth tempt not a desperate man,
Flie hence and leave me, thinke upon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,
Put not an other sin upon my head,
By urging me to furie, & be gone,
By heaven I love thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against 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 Fellow here.
Ro. Wilt thou provoke me? then haue at thee boy.
O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Par. O I am flaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with Juliet,
Rom. I faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutius kinman, Noble Countie Paris,
What said my man, when my betoFFed foule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinkke
He told me Paris should haue married Juliet.
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of Juliet,
To thinke it was so? O give me thy hand,
One writ with me in fowre misfortunes booke,
Ile bury thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue, O no. A Lanthorne slauhtred youth:
For here lies Juliet, and her biewtie makes
This Vault a feastinge presence full of light.

Death
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 Iuliet,

How well thy beauty doth become this graue?
O I beleue that vnsubstanciall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my loue.

Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
Set vp my euerlafting reft
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 kiffe I dye.

Falls. Enter
ACT V. SC. 3.] Romeo and Juliet Q. 2. 1599.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>88</td>
<td>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 fucht the honey of thy breath, Hath had no power yet vpon thy bewartie: Thou art not conquerd, bewties ensigne yet Is crymson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, And deaths pale flag is not advancd there. Tybalt lyest thou there in thy bloudie sheet? O what more favoure can I do to thee, Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine, To funder his that was thine enemie? Forgive me Couzen. Ah deare Iuliet Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleue, Shall I beleue that vnsubstantiall death is amorous, And that the leane abhorred monfter keepes Thee here in darke to be his parramour? For feare of that I ftil will ftaie with thee, And neuer from this pallat of dynt night. Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme, Heres to thy health, where ere thou tumbleft in. O true Apothecarie! Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I die. Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine, With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here Will I fet vp my everlafting reft: 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, feale with a righteous kiffe A datelesse bargaine to ingroffing death: Come bitter conduit, come vnfaoury guide, Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on The dafting Rocks, thy feafick weary barke: Heeres to my Loue. O true Apothecary: Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I die.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.

How oft to night haue these my aged feete
Stumbled at graues as I did passe along.
Whose there?
   Man. A frend and one that knowes you well.
   Fr. Who is it that conforts so late the dead,
What light is yon? if I be not deceiued,
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 anoure 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 presageth ill.

Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.

What blood 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 soule a sinne?

The Lady sturrres.

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 vnderooke this hazard.
   Fr : Lady come forth, I heare some noise at hand,
    We
Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crowe, and Spade.

Frier. S. Frances be my speede, 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. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyelesse culles: as I discerne,
It burneth in the Capels monument.

Man. It doth so holy fir, and theres my maiter, one that you
Frier. Who is it? (loue.

Man. Romeo.

Frier. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an hour.

Frier. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not fir.

My Maiter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death
If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Frier. Stay then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare some ill vnthriftie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this yong tree heere,
I dreampt my maiter and another fought,
And that my maiter slew him.

Frier. Romeo.

Alack alack, what bloud is this which staines
The ftony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane these maisterlesse and goarie swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

Romeo, oh pale! who else, what Paris too?
And steept in bloud? ah what an vnkind hower
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirres.

Iuli. 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 noyse Lady, come from that neft Of
We shall be taken, Paris he is slaine,
And Romeo dead: and if we here be tane
We shall be thought to be as accessarie.
I will provide for you in some close Nunery.

Iul: Ah leave me, leave me, I will not from hence.
Fr: I hear some noise, I dare not stay, come, come.
Iul: Go to get thee gone.

What's here a cup close in my lover's hands?
Ah curst drink all, and leave no drop for me.

Enter watch.

Watch: This way, this way.
Iul: I, noise? then must I be resolute.
O happy dagger thou shalt end my fear,
Rest in my bosom, thus I come to thee.

She stabs herselfe and falls.

Enter watch.

Cap: Come look about, what weapons have we here?
See friends where Juliet two days buried,
New bleeding wounded, search and see who's nearest.
Attach and bring them to us presently.

Enter one with the Fryer.

I. Captaine heers a Fryer with toolies about him,
Of death, contagion, and unnaturlall sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:

And Paris too, come ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming,
Come go good Iuliet, I dare no longer stay.

Exit.

Iuliet. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup clofd in my true loues hand?
Poison I see hath bin his timelesse end:
O churl, drunke all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after, I will kiss thy lips,
Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me dye with a restorative.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Leade boy, which way.
Iuliet. Yea noisie, then ile be breife. O happy dagger
This is thy sheath, there run and let me dye.
Watch boy. This is the place there where the torch doth burne.
Watch. The ground is bloudie, search about the Churchyard.

Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
Pitifull sight, heere lies the Countie flaine,
And Iuliet 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 search,
We see the ground whereon thises woes do lye,

But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance defcry.

Enter Romeo's man.

Watch. Heres Romeo man, we found him in the Churchyard.
Chief. wha. Hold him in safetie till the Prince come hither.
Letter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. Watch. Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes,
Fitte to ope a tombe.

_Cap_: A great suspition, keep him safe.

_Enter one with Romets Man._

1. Heres Romeos Man.

_Capt_: Kepe him to be examinde.

_Enter Prince with others._

_Prin_: What early mischief calls vs vp so soone.

_Capt_: O noble Prince, see here *

Where _Juliet_ that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,

_Warne_ and freth bleeding, _Romeo_ and Countie _Paris_

Likewise newly flaine.

_Prin_: Search seeke about to finde the murderers.

_Enter olde Capolet and his Wife._

_Capo_: What rumor's this that is so early vp?

_Moth_: The people in the streetes crie _Romeo_,

And some on _Juliet_: as if they alone

Had been the cause of such a mutiny.

_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 see thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.

_Mount_: Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,

And yong _Benuolio_ is deceased too:

What further mischief can there yet be found?

_Prin_: First 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 mouths of outrage for a while,

And let vs seeke to finde the Authors out Of
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,  
As he was comming from this Church-yards side.

Chief watch. A great suspition, stay the Frier too too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misaduenture is so early vp,
That calls our perfon from our morning rest?

Enter Capels.

Ca. What should it be that is so shrike abroad?

Wife. O the people in the streete crie Romeo,

Some Iuliet, and some Paris, and all runne
With open outcrye toward our Monument.

Pr. What feare is this which fartles in your eares?

Watch. Soueraine, here lies the County Paris flain,

And Romeo dead, and Iuliet dead before,

Warne and nowe kild.

Prin. Search, secke & know how this foule murder

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

With Instruments upon them, fit to open

Thefe dead mens Tombes.

Enter Capulet and his wife.

Ca. O heauens! O wife looke how our daughter
This daguer hath miflane, for loe his house  
(bleeds !

Is emptie on the back of Mountague,

And it mifheathed in my daughters bofome.

Wife. O me, this fight of death, is as a Bell
That warns my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Prin. Come Mountague, for thou art early vp
To see thy fonne and heire, nowe earing downe.

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my fonnes exile hath ftopt her breath.

What further woe confaires against mine age?

Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.

Moun. O thou vnaughte, what maners is in this,
To preffe before thy father to a grave?

Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,
Of such a hainous and seld seene mischaunce.

Bring forth the parties in suspiration.

Fr: I am the greatest able to do it least.

Most worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth.

And Ie informe you how these things fell out.

Juliet here slaine was married to that Romeo,

Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:

The Nurfe was priuie to the marriage.

The balefull day of this vnappie marriage,

VVas Tybalt's doomesday: for which Romeo

VVas banished from hence to Mantua.

He gone, her Father sough by foule constraint

To marrie her to Paris: But her Soule

(Loathing a second Contraet) did refuse

To give consent; and therefore did she urge me

Either to finde a meanes she might auoyd

VVhat so her Father sought to force her too:

Or els all desperately she threatened

Euen in my presence to dispatch her selfe.

Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)

A potion that should make her seeme as dead:

And told her that I would with all posst speed

Send hence to Mantua for her Romeo,

That he might come and take her from the Toombe.

But he that had my Letters (Frier John)

Seeking a Brother to associatie him,

VVWhereas the sicke infection remaind,

VVas stayed by the Searchers of the Towne,

But Romeo understanding by his man,

That Juliet was deceas'd, returnnde in post

Vnto Verona for to see his loue.

VVhat after happened touching Paris death,

Or Romeos is to me vnknowne at all.
ACT V. SC. 3.]

Romeo and Juliet  Q. 2. 1599.

And know their spring, their head, their true descents,
And then will I be general all of your woes,
And lead you even to death, mean time forbear,
And let mishap be slow to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

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 excused.

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

Frier. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And she there dead, that Romeos faithfull wise:
I married them, and their stolen marriage day
Was Ttaltts doome day, whose untimely death
Baniht the new made Bridegroome from this Citie.

For whome, and not for Ttaltt, Juliet pinde.
You to remove that siege of griefe from her
Both Rod and would have married her perfurce
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 tutered by my art)

A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death, mean 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

200 Returnd my letter back, then all alone
At the prefixed hower of her waking,

M Came
But when I came to take the Lady hence,
I found them dead, and she awak't from sleep:
VWhom faine I would have taken from the tombe,
VWhich she refused seeing Romeo dead.
Anon I heard the watch and then I fled,
VVhat afterhappened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought have miscarried.
By me, or by my means let my old life
Be sacrificed some hour before his time.
To the most strictest rigor of the Law.

Pry: VV'e still have known thee for a holy man,
VVhere is Romeo's man, what can he say in this?

Balth: I brought my master word that she was dead,
And then he poasted straight from Mantua,
Vnto this toombe. These Letters he delievered me,
Charging me early give them to his Father.

Prin: Let's see the Letters, I will read them over.
VVhere is the Counties Boy that call'd the VVatch?

Boy: I brought my master vnto Juliete's grave,
But one approaching, straight I call'd 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 wordes,

Come Capolet, and come olde Mountague.
Came I to take her from her kindred's Vault,
Meaning to keepe her clofely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could send to Romeo.
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here vntimely lay,
The Noble Paris, and true Romeo dead.

She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
And beare this worke of heauen with patience:
But then a noyse did scare me from the Tombe,
And she too desperate would not go with me:
But as it seemes, did violence on her selfe.
Al this I know, & to the marriage her Nurse is priuie:
And if ought in this miscaried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd some houre before his time,
Vnto the rigour of feuerest law.

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Wheres Romes man? what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my maister newes of Iuliet's death,
And then in poste he came from Mantua,
To this same place. To this same monument
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatened me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Gie me the Letter, I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that raid the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your maister in this place?

Boy. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies grave,
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my maister drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of Loue, the tidings of her death,
And here he writes, that he did buy a poysfon
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall,
Came to this Vault, to die and lye with Iuliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet, Mountague? See
Where are these enemies? see what hate hath done,

Cap: Come brother Mountague give me thy hand,
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
Can I bestowe on her, thats all I have.
Moun: But I will give them more, I will erect
Her statue of pure gold:
That while Verona by that name is knowne.
There shall no statue of such price be set,
As that of Romeus loved Juliet.
Cap: As rich shall Romeo by his Lady lie,
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.
Prin: A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let us hence,
To haue more talke of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned and some punished:
For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

FINIS.
See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate?
That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue,
And I for winking at your dircords too,
Haue loft a brace of kinsemen, all are punisht.

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 flatue in pure gold,
That whyles Verona by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithfull Juliet.

Capel. As rich shall Romes by his Ladies lie,
Poore sacrifices of our enmitie.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for sorrow will not shew his head :
Go hence to haue more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.
For neuer was a Storie of more wo,
Then this of Juliet and her Romeo.

FINIS.
You are invited to join

THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.

"Societe (saith the text) is the happiness of life."—Loves Labour's Lost, iv. 2.

Meeting at University College, Gower St, London, W.C., on the 2nd Friday of every month (except at Easter and during July, August, and September), at 8 p.m. Subscription, One Guinea a year, due on 1st January, and payable to the Hon. Sec., A. G. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, London, E.

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[It is hoped that one of our chief living Poets will take the post.]

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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. 1. On Hamlet's inserted Speech of "a dozen or sixteen Lines," by Wm. T. Malleson, Esq., and Professor J. B. Seeley, M.A., Cambridge. II. A Discussion on the Play of Cymbeline; to be opened 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, 8, 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.
NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.

The following Publications of the New Shakspeare Society have been issued for 1874:

Series I. Transactions: The New Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare's Works, 1593-1630, and a print of the genuine Parts of Timon and Pericles; with an Appendix containing, 1. Mr James Spedding's Paper on the several shares of Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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 Quarto 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 Ingleby 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 Shakspeare's Text.

Series IV. Shakspere Allusion-Books. Part I. a. 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 Elizabeths Losee, 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 Four 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 Ingleby, Esq., LL.D.

The following Publications of the New Shakspeare Society are in the Press:

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 Quarto 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.


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 Shakspeare and Fletcher; a. A Reprint of the Quarto of 1686; b. a revised Edition, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index of all the words, distinguishing Shakspeare'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 1; The True Tragedy, and Henry VI, Part 3, in 11.

The original Italian story by Luigi da Porto, 1530, with a Translation, &c., by Prof. G. Pace-Sanfelice, can be had at Glaisheer'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 Quartos of Midsummer Night's Dream, and Merchant of Venice; to show which edition is the better basis for a revised text.

4. The First Quartos of Much Ado about Nothing; Loues Labour's Lost; Richard II; 1 Henry IV; from which the copies in the Folio were printed.

Reprints in Quarto of the remaining Folio Plays, with collations. When possible, the passages which Shakspeare used from North's Plutarch, Holinsbed'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 Shakspeare's Plays that were founded on them. In all Reprints of Quarto and Folio editions of Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare's); Mucedorus; Sir John Oldcastle; Thomas Lord Cromwell; The Merry Devil of Edmonton; The London Prodigal; The Puritan; A Yorkshire Tragedy; Fair Em; The Birth of Merlin; The Siege of Antwerp; The Life and Death of Thomas Stucley; 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 Shakspeare's time, their Directors, Players, Plays, and Poets.

e. Dr Wm. Gager's Meleager, a tragedy, printed Oct. 1592 (with the correspondence relating to it between Dr Gager of Christ Church, and Dr John Reynolds of Corpus (Univ. Coll. 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 Auctoribus et Spectatoribus Fabularum non notandis.' Hannov. 1659. And 'Fucus sive Histriomastix,' (a play against Reynolds), Lambeth MS. 838.

f. Robert Chester's Love's Martyr—from which Shakspeare's lines to the 'Phoenix 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 Shakspeare's Cymbeline.

Richard II; and the other Plays in Egerton MS. 1904 (suggested by Mr J. O. Halliwell). The Returne from Pernassus, 1606; to be edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart.


Series VIII. Miscellaneous. Autotypes of the parts of the Play of Sir Thomas More that may possibly be in young Shakspeare's handwriting, from the Harleian MS. 7368. Thomas Rymer's 'Tragedies of the last Age considered and examined', 1678, 1692; and his 'A short View of Tragedy of the last Age', 1693.
THE NEW SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

(THREE FOUNDER’S PROSPECTUS REVISED.)

To do honour to Shakespere, 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 Shakespere Society is founded.

It is a disgrace to England that while Germany can boast of a Shakespere 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 Shakespere’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 Shakespere as a whole, which tracks the rise and growth of his genius from the boyish romanticism or the sharp youngmanishness of his early plays, to the magnificence, the splendour, the divine intuition, which mark his ablest works. The profound and generous “Commentaries” of Gervinus—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 Shakespere. I am convinced that the unsatisfactory result of the long and painful study of Shakespere 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.

Unless a man’s works are studied in the order in which he wrote them, you cannot get at a right understanding of his mind, you cannot follow the growth of it. This has been specially brought home to me by my work 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 Shakespere’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 Shakespere 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 wrestling her secrets from Nature as to make our days memorable for ever, the faithful student of Shakespere need not fear that he will be unable to pierce through the crowds of forms that exhibit Shakespere’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 -erc. The e and a had their French sounds, which explain the forms ‘Shaxper’, &c. Though it has hitherto been too much to ask people to suppose that Shakspeare knew how to spell his own name, I hope the demand may not prove too great for the imagination of the Members of the New Society.

2 Miss Bunnett’s translation, with an Introduction by myself, is publish by Smith and Elder, 12s. Mr H. N. Hudson’s ‘Shakespeare; his Life, Art, and Character’ (Sampson Low and Co.), with comments on twenty-five of his best Plays, is the best original commentary of its kind in English that I know. It is of course much indebted to German criticism. Mrs Jamieson’s Characteristics of Women (6s., Routledge) has some most subtle and beautiful studies of Shakspeare’s chief woman-creations. See too Prof. Dowden’s forthcoming Mind and Art of Shakespere. (H. S. King.)

3 The ordinary editions put the Plays higgledy-piggledy; often, like the Folio, beginning with Shakespere’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 “nyght-yngale that cleepe thre forth the freshe ledes nere,” and say ‘Here is first the real Chaucer,’ yet I (though past 49) cannot yet do the like for Shakspeare. (Is it “the nimble spirits in the arteries,” note 1, page 6 (perhaps an insertion in the amended edition of 1697), or in The Comedie of Errors, iii. 2)

Ring, Sire! for thy selfe, and I will dote;
Spread ower the silver scarce the golden haires,
And as a bed v’ld lie take the[n], and there lie:

How many of the readers of this can? Yet ought’n’t we all to have been able to do it from the time we were 18, or twenty-one?
him as he was; while in the effort, in the enjoyment of his new gain, the worker will find his own great reward.

Fortunately for us, Shakspeare 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 unstopst line to the frequent use of it:—a test which, when applied to three of Shakspeare's unripest, and three of his ripest (though not best) plays, gives the following result,  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Earliest Plays</th>
<th>Proportion of unstopst lines to stopst ones</th>
<th>Latest Plays</th>
<th>Proportion of unstopst lines to stopst ones</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Loues Labour's Lost</td>
<td>1 in 18:14</td>
<td>The Tempest</td>
<td>1 in 3:02</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Comedy of Errors</td>
<td>1 in 10:7</td>
<td>Cymbeline King of Britaine</td>
<td>1 in 2:52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The two Gent. of Verona</td>
<td>1 in 10:</td>
<td>The Winter's Tale</td>
<td>1 in 2:12</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.

Having settled this, we can then mark out the great Periods of Shakspeare's work—whether with Gervinus and Delius we make Three, or, guided by the verse-test, with Bathurst, we make Four, or

1 Here are two extreme instances. The early one has a stop at the end of every one of its first 16 lines. The late one has only 4 end-stop lines. (See the late C. Bathurst's 'Differences of Shakspeare's Versification at different Periods of his Life,' 1857.)

(Early) Loues Labour's lost, iv. 3 (p. 135, col. 1, Booth's reprint)

Ber. 0'tis more then neede,  
Hauz at you then, affection men at armes;  
Consider what you first did sawre vnto: To fast, to study, and to see no woman:  
Flat treason against the kingly state of youth.  
Say, Can you fast? your stomackes are too young:  
And abstinence ingenders maladies.  
And where that you haue vow'd to studie (Lords),  
In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.  
Can you stil dreame and pore, and thereon looke?  
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,  
Hauz found the ground of studies exellence,  
Without the beauty of a womans face?  
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue:  
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadema,  
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.  
Why, universall plodding paysons vp  
The nimble spirites in the arteries,  
As motion and long during action tyres  
The sinnowy vigour of the traveller.

(Late) The Tragedie of Cymbeline, iv. 2 (p. 388. col. 2, Booth's reprint)

Bel. No single soule  
Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason.  
He must have some Attendants. Though his H[um]or  
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that  
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie, Not  
absolute madness could so far haue ran'd  
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps  
It may be heard at Court, that such as we  
Cauce heere, hunt heere, are Owt-lawes, and in time  
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,  
(As it is like him) might break out, and awake  
Heeld'nt fetch vs in; yet is't not probable  
To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,  
If we do feare this Body hath a tale  
More perilous then the head.

9 The proportion in The Life of King Henry the Eight is 1 in 2:75; but in this play there are clear traces of another hand,—Fletcher's, Mr Tennyson tells me. (See Mr Spedding's able paper in Gents. Mag. August, 1850, and the most striking confirmations of his results by Mr Hickson, in I Notes and Queries, ii. 198, and others; all printed in the Appendix to Part 1 of the New Shakspere Society's Transactions, 1874.) The last long speech of Cranmer looks as if it was written first in Elizabeth's time,—Mr Hales suggests, at the time of her dying sickness in March 1603—then pulled in two, and a complimentary bit on King James I. inserted in the middle. Mr Spedding, however, always held, and the metrical tests show, that it was not; but that the whole Play was late.

10 Mr J. W. Hales's 7 Tests are: 1. External Evidence (dates of printing); 2. Internal (from allusions in the Plays, &c.); 3. Meter; 4. Language and Style (3 and 4 comprised under Form); 5. Power of Characterization; 6. Dramatic Unity; 7. Knowledge of Life. (See The Academy, Jan. 17, 1874, p. 68; Jan. 31, p. 117.)

11 The Sonnets and Minor Poems will be discuss in their chronological order with the Plays.
THE FOUNDER'S PROSPECTUS OF THE NEW SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

with other critics Five, and define the Characteristics of each Period. We can then put forth a Student's Handbook to Shakespeare, and help learners to know him. But before this, we can lay hand on Shakespeare's text, though here, probably, there will not be much to do, thanks to the labours of the many distinguished scholars who have so long and so faithfully worked at it. Still, as students, we should follow their method. First, discuss the documents: print in parallel columns the Quarto and Folio copies of such plays as have both, and determine whether any Quarto of each Play, or the Folio, should be the basis of its text, with special reference to Richard III. Secondly, discuss all the best conjectural readings, seeking for contemporary confirmations of them; and perhaps drawing up a Black List of the thousands of stupid or ingeniously fallacious absurdities that so-called emenders have devised. Thirdly, led by Mr Alexander J. Ellis, discuss the pronunciation of Shakespeare 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, or any of Shakespeare'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 Shakespeare'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 Shakespeare'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 18, 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 Shakespeare Society at a nominal charge, to cover the cost of gas and firing. Offers of Papers to be read at the Society's Meetings are wished for, and should be made to the Director. The Papers read will be issued as the Society's Transactions, and will form Series 1 of the Society's Publications.

The second part of the New Shakespeare Society's work will be the publication of—2. A Series of Shakespeare'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 Shakespeare'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 Shakespeare's Plays, including extracts from North's Plutarch, Holinshed, and other works used by him; 4. A short Series of Shakespeare's Allusion Books, contemporary tracts, ballads, and documents alluding to or mentioning Shakespeare or his works; 5. A Selection from the Contemporary Drama, from Garrick's Collection, &c.; 6. Works on Shakespeare'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 Shakespeare'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 Shakespeare, to show the curious variations in the history of opinion concerning him; besides other occasional works.

The Society's Transactions will be in 8vo; 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 Shakespeare 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 Shakespeare, 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 Shakespeare wrote at least the parts in which Pericles loses and finds his wife and daughter: see a print of them in the New Shakespeare Society's Transactions, Part 1), The Two Noble Kinsmen (see West, loc., April, 1847, and the second Paper in the Appendix to the New Shakespeare Society's Transactions, 1874, Part 1), &c., could be discussed 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,
3, St George’s Square, Primrose Hill, London, N.W.

28 March, 1874.

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