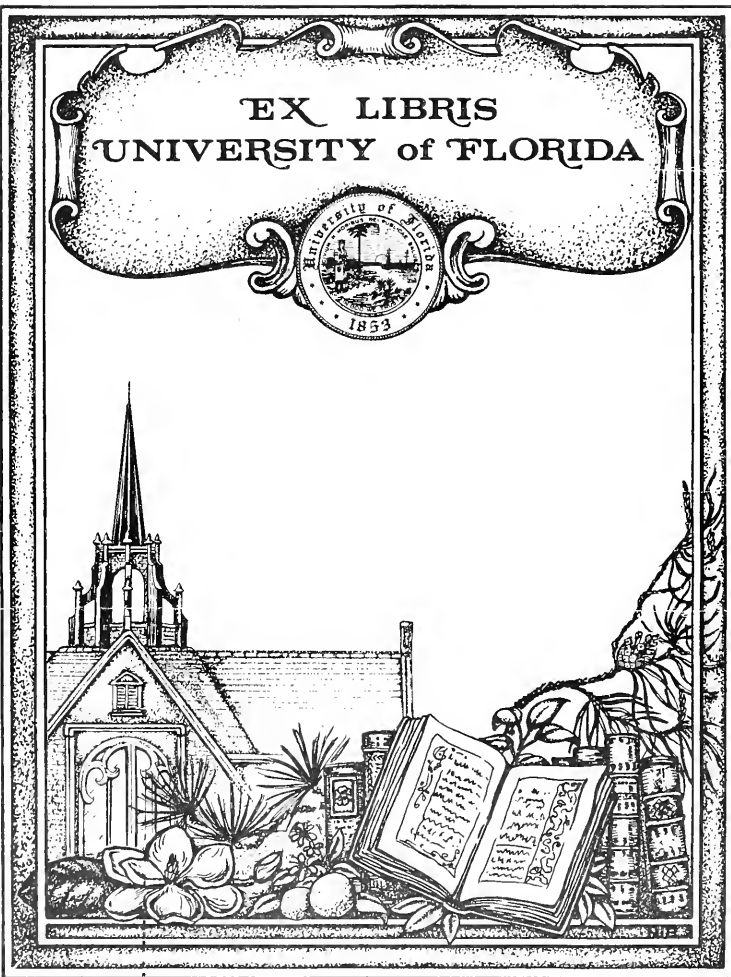


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Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

THE FIRST QUARTO EDITION OF SHAKES-
PEARE'S ROMEO AND JULIET

Edited with an Introduction and Notes

by
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PREFACE

In 1920 I published *The First Quarto Edition of Shakespeare's Hamlet, University of Wisconsin Studies in Language and Literature, No. 8*. The object of that edition is to present the text of the First Quarto in a modernized form, in order that it may readily be compared with the standard modern editions of the play based upon the Second Quarto and the First Folio. The object of the present work is to give a similar image of the First Quarto of *Romeo and Juliet*.

In the Introduction to the Hamlet quarto, the question of its authenticity was discussed at some length; in like manner, the authenticity of the First Quarto of *Romeo and Juliet* is discussed in the Introduction to the present volume. The two introductions taken together form a contribution to the general discussion of the authenticity of the so-called "bad quartos".

In recent years there has been in Germany much discussion of Timothy Bright's system of shorthand, called *Characterie* (published 1588), with special reference to its adequacy to the task of reporting a play accurately enough to furnish copy for a "pirated edition". A résumé of this discussion is given by Professor Max Foerster in *Beiblatt zur Anglia*, 34, pp. 292-296. This matter is not discussed in the present volume, because it is not considered relevant to the authenticity of the quarto here reproduced; there is in that quarto no evidence of shorthand reporting. The adequacy of Bright's system to reporting a play has not yet been proved; that there is no evidence of shorthand reporting in Q₁ of *Romeo and Juliet* is well established.

In the footnotes has been given critical material that will serve to show what changes have been made in the original text; from this material the reader can judge to what extent it has been found necessary to emend and change that text in order to make it intelligible. No attempt has been made to supply the usual explanatory and interpretative notes, except where such notes are necessary to define and illustrate the meaning of words that are not found in Q₂ and F₁, and to offer suggestions concerning the interpretation of the text, where the interpretation is not obvious.

over the readings of Q_2 . The standard modern text of *Romeo and Juliet* contains many readings whose only authority is the text of Q_1 .⁴

The text of Q_1 has been reproduced many times; the chief reproductions are Steevens 1766 (*Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare etc.*), Tycho Mommsen 1859 (reprint of Steevens), Cambridge Editors 1865, 1895, Ashbee 1866, Daniel (New Shakspeare Society) 1874, Furnivall 1886, Furness 1871, Bankside 1889. Up to the present edition the only attempt to put the text of Q_1 in modern form is that of Eichhoff.⁵ He has printed the whole play as prose, and this fact, together with his extravagant glorification of the First Quarto version of the play, makes his work of very little value.⁶

MISPRINTS AND ERRORS OF THE FIRST QUARTO

The number of misprints and errors in Q_1 is much smaller than the number in Q_2 .⁷ I have thought it advisable, however, to give an exhibit of them here, on account of their significance for questions to be discussed later. It may also help to refute such wild statements as that of Plomer.⁸

1. Inverted and turned letters. Nnrce [Nurce] 250, I, iii, 13,⁹
 Ꝣut [But] 296, I, iii, 67, uame [name] 507, I, v, 110, oue
 [one] 515, I, v, 117, Row [Rom.] 2049, V, iii, 57.

⁴ Cf. *Cambridge Edition*, Vol. 6, p. xv. (2d. ed.) "This [Q_2] is unquestionably our best authority; nevertheless, in determining the text (Q_1) must in many places be taken into the account Pope adopted the text of (Q_1) in many places where Capell and all subsequent editors have judiciously recurred to Q_2 . Nevertheless, there is no editor who has not felt it necessary occasionally to call in the aid of the first."

⁵ Eichhoff, Theodor, *Unser Shakespeare*, Vol. 3.

⁶ Cf. Franz, *Jahrbuch* 41, pp. 235-7.

⁷ Cf. Fleay, *Macmillan's Mag.*, Vol. 36, p. 197. "If misreadings are to be taken as evidence of a play's being surreptitiously printed from notes taken down by hearing, Q_2 has more evidence against its genuineness than Q_1 ."

⁸ "The compositors work was of the worst description, reversed letters and misreadings being sprinkled over every page." *The Library*, New Series, 7, p. 153.

⁹ References are to Furness's reprint and to the text of the present edition.

2. Single letter changed. ana [and] 507, I, v, 110, liuer [lover] 526, II, i, 7, in [is] 546, II, i, 30, darke [danke] 732, II, iii, 6, hart [part] 745, II, iii, 19, limping [lispig] 842, II, iv, 29, faire [farre] 889, II, iv, 83. baudie [body] 997, ii, V, 19, was [way] 2007, V, iii, 16, sacrificed [sacrificd] 2188, V, iii, 190. *Romets* [*Romeo*] 2122, V, iii, 124.
3. Two letters changed. honor [humor] 73, 74, I, i, 71, 72, hopes [houres] 85, I, i, 81, beskrind [beskreend] 606, II, ii, 48.
4. Single letter omitted. Vtruuio [Vitruuio] 200, i, II, 58, righ [right] 762, II, iii, 36, staight [straight] 1995, V, iii, 5, Gorde [Gorgde] 2029, V, iii, 37, strikest [stricktest] 2188, V, iii, 191.
5. Single letter added. cheekes [cheeke] 577, II, ii, 21, roperipe [roperie] 939, II, iv, 140, childe [chide] 1399, III, iii, 128, *a* [article repeated] 2005, V, iii, 15 (*sta. dir.*).
6. Single word omitted. of 66, I, i, 68, more 656, II, ii, 98, so 1453, III, v, 16.
7. Single word added. the, 5, I, i, 4. Young, 531, II, i, 14.
8. Single word changed. the [thee] 47, I, i, 45. Mountague [Capulet] 490, I, v, 93, thee [me] 269, II, ii, 71 of [so] 724, II, v, 159, my [thy] 754, II, iii, 29, the [thou] 1958, V, i, 51.
All but two of these are pronominal words.
9. Two words run together. about [a bout] 397, I, v, 3. (cf. *Camb. ed.* I, v, 15). I have given only the one case in which the running together of two words gives a different meaning; other cases, common in all printing of the time, are not noted.
10. Names of characters (or abbreviations) omitted at the beginning of a speech. *Par.* 142, I, ii, 1. *Mer.* 342, I, iv, 40, *Watch.* 1159, III, i, 110. At the bottom of the preceding page is the catchword, *Watch: Vp. Fri.* 2072, V,

- iii, 80. This immediately follows the stage direction for the Friar's entrance. *Iul.* 2096, V, iii, 100. At the bottom of the preceding page is the catchword *Iul.*
11. Wrong abbreviation at the beginning of a speech. *Mer.* [*Ben.*] 820, 21, II, iv, 6, 8, *Cap.* [*Par.*] 1861, IV, iv, 63.
12. Wrong name in stage direction. *Francis* [*Lawrence*] 726, II, iii, 1, *Paris* [*Iuliet*] 1652, IV, i, 16.
13. Words assigned to the wrong character. "Doest thou heare" 521, II, i, 3. These words probably belong to the preceding speech of Benvolio, but it is possible that they were spoken by Mercutio, to whom they are assigned. The words are not found in Q_2 .
 "Some Challenge on my life" 822, II, iv, 8. In Q_1 this and the two preceding lines are assigned to Mercutio. Lines 6 and 7 (see above) belong to Benvolio, but line 8 (as Q_2 shows) belongs to Mercutio; so the line is, after all, rightly assigned.¹⁰

All the misprints and errors in this exhibit are ordinary printer's errors, such as are commonly found in Elizabethan plays. In character there is nothing noteworthy about them, and in number they are small; they give no evidence for haste in the printing. In no case is the error other than an error of reading or simple compositor's blunder; there is no error that is an error of the ear, and no error that can be attributed to a mistake in shorthand reporting.

In those parts of the play that are in verse there are many errors in division into lines. Errors of this kind are also to be found in Q_2 . This quarto, for instance, has the account of Queen Mab as prose; Q_1 has it as verse. On the other hand, the Nurse's talk about Juliet's age is prose in both quartos. Whether the source of such errors, found commonly in Elizabethan plays, is confusion in the manuscript or carelessness of the type-setter cannot be determined; it is probably a combination of both.

¹⁰ Fleay has given a list of misprints, *Macmillan's Magazine*, Vol. 36, p. 196.

The correct metrical division can usually be restored without difficulty, but in some cases there is uncertainty, on account of the fact that incomplete lines are found in all parts of the play (as they are also found in Q_2). We must sometimes assume the existence of such lines in reaching a satisfactory metrical division of the text. In all cases the general usage of Q_2 has been the basis of the line-division of this edition.

IS THE FIRST QUARTO A PIRACY?

The first editor to challenge the authenticity of Q_1 seems to be Collier (1842). He was followed by Mommsen (1857, 1859),¹¹ R. G. White (1862), Cambridge Editors (1863-66), Dyce (1866), Daniel (1874). Almost all recent editors and scholars hold the opinion that Q_1 is a surreptitious publication, the copy for which was obtained by short-hand reporters, supplemented by actors who supplied parts from memory, and by "hack poets" who filled up gaps by their own invention.¹² Mr. Fleay¹³ seems to be the only prominent scholar that has defended the authenticity of Q_1 .

In discussing the question of authenticity I shall leave out of consideration apparent evidence for piracy based upon comparisons of the text of Q_1 and that of Q_2 , of which much is made by R. G. White and others. Such evidence is, for the most part, of very little value; for its force lies in the tacit assumption that Q_1 and Q_2 are in origin the same thing, and the question, whether they are or are not the same thing is one of the points at issue. It can always be contended that the apparent corruption is not corruption but the correct text of an earlier version of the play.¹⁴ I shall confine myself, for the

¹¹ *Athenaeum*, Feb. 7, 1857, p. 182; *Shakespeare's Romeo und Julia; Eine Kritische Ausgabe etc.* Oldenburg, 1859.

¹² It is hard to see why recourse should have been had to actors and hack writers when the short-hand reporter (who is remarkably accurate in the first part of the play) could easily have taken down the other parts by attending another performance or two.

¹³ *Macmillan's Mag.*, Vol. 36, pp. 195-202.

¹⁴ Cf. *First Quarto of Hamlet*, p. 25.

most part, to the points discussed by Mr. A. W. Pollard, *Shakespeare Folios and Quartos*, p. 69.

Character of the Printer. Q₁ was printed by John Danter, a man who was several times in trouble on account of violations of the laws governing printing. The bad reputation that he acquired in his own day has suffered no diminution at the hands of Mr. Plomer,¹⁵ Mr. Pollard,¹⁶ and Sir Sidney Lee;¹⁷ they would make him out a pirate, and have not spared pains to make the portrait black and lurid. But that a printer may be in trouble for violation of the laws governing printing and still print authentic quartos is well shown by the case of Valentine Sims.¹⁸ I have no desire to defend Danter or to tone down this rather heightened portrait; if we must have pirates, the more villainous the better. I should, however, like to present a list of the books he printed and let it speak for itself.

1. *Titus Andronicus* First Quarto, 1594, for White and Millington. Entered in the Stationers' Register by John Danter.
2. *The Cobler's Prophesie*, by Robert Willson, 1594. Printed for Cuthbert Burbie, by whom it was entered in the Stationers' Register.
3. *The Wounds of Civil War*, by Thomas Lodge,¹⁹ 1594. Entered by Danter.
4. *Orlando Furioso*, by Robert Greene, 1594. Printed for Cuthbert Burbie. Entered Dec. 7, 1593, by John Danter. May 28, 1594, it was entered by Cuthbert Burbie with the consent of Danter, it being agreed that Danter should always have the printing of the book.
5. *The Old Wives Tale*, by George Peele, 1595. Printed for Ralph Hancock and John Hardie, by whom it was entered.

¹⁵ *The Printers of Shakespeare's Plays and Poems. The Library, New Series*, 7, 149-166.

¹⁶ *Shakespeare Folios and Quartos*, 1909, p. 69.

¹⁷ *Life of William Shakespeare*, 1916, p. 112, note.

¹⁸ See Plomer, p. 154. Cf. Hubbard, *First Quarto of Hamlet*, pp. 17-18.

¹⁹ In 1591 Danter and his partner Hoskins, printed Lodge's *Catharos*.

6. *Have With You to Saffron Walden*, by Thomas Nashe, 1596. Not entered.
7. *Romeo and Juliet*. First Quarto 1597. Not entered. Printed more carefully than Q₂ by Thomas Creede, 1599.²⁰

I have no reason to believe that this list is complete. As it stands, it shows that Danter was the printer of two Shakespearian quartos, of plays by Lodge, Greene, Peele, and Willson, and of prose works by Lodge and Nashe. The authenticity of all these works is unquestioned with the exceptions of Q₁ of *Romeo and Juliet*. Danter seems to have been in closer relation with Burby than with other publishers, and the fact that Burby was the publisher of Q₂ of *Romeo and Juliet* may possibly indicate that he had something to do with the publication of Q₁.²¹

Now I submit that the evidence offered by this list is wholly favorable to Danter, and lends no support to the theory that he was a notorious pirate. I do not mean to say that it proves that Q₁ is not pirated, but that it raises a strong presumption of its authenticity, and removes from the field of discussion the character of John Danter.

Entry in the Stationer's Register. It is generally held that lack of previous entry in the Stationer's Register is corroborative evidence of piracy. No doubt the regular procedure involved entry before publication; but the number of authentic publications for which there is no previous entry is so great that want of entry cannot be considered a serious irregularity, and can have but little weight as evidence of piracy.

²⁰ To this list may be added *The Life and Death of Iacke Straw* Printed at London by John Danter 1593 [Colophon has 1594]; also *The Seven Champions of Christiandom*. Entered by Danter April 20. Sept. 5, 1596 Cuthbert Burby "entered for his copy by assignment from John Danter Two boke, viz the first parte and second parte of the vij Champions of Christiandome. Reserving the workman-shipe of the printinge at all time to the said John Danter". Danter seems to have died shortly after the publication of *Romeo and Juliet*.

²¹ Compare the connection of Ling with the publication of Q₁ and Q₂ of *Hamlet*. See *First Quarto of Hamlet*, pp. 18-19, 35-36.

Haste in Printing. Q₁ is printed in two styles of type; the first four signatures (A-D) are in type much larger than that used in the others (F-K). The running title is also changed from *The most excellent Tragedie* to *The excellent Tragedie*, the latter in larger type than the former. In the latter part of Q₁, that in smaller type, rather large strips of ornamental border running across the page are used, apparently to indicate change of scene.

This use of two styles of type has been taken as evidence that two presses, working at the same time, were employed in order to hasten the printing. A careful examination, however, shows that such a procedure was practically impossible. The first part, in the larger type, ends with the last page of signature D, and the second part, in the smaller type, begins with the first page of signature E. The last page of signature D has the regular number of lines to the page (32), and the first page of signature E has the regular number of lines to the page (36) of the latter part; there is no crowding of lines or extra spacing on either page. Moreover, at the foot of the last page of signature D is the correct catchword *Frier*, the first page of signature D beginning

Fr: For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.

Such a perfect juncture could not possibly have been made if the two parts had been set up simultaneously; for the perfect juncture shows plainly that the forms (involving the distribution of the matter into pages) of the first part must have been made up before the composition of the second part could begin. Otherwise the compositor of the first pages of the second part could not know at what point to begin. All this shows that, in this case, no time could have been gained by the use of two styles of type.

Full Stage Directions. Almost all the adherents to the theory of piracy have maintained that the full stage directions of Q₁ are evidence against authenticity. It is held that they are to be explained only by supposing them to be, not directions for the actor or manager, but notes taken by a spectator (shorthand reporter) concerning what he saw. Plausible as this explana-

tion seems, and its plausibility is so great that no one seems seriously to have challenged it, even a very limited study of Elizabethan stage directions will show plainly and conclusively that it is wholly without force.

We have no thorough-going investigation of Elizabethan stage directions.²² The material here presented is gathered from a comparatively small number of plays, but is sufficient, I believe, to prove my point, which is: That there is almost nothing in the stage directions of Q_1 that cannot be found in the stage directions of other plays of the time, and that, consequently, there is no need of explaining any of those in Q_1 as the notes of spectators taking shorthand notes.²³

The obvious purpose of stage direction is to give instruction to the actor concerning actions that precede, accompany, or follow the spoken words, to give him information concerning exits and entrances, the dress he is to wear, and other matters of like nature. Stage directions also give information to the manager on matters that more particularly concern him, such as properties, costumes, arrangement of stage, place of action on the stage, change of scene. Stage directions are generally in the indicative, but often in the imperative, particularly when they refer to matters off stage, as "*Sound trumpets.*" Imperative directions are in the form natural to orders to the actor or manager; they could not originally have been intended for a reader. In the use of indicative and imperative there is no consistency in the printed plays; sometimes both are found in the same direction, as "*Stab him; he falls.*" Inasmuch as directions in the imperative are in that form because directed to actor or manager, their occurrence in a printed play is rightly taken as evidence for play-house derivation; but it does not necessarily follow, as some have held, that their absence from a printed play denotes spuriousness, piracy. The small number in any printed play and the inconsistency in their use make their

²² This is noticed by Prölss, *Von den ältesten Drucken der Dramen Shakespeares*, Leipzig, 1905, p. 52.

²³ All that is said here will apply with even greater force to the stage directions of Q_1 of *Hamlet*.

absence of very little or no significance as negative evidence. Their presence may, of course, be positive evidence of play-house derivation.

When plays were printed, the stage directions were more or less abbreviated. Some printed plays have but a small number, and these very brief, others have many, and some of them rather explicit. We should naturally expect plays printed from play-house manuscript to have more stage directions, and these more explicit; the nearer the play-house the fuller the stage directions. Strangely enough, in the case of *Romeo and Juliet*, and some other plays, scholars have seemed to reverse this, and to hold that full directions denote non-derivation from a play-house copy, doubtful authenticity, piracy.²⁴

Let us consider now the noticeably full or explicit directions of Q₁, almost all of which occur in the latter half of the play. Of these we may exclude, as having no significance for our discussion, those that are found in Q₂ in substantially the same form.²⁵ These are the following: II, i, 1; II, iv, 99; III, i, 105; III, iii, 66; III, v, 1; IV, iv, 10; V, iii, 14; V, iii, 53; V, iii, 121; V, iii, 124. We are also justified, I think, in excluding two that have been adopted by modern editors; these are III, i, 59, *Tibalt vnder Romeo's arme thrusts Mercutio, in and flies*.²⁶ Here Globe and Cambridge have, *Tybalt under Romeo's arm stabs Mercutio, and flies with his followers*; V, iii, 35. *Romeo opens the tombe*. Rowe: *Breaking open the monument*. Capell: *fixing his mattock in the Tomb*. Cambridge: *Opens the tomb*. Furness: *Breaking open the door of the Monument*.

Excluding those mentioned above, parallels, more or less close, have been found for the following: I, v, 96; II, iv, 129; II, iv, 148; II, vi, 9; III, iii, 98; III, iii, 129; III, iv, 8; III, v, 55; III, vi, 58; III, vi, 124; IV, ii, 20; IV, iii, 28; V, i, 9; V, iii, 1; V, iii, 6; V, iii, 117. Those for which no complete

²⁴ A notable exception is the statement of C. F. Tucker Brooke concerning *The Massacre at Paris*, "In the first place, the very full character of the stage directions indicates that the text is based on a theatre copy." *The Works of Christopher Marlowe*, p. 441.

²⁵ They are not always found in the same place in Q₂.

²⁶ *Away Tybalt*. Q₂.

parallels have been found are II, iv, 129, III, i, 59, III, ii, 4; III, iii, 129, III, iv, 8, III, v, 55, IV, iii 28, IV, iv, 55, IV, iv, 80, V, iii, 35, V, iii, 93.²⁷

Space will not permit a discussion of all cases where parallels have been found, but a consideration of some cases may serve to show that there is nothing at all out of the ordinary in their use in Q₁.

- I, v, 96. *They whisper in his eare.* This direction is obviously needed if the reader is to get the meaning of the text at first sight. Parallels: *Whisper in his eare, Three Lordes and Ladies of London.*²⁸ *He whispers in his eare, Tragedy of Tyberius.*²⁹ *He whispereth in her eare, Spanish Tragedy.*³⁰ *Lacie whispers Margaret in the eare, Friar Bacon and Friar Bongay.*³¹
- II, iv, 129. *He walks by them and sings.* The last part of this is common. Parallels: *This while John walkes and stalkes by Skinke, Look about You.*³² *Carinus walke up and downe, Alphonsus of Arragon.*³³ *He walketh vp and downe, Orlando Furioso.*³⁴
- II, iv, 148. *She turnes to Peter her man.* Parallels: *He turns to Em and offers to take her by the hand. Fair Em.*³⁵ *Turning to Lochrine, Lochrine.*³⁶
- II, vi, 9. *Enter Juliet somewhat fast and embraceth Romeo.* Parallels to *Somewhat fast:* *Enter Grissill stealingly, Patient Grissill.*³⁷ *Enter Farnesie apace, Patient Grissill.*³⁸

²⁷ Partial parallels have been found for II, iv, 129; III, ii, 4; III, iii, 129; IV, iii, 28, IV, iv, 80.

²⁸ Where possible, I have taken directions from facsimile reprints. Farmer, Fac. B^v.

²⁹ Malone Soc. L₃.

³⁰ Boas, p. 57.

³¹ Collins, II, p. 28.

³² Malone Soc. D.

³³ Collins, I, p. 116.

³⁴ Alleyn Ms. Collins, I, p. 269.

³⁵ *Shakespeare Apocrypha*, Tucker Brooke, p. 293.

³⁶ *Sh. Apoc.* p. 41.

³⁷ Farmer, Fac., G₂^v.

³⁸ Farmer, Fac., I.

*The Miller comes out very softly, Merry Devil of Edmonston.*³⁹ *She runneth to him, King Leir.*⁴⁰

*Parallels to embraceth Romeo; Embrace him. Looking Glass for London and England.*⁴¹ *Amplectitur eam, All Fools.*⁴²

III, iii, 98. *He offers to stab himself, and nurse snatches dagger away.*

*Parallels: Offers to kill him, Spanish Tragedy.*⁴³ *Offers to strike and Jacke staies him, Old Wives Tale.*⁴⁴ *Let her offer to kill herselfe, Loctrine.*⁴⁵

III, iii, 129. *Nurse offers to go in and turnes again.*

*Parallels: Orlando proffers to go in. Orl. Fur.*⁴⁶ *Offers to goe out, David and B.*⁴⁷ *She offers to depart. Sir Thomas Moore.*⁴⁸

III, v, 55. *Enter Nurse hastily. For parallels see under II, vi, 9.*

III, vi, 124. *She looks after nurse. Parallels: Manet Marcus Gallicus. He looks after Voada, The Valiant Welshman.*⁴⁹ *Enter Henrico Baglioni, looking earnestly upon Frescobaldi, Devils Charter,*⁵⁰ *The Music sounds and Pasquil's Eye is fixt vpon Catherine, Jack Drum.*⁵¹ *They both look strangely vpon her, apart eche from other, Maydes Metamorphosis.*⁵²

IV, iii, 28. *She falls vpon the bed within the Curtains.*

Parallels: Syphax hastneth within the canopy as to

³⁹ *Sh. Apoc.* p. 280.

⁴⁰ Malone Soc., D₄^v.

⁴¹ Collins, I, p. 190.

⁴² Chapman, *Mermaid*, p. 41.

⁴³ Boas, p. 23.

⁴⁴ Malone Soc. F₃.

⁴⁵ C. F. Tucker Brooke, p. 63.

⁴⁶ Collins, I, p. 146.

⁴⁷ Malone Soc. IV.

⁴⁸ C. F. Tucker Brooke, p. 405.

⁴⁹ Farmer, Fac., F₄^v.

⁵⁰ Farmer, Fac., F₂.

⁵¹ Farmer, Fac. H₄.

⁵² Farmer, Fac., F₂^v.

*Sophonisba's bed, Sophonisba.*⁵³ *Queen Elinor enters, offering to pull Robinhood from her; but they enfold each other, and sit down within the curtains. Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntington.*⁵⁴

V, iii, 1. *Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers and sweete water.*

V, iii, 6. *Paris strews the Tomb with flowers.*

Parallels: *Enter a maid strawing flowers and a serving man perfuming the doore, Two Maides of Moreclack.*⁵⁵

V, iii, 117. *She stabs herselfe and falls.*

Parallels: *Stab her-selfe, Spanish Tragedy.*⁵⁶ *Stab him, he fals, Death of Robert Earle of Huntington.*⁵⁷ *He stabs him, Massacre at Paris.*⁵⁸

I have not tried to make this discussion exhaustive, but enough has been given, I think, to show that such stage directions as those found in Q_1 are common, and that there is no necessity whatever for attributing them to the notes of a spectator, recording what he sees. In fact, a reading of *The Spanish Tragedy, Solyman and Perseda, Alphonsus of Arragon, A Looking Glass for London and England, Orlando Furioso, The Massacre at Paris, The History of King Leir*, is enough to convince one that full stage directions are rather common.

I consider now those stage directions of Q_1 for which I have found no parallels.⁵⁹

III, ii, 4. *Enter Nurse wringing her hands,*⁶⁰ *with the ladder of cordes in her lap.* In this place Q_2 has *Enter Nurse*

⁵³ Marston's Works, Bullen, II, p. 296.

⁵⁴ Farmer, Fac., A₂v.

⁵⁵ Farmer, Fac., A.

⁵⁶ Boas, p. 92.

⁵⁷ Farmer, Fac. B.

⁵⁸ Tucker Brooke, p. 455.

⁵⁹ Perhaps such parallels may be found by a more extended study than I have made.

⁶⁰ Cf. *Enter Jupiter and Juno, Mars and Venus, Vulcan limping; and after all Diana wringing her hands. Coblers Prophetie* (Malone Soc.) A₃. She in mournfull sort *wringing her hands* passed her way. *Misfortunes of Arthur* (Farmer, Fac-sim. E.), but the third *wrings her hands*. Lyly, *Endymion*, (Bond Vol. 3, p. 39.) The second and third of these are from directions for dumb show.

with Cordes. The direction, *wringing her hands*, may be accounted for by the fact that there is no reference to this action in the text of Q₁; whereas in Q₂ we have it mentioned in Juliet's words, "Why dost thou wring thy hands". The only part of this direction that can be attributed to notes of a spectator are the words *in her lap*.⁶¹

III, iv, 8. *Paris offers to go in and Capolet calls him back againe.*

The first part of this is common. The second part seems superfluous, as the following speech of Capulet begins "Sir Paris". It is to be noted however that the texts differ here; Q₂ reads,

Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter
La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow etc.
Ca. Sir Paris, I will make etc.

Q₁ reads:

Maddam farewell commend me to your daughter.⁶²
Paris offers to go in and Capolet calls him back againe.
Cap. Sir Paris! Ile make etc.

This comparison of texts shows that the direction of Q₁ is fully justified, and the absence of it from Q₂ perfectly natural.

III, v, 55. *She goeth downe from the window.*

This direction is perfectly in place. It is, no doubt, originally addressed to the actor that plays Juliet, and directs him to go down to the lower stage to appear there in the next scene. This will be discussed more fully later.⁶³

IV, iv, 55. *All at once cry out and wring their hands.*

The next speech has at the beginning, in place of the name of a character, the words, *All cry*. This occurs in one of

⁶¹ The word "lap", as used here, means a loose part "of a garment used as a receptacle." Cf. *Oxf. Dict. lap*, 4.

⁶² Q₁ has question mark here, a misprint.

⁶³ See p. 19 Cf. Robert Prölss, *Von den ältesten Drucken der dramen Shakespeares*, p. 127.

the passages that are evidently of a more ancient origin than the rest of Q_1 .⁶⁴ It is wholly in place, as it gives direction for an action (*wringing their hands*) not mentioned in the text.

IV, iv, 80. *They all but the nurse goe forth, casting Rosemary on her and shutting the curtains.*⁶⁵

There is nothing noticeable in this except *casting Rosemary on her*, which gives direction for an action implied six lines before, "Come sticke your Rosemary in this dead coarse."

V, iii, 93. *Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.* No parallels to this have been found. This is natural; for the situation is an uncommon one. The stage direction is not superfluous here, because it denotes an action that should come before the words

What blood is this that stains the entrance
Of this marble stony monument?
What means these maisterles and gory weapons?

In the six cases here discussed of stage directions for which I have found no parallels there is nothing unusual, when the situation and the context are considered.

In conclusion we can say that the stage directions of Q_1 when compared with those of many other plays show nothing unusual either in their amount or in their fullness. Some of them are fuller than the corresponding directions in Q_2 , and some are not found at all in that quarto, but the whole excess of Q_1 above Q_2 is not at all great. It is certainly too small to warrant the inference that the directions of Q_1 can be explained only by assuming that they have their origin in the notes of a spectator. They can not reasonably be taken as evidence of piracy. If they have any significance as evidence, they point rather to the play-house origin of the manuscript of Q_1 .

⁶⁴ See p. 22.

⁶⁵ Ulrici keeps this as far as "her". Stage directions for drawing the curtains to open or close them are found in several places: *Sir Gyles Goosecap*, IV, II; *First Part of the Contention*, III, ii; III, iii, Cf. B. Neuendorff *Die englische Volksbühne*, pp. 35, 39, 51.

Division into Scenes. It has been held by some that division of a play into scenes is evidence against authenticity, evidence of piracy. This is based on the fact that the "good" quartos do not have division into scenes.

Division into acts is for the most part a wholly artificial thing, but the division into scenes has direct reference to the stage; it indicates change of place and time. To the actors and stage manager it may indicate change of stage, such as front to back, lower to upper, inner to outer; it also may indicate change of properties. Such indications as these must have been **absolutely necessary** to the play-house, however well the reader can infer them from a study of the text; that is, they belong to play-house manuscript rather than to printed texts. If, however, they appear in printed texts, it would seem natural to infer that they came from play-house manuscripts; just as we naturally infer origin from play-house manuscript when the name of an actor is given in a text instead of the name of the character. Now the division into scenes of *Romeo and Juliet* is, in places, so obscurely indicated by the stage directions that editors have never been agreed upon the division into scenes of certain parts of the play. A play-house manuscript, then, would be of much service here.

Viewed with reference to division into scenes Q_1 of *Romeo and Juliet* is peculiar, perhaps unique; it has no division into scenes in the first two thirds, and an indication of such division in the last third.⁶⁶ In the last third of the text change of scene seems to be indicated by the use of strips of ornamental border across the page.⁶⁷

In two cases these strips of border do not, apparently, indicate change of scene, but rather change from back stage to front. Both of these are found in the last scene; the first comes between the last words of Romeo and the entrance of the Friar, the second between the last words of Juliet and the entrance of the Watch. In both cases the preceding action takes place with-

⁶⁶ The first indication of division into scenes comes between Scenes IV and V of Act III.

⁶⁷ Cf. p. 10.

in the monument, which must have been near the back of the stage. The entrance of the Friar and of the Watch is not to the monument but to the ground in front of it, the front stage. Now here is something indicated that is of no service to the reader, and that would not be noticed by the spectator; it is, however, of use to the actors, telling them where to make their entrance. We may reasonably infer then that the use of these borders in these two places has its origin in the stage directions of a play-house manuscript.⁶⁸

One of these divisions is found at a point where modern editions have no change of scene. This point corresponds to the entrance of Lady Capulet, III, v, 66. In Q_1 at this point, after Romeo's *exit*, the Nurse enters and says,

Madame beware, take heede the day is broke
Your Mother's coming to your Chamber, make all sure.

This is followed by the stage direction, *She goeth downe from the window*. Then comes the ornamental border to denote change of scene, which is followed by, *Enter Juliet's mother, Nurse*.

That a change of scene is necessary here is shown by several facts. At the beginning of Scene v the stage direction of Q_1 reads, *Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window*; that of all the other Quartos and all the Folios is, *Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft*. This plainly indicates that the action takes place on the upper stage; but it is plainly unreasonable, if not impossible, to suppose that the *whole* of this scene, as given in the modern editions, took place there. Surely the upper stage was no fit place for the long conversation between Juliet and her mother concerning Tybalt's death, "that villain" Romeo, and the proposed marriage to Paris, which is followed by the long quarrel between Juliet and her father, and her rejection of the counsel of the Nurse, "Ancient damnation" (175 lines). There must have been a change from the upper stage to the lower, and the natural place for it is that indicated by the scene divi-

⁶⁸ Cf. Cecil Brodmeier, *Die Shakespeare-Bühne nach den alten Bühnenanweisungen*, p. 63.

sion in Q_1 and by the stage direction, *She goeth downe from the window.*⁶⁹

If these printers marks are to be taken as indicating change of scene, there is a notable absence of one in the place corresponding to the division in modern editions between IV, iv and IV, v. After Juliet has drunk the Friar's potion we have in Q_1 the stage direction, already noticed, *She falls upon the bed within the curtains.*

Enter Nurse with hearbs, Mother.

These directions are separated by a strip of ornamental border. This would seem to indicate that Juliet's bedroom is the back stage, and that the succeeding action takes place on the front stage, until the Nurse goes to call her (IV, v, 1.). The Nurse approaches the curtains as she calls; she finally draws them, and finds Juliet apparently dead upon her bed. All this is consistent with the later stage direction in Q_1 , *They all but the Nurse goe forth, casting Rosemary on her and shutting the Curtaines.*⁷⁰

Much of this discussion is not strictly relevant, but is not amiss, perhaps, to call attention to some of the things indicated by these ornamental borders that have been found significant in discussions of the Elizabethan Stage.

To return to the main point, it has been shown, I believe, that the division of the last third of Q_1 into scenes by these borders cannot reasonably be taken as evidence of piracy; it certainly could not be taken as evidence of piracy of more than one third of the play. Then, too, it may be just possible that the borders were inserted when the pages of the signatures G-K were made up, in order to get a satisfactory paging for the last signature. The text ends at the bottom of K_4 recto, the last page being

⁶⁹ For further discussion of this, see R. Prölss, *Von den ältesten Drucken der dramen Shakespeares* pp. 97, 127; B. Neuendorff, *Die englische Volksbühne im Zeitalter Shakespeares* pp. 37-38.

⁷⁰ See Neuendorff's discussion of this, pp. 34-37. Cf. R. Crompton Rhodes, *The Stager of Shakespeare*, pp. 28-9. In the present edition scenes IV and V are given as one scene (IV).

blank. The borders were, perhaps, inserted where they would least disturb the text, and such points are naturally where there is pause in the dialogue, at the ends of the scenes.⁷¹

Short-hand. In another place⁷² I have discussed the state of short-hand in England about 1600, and have shown that there was no system of short-hand then in use by which a play could be reported "as accurately as the text of even the worst Shakespearian quarto is given."⁷³ I have there also shown that the text of the First Quarto of *Hamlet*, 1603, could not have had its origin in short-hand reports.

The text of Q₁ of *Romeo and Juliet* is very much more accurate than that of Q₁ of *Hamlet*; nevertheless almost all Shakespearian scholars and editors since 1850 have held that it had its origin wholly or chiefly in short-hand reports.⁷⁴ No proof of the use of short-hand has ever been offered beyond the noting of differences between the text of Q₂ and that of Q₁. This proof by itself has no validity; for these differences may be explained by other hypotheses than that of short-hand reporting.⁷⁵ Collier cites the variation, *rest* (Q₁) *rust* (Q₂), but such a variation can be readily explained as a typographical error.⁷⁶

What now remains of the proofs of piracy of Q₁? John Danter has to his discredit several offenses against the laws

⁷¹ It is noticeable that two borders are used in one place, at the bottom of G₂^v and at the top of G₃.

⁷² *First Quarto of Hamlet*, pp. 27-31.

⁷³ This view is strongly attacked by Professor Max Foerster, in *Beiblatt zur Anglia*, 34, pp. 292-296.

⁷⁴ Collier, First Ed. 1842, Vol. 6, pp. 368-9; Mommsen, 1859; White 1862, Vol. 10, p. 10 ff; Cambridge Ed. 1865; Daniel, 1874; *New Shak, Soc.*, Series II, I, p. v; Furnivall, 1886 Intro. to Facsimile (by Herbert A. Evans) pp VII-VIII Pollard, *Shakespeare Folios and Quartos* p. 69. Sidney Lee, *Life of Shakespeare* 1916, Enlarged Version, Second Edition, p. 112.

⁷⁵ From an exhaustive study of the differences between Q₁ and Q₂, Adolf Schöttner (*Über die mutmassliche stenographische Entstehung der ersten Quarto von Shakespeares "Romeo und Julia"*) comes to the conclusion that the text of Q₁ was taken down by three stenographers, of three different degrees of skill, working in regular rotation, four times round. Cf. J. Dover Wilson and A. W. Pollard. *How Some of Shakespeare's Plays were Pirated*, *London Times, Literary Supplement*, Jan. 17, 1919, p. 30. *Jahrbuch*, 58, p. 122.

⁷⁶ *Athenaeum*, 1856, pp. 1220-21. How little weight Collier gave to this is shown by the fact that he read *rust* in his First Edition (1844) but *rest* in his Second Edition (1856), and defends the latter reading.

for the regulation of printing, but he has to his credit authentic quartos of Peele, Nashe, Lodge, and Greene, and the earliest quarto of a Shakespearian play, *Titus Andronicus*. He does not look like a pirate, who stole plays from actors and published them surreptitiously. The *Romeo and Juliet* quarto is not carelessly printed, nor is there in it any evidence of undue haste. Its full stage directions are not unnatural and abnormal; they afford no support to the theory that they have their origin in the notes of a spectator. They may even be taken as evidence of play-house origin for the text. The same may be said of the indication of change of scene by the ornamental borders that is found in the last third of the text. Evidence of shorthand reporting there is none. Surely the case for piracy is a very weak one, if not wholly untenable.

Considering all this, together with what I have shown concerning the First Quarto of *Hamlet*,⁷⁷ may one not begin to surmise that those "pirates" against whom Shakespeare is supposed to have fought so valiantly were clad in buckram?

TRACES OF AN EARLIER PLAY IN Q₁

Certain parts of the text of Q₁ are strikingly different from the rest; they are cruder, their diction is antique, their versification more mechanical, their style is rougher, less imaginative; they remind one of the works of the period just preceding Shakespeare. Some who maintain the theory of piracy have seen in all this evidence of the work of a hack poet, called in to supply gaps in the stenographer's notes; others have seen in it the work of a collaborator. The simplest and most reasonable explanation of it (an explanation satisfactory to a few modern Shakespearians) is that we have here portions of the old play upon which the Shakespearian version of Q₁ is founded.

It is commonly accepted, on the authority of Arthur Brooke, author of the poem *Romeus and Juliet*, published in 1562 and

⁷⁷ *First Quarto of Hamlet*, pp. 19-36.

1587, that an earlier play existed. Brooke in his address "To the Reader" says, "Though I saw the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation, then I can look for."⁷⁸ Whether or not the play that Brooke saw is the one upon which Q_1 may be founded is a matter of little consequence; his remark establishes the tradition of a play on Romeo and Juliet, as plainly as the references to Hamlet establish the tradition of a Hamlet play before the Shakespearian version.

The antique character of these passages in Q_1 of *Romeo and Juliet* is so apparent to all students familiar with the work of Shakespeare's predecessors, that it may look like a work of supererogation to call attention to them, and illustrate them by parallels from earlier plays.⁷⁹ It is important, however, that there be set forth plainly all facts that may help to establish the place of the version of Q_1 in the tradition of the Romeo and Juliet play.

The most noticeable passages showing antique material are found in Act II, Scene iv, and in that part of Act IV, Scene v which contains the lamentations over the supposed death of Juliet;⁸⁰ other passages are shorter and, perhaps, less noticeable.

I proceed now to illustrate the antique character of these passages by parallels from earlier plays.

I, iii, 65. Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris love? Q_1

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris love? Q_2

Sp. Trag. 1, ii, 191.

How likes Don Balthazor of this device?

II, vi, 14-16. *My Juliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes.

(Cloased in Nights mysts) attend the froliche day

So *Romeo* hath expected Juliet.

⁷⁸ Hazlitt, *Shakespeare's Library*, Part I. Vol, I, p. 72.

⁷⁹ Some traces of the antique are to be found in Q_2 ; for example, "Uneven is the course, I like it not", IV, i, 5, which sounds like a line from a Senecan play. On the Senecan character of *Romeo and Juliet*, see *Tudor Drama*, C. F. Tucker Brooke, pp. 221, 222.

⁸⁰ In this passage as given in Q_2 some antique features are found.

James IV, I, iii, 89.

As welcome is my honest Dick to me
As morning's son.

Edward II (Tucker Brooke) 863-5.

The shepherd nipt with biting winters rage
Frolicks not more to see the paynted springe
Then I doe to behold your Magestie.

Soliman and Perseda I, ii, 42-3.

And far more welcome is this change to me
Then sunny daies to naked Savages.

Looking Glass for London and England (Collins I, p. 170)

Mars when he held fair Venus on his Knee
And saw the limping Smith come from the forge
Had not more deeper sorrowes in his brow
Then Rasni hath to see this Paphlagon.

Edward I, Sc. i. 91-4.

Not Caesar leading through the streets of Rome
The captive Kings of conquered nations
Was in his princely triumphs honored more
Than English Edward in this martial sight.

III, ii, 18-22.

Ah, *Romeo, Romeo*, what disaster hap
Hath seuerd thee from thy true *Juliet*?
Ah, why should heaven so much conspire with Woe
Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,
So soone to sunder us by timeless Death?

Parallel to part of this is *Gorboduc*, IV, ii, 142-3.

What cruell destinie
What froward fate hath sorted us this chaunce?

III, iii, 89.

And what sayes
My conceal'd lady to our cancel'd love?

Q₂ has the same. Lines of this form are common in the older plays and are found also in the later drama. A few examples follow:

Jocasta III, ii, 16.

Brings quiet end to my unquiet life.

Spanish Tragedy IV, iv, 84.

The hopeless father of a hapless son.

Cornelia III, iii, 60.

This is the hope that feeds my hapless daies.

III, v, 12. Yon light is not day light, I

Know it, I.

Q₂ has the same (yond). This repetition of the personal pronoun is common in the earlier plays.

Examples: I know not, I. *Spanish Trag.* III, X, 84. *Mucedorus*, Dodsley-Hazlitt, 7 p. 210. I, talk not, I. *Wounds of Civil War*, p. 135. I tell thee, I. *Tragical Reigne of Kg. John.* p. 241. We come not, we *Dido*, 228 (Tucker Brooke). Several examples are found in *The Jew of Malta*, and in *Titus Andronicus*.

IV, iv, 33-72. This whole passage of lamentation is the most noticeable piece of antique writing in the whole play, and traces of it are found in the corresponding part of Q₂. Portions of it are illustrated by comparison with lines from older plays.

Q₁, IV, iv, 34. Accurst, unhappy, miserable time.

1. 38. Accursed time, vnfortunate olde man.

1. 48. Accurst, vnhappy, miserable man,

Forlorne, forsaken, destitute I am.

Born to the world to be a slave in it

Distrest, remediles, and vnfortunate

O heauns, O nature, wherefore did you make me

To live so vile, so wretched as I shall.

1. 56. And all our ioy and all our hope is dead

Dead, lost, vndone, absented, wholly fled.

Cap. Cruel, vniust, impartiall destinies

Why to this day have you preseru'd my life?

With these passages may be compared the following.

Oh haples hap, Oh dire and cruel fate!

Alph. of Ar., 1560.

O cruel fate! O dolefull destine!

O heavy hap! O woe can not be told!

Gismond of Salerne, V, i, 1-2.

O troubled Fate, O fatal miserie,

That vnprouoked, deals't so partiallie

Cornelia, V, 350-1.

O miserable, desolate, distressful wretch.

Cornelia, V, 338.

How have the Destinies dealt with Bajazet.

Selimus, 1843 (Temple Ed.)

IV, iv, 55. And being dead, dead sorrow nips us all.

Sp. Trag. 1, i, 12-13 (Boas)

But in the harvest of my summer joys

Death's winter nipp'd the blossoms of my bliss.

IV, iv, 63. O sad fac'd sorrow map of misery.

Expressions after the manner of "map of misery" are common in the older plays. A few illustrations will suffice.

My sorrow's map. *Sp. Trag.* III, 1091.

A map of many valours, *Selimus*, 182 (Temple Ed.)

Locrine the map of magnanimitie. *Locrine*, V. iv, 139.

IV, iv, 64-67.

Why this sad time have I desired to see?
This day, this vniust, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
To be deprivde by suddaine destinie.

With this may be compared *Locrine*, II, v. 28-31.

Iniurious fortune hast thou crost me thus?
Thus in the morning of my victories
Thus in the prime of my felicitie
To cut me off by such hard overthrowe?

V, iii, 8-9.

Sweet Tombe that in thy circuit dost containe
The perfect modell of eternitie

Expressions like the second line of this pasage are found in the older plays; compare, The perfect platforme of a troubled wight, *Locrine*, IV, i, 51. A perfect patterne of all chivalrie, *Locrine*, 1, i, 106.

This study is by no means exhaustive; but enough has been done, I believe, to call attention again to the existence in Q_1 of antique material, to suggest that it comes from an older form of the play, and to show that it is not necessary to attribute its origin to hack-writers in the service of pirates.

In addition to this antique material, there is other evidence of connection with an earlier version. It has been noticed many times that there is inconsistency in Q_1 in the statements concerning the time of the marriage of Romeo and Juliet. In general, the time scheme of Q_1 corresponds to that of Q_2 , and in this particular it so corresponds, but there are, in the text of Q_1 , some expressions that refer to the marriage taking place in the morning, and others that put it the afternoon. In II, iv, 171, corresponding to II, iv, 174-6 (Camb.) Romeo says "Bid

her get leave tomorrow morning to come to Friar *Laurence* cell",⁸¹ and she gives him the assurance (1. 181), "Well, tomorrow morning she shall not faile". In the next scene, II, v, 33-35, the Nurse says to Juliet,

Goe hye you straight to Friar Laurence Cell
And frame a scuse that you must goe to shrift.
There stays a Bridegroom to make you a bride.

This plainly means "this afternoon." In the next scene, IV, vi, 5, Romeo, speaking to the Friar, says "This morning here she pointed we should meet." This scene, as given in Q₁, is in its text very different from that in Q₂. It seems to contain material of an antique character. Many Shakespearian scholars have seen in this difference between Q₁ and Q₂ evidence that Shakespeare revised the text here.

Now this inconsistency in the statements of Q₁ concerning the time of the marriage has usually been attributed to the short-hand reporters, the hack poet, and taken as evidence of piracy. An examination of Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet* suggests another explanation. In that poem the marriage takes place in the morning, as is shown by the following passages:

To Romeus she [Nurse] goes, of him she doth desyre,
To know the meane of mariage by counsell of the fryre
On Saterdag, quod he, if Juliet come to shrift p. 102.⁸²
She shall be shrived and married.

The Saterdag betimes, in sober weede yclad
She tooke her leave and forth she went with visage grave and sad.
p. 106.

Then Romeus said to her (both loth to part so soone)
Fayre lady, send to me a gayne your nurce this afternoon
Of corde I will bespeak a ladder by that time. p. 108.
The bryde to send the nurce at twylight fayleth not
To whom the bridegroome geven hath the ladder that he got. p. 110.

In the version of the story in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, the time of the marriage is in the morning.⁸³ This is indicated

⁸¹ This would make the time of the marriage the *second* morning after the meeting of Romeo and Juliet.

⁸² References are to Hazlitt, *Shakespeare's Library*, Part I, Vol. I.

⁸³ The same time is given in Bandello and Boaistuau.

by the following passages: "Rhomeo, sorie to go from Julietta, sayd secretly unto hir, that she should send unto him after dinner the olde woman, and that he would cause to be made a corded ladder the same evening, whereby to climbe up to hir chamber window" (p.220). "Julietta did not forget in the evening about five of the clock, to send the old woman to Romeo" (221).

In the German play, *Tragaedia von Romio und Julietta*, evidently founded upon an English play on Romeo and Juliet, the morning is indicated as the time of the marriage in the following passages.

Julie. So gehe alsobald zu Romio, vnd vermelde ihm dass er sich vnfehlbar wan er sich meinen Eheman nennen wil umb 9 Uhr in dess Paters Zelt befinde, alda ich mich mit ihm will vermählen oder trauen lassen (Act III Sc iv, p. 351)⁸⁴

Romio. Sie ist, hochgeehrten Herr Pater, willens vmb 9 Vhr alhier zu erscheinen dan sie mir solches durch ihre Amma hat wissen lassen (Act III Sc. VIII, p. 360.)

From all these passages it is plainly shown that in the story which is dramatized in the play the hour of the marriage is in the morning, and from the German play it is shown that in the early play or plays on the subject the time of the marriage was morning. The inconsistency of Q_1 arises from the change of the time scheme of the earlier versions to that of Q_1 and Q_2 . In Q_1 the change from morning to afternoon has not been carried out consistently in all places where the time of the marriage is mentioned or implied. It is noticeable that one of the places in which the morning hour is mentioned (II, vi, 5) is in a portion of the play that has other marks of antiquity.

The antique pasages that are found in Q_1 , taken together with the retention in it of traces of a time scheme found in the earlier versions (Brooke, Painter, German Play), show plainly that it represents a revision of a play of earlier date. These antique passages and this inconsistency in regard to the time of the marriage are not, then, evidence of piracy; they are,

⁸⁴ Cohn, *Shakespeare in Germany*.

rather, matters of great significance, pointing plainly to the fact that Q_1 represents a form of the play standing between a more ancient form and the form found in Q_2 . This conclusion and the one arrived at concerning the position of Q_1 of *Hamlet* are mutually supporting. What I have set forth here to disprove piracy in the case of Q_1 of *Romeo and Juliet*, supports my contention, in a former work,⁸⁵ that there is no sufficient evidence of piracy in the case of Q_1 of *Hamlet*.

THE EDITING OF THE TEXT

The punctuation and spelling of the original text have been modernized, with the following exceptions: (1) The names of the characters of the play have not been changed.⁸⁶ (2) The spelling of the ending of the past tense and past participle of weak verbs has been retained.

The line-division of the text⁸⁷ has been changed, wherever it has seemed necessary to do so in order to restore the original metrical arrangement of the verse. Whenever such changes have been made, the line-division of the original text is indicated in the footnotes.

Cases of contraction, syncopation, apharesis, and elision necessary for a satisfactory metrical reading have not been indicated, except where they are indicated in the original text.

The usual stage directions are given after the style of modern editions of Shakespeare, but the stage directions of the original are retained wherever they are sufficient. All stage directions of the original are given in the footnotes.

Emendations are given in the footnotes. Notes concerning the meaning of words and other matters follow the text.

The list of *Dramatis Personae* is after the style of modern editions of the play.

The text is based upon a photostat facsimile of a copy of the play in the library of the British Museum, C-34 k 55.

⁸⁵ *First Quarto of Hamlet*, pp. 19-36.

⁸⁶ The form of abbreviation used in the assignment of speeches has been changed in Act IV, Scene IV and in two cases in the last scene of Act V; the change is indicated in the footnotes.

⁸⁷ See p. 6.

AN
EXCELLENT CONCEITED TRAGEDIE
OF
ROMEO AND JULIET



DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Prince of Verona.

PARIS, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.*

MONTAGUE }
CAPULET } *heads of two Houses at variance with each other.*

ROMEO, *son to Montague.*

MERCUTIO, *kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.*

BENVOLIO, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*

TYBALT, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*

An old man, cousin to Capulet.

FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same order.*

BALTHASAR, *servant to Romeo.*

GREGORY, *and others, servingmen to Capulet.*

Servingmen to Montague.

PETER, *servant to Juliet's nurse.*

An apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Page to Paris.

LADY MONTAGUE, *wife to Montague.*

LADY CAPULET, *wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *daughter to Capulet.*

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; Kinsfolk of both Houses; Maskers, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Verona: Mantua.*

THE PROLOGUE

Two household friends, alike in dignity,
(In fair Verona, where we lay our scene)
From civil broils broke into enmity,
Whose civil war makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes, 5
A pair of star-crossed lovers took their life:
Whose misadventures, piteous overthrows,
(Through the continuing of their fathers' strife
And death-markt passage of their parents' rage)
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage. 10
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here we want we'll study to amend.

THE MOST EXCELLENT TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Verona. A public place.*

Enter two Serving-men of the Capolets

1. Gregory, of my word, I'll carry no coals.
2. No; for if you do, you should be a collier.
1. If I be in choler, I'll draw.
2. Ever while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.
1. I strike quickly, being mov'd. 5
2. Ay, but you are not quickly mov'd to strike.
1. A dog of the house of the Mountagues moves me.
2. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand to it; therefore (of my word) if thou be mov'd, thou't run away.
1. There's not a man of them I meet, but I'll take the 10
wall of.
2. That shows thee a weakling, for the weakest goes to the wall.
1. That's true; therefore I'll thrust the men from the wall, and thrust the maids to the walls: Nay, thou 15
shalt see I am a tall piece of flesh.
2. 'Tis well thou art not fish; for if thou wert, thou wouldst be but poor John.
1. I'll play the tyrant, I'll first begin with the maids, and off with their heads. 20
2. The heads of the maids?
1. Ay, the heads of their maids, or the maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.
1. *Enter 2 Servingmen of the Capolets.*
1. This speech has no indication of assignment.
4. the the Q₁

2. Nay, let them take it in sense that feel it; but here comes two of the Montagues. 25

Enter two Serving-men of the Mountagues.

1. Nay, fear not me, I warrant thee.
 2. I fear them no more than thee; but draw.
 1. Nay, let us have the law on our side; let them begin first, I tell you what I'll do; as I go by I'll bite my thumb, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it. 30
 2. Content: go thou by and bite thy thumb, and I'll come after and frown.
 1. *Moun.* Do you bite your thumb at us?
 1. I bite my thumb.
 2. *Moun.* Ay, but i'st at us? 35
 1. I bite my thumb. (*Aside*) Is the law on our side?
 2. No.
 1. I bite my thumb.
 1. *Moun.* Ay, but i'st at us? (*Enter Benevolio*)
 2. Say 'ay'; here comes my master's kinsman. 40

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.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.
 Three civil brawls bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, 45
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets.
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the ransom of your fault:
 For this time every man depart in peace.

25. *Enter two Serving-men of the Mountagues.*
 39. *Enter Benevolio.*
 40. *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.*
 45. the Q.

Come Capulet, come you along with me, 50
 And Mountague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our farther pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town our common judgment place.
 Once more, on pain of death each man depart.

(*Exeunt*)

M. wife. Who set this ancient quarrel first abroad? 55
 Speak, nephew; were you by when it began?

Benvo. Here were the servants of your adversaries
 And yours close fighting ere I did approach.

Wife. Ah, where is Romeo? saw you him today? 60
 Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipt sun
 Peept through the golden window of the east,
 A troubled thought drew me from company:
 Where underneath the grove of sycamore,
 That westward rooteth from the city's side, 65
 So early walking might I see your son.

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, 70
 Pursued my humor, not pursuing his.

Moun. Black and portentious must this humor prove,
 Unless good counsel do the cause remove.

Ben. Why, tell me, uncle, do you know the cause?

Enter Romeo.

Moun. I neither know it nor can learn of him. 75

Ben. See where he is; but stand you both aside.
 I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

53. free Towne Q₁

54. *Exeunt.* Q₁

64. of) omitted Q₁

71- 72. humor) honor Q₁

74. *Enter Romeo.*

- Mount.* I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.
- Benvo.* Good morrow, Cousin.
- Romeo.* Is the day so young? 80
- Ben.* But new stroke nine.
- Romeo.* Ay me! sad houres seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
- Ben.* It was. What sorrow lengthens Romeo's hours?
- Rom.* Not having that, which, having, makes them short.
- Ben.* In love? 85
- Ro.* Out—
- Ben.* Of love?
- Ro.* Out of her favor where I am in love.
- Ben.* Alas, that love, so gentle in her view,
Should by so tyrannous and rough in proof! 90
- Ro.* Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without laws give pathways to our will!
Where shall we dine? God's me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate but more with love. 95
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O anything, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Misshapen chaos of best-seeming things!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health! 100
Still waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, which feel no love in this.
Do'st thou not laugh?
- Ben.* No, coz, I rather weep.
- Rom.* Good heart, at what?
- Ben.* At thy good heart's oppression.
- Ro.* Why, such is love's transgression. 105
Griefs of mine own lie heavy at my heart,
Which thou wouldst propagate, to have them prest
With more of thine: this grief that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

- Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs ; 110
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;
 Being vext, a sea raging with a lover's tears :
 What is it else? A madness most discreet,
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
 Farewell, coz.
- Ben.* Nay I'll go along 115
 And if you hinder me, you do me wrong.
- Ro.* Tut, I have lost myself ; I am not here.
 This is not Romeo ; he's some other where.
- Ben.* Tell me in sadness whom she is you love.
- Ro.* What, shall I groan and tell thee?
- Ben.* Why, no ; 120
 But sadly tell me who.
- Ro.* Bid a sick man in sadness make his will :
 Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill !
 In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
- Ben.* I aim'd so right, when as you said you lov'd, 125
- Ro.* A right good mark-man ! And she's fair I love.
- Ben.* A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
- Ro.* But in that hit you miss : she'll not be hit
 With Cupid's arrow ; she hath Diana's wit,
 And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd, 130
 'Gainst Cupid's childish bow she lives unharm'd.
 She'll not abide the siege of loving terms,
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold :
 Ah, she is rich in beauty, only poor
 That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store. 135
 (*Exeunt.*)

114-115. A.....Cose.

120-121. Why.....who.

135. *Exeu.*

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter County Paris, old Capulet

- Paris.* Of honorable reckoning are they both,
 And pity 'tis they live at odds so long.
 But leaving that, what say you to my suit?
- Capu.* What should I say more than I said before?
 My daughter is a stranger in the world; 5
 She hath not yet attain'd to fourteen years:
 Let two more summers wither in their pride
 Before she can be thought fit for a bride.
- Paris.* Younger than she are happy mothers made.
- Cap.* But too soon marr'd are these so early married. 10
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
 My word to her consent is but a part.
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love; yet you among the store, 15
 One more most welcome, makes the number more.
 At my poor house you shall behold this night
 Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,
 When well-apparell'd April on the heel 20
 Of lumping winter treads, even such delights
 Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
 And like her most whose merit most shall be:
 Such amongst view of many, mine, being one, 25
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

Enter Servingman.

Where are you, sirrah? go, trudge about

1. *Enter Countie Paris, old Capulet.*
1. *Paris*) Q₁ omits.
21. *lumping*) limping Q₂. See Daniel, *Romeo and Juliet, Revised Edition of the Second, or 1599, Quarto*. New Shakespeare Society, Series II, Plays, 4., p. 101.
26. *Enter Seruing-man.*

Through fair Verona streets, and seek them out
 Whose names are written here, and to them say,
 My house and welcome at their pleasure stay. 30

Exeunt Capulet and Paris.

Ser. Seek them out whose names are written here!
 And yet I know not who are written here; I must
 to the learned to learn of them. That's as much to
 say as the tailor must meddle with his last,
 the shoemaker with his needle, the painter with his 35
 nets, and the fisher with his pencil. I must to the
 learned.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning;
 One pain is less'ned with another's anguish;
 Turn backward, and be help with backward turning; 40
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

Romeo. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what?

Romeo. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad? 45

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
 Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
 Whipt and tormented, and—Godden, good fellow.

Ser. Godgigoden; I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. 50

Ser. Perhaps you have learned it without book, but, I
 pray, can you read anything you see?

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

Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read (*He reads the letter.*) 55
 'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
 County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the

30. *Exeunt.*

37. *Enter Benuolio and Romeo.*

55. *He reads the Letter.*

- lady widow of Vitruvio, Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces, Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline, and Livia; Signior Valentine and his cousin Tibalt, Lucio and the lively Helena'. A fair assembly: whither should they come? 60
- Ser.* Up.
- Ro.* Whither to supper? 65
- Ser.* To our house.
- Ro.* Whose house?
- Ser.* My master's.
- Ro.* Indeed, I should have askt thee that before.
- Ser.* Now I'll tell 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. Rest you merry! (*Exit.*) 70
- Ben.* At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so loves,
With all the admired beauties of Verona: 75
Go thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think they swan a crow.
- Ro.* When the devout religion of mine eye 80
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire!
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun. 85
- Ben.* Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye.
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid,
That I will show you shining at this feast, 90
And she shall scant show well that now seems best.
- Rom.* I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoyce in splendor of mine own. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III. *A room in Capulet's house.**Enter Capulet's wife and Nurse.**Wife.* Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.*Nurse.* Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,
I bade her come. What, lamb! what lady-bird!—
God forbid!—Where's this girl? What, Juliet!*Enter Juliet**Juliet.* How now! who calls? 5*Nurse.* Your mother.*Jul.* Madam, I am here. What is your will?*W.* This is the matter. Nurse give leave a while,
We must talk in secret:—Nurse, come back again:
I have rememb'rd me, thou's hear our counsel. 10
Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.*Nurse.* Faith, I can tell her age unto a hour.*Wife.* She's not fourteen.*Nurse.* I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four—
She's not fourteen. How long is it now 15
To Lammas-tide?*Wife.* A fortnight and odd days.*Nurse.* Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all christian souls!—1. *Enter Capulet's wife and Nurce.*2- 4. Nurce I
bad forbid
Wher's Juliet4. *Enter Juliet.*8- 11. W: we
must re-
membred know
est age13. Nnrce Q₁Nnrce my
teene fourteene.
How Lammas-tide?16- 48. Nurce come
Lammas and she
God is

Were of an age: well, Susan is with God; 20
 She was too good for me;—but, as I said,
 On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
 That shall she; marry, I remember it well.
 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years:
 And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it— 25
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
 Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
 My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
 Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said, 30
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
 To see it tetchy and fall out with dug!
 Shake, quoth the dove-house; twas no need, I trow,
 To bid me trudge. 35
 And since that time it is eleven year
 For them could Juliet stand high-lone; Nay,
 By the rood, she could have waddled up and down;
 For even the day before she broke her brow:
 And then my husband,—God be with his soul! 40
 He was a merry man. 'Dost thou fall forward Juliet?
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
 Wilt thou not, Juliet?' ' and, by my holidame,
 The pretty fool left crying, and said, 'Ay'.
 To see how a jest shall come about! 45

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Douc-housesince
Thatstande
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downethen
myman:
Dostwhen
thouholli-

I warrant you, if I should live a hundred year,
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not Juliet?'
And, by my troth, she stinted, and cried 'Ay'.

Juliet. And stint thou, too; I prithee, nurse, say, 'Ay'.

Nurse. Well, go thy ways: God mark thee for his grace! 50
Thou wert the prettiest babe that ever I nurst:
Might I but live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

Wife. And that same marriage, nurse,
Is the theme I meant to talk of. Tell me, Juliet,
How stand you affected to be married? 55

Juliet. It is an honor that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honor! were not I thy only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suckt wisdom from thy teat.

Wife. Well, girl, the noble County Paris seeks
Thee for his wife. 60

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he is a man of wax.

Wife. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he is a flower, in faith, a very flower.

Wife. Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris love? 65

Juliet. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I engage my eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

dam*a*
ieast*hun-*
dred*Iuliet?*
and*I*

50- 55. *Nurce* :*his*
grace*might*
I*wish*
Wife*Theame*
I*af-*
ected*married?*

57- 62. *Nurce**I*
would*Teat*
Wife*seekes*
thee*Wife.*
Nurce*all*
the*waxe*

67. But Q.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Madam, you are call'd for, supper is ready, the nurse curst in the pantry, all things in extremity; 70
make haste, for I must be gone to wait.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE IV. *A Street.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers and Torch-bearers.

Ro. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Benvolio. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hoodwinkt with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, 5
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone. 10

Rom. A torch for me: I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Believe me, Romeo, I must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead 15
So stakes we to the ground I cannot stir.

Mer. Give me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor! what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformity.

Rom. Give me a torch: let wantons light of heart 20
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's old word: 25

68. *Enter Clowne.*

1. *Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.*

If thou be'st Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stickst.
Leave this talk; we burn daylight here.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We burn our lights by night, like lamps by day. 30
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Three times a day ere once in her right wits.

Rom. So we mean well by going to this mask,
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, Romeo, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night

Mer. And so did I. 35

Rom. Why, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. Ah, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

Ben. Queen Mab? What's she?

Mer. She is the fairies' midwife, and doth come 40

In shape no bigger than an agate stone

On the fore-finger of a burgomaster,

Drawn with a team of little atomi

Athwart men's noses when they lie asleep:

Her waggon-spokes are made of spinners webs; 45

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

The traces are the moon-shine wat'ry beams:

The collars, cricket's bones; the lash of films;

Her waggoner is a small gray-coated fly,

Not half so big as is a little worm 50

Pickt from the lazy finger of a maid.

And in this sort she gallops up and down

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;

O'er courtiers' knees, who straight on cursies dream;

O'er ladies' lips, who dream on kisses straight; 55

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:

40. This is assigned to Benvolio in Q₁.

- Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawers lap,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail, 60
 Tickling a parson's nose, that lies asleep,
 And then dreams he of another benefice:
 Sometime she gallops o'er a soldier's nose,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, counter-mines, 65
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
 And swears a prayer or two, and sleeps again.
 This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backs,
 And proves them women of good carriage. 70
 This is that very Mab
 That plats the manes of horses in the night,
 And plats the elf-locks in foul sluttish hair,
 Which once untangled much misfortune breeds.
- Rom.* Peace, peace, thou talkst of nothing
- Mer.* True, I talk of dreams; 75
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
 Which is as thin a substance as the air,
 And more inconstant than the wind, which woos
 Even now the frozen bowels of the north, 80
 And, being angred, puffs away in haste,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.
- Ben.* Come, come, this wind doth blow us from ourselves;
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
- Ro.* I fear too early, for my mind misgives 85
 Some consequence is hanging in the stars,
 Which bitterly begins his fearful date
 With this night's revels, and expires the term
 Of a dispised life clos'd in this breast
 By some untimely forfeit of vile death: 90
- 71- 73. Thisnight
 81- 82. Andwinde,
 Whichnorth.

But he that hath the steerage of my course
Directs my sail. On, lusty gentlemen.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE V.—*A hall in Capulet's house.*

Enter CAPLET, with the ladies and others of his house, to the GUESTS and MASKERS. MUSICIANS and SERVING-MEN waiting.

- Capu.* Welcome, gentlemen! Welcome, gentlemen!
Ladies that have their toes unplagu'd with corns
Will have a bout with you: ah ha, my mistresses!
Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
She that makes dainty, she I'll swear hath corns; 5
Am I come near you now? Welcome, gentlemen,
welcome!
More light! you knaves, and turn these tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, sirrah, this unlookt-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet; 10
For you and I are past our standing days:
How long is it since you and I were in a mask?
Cous. By lady, sir, 'tis thirty years at least.
Cap. 'Tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the marriage of Lucentio, 15
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we maskt.
Cous. 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder far.
Cap. Will you tell me that? it cannot be so;
His son was but a ward three years ago. 20
Good youths, i'faith! Oh, youth's a jolly thing!
Rom. What lady is that, that doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?
O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night 25

1. *Enter old Capulet with the ladies.*

3. about Q₁.

23- 24. Ofbright

- Like a rich jewel in an Aethiop's ear;
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
 So shines a snow-white swan trooping with crows,
 As this fair lady over her fellows shows.
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand, 30
 And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
 Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
 I never saw true beauty till this night.
- Tib.* This, by his voice, should be a Mountague.
 Fetch me my rapier, boy. What! dares the slave 35
 Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
 To scorn and jeer at our solemnity?
 Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,
 To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.
- Ca.* Why, how now, cousin! wherefore storm you so? 40
- Ti.* Uncle, this is a Mountague, our foe;
 A villain, that is hither come in spite,
 To mock at our solemnity this night.
- Ca.* Young Romeo, is it not?
- Ti.* It is that villain Romeo.
- Ca.* Let him alone, 45
 He bears him like a portly gentleman;
 And, to speak truth, Verona brags of him,
 As of a virtuous and well-govern'd youth;
 I would not for the wealth of all this town
 Here in my house do him disparagement: 50
 Therefore be quiet, take no note of him;
 Bear a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
- Ti.* It fits when such a villain is a guest:
 I'll not indure him. 55
- Ca.* He shall be indured; go to; I say he shall:
 Am I the master of the house, or you?
 You'll not indure him! God shall mend my soul,
 You'll make a mutiny amongst my guests!
 You'll set cock a'hoop! You'll be the man! 60

Ti. Uncle, 'tis a shame.

Ca. Go to, you are a saucy knave!
This trick will scath you one day. I know what.—
Well said, my hearts!—Be quiet,—More light!—
ye knave,
Or I will make you quiet.

Tibalt. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting 65
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this, 70
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smoothe the rough touch with a 'gentle kiss.

Juli. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands which holy palmers touch, 75
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Juli. Yes, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Ro. Why, then, fair saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, yield thou, lest faith turn to despair. 80

Ju. Saints do not move, though grant, nor prayer forsake.

Ro. Then move not, till my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips by yours my sin is purg'd.

Ju. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Ro. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd! 85
Give me my sin again.

Ju. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother calls.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry batchelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and a virtuous: 90
I murst her daughter that you talkt withal;

63- 64. Wellquiet :
Morequiet.
88- 94. Nurse:the
house*murst*

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! My life is my foe's thrall.

Ca. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone: 95

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards;

They whisper in his ear.

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

Well, then, I thank you, honest gentlemen.

I promise you, but for your company,

I would have been abed an hour ago. 100

Light to my chamber, ho! (*Exeunt.*)

Jul. Nurse, what is yonder gentleman?

Nur. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nur. That, as I think, is young Petruccio. 105

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

Nur. I know not.

Jul. Go learn his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nur. His name is Romeo, and a Mountague, 110
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love is this to me,
That I should love a loathed enemy. 115

Nurse, What's that? what's that?

Jul. Nothing, nurse, but a rhyme
I learnt even now of one I danct with.

her*can*

lay*chinkes.*

Rom:*account,*

My*thrall*

93. *Capulet*) Mountague Q₁.

96. *They whisper in his care.*

101. *Exeunt.*

110-111. *Nur:**onely*
sonne*enemie.*

110. *uame* Q₁ ana Q₁.

117. *oue* Q₁.

Nurse. Come,
Your mother stays for you; I'll go along with you.
(*Exeunt.*)

ACT II

SCENE I.—*A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.*

Enter ROMEO, alone.

Ro. Shall I go forward, and my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
(*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*)

Enter BENVOLIO, MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! My cousin Romeo! doest thou hear?

Mer. He is wise; upon my life, he hath stol'n him home to
bed.

Ben. He came this way, and leapt this orchard wall. 5
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Call? Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo! madman! humors! passion! lover!
Appear thou in likeness of a sigh!
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but 'ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove'; 10
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

116-118. *Jul.*of
ouewith
Nurse:a long
with you

118. *Exeunt.*

1. *Enter Romeo alone.*

2. *Enter Benuolio Mercutio.*

3. *doest thou hear*) In Q₁ these words are given to Mercutio

4. *Mer:*wise.

Vponbed

7. liver Q₁

17-19. *Romeo*in
likenescry
butto
myher

- One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
 Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim
 When King Cophetua loved the beggar-wench!
 He hears me not. I conjure thee by 15
 Rosalind's bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lips,
 Her pretty foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
 And the demesnes that there-ajacent lie,
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.
- Ben.* If he do hear thee, thou wilt anger him. 20
- Mer.* But this cannot anger him. Marry, if one
 Should raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
 Of some strange fashion, making it there to stand
 Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
 That were some spite. My invocation 25
 Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
 I conjure only but to raise up him.
- Ben.* Well, he hath hid himself amongst those trees,
 To be consorted with the humorous night:
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark. 30
- Mer.* If love be blind, love will not hit the mark.
 Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
 As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.
 Ah, Romeo, that she were, ah, that she were 35
 An open etcetera, thou a pop'rin pear!
 Romeo, good night: I'll to my trundle-bed;

- | | | |
|---------|--------------------------------|-----------|
| | purblinde | hee |
| | that | the |
| | begger | by |
| 14. | when young King Q ₁ | |
| 17- 19. | <i>Rosalindes</i> | her |
| | prettie | the |
| | demaines | likenesse |
| | thou | vs. |
| 21- 27. | <i>Mer</i> | shuld |
| | raise | fashion |
| | making | conjurde |
| | it | faire |
| | and | but |
| | to | him |
| 30. | <i>is</i>) in Q ₁ | |

This field-bed is too cold for me.
 Come, let's away, for 'tis but vain
 To seek him here that means not to be found. 40
(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.—*Capulet's orchard.**Enter* ROMEO.

Ro. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
 But, soft! What light forth yonder window breaks?
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 That is already sick and pale with grief, 5
 That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she:
 Be not her maid since she is envious;
 Her vestal livery is but pale and green,
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
 She speaks, but she says nothing: What of that? 10
 Her eye discourseth, I will answer it.
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars in all the skies,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return. 15
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheeks would shame those stars,
 As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night. 20
 Oh, now she leans her cheek upon her hand;
 I would I were the glove to that same hand,
 That I might kiss that cheek.

Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks:
 Oh, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being over my head, 25

21. cheekes Q₁

24- 25 *Rom.*:Angell:
 Formy
 (head,

- As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white upturned wond'ring eyes
 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
 And sails upon the bosom of the air. 30
- Jul.* Ah, Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
- Rom.* (*Aside.*) Shall I hear more, or shall I speak to this? 35
- Jul.* 'Tis but thy name that is mine enemy.
 What's Mountague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part:
 What's in a name? That which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet; 40
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain the divine perfection he owes
 Without that title. Romeo, part thy name,
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all I have.
- Rom.* I take thee at thy word: 45
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
- Ju.* What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
 Dost stumble on my counsel?
- Ro.* By a name I know not how to tell thee: 50
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee;
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.
- Jul.* My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
 Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound: 55
 Art thou not Romeo and a Mountague?
- Ro.* Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.
- Ju.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
 The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
 And the place death, considering who thou art, 60

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Ro. By love's light wing I did o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me. 65

Jul. If they do find thee, they will murder thee.

Ro. Alas, there lies more peril in thine eyes
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they should find thee here. 70

Ro. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
For life were better ended by their hate
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Ju. By whose directions found'st thou out this place? 75

Ro. By love, who first did prompt me to enquire;
Ay, he gave me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore washt with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise. 80

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheeks
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliments! 85

Dost thou love me? Nay, I know thou wilt say 'Ay',
And I will take thy word. But if thou swear'st,
Thou mayest prove false; at lovers' perjuries
They say Jove smiles. Ah, gentle Romeo,
If thou love, pronounce it faithfully: 90
Or if thou think I am too easily won,
I'll frown and say thee nay and be perverse,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Mountague, I am too fond;

71. *me*) thee Q₁

88- 90.1 Thou-false:
Atsmiles.
Ahfaithfully:

- And therefore thou mayest think my 'haviour light: 95
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 Than they that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion: therefore pardon me, 100
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.
- Ro.* By yonder blessed moon I swear,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-trees' tops,—
- Jul.* O, swear not by the moon, the unconstant moon, 105
 That monthly changeth in her circled orb,
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
- Ro.* Now by—
- Jul.* Nay, do not swear at all,
 Or, if thou swear, swear by thy glorious self,
 Which art the god of my idolatry, 110
 And I'll believe thee.
- Ro.* If my true heart's love,—
- Jul.* Swear not at all; though I do joy in thee,
 I have small joy in this contract to-night:
 It is too rash, too sudden, too unadvis'd,
 Too like the lightning, that doth cease to be
 Ere one can say 'It lightens', I hear some coming: 115
 Dear love, adieu; sweet Mountague, be true.
 Stay but a little, and I'll come again. (*Exit.*
- Ro.* O, blessed, blessed night: I fear, being night,
 All this is but a dream I hear and see, 120
 Too flattering-true to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

- Jul.* Three words, good Romeo, and good night, indeed.
 If that thy bent of love be honourable,
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee, 125

Where and what time thou wilt perform that rite,
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
 And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

(*Exit.*

Ro. Love goes toward love like school-boys from their books,
 But love from love, to school with heavy looks. 130

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Romeo, Romeo!—O, for a falc'ners voice,
 To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
 Bondage is hoarse, and may not cry aloud,
 Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
 And make her airy voice as hoarse as mine, 135
 With repetition of my Romeo's name.
 Romeo!

Ro. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues in night.

Jul. Romeo!

Ro. Madam?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow 140
 Shall I send?

Ro. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will

Not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.—Romeo!—
 I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stay here till you remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stay here, 145
 Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll stay still, to have thee still forget,
 Forgetting any other home but this.

Ju. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:
 But yet no further than a wanton's bird, 150
 Who lets it hop a little from her hand,

140-141. *Jul.*: send?

Ro.:nine.

Jul.:then.

Romeobacke

Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
 And with a silk thread pulls it back again,
 Too loving-jealous of his liberty.

Ro. Would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I: 155

Yet I should 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.

(*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace on thy breast!
 I would that I were sleep and peace, so sweet to
 rest! 160

Now will I to my ghostly father's cell,
 His help to crave, and my good hap to tell.

(*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Friar Lawrence's Cell*

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE with a basket.

Friar. The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
 And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
 From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.
 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye, 5
 The world to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
 We must up-fill this osier cage of ours
 With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
 Oh, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities: 10
 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 fair use,
 Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse:
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied, 15
 And vice sometimes by action dignified.

160. so) of Q₁

1. *Enter Friar Francis,*

6. darke Q₁

Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power :
 For this being smelt to, with that part cheers each part,
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart. 20
 Two such opposed foes incamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will ;
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow to my ghostly confessor. 25

Fri. Benedicite!

What early tongue so soon saluteth me?
 Young son, it argues a distempered head
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye, 30
 And where care lodgeth, sleep can never lie ;
 But where unbruisd youth with unstuffd brains
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep remains :
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
 Thou art unprou's'd by some distemperature ; 35
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our Romeo hath not been abed to-night.

Ro. The last was true ; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fr. God pardon sin ! wert thou with Rosaline ?

Ro. With Rosaline ? My ghostly father, no ; 40

I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son : but where hast thou been then ?

Ro. I tell thee ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
 Where on the sudden one hath wounded me, 45
 That's by me wounded : both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lies.
 I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,

19. ech hart Q₁

26- 27. *Fri*saluteth
 (me?)

29. thy) my Q₁

36. righ Q₁.

- My intercession likewise steads my foe.
- Frier.* Be plain, my son, and homely in thy drift; 50
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
- Rom.* Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers likewise on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine 55
By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vows,
I'll tell thee as I pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
- Fri.* Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here! 60
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsook? lo, young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline! 65
How much salt water cast away in waste,
To season love, that of love doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
The old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
And, lo, upon thy cheek the stain doth sit 70
Of an old tear, that is not washt off yet:
If ever thou wert thus, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then:
Women may fall when there's no strength in men. 75
- Rom.* Thou child'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
- Fr.* For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
- Rom.* Thou bad'st me bury love.
- Fr.* Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
- Rom.* I prithee, chide not: she whom I love now 80
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.
- Fr.* Oh, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come, go with me.
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be; 85
 For this alliance may so happy prove
 To turn your households' rancour to pure love.
 (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV—*A street.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO.

- Mer.* Why, what's become of Romeo? Came he not home tonight?
- Ben.* Not to his father's, I spake with his man.
- Mer.* Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline Torments him so, that he will sure run mad. 5
- Ben.* Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capolet, Hath sent a letter to his father's house.
- Mer.* Some challenge, on my life,
- Ben.* Romeo will answer it.
- Mer.* Ay: any man that can write may answer a letter. 10
- Ben.* Nay, he will answer the letter's master if he be challenged
- Mer.* Who? Romeo? Why, he is already dead; stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt? 15
- Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt?
- Mer.* More than the prince of cats, I can tell you. Oh, he is the courageous captain of compliments. 20
 Catso, he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion: rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very

87. *Exeunt.*

1. *Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.*

6. *Ben.*) *Mer.* Q₁

8. This line is assigned to the preceding speech in Q₁

butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause; ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay! 25

Ben. The what?

Me. The pox of such lispings, antic, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, grandsire, is not this a miserable case, that we should be still afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardon-me's, that stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? Oh, their bones, their bones! 30 35

Ben. Here comes Romeo.

Enter ROMEO.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh; how art thou fishified, sirrah! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in; Laura to his lady was but a kitchen drudge; yet she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Hero and Helen, hildings and harlotries; Thisbe, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! there is a French courtesy to your French slop. Ye gave us the counterfeit fairly yester-night. 40 45

Rom. What counterfeit, I pray you?

Me. The slip, the slip; can you not conceive? 50

Rom. I cry you mercy; my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. Oh, that's as much to say as such a case as yours will constrain a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. A most courteous exposition. 55

Me. Why, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower?

Mer. Right.

Rom. Then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Well said: follow me now that jest, till thou hast
worn out thy pump, that, when the single sole of
it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing,
solely singular. 60

Rom. O single-sol'd jest, solely singular for the single-
ness. 65

Me. Come between us, good Benvolio, for my wits
fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a
match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, 70
I have done; for I am sure thou hast more of the
goose in one of thy wits than I have in all my five:
Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wert never with me for anything when thou
wert not with me for the goose. 75

Me. I'll bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

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

Rom. And was it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. Oh, here is a wit of cheveril that stretcheth from 80
an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretcht it out for the word broad, which,
added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a
broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning 85
for love? Why, now thou art sociable; now art
thou thyself; now art thou what thou art as well
by art as nature. This drivelling love is like a great
natural, that runs up and down to hide his bauble
in a hole. 90

Ben. Stop there!

Me. Why, thou wouldst have me stop my tale against

the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst have made thy tale too long.

Mer. Tut, man, thou art deceived; I meant to make it 95
short, for I was come to the whole depth of my
tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no
longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter NURSE and Peter.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail! 100

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nur. Peter, prithee give me my fan.

Mer. Prithee do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her
fan is the fairer of the two.

Nur. Godye goodmorrow, gentlemen. 105

Mer. Godye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it godye gooden, I pray you?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I assure you; for the bawdy hand of
the dial is even now upon the prick of noon.

Nur. Fie, what a man is this! 110

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that God hath made for
himself to mar.

Nur. By my troth, well said; 'for himself to mar',
quoth he? I pray can any of you tell me where
one may find young Romeo? 115

Rom. I can; but young Romeo will be elder when you
have found him than he was when you sought
him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault
of a worse.

Nur. Well said. 120

Mer. Yea; is the worst well? Mass, well noted;
wisely, wisely.

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

Ben. O, belike she means to invite him to supper. 125

99. *Enter Nurse and her man.*

Mer. So ho! a bawd, a bawd, a bawd!

Rom. Why, what hast thou found, man?

Mer. No hare, sir, unless it be a hare in a lenten pie,
that is somewhat stale and hoar ere it be eaten.

He walks by them, and sings.

And an old hare hoar, 130
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that's hoar
Is too much for a score,
If it hoar ere it be spent. 135

You'll come to your father's to supper?

Rom. I will.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, sweet lady.

(Exeunt Benvolio, Mercutio.)

Nur. Marry, farewell! Pray, what fancy merchant was
this, that was so full of his ropery? 140

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself
talk, and will speak more in an hour than he will
stand to in a month.

Nur. If he stand to anything against me, I'll take him
down, if he were lustier than he is; if I cannot 145
take him down, I'll find them that shall. I am
none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-
mates. *(She turns to Peter.)* And thou like a
knave must stand by, and see every Jack use me at
his pleasure. 150

Pet. I see nobody use you at his pleasure; if I had I
would soon have drawn: you know my tool is as
soon out as another's if I see time and place.

Nur. Now, afore God, he hath so vexed me, that every

129. *He walks by them, and sings.*

130-131. One line Q₁.

133-134. One line Q₁.

138. *Exeunt Benvolio, Mercutio.*

140. roperipe Q₁.

148. *She turns to Peter her man.*

- member about me quivers. Scurvy Jack! 155
 But, as I said, my lady bade me seek ye out, and
 what she bade me tell ye, that I'll keep to my-
 self: but if you should lead her into a fool's
 paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of
 behaviour, as they say, for the gentlewoman is 160
 young. Now, if you should deal doubly with her,
 it were very weak dealing, and not to be offered to
 any gentlewoman.
- Rom.* Nurse, commend me to my lady; tell her I
 protest — 165
- Nur.* Good heart, i'faith, I'll tell her so: oh, she will be
 a joyful woman.
- Rom.* Why, what wilt thou tell her?
- Nur.* That you do protest; which (as I take it) is a
 gentlemanlike proffer. 170
- Rom.* Bid her get leave to-morrow morning
 To come to shrift to Friar Laurence' cell.
 And stay thou, nurse, behind the abbey wall;
 My man shall come to thee, and bring along
 The cords made like a tackled stair; 175
 Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
 Must be my conduct in the secret night.
 Hold, take that for thy pains.
- Nur.* No, not a penny, truly.
- Rom.* I say you shall not choose. 180
- Nur.* Well, to-morrow morning she shall not fail.
- Rom.* Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pain.
 (*Exit.*)
- Nur.* Peter, take my fan, and go before.
 (*Exeunt.*)

182. *Exit.*183. *Ex. omnes.*

SCENE V.—*Capulet's orchard.**Enter* JULIET.

Jul. The clock stroke nine when I did send my nurse;
 In half an hour she promis't to return.
 Perhaps she cannot find him: that's not so.
 Oh, she is lazy! love's heralds should be thoughts,
 And run more swift than hasty powder fir'd 5
 Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.

Enter NURSE.

Oh, now she comes. Tell me, gentle nurse.
 What says my love?
Nur. Oh, I am weary, let me rest awhile.
 Lord, how my bones ache! Oh, where's my man? 10
 Give me some aqua vitae.
Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.
Nur. Fie, what a jaunt have I had! and my back
 A' 'tother side! Lord, Lord, what a case am I in!
Jul. But tell me, sweet nurse; what says Romeo? 15
Nur. Romeo! nay, alas! you cannot choose a man.
 He's nobody; he is not the flower of courtesy; he is
 not a proper man; and for a hand, and a foot, and
 a body! well, go thy way wench; thou hast it,
 i'faith, Lord, Lord, how my head beats! 20
Jul. What of all this? Tell me; what says he to our marriage?
Nur. Marry, he says, like an honest gentleman, and a
 kind, and, I warrant, a virtuous—Where's your
 mother?

1. *Enter Juliet.*6. *Enter Nurse.*

9- 11. *Nur*how
 Myaqua
 vitae
 13- 14. *Nur*to-
 therin.
 19. baudié Q₁

- Jul.* Lord, Lord, how oddly thou repliest! 'He says like a kind gentleman, and an honest, and a virtuous, Where's your mother?' 25
- Nur.* Marry, come up! cannot you stay awhile? is this the poltice for mine aching bones? Next arrant you'll have done, even do't yourself. 30
- Jul.* Nay, stay, sweet nurse, I do intreat thee now. What says my love, my lord, my Romeo?
- Nur.* Go, hie you straight to Friar Laurence' cell, And frame a 'scuse that you must go to shrift. There stays a bridegroom to make you a bride. 35 Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks. I must provide a ladder made of cords, With which your lord must climb a bird's nest soon; I must take pains to further your delight, But you must bear the burden soon at night. 40 Doth this news please you now?
- Jul.* How doth her latter words revive my heart! Thanks, gentle nurse; dispatch thy business; And I'll not fail to meet my Romeo.
- (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI.—*Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter ROMEO, FRIAR.

- Rom.* Now, Father Laurence, in thy holy grant Consists the good of me and Juliet
- Fr.* Without more words, I will do all I may To make you happy, if in me it lie.
- Rom.* This morning here she pointed we should meet 5 And consummate those never parting bands, Witness of our hearts' love by joining hands; And come she will.
- Fr.* I guess she will, indeed. Youth's love is quick, swifter than swiftest speed.

44. *Exeunt.*

1. *Enter* Romeo, Friar.

Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.

See where she comes! 10

So light of foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower;
Of love and joy, see, see the sovereign power!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My Juliet, welcome. As do waking eyes
(Closed in night's mists) attend the frolic day, 15
So Romeo hath expected Juliet;
And thou art come.

Jul. I am (if I be day)
Come to my sun: shine forth, and make me fair.

Rom. All beauteous fairness dwelleth in thine eyes.

Jul. Romeo, from thine all brightness doth arise. 20

Fr. Come, wantons, come; the stealing hours do pass;
Defer embracements to some fitter time.
Part for a while: you shall not be alone,
Till holy church have joined ye both in one.

Rom. Lead, holy Father; all delay seems long. 25

Jul. Make haste, make haste; this ling'ring doth us wrong.

Fr. O, soft and fair makes sweetest work, thy say;
Haste is a common hind'rer in cross way.

(Exeunt omnes.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A public place.*

Enter BENVOLIO, MERCUTIO, and men.

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

Mer. Thou art like one of those that when he comes in-
to the confines of a tavern claps me his rapier on
the board, and says 'God send me no need of thee!' 5
and by the operation of the next cup of wine he

9. *Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.*

28. *Exeunt omnes.*

1. *Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.*

draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a one?

Mer. Go to, thou art as hot a Jack, being mov'd, and as soon mov'd to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd. 10

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should have none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hadst hazel eyes? What eye but such an eye would have pickt out such a quarrel? with another for coughing, because he wak'd thy dog that lay asleep in the sun? with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? and with another for tying his new shoes with old ribands? and yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling! 15 20

Ben. By my head, here comes a Capolet.

Enter TYBALT and others.

Mer. By my heel, I care not. 25

Tyb. Gentlemen, a word with one of you.

Mer. But one word with one of us? you had best couple it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. I am apt enough to that, if I have occasion.

Mer. Could you not take occasion? 30

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consorts with Romeo.

Mer. Consort! 'Zwounds, consort! The slave will make fiddlers of us. If you do, sirrah, look for nothing but discord, for here's my fiddle-stick.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you: here comes my man. 35

Mer. But I'll be hanged if he wear your livery;
Marry, go before into the field,

24. *Enter Tybalt.*

34. *Enter Romeo.*

36- 39. *Mer.*.....Mary

And he may be your follower ;
 So in that sense your worship may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford 40
 No better words than these,—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the love I bear to thee doth excuse
 The appeartaining rage to such a word :
 Villain am I none ; therefore I well perceive
 Thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Base boy, 45
 This cannot serve thy turn ; and therefore draw.

Ro. I do protest I never injured thee,
 But love thee better than thou canst devise
 Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.

Mer. O dishonorable, vile submission ! 50
 Alla stoccato carries it away.
 You rat-catcher, come back, come back !

Tyb. What wouldest with me ?

Mer. Nothing, king of cats, but borrow one of your nine 55
 lives ; therefore, come ; draw your rapier out of
 your scabbard, lest mine be about your ears ere
 you be aware.

Rom. Stay Tibalt ! hold Mercutio ! Benvolio, beat down
 their weapons !

Tibalt, under Romeo's arm, thrusts Mercutio ; in and flies.

Mer. Is he gone ? hath he nothing ? A pox on your 60
 houses !

Rom. What, art thou hurt, man ? the wound is not deep.

goin
 thatman
 42- 45. *Rom*the
 appertainingther-
 forenot
 45- 52. *Tyb* :therefore
 drawe.
Ro :bet-
 terof
 my love.
Mer :carries
 itbacke

59. *Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thrusts Mercutio, in and flies.*

Mer. No, not so deep as a well, not so wide as a barn-door; but it will serve, I warrant. What meant you to come between us? I was hurt under your arm. 65

Rom. I did all for the best.

Mer. A pox of your houses! I am fairly drest. Sirrah; go, fetch me a surgeon.

Boy. I go, my lord.

Mer. I am pepper'd for this world; I am sped i'faith; 70
he hath made worms-meat of me. And ye ask for me to-morrow, you shall find me a grave man. A pox of your houses! I shall be fairly mounted upon four men's shoulders for your house of the Mountagues and the Capolets; and then some 75
peasantly rogue, some sexton, some base slave shall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the Prince's laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause. Where's the surgeon? 80

Boy. He's come, sir.

Mer. Now he'll keep a-mumbling in my guts on the other side. Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand. A pox of your houses!

(Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.)

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally, 85
My very friend, hath ta'en this mortal wound
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tibalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman: Ah, Juliet,
Thy beauty makes me thus effeminate, 90
And in my temper softens valor's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. Ah, Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely scorn'd the lowly earth.

84. *Exeunt.*

91. *Enter Benvolio.*

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend; 95
This but begins what other days must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tibalt back again.

Rom. Alive in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now! 100
Now Tibalt, take the 'villain' back again
Which late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above the clouds,
And stays for thine to bear him company:
Or thou, or I, or both, shall follow him. 105

(They fight: Tybalt falls.)

Ben. Romeo, away! thou seest that Tibalt's slain.
The citizens approach; away, begone!
Thou wilt be taken.

Rom. Ah, I am fortune's slave!
(Exit.)

Enter Citizens etc.

Watch. Where's he that slew Mercutio, Tybalt, that
villain?

Ben. There is that Tybalt.

Watch. Up, sirrah, go with us. 110

*Enter PRINCE, attended: MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their
wives, and others.*

Pri. Where be the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. Ah, noble prince, I can discover all

96. *Enter Tibalt.*

105. *Fight, Tibalt falles.*

108. *Exeunt.*

108. *Enter Citizens.*

110. *Enter Prince, Capolets wife.*

110. In the text of Q₁ this is given to Benvolio, but the catch-word of the preceding page is *Watch: Vp*

- The most unlucky manage of this brawl:
 Here lies the man, slain by young Romeo.
 That slew thy kinsman brave Mercutio. 115
- Mo.* Tibalt, Tybalt! O my brother's child!
 Unhappy sight! Ah, the blood is split
 Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
 For blood of ours, shed blood of Mountagew.
- Pri.* Speak, Benvolio; who began this fray? 120
- Ben.* Tibalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
 Romeo, who spake him fair, bid him bethink
 How nice the quarrel was.
 But Tibalt still persisting in his wrong,
 The stout Mercutio drew to calm the storm; 125
 Which Romeo seeing, call'd, 'Stay, gentlemen!'
 And on me cri'd, who drew to part their strife,
 And with his agile arm, young Romeo,
 As fast as tongue cri'd peace, sought peace to make.
 While they were interchanging thrusts and blows, 130
 Under young Romeo's laboring arm to part,
 The furious Tybalt cast an envious thrust,
 That rid the life of stout Mercutio.
 With that he fled; but presently return'd
 And with his rapier braved Romeo, 135
 That had but newly entertain'd revenge:
 And ere I could draw forth my rapier
 To part their fury, down did Tybalt fall,
 And this way Romeo fled.
- Mo.* He is a Mountagew, and speaks partial: 140
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life,
 I do intreat, sweet Prince, thou'lt justice give:
 Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo may not live.
- Prin.* And for that offence 145
 Immediately we do exile him hence:
 I have an interest in your hate's proceeding;

116. *M: Q.* In line 140 it is *Mo.*; an abbreviation of *Mother*, intended to indicate Capulet's wife.

My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding ;
 But I'll amerce you with so large a fine,
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine : 150
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;
 Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase for abuses :
 Pity shall dwell and govern with us still ;
 Mercy to all but murd'ers, pardoning none that kill.
 (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*Capulet's orchard.**Enter JULIET.*

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 To Phoebus' mansion ; such a waggoner
 As Phaeton would quickly bring you thither,
 And send in cloudy night immediately.

*Enter NURSE, wringing her hands, with the
 ladder of cords in her lap.*

But how now, nurse ! O Lord ! why lookst thou sad ? 5
 What hast thou there ? the cords ?

Nur. Ay, ay, the cords. Alack, we are undone !
 We are undone, lady ! we are undone !

Jul. What devil art thou that torments me thus ?

Nurs. Alack the day ! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead. 10

Jul. This tortue should be roar'd in dismal hell
 Can heavens be so envious ?

Nur. Romeo can,
 If heavens cannot.

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—
 God save the sample !—on his manly breast : 15

154. *Exeunt omnes.*

1. *Enter Juliet.*

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

12- 13. *Nur*cannot.

- A bloody corse, a piteous bloody corse,
As pale as ashes: I swooned at the sight.
- Jul.* Ah, Romeo, Romeo, what disaster hap
Hath sever'd thee from thy true Juliet?
Ah, why should heaven so much conspire with woe, 20
Or fate envy our happy marriage,
So soon to sunder us by timeless death?
- Nur.* O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O honest Tybalt, courteous gentleman!
- Jul.* What storm is this that blows so contrary? 25
Is Tybalt dead, and Romeo murdered?
My dear lov'd cousin, and my dearest lord?
Then let the trumpet sound a general doom!
These two being dead, then living is there none.
- Nur.* Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished, 30
Romeo, that murd' red him, is banished.
- Jul.* Ah heavens! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
- Nur.* It did, it did; alack the day, it did!
- Jul.* O serpent's hate, hid with a flow'ring face!
O painted sepulchre, including filth! 35
Was never book containing so foul matter
So fairly bound! Ah, what meant Romeo?
- Nur.* There is no truth, no faith, no honesty in men;
All false, all faithless, perjur'd, all forsworn.
Shame come to Romeo! 40
- Jul.* A blister on that tongue! he was not born to shame;
Upon his face shame is asham'd to sit.
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.
All this is comfort; but there yet remains 45
Worse than his death; which fain I would forget,
But ah, it presseth to my memory:
Romeo is banished. Ah, that word 'banished'
Is worse than death. 'Romeo is banished'
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Juliet, 50
All kill'd, all slain, all dead, all banished.
Where are my father and my mother, nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them?

Jul. Ay, ay; when theirs are spent,
Mine shall be shed for Romeo's banishment. 55

Nur. Lady, your Romeo will be here to-night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. Do so; and bear this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III. *Friar Lawrence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Fr. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at our hands 5
Which yet we know not?

Fr. Too familiar
Is my young son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fr. A gentler judgment vanisht from his lips, 10
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banished? be merciful, say 'death';
For exile hath more terror in his looks
Than death itself: do not say banishment.

Fr. Hence from Verona art thou banished; 15
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona's walls,

59. *Exeunt.*

1. *Enter* Frier

3. *Enter* Romeo.

- But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
 Hence banished, is banisht from the world;
 The world exil'd is death; calling death banishment, 20
 Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
 And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
- Fr.* Oh, monstrous sin! O rude unthankfulness!
 Thy fault our law calls death, but the mild prince
 (Taking thy part) hath rush'd aside the law, 25
 And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
 This is mere mercy, and thou seest it not.
- Rom.* 'Tis torture and not mercy: heaven is here,
 Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
 And little mouse, every unworthy thing, 30
 Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
 But Romeo may not: more validity,
 More honourable state, more courtship lives
 In carrion flies than Romeo; they may seize
 On the white wonder of fair Juliet's skin, 35
 And steal immortal kisses from her lips;
 But Romeo may not; he is banished:
 Flies may do this, but I from this must fly.
 Oh father, hadst thou no strong poison mixt,
 No sharp ground knife, no present mean of death, 40
 Though ne'er so mean, but 'banishment',
 To torture me withal? Ah, 'banished'!
 O Friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 Howling attends it: how hadst thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor, 45
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,
 To mangle me with that word 'banishment'?
- Fr.* Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.
- Rom.* O, thou wilt talk again of banishment.
- Fr.* I'll give thee armour to bear off this word; 50
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou be banished.
- Rom.* Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,

Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom, 55
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

Fr. O, now I see that mad-men have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fr. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel; 60

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,

An hour but married, Tybalt murd' red,

Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear
thy hair.

And fall upon the ground, as I do now, 65

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

(Nurse knocks.)

Fr. Romeo, arise, stand up, thou wilt be taken!

I hear one knock; arise, and get thee gone!

Nu. *(Within)* Ho, Friar!

Fr. God's will, what wilfulness is this!

(Nurse knocks again.)

Nur. *(Within)* Ho, Friar; open the door!

Fr. By and by! I come! 70

Who is there?

Nur. *(Within)* One from Lady Juliet.

Fr. Then come near.

Enter NURSE.

Nur. Oh holy friar, tell me, oh holy friar,

Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fr. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nur. O, he is even in my mistress' case, 75

Just in her case. Oh woful sympathy!

Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,

Weeping and blubb'ring, blubb'ring and weeping.

Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man:

66. *Nurse knocks.*

69. *Shee knocks againe.*

71. No entrance for Nurce in Q₁

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand; 80
Why should you fall into so deep an O.

(Romeo rises.)

Romeo. Nurse!

Nur. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her? 85
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of her joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nur. Oh, she saith nothing, but weeps and pules; 90
And now falls on her bed, now on the ground,
And 'Tybalt' cries; and then on Romeo calls.

Rom. As if that name, shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand 95
Murder'd her kinsman. Ah, tell me, holy friar,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lie? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

He offers to stab himself, and Nurse snatches the dagger away.

Nur. Ah!

Fr. Hold, stay thy hand! art thou a man? thy form 100
Cries out thou art, but wild acts denote
The unreasonable furies of a beast:
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order, 105
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? will thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee?
Rouse up thy spirits! thy lady Juliet lives,
For whose sweet sake thou wert but lately dead; 110
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slewest Tybalt; there thou art happy too:

81. *He rises.*

98. *He offers to stab himself, and Nurse snatches the dagger away.*

- A pack of blessings lights upon thy back ;
 Happiness courts thee in his best array ;
 But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench, 115
 Thou frown'st upon the fate that smiles on thee :
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed ;
 Ascend her chamber window ; hence and comfort her :
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set, 120
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua.
 Nurse, provide all things in a readiness ;
 Comfort thy mistress ; haste the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
- Nur.* Good Lord, what a thing learning is ! I could 125
 Have staid here all this night to hear good counsel.
 Well, sir, I'll tell my lady that you will come.
- Rom.* Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
 Farewell, good nurse.

Nurse offers to go in, and turns again.

- Nur.* Here is a ring, sir, that she bade me give you. 130
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !
 (*Exit Nurse.*)
- Fr.* Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man,
 An he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap that doth befall thee here.
 Farewell. 135
- Rom.* But that a joy past joy cries out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee.
 (*Exeunt.*)

- 125-127. *Nur*is
 Inight
 ToSir,
 Ilecome.
128. childe Q₁
 129. *Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe.*
 131. *Exit Nurse.*

SCENE IV.—*A room in Capulet's house.*

Enter old CAPOLET and his WIFE, with County Paris.

- Cap.* Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move my daughter.
Look ye, sir, she lov'd her kinsman dearly
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
Wife, where's your daughter? is she in her chamber? 5
I think she means not to come down to-night.
- Par.* These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, farwell: commend me to your daughter.
Paris offers to go in, and Capolet calls him again.
- Cap.* Sir Paris, I'll make a desperate tender
Of my child: I think she will be rul'd 10
In all respects by me. But soft, what day is this?
- Par.* Monday, my lord.
- Cap.* Oh, then Wednesday is too soon;
On Thursday let it be you shall be married.
We'll make no great ado; a friend or two, or so;
For, look ye, sir, Tybalt being slain so lately, 15
It will be thought we held him carelessly,
If we should revel much; therefore we will have
Some half a dozen friends, and make no more ado.
But what say you to Thursday?
- Par.* My lord, I wish that Thursday were to-morrow. 20
- Cap.* Wife, go you to your daughter ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her with the County Paris' love.
Farewell, my Lord, till Thursday next.
Wife, get you to your daughter. Light to my chamber!
Afore me, it is so very, very late, 25
That we may call it early by and by.

(Exeunt.)

1. *Enter olde Capolet and his wife, with County Paris.*
8. *Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet calles him againe.*
- 9- 11. *Cap.*child.
Imee
Butthis?
26. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Capulet's orchard.*

Enter ROMEO and JULIET *at the window.*

- Jul.* Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierct the fearful hollow of thine ear;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale. 5
- Rom.* It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 And not the nightingale: see love, what envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoes on the misty mountain tops: 10
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
- Jul.* Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be this night to thee a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua: 15
 Then stay awhile; thou shalt not go so soon.
- Rom.* Let me stay here; let me be ta'en, and die;
 If thou wilt have it so, I am content.
 I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
 It is the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; 20
 I'll say it is the nightingale, that beats
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads,
 And not the lark, the messenger of morn:
 Come death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
 What says my love? let's talk: 'tis not yet day. 25
- Jul.* It is, it is; be gone, fly hence away!
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
 Some say the lark makes sweet division;
 This doth not so, for this divideth us: 30

1. *Enter* Romeo and Juliet *at the window.*

16. so) Q₁ omits.

Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
 I would that now they had chang'd voices too,
 Since arm from arm her voice doth us affray,
 Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day;
 So now be gone; more light and light it grows. 35

Rom. More light and light: more dark and dark our woes!
 Farewell, my love! one kiss, and I'll descend.

(He goeth down.)

Jul. Art thou gone so? My lord, my love, my friend!
 I must hear from thee every day in the hour;
 For in an hour there are many minutes: 40
 Minutes are days, so I will number them:
 Oh, by this count I shall be much in years
 Ere I see thee again.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
 That may convey my greetings, love, to thee. 45

Jul. Oh, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. No doubt, no doubt; and all this woe shall serve
 For sweet discourses in the time to come.

Jul. Oh God! I have an ill-divining soul.
 Methinks I see thee, now thou art below, 50
 Like one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
 Either mine eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you.
 Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu. (*Exit.*)

Enter Nurse hastily.

Nur. Madam, beware, take heed! the day is broke; 55
 Your mother's coming to your chamber; make all
 sure!

She goeth down from the window.

37. *He goeth down.*

54. *Exit.*

54. *Enter Nurse hastily.*

56. *She goeth downe from the Window.*

SCENE VI.—*Juliet's bedroom, Juliet in bed.**Enter* Mother, Nurse.*Moth.* Where are you, daughter?*Nur.* What, lady, lamb, what, Juliet!*Jul.* How now? who calls?*Nur.* It is your mother.*Moth.* Why, how now, Juliet!*Jul.* Madam, I am not well.*Moth.* What, evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
I think thou'lt wash him from his grave with tears. 5*Jul.* I cannot choose, having so great a loss.*Moth.* I cannot blame thee; but it grieves thee more
That villain lives.*Jul.* What villain, madam?*Mother.* That villain Romeo.*Jul.* Villain and he are many miles asunder.*Moth.* Content thee, girl; if I could find a man, 10
I soon would send to Mantua, where he is,
That should bestow on him so sure a draught,
As he should soon bear Tybalt company.*Jul.* Find you the means, and I'll find such a man;
For whilst he lives my heart shall ne'er be light 15
Till I behold him—dead—is my poor heart,
Thus for a kinsman vext.*Moth.* Well, let that pass.
I come to bring thee joyful news.*Jul.* And joy comes well in such a needful time.*Moth.* Well then, thou hast a careful father, girl; 201. *Enter* Iuliets Mother, Nurse.7- 8. *Moth*thee
Butlives

16. The punctuation of Qq. and Ff. gives the meaning that Juliet intended to give her mother; that in our text (from the Globe Edition) brings out the ambiguity of her speech.

(newes?
18. *Moth*joyfull

And one who, pitying thy needful state,
Hath found thee out a happy day of joy.

Jul. What day is that, I pray you?

Moth. Marry, my child,

The gallant, young, and youthful gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church, 25
Early next Thursday morning must provide
To make thee there a glad and joyful bride.

Jul. Now by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not there make me a joyful bride. 30
Are these the news you had to tell me of?
Marry, here are news indeed! Madam,
I will not marry yet; and when I do,
It shall be rather Romeo, whom I hate,
Than County Paris, that I cannot love.

Enter old CAPOLET.

Moth. Here comes your father; you may tell him so. 35

Capo. Why, how now, evermore show'ring? In one
little body
Thou resemblst a sea, a bark, a storm:
For this thy body, which I term a bark,
Still floating in thy ever-falling tears,
And tost with sighs arising from thy heart, 40
Will without succour shipwreck presently.
But hear you, wife; what, have you sounded her?
What says she to it?

Moth. I have, but she will none, she thanks ye.
Would God that she were married to her grave! 45

Capo. What! will she not? doth she not thank us?
Doth she not wax proud?

- 31- 33. Marrieyet.
Andhate.
34. *Enter olde Capolet.*
36- 37. *Capo*showring?
Instorme:
42- 43. Butit?
46- 47. *Capo*:doth
sheproud

- Jul.* Not proud ye have, but thankful that ye have;
 Proud can I never be of that I hate;
 But thankful even for hate that is meant love. 50
- Capo.* 'Proud', and 'I thank you', and 'I thank you not';
 And yet 'not proud'. What's here, chop-logic!
 Proud me no prouds, nor thank me no thanks,
 But fettle your fine joints, on Thursday next
 To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church, 55
 Or I will drag you on a hurdle thither.
 Out, you green-sickness baggage! out, you tallow face!
- Ju.* Good father, hear me speak. (*She kneels down.*)
- Cap.* I tell thee what, either resolve on Thursday next
 To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church, 60
 Or henceforth never look me in the face.
 Speak not, reply not; for my fingers itch.
 Why, wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest
 That God had sent us but this only child;
 But now I see this one is one too much, 65
 And that we have a cross in having her.
- Nur.* Marry, God in heaven bless her, my lord;
 You are to blame to rate her so.
- Cap.* And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
 Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go. 70
- Nur.* Why, my lord; I speak no treason.
- Cap.* Oh, God-de-god-den.
 Utter your gravity over a gossip's bowl.
 For here we need it not.
- Mo.* My lord, ye are too hot.
- Cap.* God's blessed mother! wife, it mads me:
 Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad, 75
 Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
 Still my care hath been to see her matcht:
 And having now found out a gentleman
 Of princely parentage, youthful, and nobly train'd,
 Stuft, as they say, with honorable parts, 80

58. *She kneels downe.*71. goddegodden Q₁

- Proportioned as one's heart could wish a man;
 And then to have a wretched whining fool,
 A puling mammet, in her fortune's tender
 To say 'I cannot love! I am too young;
 I pray you pardon me.' 85
- But, if you cannot wed, I'll pardon you:
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
 Look to it, think on't, I do not use to jest.
 I tell ye what, Thursday is near;
 Lay hand on heart, advise, bethink yourself: 90
 If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
 If not, hang, drown, starve, beg, die in the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll never more acknowledge thee,
 Nor what I have shall ever do thee good:
 Think on't, look to't; I do not use to jest (*Exit.* 95
- Jul.* Is there no pity hanging in the clouds,
 That looks into the bottom of my woes?
 I do beseech you, madam, cast me not away!
 Defer this marriage for a day or two;
 Or, if you cannot, make my marriage bed 100
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.
- Moth.* Nay, be assured, I will not speak a word:
 Do what thou wilt, for I have done with thee (*Exit.*
- Jul.* Ah, nurse, what comfort, what counsel canst thou
 give me?
- Nur.* Now trust me, madam, I know not what to say: 105
 Your Romeo is banisht; all the world to nothing,
 He never dares return to challenge you:
 Now I think good you marry with this county.
 Oh, he is a gallant gentleman, Romeo is but a dishclout
 In respect of him. I promise you, 110
 I think you happy in this second match.
 As for your husband, he is dead, or 'twere
- 84- 85. Tomee?
 92- 93. Ifbeg
 DyeSoule
 Ilethee.
 95. *Exit.*
 103. *Exit.*

As good he were, for your have no use of him.

Jul. Speak'st thou this from thy heart?

Nur. Ay, and from my soul; or else beshrew them both. 115

Jul. Amen!

Nur. What say you, madam?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much.

I pray thee, go thy ways unto my mother,
Tell her I am gone, having displeas'd my father, 120
To Friar Laurence' cell, to confess me
And to be absolv'd.

Nur. I will, and this is wisely done. (*Exit.*

Jul. (*Looking after nurse.*) Ancient damnation! O
most cursed fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn, 125
Or to dispraise him with the selfsame tongue
That thou hast prais'd him with beyond compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy: 130
If all fail else, I have the power to die.

(*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Friar Lawrence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR and PARIS.

Fr. On Thursday, say ye? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capolet will have it so;
And I am nothing slack to slow his haste.

Fr. You say you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course; I like it not. 5

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,

112-113. Asdead:
Orhim.

124. *She looks after Nurse.*

131. *Exit.*

1. *Enter Fryer and Paris.*

And therefore have I little talkt of love ;
 For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
 Now, sir, her father thinks it dangerous
 That she doth give her sorrow so much sway, 10
 And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
 To stop the inundation of her tears,
 Which, too much minded by herself alone,
 May be put from her by society :
 Now do ye know the reason of this haste. 15
Fr. (*Aside*) I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady to my cell.
Par. Welcome, my love, my lady, and my wife!
Ju. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next. 20
Ju. What must be shall be.
Fr. That's a certain text.
Par. What, come ye to confession to this friar?
Ju. To tell you that were to confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.
Ju. I will confess to you that I love him. 25
Par. So I am sure you will that you love me.
Ju. And if I do, it will be of more price,
 Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Ju. The tears have got small victory by that, 30
 For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par. Thou wrong'st it more than tears by that report.
Ju. 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 hast sland' red it. 35
Ju. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
 Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
 Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

16. *Enter Paris.*

- Fr.* My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now
My lord, we must entreat the time alone. 40
- Par.* God shield I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, farewell, and keep this holy kiss. (*Exit.*)
- Ju.* Go, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, that am past cure, past help.
- Fr.* Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief; 45
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to the County.
- Jul.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of it,
Unless thou tell me how we may prevent it.
Give me some sudden counsel; else behold, 50
Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Speak not, be brief; for I desire to die, 55
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
- Fr.* Stay, Juliet: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris, 60
Thou hast the strength or will to slay thyself,
'Tis not unlike that thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death itself to fly from blame;
And if thou dost, I'll give thee remedy. 65
- Jul.* Oh, bid me leap (rather than marry Paris)
From off the battlements of yonder tower,
Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and savage lions are;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house, 70
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or lay me in tomb with one new dead;
Things that to hear them nam'd have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,

- To keep myself a faithful unstain'd wife 75
 To my dear lord, my dearest Romeo.
- Fr.* Hold, Juliet; hie thee home; get thee to bed;
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
 And when thou art alone, take thou this vial,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off: 80
 When presently through all thy veins shall run
 A dull and heavy slumber, which shall seize
 Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
 No sign of breath shall testify thou liv'st; 85
 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours.
 And when thou art laid in thy kindred's vault,
 I'll send in haste to Mantua to thy lord,
 And he shall come and take thee from thy grave. 90
- Jul.* Friar, I go:
 Be sure thou send for my dear Romeo.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*Hall in Capulet's house.*

Enter Old Capolet, his Wife, Nurse, and Servingman.

- Capo.* Where are you, sirrah?
Ser. Here, forsooth.
Capo. Go, provide me twenty cunning cooks.
Ser. I warrant you, sir; let me alone for that; I'll
 know them by licking their fingers. 5
Capo. How canst thou know them so?
Ser. Ah, sir; tis an ill cook cannot lick his own fingers.
Capo. Well, get you gone. (*Exit Servingman*) But
 where's this headstrong?

- 91-92. *Jul**Romeo*
 92. *Exeunt*
 1. *Enter olde Capolet, his wife, Nurse, and Servingman:*
 8. *Capo**gone*
 But*Head-strong?*
Exit Servingman.

Moth. She's gone (my lord) to Friar Laurence's cell 10
To be confest.

Capo. Ah, he may hap to do some good of her :
A headstrong self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Moth. See, here she cometh from confession.

Capo. How now, my headstrong! where have you been 15
gadding?

Jul. Where I have learned to repent the sin
Of forward, wilful opposition
'Gainst you and your behests, and am enjoind
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And crave remission of so foul a fact. (*She* 20
kneels down.)

Moth. Why, that's well said.

Capo. Now, before God, this holy reverent friar
All our whole city is much bound unto.
Go, tell the county presently of this ;
For I will have this knot knit up to-morrow. 25

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me to my closet,
To sort such things as shall be requisite
Against to-morrow?

Moth. I prithee do, good nurse, go in with her ;
Help her to sort tires, rebatos, chains, 30
And I will come unto you presently.

Nur. Come, sweetheart, shall we go?

Jul. I prithee, let us.
(*Exeunt Nurse and Juliet.*)

Moth. Methinks on Thursday would be time enough.

Capo. I say I will have this dispatht to-morrow.
Go one, and certify the count thereof. 35

Moth. I pray, my lord, let it be Thursday.

Capo. I say to-morrow, while she's in the mood.

13. *Enter Juliet.*

20. *She kneels downe.*

32. *Exeunt Nurse and Juliet.*

Moth. We shall be short in our provision.

Capo. Let me alone for that; go, get you in.

Now, before God, my heart is passing light,
To see her thus conformed to our will.

40

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.—*Juliet's chamber.*

Enter NURSE, JULIET.

Nur. Come, come; what, need you anything else?

Jul. Nothing, good nurse; but leave me to myself;
For I do mean to lie alone to-night.

Nur. Well, there's a clean smock under your pillow,
And so, goodnight.

(*Exit.*)

5

Enter MOTHER.

Moth. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam, I desire to lie alone,
For I have many things to think upon.

Moth. Well then, goodnight; be stirring, Juliet,
The county will be early here to-morrow. (*Exit.*)

10

Jul. Farewell; God knows when we shall meet again.
Ah, I do take a fearful thing in hand.

What if this potion should not work at all?

Must I of force be married to the county?

This shall forbid it. Knife, lie thou there.

15

What if the friar should give me this drink

To poison me, for fear I should disclose

Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much;

He is a holy and religious man:

I will not entertain so bad a thought.

20

What if I should be stifled in the tomb?

41. *Exeunt.*

1. *Enter Nurse, Juliet.*

5. *Exit*

5. *Enter Mother.*

10. *Exit*

Awake an hour before the appointed time?
 Ah, then I fear I shall be lunatic.
 And, playing with my dead forefathers' bones
 Dash out my frantic brains. Methinks I see 25
 My cousin Tybalt, welt'ring in his blood,
 Seeking for Romeo: stay, Tybalt, stay!
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
 (*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.*)

SCENE IV. *Hall in Capulet's house.*

Enter NURSE with herbs, MOTHER.

Moth. That's well said, Nurse, set all in readiness;
 The county will be here immediately.

Enter OLD CAPULET.

Cap. Make haste, make haste! for it is almost day;
 The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis four o'clock.
 Look to your bakt meats, good Angelica. 5

Nur. Go, get you to bed, you cot-quean; i'faith,
 You will be sick anon.

Cap. I warrant thee, nurse; I have ere now
 Watcht all night, and have taken no harm at all.

Moth. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time. 10
 (*Exit.*)

Enter Servingman with logs and coals.

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood! How now, sirrah?

28. *She falls upon her bed within the Curtains.*

1. *Enter Nurse with hearbs, Mother.*

2. *Enter Oldeman.*

6- 9. *Nur.*you
 willanone
Cap.all
 nightall.

10. *Enter Servingman with Logs & Coales.*

What have you there?

Ser. Forsooth, logs.

Cap. Go, go, choose dryer; Will will tell thee
Where thou shalt fetch them.

Ser. Nay, I warrant; let me alone 15
I have a head, I trow, to choose a log. (*Exit.*

Cap. Well, go thy way; thou shall be logger-head.
Come, come, make haste, call up your daughter;
The County will be here with music straight.

(*Music within.*

God's me; he's come! nurse, call up my daughter. 20
(*Exit.*

Nur. Go, get you gone.

What, lamb! what, lady-bird! Fast, I warrant.
What, Juliet!

Well, let the county take you in your bed:
Ye sleep for a week now, but the next night
The County Paris hath set up his rest 25

That you shall rest but little. What, lamb, I say!
Fast still? What, lady-love! what, bride! what,
Juliet!

God's me, how sound she sleeps! Nay, then, I see
I must wake you indeed. What's here!

Laid on your bed! drest in your clothes! and down! 30
Ah me, alack the day! Some aqua vitae, ho!

- 14- 16. *Cap.*where
thouthem
Ser.to
chooselog.
16. *Exit.*
20- 31. *Nur.*Lady
birde?take
younext
nightrest
butLoue
whatNay
thenon
yourthe
dayhoe

Enter MOTHER.

Mother How, now? What's the matter?

Nur. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

Moth. Accurst, unhappy, miserable time.

Enter OLD CAPULET.

Cap. Come, come, make haste; where's my daughter? 35

Moth. Ah, she's dead, she's dead!

Cap. Stay, let me see. All pale and wan!
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Enter FRIAR and PARIS.

Paris. What, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return. 40

O son, the night before thy wedding day
Death hath lain with thy bride; flower as she is,
Deflower'd by him, see where she lies.
Death is my son-in-law; to him I give
All that I have. 45

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it now present such prodigies?

Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,
Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am;
Born to the world to be a slave in it, 50
Distrest, remediless, and unfortunate.

O heavens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To live so vile, so wretched as I shall?

Cap. O, here she lies, that was our hope, our joy,
And, being dead, dead sorrow nips us all. 55

(All at once cry out and wring their hands.)

31. *Enter Mother.*

34. *Enter Oldeman.*

39. *Enter Fryer and Paris*

44- 45. Deathhave

55. *All at once cry out and wring their hands.*

All cry. And all our joy, and all our hope is dead!
Dead, lost, undone, absented, wholly fled!

Cap. Cruel, unjust, impartial destinies,
Why to this day have you preserv'd my life?
To see my hope, my stay, my joy, my life, 60
Depriv'd of sense, of life, of all by death.
Cruel, unjust, impartial destinies!

Par. O sad-fac'd sorrow, map of misery!
Why this sad time have I desir'd to see?
This day, this unjust, this impartial day, 65
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
To be depriv'd by sudden destiny.

Moth. O woe, alack! distrest, why should I live
To see this day, this miserable day?
Alack the time that ever I was born, 70
To be partaker of this destiny!
Alack the day! alack, and well-a-day!

Fr. O, peace, for shame, if not for charity!
Your daughter lives in peace and happiness,
And it is vain to wish it otherwise. 75
Come, stick your rosemary in this dead corse,
And, as the custom of our country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,
Convey her where her ancestors lie tomb'd.

Cap. Let it be so; come, woful sorrow-mates, 80
Let us together taste this bitter fate.

*(Exit all but nurse, casting Rosemary on
her and shutting the curtains.)*

Enter MUSICIANS.

Nur. Put up, put up; this is a woful case. *(Exit.)*

First M. Ay, by my troth, mistress, is it; it had need
be mended.

63. *Par)* *Cap.* Q₁

81. *They all but the Nurse goe forth, casting Rosmary on her and
shutting the Curtens.*

81. *Enter Musitions.*

82. *Exit.*

83. *First M.)* I. Q₁

Enter SERVINGMAN.

Ser. Alack, alack! what shall I do. Come, fiddlers, 85
play me some merry dump.

First M. Ah, sir; this is no time to play.

Ser. You will not, then?

First M. No, marry, will me.

Ser. Then will I give it you, and soundly too. 90

First M. What will you give us?

Ser. The fiddler; I'll re you, I'll fa you, I'll sol you.

First M. If you re us and fa us, we will note you.

Ser. I will put up my iron dagger, and beat you with
my wooden wit. Come on, Simon Sound-pot; 95
I'll pose you.

First M. Let's hear.

Ser. When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound— 100
Why silver sound? why silver sound?

First M. I think because music hath a sweet sound.

Ser. Pretty; what say you, Matthew Minikin?

Sec. M. I think because musicians sound for silver.

Ser. Pretty too; come, what say you? 105

Thr. M. I say nothing.

Ser. I think so; I'll speak for you because you are the
singer; I say silver sound, because such fellows
as you have seldom gold for sounding. Farewell,
fiddlers, farewell. (*Exit.* 110

First M. Farewell, and be hang'd. Come, let's go.
(*Exeunt.*

84. *Enter Servingman.*

87-89-91-93-97. *First M.*) I. Q₁

102, 111. *First M.*) 1. Q₁

104 *Sec. M.*) 2. Q₁

106. *Thr. M.*) 3. Q₁

110. *Exit.*

111. *Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Mantua. A street.**Enter* ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
 My dream presag'd some good event to come:
 My bosom lord sits cheerful on his throne,
 And I am comforted with pleasing dreams.
 Methought I was this night already dead, 5
 (Strange dreams, that give a dead man leave to think!)
 And that my lady Juliet came to me.
 And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
 That I reviv'd and was an emperor.

Enter BALTHASAR, *his man, booted.*

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar! 10
 How doth my lady? Is my father well?
 How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
 If she be well, then nothing can be ill.
Balt. Then nothing can be ill, for she is well:
 Her body sleeps in Capel's monument, 15
 And her immortal parts with angels dwell.
 Pardon me, sir, that am the messenger
 Of such bad tidings.
Rom. Is it even so? then I defy my stars!
 Go, get me ink and paper, hire post-horse; 20
 I will not stay in Mantua to-night.
Balt. Pardon me, sir; I will not leave you thus;
 Your looks are dangerous and full of fear:
 I dare not, nor I will not leave you yet.
Rom. Do as I bid thee; get me ink and paper, 25

1. *Enter* Romeo.9. *Enter* Balthasar *his man booted.*

17- 18. Pardontidings.

And hire those horse; stay not, I say.

(Exit Balthasar.)

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

Let's see for means.—As I do remember,

Here dwells a pothecary, whom oft I noted

As I past by, whose needy shop is stuf 30

With beggarly accounts of empty boxes;

And in that same an aligarta hangs.

Old ends of packthread and cakes of roses

Are thinly strewed, to make up a show.

Him as I noted, thus with myself I thought: 35

And if a man should need a poison now,

(Whose present sale is death in Mantua)

Here he might buy it. This thought of mine did but

Forerun my need, and hereabout he dwells.

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. 40

What ho, apothecary, come forth, I say!

Enter APOTHECARY.

Apo. Who calls? what would you, sir?

Rom. Here's twenty ducats.

Give me a dram of some such speeding gear

As will dispatch the weary taker's life

As suddenly as powder, being fir'd 45

From forth a cannon's mouth.

Apo. Such drugs I have, I must of force confess,

But yet the law is death to those that sell them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of poverty,

And dost thou fear to violate the law? 50

The law is not thy friend, nor thou law's friend;

And therefore make no conscience of the law.

Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,

And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

26. *Exit Balthasar.*

38- 39. Heremine

Diddwels,

41. *Enter Apothecarie.*

51. *thou) the Q.*

- Apo.* My poverty but not my will consents. 55
Rom. I pay thy poverty 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 lives of twenty men.
Rom. Hold, take this gold, worse poison to men's souls 60
 Than this which thou hast given me, go, hie thee
 hence;
 Go, buy thee clothes, and get thee into flesh.
 Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
 To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.
 (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*Friar Lawrence's cell.**Enter* FRIAR JOHN.*John.* What, Friar Laurence! brother, ho!*Enter* FRIAR LAWRENCE.

- Laur.* This same should be the voice of Friar John.
 What news from Mantua? what, will Romeo come?
John. Going to seek a bare-foot brother out, 5
 One of our order, to associate me,
 Here in this city, visiting the sick,
 Whereas the infectious pestilence remain'd,
 And, being by the searchers of the town
 Found and examin'd, we were both shut up.
Laur. Who bare my letters, then, to Romeo? 10
John. I have them still, and here they are.
Laur. Now, by my holy order,
 The letters were not nice, but of great weight.
 Go, get thee hence; and get me presently
 A spade and mattock. 15
John. Well, I will presently go fetch thee them. (*Exit.*)

57- 59. *Apo*:thing
 youmen64. *Exeunt.*1. *Enter* Friar John.16. *Exit.*

Laur. Now must I to the monument alone,
 Lest that the lady should, before I come,
 Be wak'd from sleep. I will hie
 To free her from that tomb of misery. (*Exit.* 20

SCENE III.—*A churchyard: in it the Capulets' Monument.*

Enter COUNTY PARIS *and his Page, with flowers and
 sweet water.*

Par. Put out the torch, and lie thee all along
 Under this yew-tree,
 Keeping thine ear close to the hollow ground;
 And if thou hear one tread within this churchyard,
 Straight give me notice. 5

Boy. I will, my lord. (*Paris strews the tomb with flowers.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed;
 Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
 The perfect model of eternity.
 Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain, 10
 Accept this latest favor at my hands,
 That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
 With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb.

Boy. (*Whistles and calls.*) My lord!

Enter ROMEO *and BALTHASAR, with a torch and
 a mattock, and a crow of iron.*

Par. The boy gives warning, something doth approach. 15
 What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
 To stay my obsequies and true love's rites?

20. *Exit.*

1. *Enter* Countie Paris *and his Page with flowers and sweete
 water.*

2- 3. Vnderground

5. Staight Q₁

6. *Paris strewes the Tomb with flowers.*

14. *Boy whistles and calls.*

1. *Enter* Romeo *and Balthasar, with a torch, a mattocke, and a
 crow of yron.*

16. *way) was* Q₁

- Par.* I do defy thy conjurations,
And do attach thee as a felon here.
- Rom.* What, dost thou tempt me? then have at thee, boy!
(*They fight.*)
- Boy.* O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. (*Exit.*)
- Par.* Ah, I am slain! If thou be merciful, 55
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.
- Rom.* I'faith, I will. Let me peruse this face:
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not regard him as we past along? 60
Did he not say Paris should have married Juliet?
Either he said so, or I dream'd it so.
But I will satisfy thy last request,
For thou hast priz'd thy love above thy life.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd. 65
(*Laying Paris in the Monument.*)
How oft have many at the hour of death
Been blithe and pleasant! which their keepers call
A lightning before death. But how may I
Call this a lightning? Ah, dear Juliet,
How well thy beauty doth become this grave! 70
O, I believe that unsubstantial death
Is amorous, and doth court my love;
Therefore will I, O here, O ever here!
Set up my everlasting rest with worms,
That are thy chambermaids. 75
Come, desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary barge.
Here's to my love! O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are swift. Thus with a kiss I die.
(*Falls*)

53. *They fight*

57. Row Q₁ m inverted

61- 62. Didmarried
Juliet-so

74- 75. Setrest
Withchambermaids

79. *Falls*

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE with a Lantern etc.

Fr. How oft to-night have these my aged feet
Stumbled at graves as I did pass along.
Who's there? 80

Man. A friend, and one that knows you well.

Fr. Who is it that consorts so late the dead?
What light is yon? If I be not deceived,
Methinks it burns in Capel's monument. 85

Man. It doth so, holy sir; and there is one
That loves you dearly.

Fr. Who is it?

Man. Romeo.

Fr. How long hath he been there?

Man. Full half an hour and more.

Fr. Go with me thither.

Man. I dare not, sir; he knows not I am here: 90
On pain of death he charg'd me to be gone,
And not for to disturb him in his enterprise.

Fr. Then must I go; my mind presageth ill.

(He stoops and looks on the blood and weapons.

What blood is this that stains the entrance
Of this marble stony monument? 95

What means these masterless and gory weapons?
Ah me, I doubt: who's here? what, Romeo, dead?
Who?—and Paris too? what unlucky hour
Is accessory to so foul a sin? (*Juliet rises.*
The lady stirs.

Jul. Ah, comfortable friar! 100
I do remember well where I should be,
And what we talkt of, but yet I cannot see

80. *Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.*

80. *Fr.*) omitted Q₁

82. *Man.*) So all except Q₄ Q₅, which have *Balt.* Cf. *Cambr.*

93. *Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.*

99. *Juliet rises.*

100. *Jul.*) Q₁ omits, but has *Jul.* as catchword at bottom of the preceding page.

Him for whose sake I undertook this hazard.

(Noise within.)

Fr. Lady, come forth, I hear some noise at hand :

We shall be taken ; Paris, he is slain ; 105

And Romeo dead ; and if we here be ta'en,

We shall be thought to be as accessary.

I will provide for you in some close nunnery.

Jul. Ah, leave me, leave me,—I will not go from hence.

Fr. I hear some noise ; I dare not stay : come, come. 110

(Exit.)

Jul. Go, get thee gone.

What's here ? a cup clos'd in my lover's hands ?

Ah churl ! drink all, and leave no drop for me ?

Enter WATCH.

Watch. This way, this way !

Jul. Ay, noise ? then must I be resolute. 115

O happy dagger ! thou shalt end my fear ;

Rest in my bosom ; thus I come to thee.

(Stabs herself and falls.)

Enter CAPTAIN of the watch with his men.

Cap. Come, look about ; what weapons have we here ?

See friends, where Juliet two days buried,

New bleeding, wounded—Search and see who's
near,

120

Attach and bring them to us presently.

Enter one with the FRIAR.

First Watch. Captain, here's a friar with tools about him,

Fit to ope a tomb.

Cap. A great suspicion ! keep him safe.

113. *Enter watch.*

117. *She stabs herself and falls.*

117. *Enter watch.*

121. *Enter one with the Fryer.*

Enter one with ROMEO's Man.

First Watch. Here's Romeo's man.

Capt. Keep him to be examin'd. 125

Enter PRINCE with others.

Prin. What early mischief calls us up so soon?

Capt. O noble prince, see here,
Where Juliet that hath lien intomb'd two days,
Warm and fresh-bleeding; Romeo and County Paris
Likewise newly slain. 130

Prin. Search, seek about, to find the murderers.

Enter OLD CAPOLET and his WIFE.

Capo. What rumor's this that is so early up?

Moth. The people in the streets cry Romeo,
And some on Juliet, as if they alone
Had been the cause of such a mutiny. 135

Capo. See, wife, this dagger hath mistook;
For (lo) the back is empty of young Mountague,
And it is sheathed in our daughter's breast.

Enter OLD MONTAGUE

Prin. Come, Mountague, for thou art early up.
To see thy son and heir more early down. 140

Mount. Dread sovereign, my wife is dead to-night,
And young Benvolio is deceased too:
What further mischief can there yet be found?

Prin. First come and see, then speak.

Mount. O thou untaught! what manners is in this, 145
To press before thy father to a grave?

122-125. *First Watch*) I. Q₁

124. *Enter one with Romets man.*

125. *Enter Prince with others.*

131. *Enter olde Capolet and his Wife.*

138. *Enter olde Montague.*

- Prin.* Come, seal your mouths of outrage for a while,
 And let us seek to find the authors out
 Of such a heinous and seld-seen mischance.
 Bring forth the parties in suspicion. 150
- Fr.* I am the greatest, able to do^d least:
 Most worthy prince, hear me but speak the truth,
 And I'll inform you how these things fell out.
 Juliet here slain was married to that Romeo
 Without her father's or her mother's grant; 155
 The nurse was privy to the marriage.
 The baleful day of this unhappy marriage
 Was Tybalt's dooms-day, for which Romeo
 Was banished from hence to Mantua.
 He gone, her father sought by foul constraint 160
 To marry her to Paris: but her soul
 (Loathing a second contract) did refuse
 To give consent; and therefore did she urge me
 Either to find a means she might avoid
 What so her father sought to force her to, 165
 Or else all desperately she threat'ned
 Even in my presence to dispatch herself.
 Then did I give her (tutor'd by mine art)
 A potion that should make her seem as dead,
 And told her that I would with all post speed 170
 Send hence to Mantua for her Romeo,
 That he might come and take her from the tomb.
 But he that had my letters (Friar John)
 Seeking a brother to associate him
 Whereas the sick infection remain'd, 175
 Was stayed by the searchers of the town;
 But Romeo, understanding by his man
 That Juliet was deceas'd, return'd in post
 Unto Verona for to see his love.
 What after happened touching Paris' death 180
 Or Romeo's is to me unknown at all;
 But when I came to take the lady hence,
 I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep;

- Whom fain I would have taken from the tomb,
Which she refused, seeing Romeo dead. 185
Anon I heard the watch, and then I fled.
What after happened I am ignorant of.
And if in this aught have miscarried
By me or by my means, let my old life
Be sacrificed some hour before his time. 190
To the most strickest rigor of the law.
- Prin.* We still have known thee for a holy man.
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?
- Balth.* I brought my master word that she was dead,
And then he posted straight from Mantua 195
Unto this tomb. These letters he delivered me,
Charging me early give them to his father.
- Prin.* Let's see the letters; I will read them over.
Where is the county's boy, that call'd the watch?
- Boy.* I brought my master unto Juliet's grave, 200
But one approaching, straight I call'd my master:
At last they fought; I ran to call the watch.
And this all that I can say or know.
- Prin.* These letters do make good the friar's words.
Come Capolet, and come old Mountagewe; 205
Where are these enemies? See what hate hath done.
- Cap.* Come, brother Mountague, give me thy hand:
There is my daughter's dowry; for now no more
Can I bestow on her; that's all I have.
- Moun.* But I will give them more; I will erect 210
Her statue of pure gold,
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no statue of such price be set,
As that of Romeo's loved Juliet.
- Cap.* As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie, 215
'Poor sacrifices to our enmity.
- Prin.* A gloomy peace this day doth with it bring.

190. sacrificed Q₁191. strickest Q₁

Come, let us hence, to have more talk of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned and some punished:
For ne'er was heard a story of more woe, 220
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

(Exeunt.)

Finis.

218. Come,hence,
Tothings.

NOTES

The following notes are concerned chiefly with the meaning of words not found in Q_2 . Some of them show that the words and forms considered are not misprints in Q_1 .

I, I, 72. *portentious*] a variant form of *portentous*; see *Oxf. Dict.*

I, I, 81. *stroke*] Variant form of *struck*.

I, III, 37. *high-lone*] Quite alone, without support. *Oxf. Dict.* gives examples of its use from Marston (1602), Middleton (1602), and Washington (1760).

I, IV, 18. *a visor for a visor*] This means "a mask for an ugly face." For the meaning of the second *visor*, see *Oxf. Dict.* s. v. 4. "This lowtish clowne is such that you never saw so ill favour'd a visor." Sidney, *Arcadia*, I, III, 21. Cf. "But he's like one that over a sweet face Puts a deformed vizard." *How a Man May Choose a Good Wife from a Bad*. Hazlitt-Dodsley, 9, p. 46.

I, IV, 43. *Atomī*] Plural of *atom*; see *Oxf. Dict.* s. v. *atom*.

I, IV, 54. *cursies*] This is the reading of all Quartos and Folios; the word is a variant form of *courtesies*.

I, IV, 58. *lawers*] Obsolete form of *lawyers*. See *Oxf. Dict.*

I, V 62 *scath*] This is the reading of Qq Ff a variant of *scathe*.

I, V, 81. *forsake*] deny, refuse, reject. Cf. *Oxf. Dict.*, s. v.

II, II, 1. I have indicated a change of scene here, as in most modern editions, but it is doubtful if any change was made on the Elizabethan stage. See White's discussion, *Works of William Shakespeare*. Vol. X, pp. 158-9. Cf. *Cambridge Edition* (2d), Vol. 6, p. 640.

II, II, 141. *Romeo*] This word, which is omitted in Q_2 and in the standard text of today, gives a plain meaning to the next line, "I have forgot why I did call thee back." Without the exclamation, *Romeo!* the meaning is obscure. The reading of Q_1 should be adopted by modern editors.

II, IV, 21 *Catso*] An exclamation of asseveration. See *Oxf. Dict.* s. v., where Florio is quoted as giving such equivalents as "What!" "God's me!" An example is, "Catso! let us drink." Motteux, *Rabelais* v, 8.

III, II, 4 (st. dir.) *lap*] The fold of a garment used as a receptacle. *Oxf. Dict.* s. v. 4, quotes "Having made a hollow lap within the plait and fold of his side gowne" Holland, *Livy* (1600) XXI, XVIII, 403.

III, II, 15 *God save the sample*] The same as "God save the mark." See *Oxf. Dict.* s. v. *mark*, 18.

III, VI, 1. Concerning the change of scene here see pp. 19-20.

IV, II, 12 *to do some good of her*] For the use of the word *of* in the meaning of *on* or *to*, see *Oxf. Dict.* s. v. 55, 58.

IV, II, 23. *reverent*] Has the same meaning as *reverend*. According to *Oxf. Dict.* this use of *reverent* was very common in the 16th and 17th centuries.

IV, IV, 21. I have indicated no change of scene here, corresponding to Scene V of modern editions. For a discussion of the matter, see p 20.

IV, IV, 58. *impartial*] partial. For this use of the word, see *Oxf. Dict. s. v.* 3. Cf. the use of *unravel* for *ravel*.

V, III, 137. *back*] *Oxf. Dict.* gives definitions of the word (III, 8) "piece of armour, part of garment" Cf. "Hee's Steele to the backe you see, for he writes Challenges." *Patient Grisill*, Cv (Farmer's Fac.)



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