

## APPENDIX I

### The Queen Mab speech in Qi

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

*Ben:* Queene Mab whats she?

She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come  
In shape no bigger than an Aggat stone  
On the forefinger of a Burgomaster,  
Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,  
A thwart mens noses when they lie a sleepe.  
Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,  
The couer, of the wings of Grashoppers,  
The traces are the Moone-shine watrie beames,  
The collers crickets bones, the lash of filmes,  
Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie,  
Not halfe so big as is a little worme,  
Pickt from the lasie finger of a maide,  
And in this sort she gallops vp and downe  
Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue:  
O're Courtiers knees: who strait on cursies dreame  
O're Ladies lips, who dreame on kisses strait:  
Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,  
Because their breathes with sweetmeats tainted are:  
Sometimes she gallops ore a Lawers lap,  
And then dreames he of smelling out a sute,  
And sometime comes she with a tithe pigs taile,  
Tickling a Parsons nose that lies a sleepe,  
And then dreames he of another benefice:  
Sometime she gallops ore a souldiers nose,  
And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,  
Of breaches ambuscados, countermines,  
Of healthes fue fadome deepe, and then anon  
Drums in his eare: at which he startes and wakes,  
And swears a Praier or two and sleepes againe.  
This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,  
And proues them women of good cariage. (the night,

This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horses in  
And plats the Elfelocks in foule sluttish haire,  
Which once vntangled much misfortune breedes.

*Rom:* Peace, peace, thou talkst of nothing.

## APPENDIX II

Extracts from Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562

THE TRAGICALL HISTORIE OF  
ROMEUS AND JULIET

written first in Italian by Bandell, and nowe in  
Englishe by Ar. Br.

*In aedibus Richardi Tottelli. Cum Privilegio*

[1562]

## TO THE READER

*The God of all glorye created universallie all creatures, to settle forth his prayse, both those whiche we esteme profitable in use and pleasure, and also those, whiche we accompte noysome, and lothsome. But principally he hath appointed man, the chieftest instrument of his honour, not onely, for ministryng matter thereof in man himselve: but aswell in gatheryng out of other, the occasions of publishing Gods goodnes, wisdom, & power. And in like sort, everye dooyng of man hath by Goddes dyspensacion some thyng, whereby God may, and ought to be honored. So the good doynge of the good, & the evil actes of the wicked, the happy successe of the blessed, and the wofull procedinges of the miserable, doe in divers sorte sound one prayse of God. And as eche flower yeldeth hony to the bee: so every example ministryng good lessons, to the well disposed mynde. The glorious triumphe of the continent man upon the lustes of wanton fleshe, encourageth men to honest restraynt of wyld affections, the shamefull and wretched endes of such, as have yelded their libertie thrall to fowle desires, teache men to witholde them selves from the hedlong fall of loose dishonestie. So, to lyke effect, by sundry meanes, the good mans example byddeth men to be good, and the evill mans mischeffe, warneth men not to be evyll. To this good ende, serve all ill endes, of yll begynnynge. And to this ende (good Reader) is this tragicall matter written, to describe unto thee a coople of unfortunate lovers, thralling themselves to dishonest desire, neglecting the authoritie and advise of parents and frendes, conferring their principall counsels with dronken gossypes, and*

*superstitious friers (the naturally fitte instruments of unchastitie) attemptyng all adventures of peryll, for thattaynyng of their wished lust, usyng auricular confession (the kay of whoredome, and treason) for furtheraunce of their purpose, abusyng the honorable name of lawefull mariage, the cloke the shame of stolne contractes, finallye, by all meanes of unhoneſt lyfe, hastyng to most unhappye deathe. This president (good Reader) ſhalbe to thee, as the ſlaves of Lacedemon, oppreſſed with exceſſe of drinke, deformed and altered from likenes of men, both in mynde, and uſe of body, were to the free borne children, ſo ſhewed to them by their parentes, to thintent to rayſe in them an hatefull lothyng of ſo filthy beaſtlynnes. Hereunto if you applye it, ye ſhall deliver my dooing from offence, and profit your ſelves. Though I ſaw the ſame argument lately ſet foorth on ſtage with more commendation, then I can looke for: (being there much better ſet forth then I have or can dooe) yet the ſame matter penned as it is, may ſerve to lyke good effect, if the readers do brynge with them lyke myndes, to conſider it. which hath the more encouraged me to publiſhe it, ſuche as it is.*

*Ar. Br.*

THE ARGUMENT

*Love hath inflamed twayne by ſodayn ſight.  
And both do graunt the thing that both deſyre.  
They wed in ſhrift by counſell of a frier.  
Yong Romeus clymes fayre Juliets bower by night.  
Three monthes he doth enjoy his cheefe delight.  
By Tybalts rage, provoked unto yre,  
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.  
A baniſht man he ſcapeth by ſecret flight.  
New mariage is offered to his wyfe:  
She drinckes a drinke that ſeemes to reve her breath.  
They bury her, that ſleeping yet hath lyfe.  
Her husband heares the tydings of her death.  
He drinckes his bane. And ſhe with Romeus knyfe,  
When ſhe awakes, her ſelfe (alas) ſhe ſleath.*

ROMEUS AND JULIET

There is beyonde the Alps, a towne of auncient fame  
Whose bright renoune yet ſhineth cleare, Verona men it name,  
Bylt in an happy time, bylt on a fertile ſoyle,  
Mayntained by the heavenly fates, and by the townish toyle.  
The fruitfull hilles above, the pleaſant vales belowe,  
The ſilver ſtreame with chanel depe, that through the towne  
doth flow,

The ſtore of ſpringes that ſerve for uſe, and eke for eaſe  
And other moe commodities which profite may and pleaſe,  
Eke many certaine ſignes of thinges betyde of olde,  
To fyll the houngrы eyes of thoſe that curiouſly beholde 10  
Doe make this towne to be preferde above the reſt  
Of Lumbard townes, or at leaſt compared with the beſt.  
In which while Escalus, as prince alone dyd raigne,  
To reache rewarde unto the good, to pay the lewde with payne,  
Alas (I rewe to thinke) an heavy happe befell  
Which Boccace ſkant (not my rude tong) were able forth to tell.  
Within my trembling hande, my penne doth ſhake for feare  
And on my colde amated head, upright doth ſtand my heare.  
But ſith ſhe doth commaunde, whose heſt I muſt obaye,  
In moorning verſe, a wofull chaunce to tell I will aſſaye. 20  
Helpe learned Pallas, helpe, ye muſes with your arte,  
Helpe all ye damned feendes to tell, of joyes retourned to ſmart,  
Helpe eke ye ſiſters three, my ſkillesſe penne t'indyte  
For you it cauſed which I (alas) unable am to wryte.  
There were two auncient ſtockes, which Fortune high dyd place  
Above the reſt, indewd with welth, and nobler of their race,  
Loved of the common ſort, loved of the Prince alike,  
And like unhappy were they both, when Fortune liſt to ſtrike.  
Whose prayſe with equall blaſt, fame in her trumpet blew:  
The one was clipped Capelet, and thother Montagew. 30  
A wonted uſe it is, that men of likely ſorte  
(I wot not by what furye forſd) envye eche others porte.  
So theſe, whose egall ſtate bred envye pale of hew,  
And then of grudgıng envyes roote, blacke hate and rancor  
grew.

As of a little ſparke, oft ryſeth mighty fyre,  
So of a kyndled ſparke of grudge, in flames flaſhe out theyr yre,  
And then theyr deadly foode, firſt hatchd of trifling ſtryfe  
Did bathe in bloud of ſmartıng woundes, it re[a]ved breth and  
lyfe.

No legend lye I tell, ſcarce yet theyr eyes be drye  
That did behold the griſly ſight, with wet and weping eye. 40  
But when the prudent prince, who there the ſcepter helde,  
So great a new diſorder in his common weale behelde  
By jentyll meane he ſought, their cholere to aſſwage,  
And by perſwaſion to appeaſe, their blameful furious rage.  
But both his woords and tyme, the prince hath ſpent in wayne  
So rooted was the inward hate, he loſt his buſſy payne.  
When frendly ſage adviſe, ne jentyll woords avayle,

By thondring threats, and princely powre their courage gan he  
 quayle,  
 In hope that when he had the wasting flame supprest,  
 In time he should quyte quench the sparks that boornd within  
 their brest. 50

Now whilst these kyndreds do remayne in this estate,  
 And eche with outward frendly shew dooth hyde his inward hate,  
 One Romeus, who was of race a Montague,  
 Upon whose tender chyn, as yet, no manlyke beard there grewe,  
 Whose beauty and whose shape so farre the rest did stayne,  
 That from the cheefe of Veron youth he greatest fame dyd gayne,  
 Hath founde a mayd so fayre (he found so foule his happe)  
 Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace, did so his heart  
 entrappe,  
 That from his owne affayres, his thought she did remove,  
 Onely he sought to honor her, to serve her, and to love. 60

To her he writeth oft, oft messengers are sent:  
 At length (in hope of better spede) himselfe the lover went  
 Present to pleade for grace, which absent was not founde,  
 And to discover to her eye his new receaved wounde.  
 But she that from her youth was fostred evermore  
 With vertues foode, and taught in schole of wisdomes skilfull lore,  
 By aunswere did cutte of[f] thaffections of his love,  
 That he no more occasion had so vayne a sute to move.  
 So sterne she was of chere, (for all the payne he tooke)  
 That in reward of toyle, she would not geve a frendly looke. . . . 70

In sighs, in teares, in plainte, in care, in sorow and unrest, [92]  
 He mones the daye, he wakes the long and wery night,  
 So deepe hath love with pearcing hand, ygravd her bewty bright  
 Within his brest, and hath so mastred quite his hart  
 That he of force must yeld as thrall, no way is left to start.  
 He can not staye his steppe, but forth still must he ronne,  
 He languisheth and melts awaye, as snow against the sonne,  
 His kyndred and al[l]yes do wonder what he ayles,  
 And eche of them in frendly wise, his heavy hap bewayles. 100

But one emong the rest, the trustiest of his feeres,  
 Farre more then he with counsel fild, and ryper of his yeeres,  
 Gan sharply him rebuke, suche love to him he bare  
 That he was fellow of his smart, and partner of his care.  
 What meanst thou Romeus (quoth he) what doting rage  
 Dooth make thee thus consume away, the best parte of thine age,  
 In seking her that scornes, and hydes her from thy sight,

Not forsing all thy great expence, ne yet thy honor bright,  
 Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe, ne thine unspotted truth  
 Which are of force (I weene) to move the hardest hart to  
 rute. 110

Now for our frendships sake, and for thy health I pray  
 That thou hencefoorth become thyne owne, O geve no more  
 away  
 Unto a thankeles wight, thy precious free estate.  
 In that thou lovest such a one, thou seemst thy selfe to hate,  
 For she doth love els where, (and then thy time is lorne)  
 Or els (what booteth thee to sue) loves court she hath  
 forsworne. . . .

But sow no more thy paynes in such a barrayne soyle [135]  
 As yeldes in harvest time no crop in recompence of toyle.  
 Ere long the townishe dames together will resort,  
 Some one of bewty, favour, shape, and of so lovely porte  
 With so fast fixed eye, perhaps thou mayst beholde,  
 That thou shalt quite forget thy love, and passions past of  
 olde. 140

The yong mans lystning eare receivde the [w]holesome sounde,  
 And reasons truth yplanted so, within his head had grounde  
 That now with healthy coole ytempred is the heate  
 And piECEmeale weares away the greefe that erst his heart dyd  
 freate.

To his approved friend, a solemne othe he plight:  
 At every feast ykept by day, and banquet made by night,  
 At pardons in the church, at games in open streate,  
 And every where he would resort where Ladies wont to meete.  
 Eke should his savage heart lyke all indifferently,  
 For he would view and judge them all with unallured eye. 150

How happy had he been had he not been forsworne  
 But twyse as happy had he been had he been never borne,  
 For ere the Moone could thryse her wasted hornes renew,  
 False Fortune cast for him poore wretch, a myschiefe newe to  
 brewe.

The wery winter nightes restore the Christmas games,  
 And now the season doth invite to banquet townish dames.  
 And fyrst in Capels house, the chiefe of all the kyn  
 Sparth for no cost, the wonted use of banquets to begyn.  
 No Lady fayre or fowle, was in Verona towne,  
 No knight or gentleman of high or lowe renowne 160  
 But Capilet himselfe hath byd unto his feast,

Or by his name in paper sent, appoynted as a geast.  
 Yong damsels thether flocke, of bachelers a rowte,  
 Not so much for the banquets sake, as bewties to searche out.  
 But not a Montagew would enter at his gate,  
 For as you heard, the Capilets, and they were at debate,  
 Save Romeus, and he in maske with hidden face,  
 The supper done, with other five dyd prease into the place.  
 When they had maskd a whyle, with dames in courtly wise  
 All dyd unmaske, the rest dyd shew them to theyr ladies  
 eyes. 170

But bashfull Romeus, with shamefast face forsooke  
 The open prease, and him withdrew into the chambers nooke.  
 But brighter then the sunne, the waxen torches shone  
 That mauger what he could, he was espyd of every one. . . .

The Capilets disdayne the presence of theyr foe [183]  
 Yet they suppress the styrrred yre, the cause I do not knowe.  
 Perhaps toffend theyr gestes the courteous knights are loth,  
 Perhaps they stay from sharpe revenge, dreadyng the Princes  
 wroth,  
 Perhaps for that they shamd to exercise theyr rage  
 Within their house, gainst one alone and him of tender age. . . .

At length he saw a mayd, right fayre of perfect shape [197]  
 Which Theseus, or Paris would have chosen to their rape,  
 Whom erst he never sawe, of all she pleasde him most.  
 Within himselfe he said to her, thou justly mayst thee boste 200  
 Of perfit shapes renoune, and Beauties sounding prayse,  
 Whose like ne hath, ne shalbe scene, ne liveth in our dayes.  
 And whilest he fixd on her his partiall perced eye,  
 His former love, for which of late he ready was to dye,  
 Is nowe as quite forgotte, as it had never been.  
 The proverbe saith, unminded oft are they that are unseene  
 And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,  
 So novell love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.  
 This sodain kindled fyre in time is wox so great,  
 That onely death and both theyr blouds might quench the  
 fiery heate. 210

When Romeus saw himselfe in this new tempest tost  
 Where both was hope of pleasant port, and daunger to be lost,  
 He doubtfull, ska[r]sely knew what countenance to keepe;  
 In Lethies floud his wonted flames were quenched and drenched  
 deepe.

Yea he forgets himselfe, ne is the wretch so bolde  
 To aske her name, that without force hath him in bondage  
 folde.

Ne how tunloose his bondes doth the poore foole devise,  
 But onely seeketh by her sight to feede his houngrny eyes.  
 Through them he swalloweth downe loves sweete empoysonde  
 baite,

How surely are the wareles wrapt by those that lye in wayte? 220  
 So is the poyson spred throughout his bones and vaines,  
 That in a while (alas the while) it hasteth deadly paines.  
 Whilst Juliet (for so this gentle damsell hight)  
 From syde to syde on every one dyd cast about her sight.  
 At last her floting eyes were anchored fast on him,  
 Who for her sake dyd banishe health and fredome from eche  
 limme.

He in her sight did seeme to passe the rest as farre  
 As Phoebus shining beames do passe the brightnes of a starre.  
 In wayte laye warlike love with golden bowe and shaft,  
 And to his care with steady hand the bowstring up he raft. 230  
 Till now she had escapde his sharpe inflaming darte,  
 Till now he listed not assaulte her yong and tender hart.  
 His whetted arrow loosde, so touchd her to the quick,  
 That through the eye it strake the hart, and there the hedde did  
 sticke.

It booted not to strive, for why, she wanted strength:  
 The weaker aye unto the strong of force must yeld at length.  
 The poms now of the feast her heart gyns to despyse  
 And onely joyeth when her eyen meete with her lovers eyes.  
 When theyr new smitten heartes had fed on loving gleames,  
 Whilst passing too and fro theyr eyes ymingled were theyr  
 beames, 240

Eche of these lovers gan by others lookes to knowe  
 That frendship in their brest had roote, and both would have it  
 grow.

When thus in both theyr harts had Cupide made his breache  
 And eche of them had sought the meane to end the warre by  
 speache,

Dame Fortune did assent theyr purpose to advaunce,  
 With torche in hand a comly knight did fetch her foorth to  
 daunce.

She quit her selfe so well, and with so trim a grace,  
 That she the cheefe prayse wan that night from all Verona race.  
 The whilst our Romeus, a place had warely wonne

Nye to the seate where she must sit, the daunce once beyng  
 donne 250  
 Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with pleasant cheere  
 And glad she was her Romeus approched was so neere.  
 At thone side of her chayre, her lover Romeo  
 And on the other side there sat one cald Mercutio,  
 A courtier that eche where was highly had in pryce,  
 For he was coorteous of his speche, and pleasant of devise  
 Even as a Lyon would emong the lambes be bolde,  
 Such was emong the bashfull maydes, Mercutio to beholde.  
 With frendly gripe he ceasd fayre Juliets snowish hand.  
 A gyft he had that nature gave him in his swathing band, 260  
 That frozen mountayne yse was never halfe so cold  
 As were his handes, though nere so neer the fire he dyd them  
 holde.  
 As soone as had the knight the vyrgins right hand raught  
 Within his trembling hand her left hath loving Romeus caught,  
 For he wist well himselfe for her abode most payne  
 And well he wist she loved him best, unles she list to fayne.  
 Then she with tender hand his tender palme hath prest,  
 What joy trow you was graffed so in Romeus cloven brest?  
 The soodain sweete delight hath stopped quite his tong  
 Ne can he claime of her his right, ne crave redresse of wrong. 270  
 But she espyd straight waye, by chaunging of his hewe  
 From pale to red, from red to pale, and so from pale anewe,  
 That vehment love was cause, why so his tong dyd stay  
 And so much more she longde to heare what love could teache  
 him saye.  
 When she had longed long, and he long held his peace,  
 And her desire of hearing him, by sylence dyd encrease,  
 At last with trembling voyce and shamefast chere, the mayde  
 Unto her Romeus tournde her selfe, and thus to him she sayde.  
 O blessed be the time of thy arrivall here:  
 But ere she could speake forth the rest, to her love drewe so  
 nere 280  
 And so within her mouth, her tong he glewed fast,  
 That no one woord could scape her more, then what already  
 past.  
 In great contented ease the yong man straight is rapt,  
 What chaunce (quoth he) unware to me O lady myne is hapt?  
 That geves you worthy cause, my cumming here to blisse?  
 Fayre Juliet was come agayne unto her selfe by this.  
 Fyrst ruthfully she lookd, then sayd with smylyng cheere

Mervayle no whit my heartes delight, my onely knight and fere,  
 Mercutio's ysy hande had all to frozen myne  
 And of thy goodnes thou agayne hast warmed it with thine. 290  
 Whereto with stayed brow, gan Romeus to replye  
 If so the gods have graunted me suche favour from the skye,  
 That by my being here, some service I have donne  
 That pleaseth you I am as glad, as I a realme had wonne.  
 O wel bestowed tyme, that hath the happy hyre,  
 Which I woulde wyshe if I might have, my wished harts desire,  
 For I of God woulde crave, as pryse of paynes forpast,  
 To serve, obey, and honour you, so long as lyfe shall last.  
 As prooffe shall teache you playne, if that you like to trye  
 His faltles truth, that nill for ought, unto his lady lye, 300  
 But if my tooched hand, have warmed yours some dele,  
 Assure your self the heat is colde, which in your hand you fele  
 Compard to suche quick sparks and glowing furious gleade  
 As from your bewties pleasaunt eyne, love caused to proceade  
 Which have so set on fyre, eche feling parte of myne,  
 That lo, my mynde doeth melt awaye, my utwerd parts doe pyne  
 And but you helpe all whole, to ashes shall I toorne,  
 Wherfore (alas) have ruth on him, whom you do force to boorne.  
 Even with his ended tale, the torches daunce had ende,  
 And Juliet of force must part from her new chosen frend. 310  
 His hand she clasped hard, and all her partes did shake,  
 When laysureles with whispring voyce thus did she aunswer  
 make:  
 You are no more your owne (deare frend) then I am yours,  
 (My honor saved) prest to bay your will, while life endures.  
 Lo, here the lucky lot that seld true lovers finde,  
 Eche takes away the others hart, and leaves the owne behinde.  
 A happy life is love if God graunt from above,  
 That hart with hart by even waight doo make exchange of love.  
 But Romeus gone from her, his heart for care is colde,  
 He hath forgot to aske her name that hath his hart in holde. 320  
 With forged careles cheere, of one he seekes to knowe,  
 Both how she hight, and whence she came, that him enchaunted so  
 So hath he learned her name, and knowth she is no geast,  
 Her father was a Capilet, and master of the feast.  
 Thus hath his foe in choise to geve him lyfe or death  
 That scarsely can his wofull brest keepe in the lively breath.  
 Wherfore with piteous plaint feerce Fortune doth he blame  
 That in his ruth and wretched plight doth seeke her laughing  
 game. . . .

As carefull was the mayde what way were best devise [341]  
 To learne his name, that intertaind her in so gentle wise,  
 Of whome her hart received so deepe, so wyde a wounde.  
 An auncient dame she calde to her, and in her eare gan rounde.  
 This olde dame in her youth, had nurst her with her mylke,  
 With slender nedle taught her sow, and how to spin with silke.  
 What twayne are those (quoth she) which prease unto the doore,  
 Whose pages in theyr hand doe beare, two tooches light before?  
 And then as eche of them had of his household name,  
 So she him namde yet once agayne, the yong and wylly  
 dame, 350

And tell me who is he with vysor in his hand,  
 That yonder doth in masking weede besyde the window stand?  
 His name is Romeus, (said she) a Montegewe  
 Whose fathers pryde first styrd the strife which both your  
 houtholdes rewe.  
 The woord of Montegew, her joyes did overthrow,  
 And straight in steade of happy hope, dyspayre began to growe.  
 What hap have I quoth she, to love my fathers foe?  
 What, am I verry of my wele? what, doe I wishe my woe?  
 But though her grievous paynes distraind her tender hart  
 Yet with an outward shewe of joye she cloked inward smart, 360  
 And of the courtlyke dames her leave so courtly tooke,  
 That none dyd gesse the sodain change by changing of her looke.  
 Then at her mothers hest to chamber she her hyde,  
 So well she faynde, mother ne nurce, the hidden harme descride.  
 But when she should have slept as wont she was, in bed,  
 Not halfe a winke of quiet slepe could harber in her hed. . . .

The mayde had scarsely yet ended the wery warre, [433]  
 Kept in her heart by striving thoughtes, when every shining  
 starre  
 Had payd his borrowed light, and Phebus spred in skies  
 His golden rayes, which seemd to say, now time it is to rise.  
 And Romeus had by this forsaken his wery bed,  
 Where restles he a thousand thoughts had forged in his hed.  
 And while with lingring step by Juliets house he past,  
 And upward to her windowes high his gredy eyes did cast, 440  
 His love that looked for him there gan he straight espie.  
 With pleasant cheere eche greeted is, she followeth with her eye  
 His parting steppes, and he oft looketh backe againe,  
 But not so oft as he desyres; weryly he doth refraine.  
 What life were lyke to love, if dred of jeopardy

Ysowred not the sweete, if love were free from jelosy.  
 But she more sure within, unseene of any wight,  
 When so he comes, lookes after him, till he be out of sight.  
 In often passing so, his busy eyes he threw,  
 That every pane and tooting hole the wily lover knew. 450  
 In happy houre he doth a garden plot espye,  
 From which, except he warely walke, men may his love descrye,  
 For lo, it fronted full upon her leaning place,  
 Where she is woont to shew her heart by cheerefull frendly face.  
 And lest the arbors might theyr secret love bewraye,  
 He doth keepe backe his forward foote from passing there by  
 daye.

But when on earth the night her mantel blacke hath spred,  
 Well armd he walketh fourth alone, ne dreadfull foes doth dred.  
 Whom maketh love not bold, naye whom makes he not blynde?  
 He reveth daungers dread oft times out of the lovers minde. 460  
 By night he passeth here, a weeke or two in vayne  
 And for the missing of his marke, his griefe hath him nye slaine.  
 And Juliet that now doth lacke her hearts releefe,  
 Her Romeus pleasant eyen (I meene) is almost dead for greefe.  
 Eche day she chaungeth howres, (for lovers keepe an howre)  
 When they are sure to see theyr love, in passing by their bowre.  
 Impacient of her woe, she hapt to leane one night  
 Within her window, and anon the Moone did shine so bright  
 That she espyde her love, her hart revived, sprang  
 And now for joy she clappes her handes, which erst for woe she  
 wrang. 470

Eke Romeus, when he sawe his long desired sight,  
 His moorning cloke of mone cast off, hath clad him with delight.  
 Yet dare I say, of both, that she rejoyced more:  
 His care was great, hers twice as great, was all the tyme before,  
 For whilst she knew not why he dyd himselfe absent,  
 Ay douting both his health and lyfe, his death she dyd lament.  
 For love is fearefull oft, where is no cause of feare  
 And what love feares, that love laments, as though it chaunced  
 weare. . . .

Now whilst with bitter teares her eyes as fountaynes ronne, [489]  
 With whispering voyce, ybroke with sobs, thus is her tale  
 begonne. 490

Oh Romeus (of your lyfe) too lavas sure you are,  
 That in this place, and at thys tyme to hasard it you dare,  
 What if your dedly foes, my kynsmen, saw you here?

Lyke Lyons wylde, your tender partes asonder would they teare.  
In ruth and in disdayne, I weary of my life,  
With cruell hand my moorning hart would perce with bloody  
knyfe.

For you myne owne once dead, what joy should I have here?  
And eke my honor staynde which I then lyfe doe holde more  
deare.

Fayre lady myne dame Juliet my lyfe (quod he)  
Even from my byrth committed was to fatall sisters three. 500  
They may in spyte of foes, draw foorth my lively threed  
And they also, who so sayth nay, asonder may it shreed.  
But who to reave my lyfe, his rage and force would bende,  
Perhaps should trye unto his payne how I it could defende.  
Ne yet I love it so, but alwayes, for your sake,  
A sacrifice to death I would my wounded corps betake.  
If my mishappe were such, that here, before your sight,  
I should restore agayne to death, of lyfe my borowde light,  
This one thing and no more my parting sprite would rewe:  
That part he should, before that you by certaine triall knew 510  
The love I owe to you, the thrall I languish in  
And how I dread to loose the gayne which I doe hope to win  
And how I wishe for lyfe, not for my propre ease,  
But that in it, you might I love, you honor, serve and please  
Tyll dedly pangs the sprite out of the corps shall send.  
And therupon he sware an othe, and so his tale had ende.

Now love and pittie boyle, in Juliets ruthfull brest,  
In windowe on her leaning arme, her weary hed doth rest,  
Her bosome bathd in teares, to witnes inward payne,  
With dreary chere to Romeus, thus aunswerd she agayne. 520  
Ah my deere Romeus, keepe in these woordes (quod she)  
For lo, the thought of such mischaunce, already maketh me  
For pittie and for dred welnigh to yelde up breath.  
In even ballance peysed are my life and eke my death,  
For so my hart is knitte, yea, made one selfe with yours  
That sure there is no greefe so small, by which your mynde  
endures,

But as you suffer payne, so I doe beare in part,  
(Although it lessens not your greefe), the halfe of all your smart.  
But these things overpast, if of your health and myne  
You have respect, or pittie ought my teary weping eyen, 530  
In few unfained woords, your hidden mynd unfold,  
That as I see your pleasant face, your heart I may beholde.  
For if you doe intende my honor to defile

In error shall you wander still, as you have done this whyle,  
But if your thought be chaste, and have on vertue ground,  
If wedlocke be the ende and marke which your desire hath  
found,

Obedience set aside, unto my parentes dewe,  
The quarell eke that long agoe betwene our houtholdes grewe,  
Both me and myne I will all whole to you betake  
And following you where so you goe, my fathers house  
forsake. 540

But if by wanton love, and by unlawfull sute,  
You thinke in ripest yeres to plucke my maydenho[o]ds dainty  
frute,

You are begylde, and now your Juliet you beseekes  
To cease your sute, and suffer her to live emong her likes.  
Then Romeus, whose thought was free from fowle desyre  
And to the top of vertues haight, did worthely aspyre  
Was fild with greater joy, then can my pen expresse  
Or, till they have enjoyed the like, the hearers hart can gesse.  
And then with joynd hands heavd up into the skies  
He thanks the Gods, and from the heavens for vengeance  
downe he cries, 550

If he have other thought, but as his lady spake,  
And then his looke he toornd to her, and thus did aunswer make.  
Since Lady that you like to honor me so much,  
As to accept me for your spouse, I yeld my selfe for such.  
In true witnes wherof, because I must depart,  
Till that my deede do prove my woord, I leave in pawne my hart.  
To morrow eke betimes, before the sunne arise,  
To fryer Lawrence will I wende, to learne his sage advise.  
He is my gostly syre, and oft he hath me taught  
What I should doe in things of wayght, when I his ayde have  
sought. 560

And at this selfe same houre, I plyte you here my fayth:  
I wil be here (if you thinke good) to tell you what he sayth.  
She was contented well, els favour found he none  
That night, at lady Juliets hand, save pleasant woordes alone.

This barefoote fryer gyrt with cord his grayish weede,  
For he of Frauncis order was, a fryer as I reede,  
Not as the most was he, a grosse unlearned foole,  
But doctor of divinitie proceded he in schoole.  
The secretes eke he knew, in natures woorkes that loorke,  
By magiks arte most men supposd that he could wonders  
woorke. 570

Ne doth it ill besee me devines those skills to know  
 If on no harmefull deede they do such skilfulnes bestow.  
 For justly of no arte can men condemne the use  
 But right and reasons lore crye out agaynst the lewd abuse.  
 The bounty of the fryer and wisdom hath so wonne  
 The townes folks herts, that welnigh all to fryer Lawrence ronne  
 To shrive them selfe the olde, the yong, the great and small.  
 Of all he is beloved well, and honord much of all.  
 And for he did the rest in wisdome farre exceede,  
 The prince by him (his counsell cravde) was holpe at time of  
 neede. 580

Betwixt the Capilets and him great frendship grew:  
 A secret and assured frend unto the Montegue.  
 Loved of this yong man more then any other gest,  
 The frier eke of Verone youth aye liked Romeus best,  
 For whom he ever hath, in time of his distres,  
 (As erst you heard) by skilfull lore, found out his harmes redresse.  
 To him is Romeus gonne, ne stayth he till the morowe,  
 To him he paynteth all his case, his passed joy and sorow, . . .

And then with weping eyes he prayes his gostly syre [595]  
 To further and accomplish all theyr honest hartes desire.  
 A thousand doutes and moe in thold mans hed arose,  
 A thousand daungers like to come, the olde man doth disclose,  
 And from the spousall rites he redeth him refrayne: 600  
 Perhaps he shalbe bet advise within a weeke or twayne.  
 Advise is banishd quite from those that followe love,  
 Except advise to what they like theyr bending mynde do move.  
 As well the father might have counseld him to stay  
 That from a mountaines top thrown downe, is falling halfe the  
 way,

As warne his frend to stop, amynd his race begonne,  
 Whom Cupid with his smarting whip enforceth forth to ronne.  
 Part wonne by earnest sute, the fryer doth graunt at last.  
 And part, because he thinkes the stormes so lately overpast,  
 Of both the housholdes wrath, this mariage might apeace,  
 So that they should not rage agayne, but quite for ever  
 cease. 610

The respite of a day, he asketh to devyse  
 What way were best, unknowne to ende so great an  
 enterprise. . . .

Yong Romeus powreth fourth his hap and his mishap,

Into the friers brest, but where shall Juliet unwrap 620  
 The secretes of her hart? to whom shall she unfold,  
 Her hidden burning love, and eke her thought and cares so  
 colde?

The nurse of whom I spake within her chaumber laye,  
 Upon the mayde she wayteth still; to her she doth bewray  
 Her new received wound, and then her ayde doth crave.  
 In her she saith it lyes to spill, in her her life to save.  
 Not easely she made the froward nurse to bowe  
 But wonne at length, with promest hyre she made a solemne  
 vowe

To do what she commaundes, as handmayd of her hest,  
 Her mistres secrets hide she will, within her covert brest. 630

To Romeus she goes; of him she doth desyre,  
 To knowe the meane of mariage, by councill of the fryre.  
 On Saterdag, quod he, if Juliet come to shrift,  
 She shalbe shrived and married, how lyke you noorse this drift?  
 Now by my truth (quod she) gods blessing have your hart  
 For yet in all my life I have not heard of such a part. . . .

[*They plan that Juliet shall pretend to go to shrift.*]

I know her mother will in no case say her nay,  
 I warrant you she shall not fayle to come on Saterdag. 650  
 And then she sweares to him, the mother loves her well,  
 And how she gave her sucke in youth she leaveth not to tell.  
 A prety babe (quod she), it was when it was yong,  
 Lord how it could full pretely have prated with it tong,  
 A thousand times and more I laid her on my lappe,  
 And clapt her on the buttocke soft and kist where I did clappe  
 And gladder then was I of such a kisse forsooth,  
 Then I had been to have a kisse of some olde lechers mouth.  
 And thus of Juliets youth began this prating noorse,  
 And of her present state to make a tedious long discourse. 660  
 For though he pleasure tooke in hearing of his love,  
 The message aunswer seemed him to be of more behove.  
 But when these Beldams sit at ease upon theyr tayle,  
 The day and eke the candle light before theyr talke shall fayle  
 And part they say is true, and part they do devise,  
 Yet boldly do they chat of both when no man checkes theyr  
 lyes.

Then he .vi. crownes of gold out of his pocket drew  
 And gave them her, a slight reward (quod he) and so adiew.  
 In seven yeres twise tolde she had not bowd so lowe,

Her crooked knees, as now they bowe, she swears she will  
bestowe 670

Her crafty wit, her time, and all her busy payne,  
To helpe him to his hoped blisse, and, cowering downe agayne,  
She takes her leave, and home she hyes with speedy pace.  
The chaumber doore she shuts, and then she saith with smyling  
face,

Good newes for thee, my gyrl, good tidinges I thee bring,  
Leave of thy woonted song of care and now of pleasure sing.  
For thou mayst hold thy selfe the happiest under sonne  
That in so little while, so well so worthy a knight hast wonne.  
The best yshapde is he, and hath the fayrest face,  
Of all this towne, and there is none hath halfe so good a  
grace, 680

So gentle of his speche, and of his counsell wise,  
And still with many prayes more she heaved him to the skies.  
Tell me els what (quod she) this evermore I thought,  
But of our mariage say at once, what aunswer have you brought?  
Nay, soft, quoth she, I feare your hurt by sodain joye.  
I list not play quoth Juliet, although thou list to toye.  
How glad trow you was she, when she had heard her say  
No farther of then Saterdag, differred was the day.  
Againe the auncient nurce doth speake of Romeus,  
And then (said she) he spake to me, and then I spake him  
thus. 690

Nothing was done or said, that she hath left untolde,  
Save onely one, that she forgot the taking of the golde.  
There is no losse quod she, (sweete wench) to losse of time,  
Ne in thine age shalt thou repent so much of any crime.  
For when I call to mynde, my former passed youth  
One thing there is which most of all doth cause my endles ruth.  
At sixtene yeres I first did choose my loving feere,  
And I was fully ripe before, (I dare well say) a yere.  
The pleasure that I lost, that yere so overpast,  
A thousand times I have bewept, and shall while lyfe doth  
last. 700

In fayth it were a shame, yea sinne it were ywisse,  
When thou mayst live in happy joy to set light by thy blisse.  
She that this mornyng could her mistres mynde disswade,  
Is now become an Oratresse, her lady to perswade. . . .

Thus to the fryers cell, they both fourth walked bin: [743]  
He shuts the doore as soone as he and Juliet were in.

But Romeus her frend was entred in before  
And there had wayted for his love, two howers large and more.  
Eche minute seemde an howre, and every howre a day:  
Twixt hope he lived and despayre, of cumming or of stay. . . .

So lovers live in care, in dread, and in unrest [793]  
And dedly warre by striving thoughts they kepe within their  
brest.

But wedlocke is the peace wherby is freedome wonne,  
To do a thousand pleasant things that should not els be donne.  
The newes of ended warre these two have h[e]ard with joy  
But now they long the fruite of peace with pleasure to enjoy.  
In stormy wind and wave, in daunger to be lost,  
Thy stearles ship (O Romeus) hath been long while betost. 800  
The seas are now appeasd, and thou by happy starre  
Art comme in sight of quiet haven and, now the wrackfull barre  
Is hid with swelling tyde, boldly thou mayst resort  
Unto thy wedded ladies bed, thy long desyred port.  
God graunt no follies mist, so dymme thy inward sight,  
That thou do misse the chanell, that doth leade to thy delight.  
God graunt no daungers rocke, ylurking in the darke,  
Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy sea beaten barke.  
A servant Romeus had, of woord and deede so just,  
That with his life (if nede requierd) his master would him  
trust. 810

His faithfulnes had oft our Romeus proved of olde  
And therefore all that yet was done unto his man he tolde,  
Who straight as he was charged, a corden ladder lookes  
To which he hath made fast two strong and crooked yron hookes.  
The bryde to send the nurce at twilight fayleth not,  
To whom the bridegroome geven hath, the ladder that he got,  
And then to watch for him appointeth her an howre  
For whether Fortune smyle on him, or if she list to lowre,  
He will not misse to comme to his appoynted place,  
Where wont he was to take by stelth the view of Juliets face. 820  
How long these lovers thought the lasting of the day,  
Let other judge that woonted are lyke passions to assay.  
For my part, I do gesse eche howre seemes twenty yere  
So that I deeme, if they might have (as of Alcume we heare)  
The sunne bond to theyr will, if they the heavens might gyde,  
Black shade of night and doubled darke should straight all over  
hyde.

Thappointed howre is comme, he clad in riche araye,

Walkes toward his desyred home, good Fortune gyde his way.  
Approching nere the place from whence his hart had life,  
So light he wox, he lept the wall, and there he spyde his  
wife,

830

Who in the windowe watcht the cumming of her lorde,  
Where she so surely had made fast the ladder made of corde  
That daungerles her spouse the chaumber window climes,  
Where he ere then had wisht himselfe above ten thousand times.  
The windowes close are shut, els looke they for no gest,  
To light the waxen quariers, the auncient nurce is prest,  
Which Juliet had before prepared to be light,  
That she at pleasure might beholde her husbandes bewty  
bright. . . .

The blyndfyld goddesse that with frowning face doth  
fraye, [911]  
And from theyr seate the mighty kinges throwes downe with  
hedlong sway,

Begynneth now to turne, to these her smyling face,  
Nedes must they tast of great delight, so much in Fortunes grace.  
If Cupid, God of love, be God of pleasant sport,  
I thinck O Romeus Mars himselfe envies thy happy sort.  
Ne Venus justly might, (as I suppose) repent,  
If in thy stead (O Juliet) this pleasant time she spent.

Thus passe they foorth the night in sport, in joly game:  
The hastines of Phoebus steeds in great despyte they blame. 920  
And now the virgins fort hath warlike Romeus got,  
In which as yet no breache was made by force of canon shot,  
And now in ease he doth possesse the hoped place.  
How glad was he, speake you that may your lovers parts  
embrace. . . .

The summer of their blisse, doth last a month or twayne  
But winters blast with spedy foote doth bring the fall  
agaÿne. 950

Whom glorious fortune erst had heaved to the skies  
By envious fortune overthrowne on earth now groveling lyes.  
She payd theyr former greefe with pleasures doubled gayne,  
But now for pleasures usery ten folde redoubleth payne.

The prince could never cause those housholds so agree,  
But that some sparcles of their wrath, as yet remaining bee  
Which lye this while rak'd up, in ashes pale and ded,

Till tyme do serve that they agayne in wasting flame may spred.  
At holiest times, men say most heynous crimes are donne;  
The morowe after Easter day the mischiefe new begonne. 960  
A band of Capilets did meete (my hart it rewes)  
Within the walles, by Pursers gate, a band of Montagewes.  
The Capilets as cheefe, a yong man have chose out,  
Best exercisd in feates of armes, and noblest of the rowte,  
Our Juliets unkles sonne that cliped was Tibalt.  
He was of body tall and strong, and of his courage halt.  
They neede no trumpet sounde to byd them geve the charge,  
So lowde he cryde with strayed voyce and mouth outstretched  
large.

Now, now, (quod he) my frends, our selfe so let us wreake,  
That of this dayes revenge, and us, our childrens heyres may  
speake. 970

Now once for all let us their swelling pride asswage,  
Let none of them escape alive; then he with furious rage  
And they with him gave charge, upon theyr present foes,  
And then forthwith a skyrmishe great upon this fray arose.  
For loe, the Montagewes thought shame away to flye,  
And rather then to live with shame, with prayse did choose to  
dye.

The woordes that Tybalt usd to styre his folke to yre,  
Have in the brestes of Montagewes kindled a furious fyre.  
With Lyons hartes they fight, warely themselfe defende,  
To wound his foe, his present wit and force eche one doth  
bend. 980

This furious fray is long, on each side stoutly fought,  
That whether part had got the woorst full doutfull were the  
thought.

The noyse hereof anon, throughout the towne doth flye  
And partes are taken on every side, both kinreds thether hye.  
Here one doth gaspe for breth, his frend bestrideth him,  
And he hath lost a hand, and he another maymed lim,  
His leg is cutte whilst he strikes at an other full  
And whom he would have thrust quite through hath cleft his  
cracked skull.

Theyr valiant harts forbode theyr foote to geve the grounde,  
With unappauled cheere they tooke full deepe and doutfull  
wounde. 990

Thus foote by foote long while, and shield to shield set fast,  
One foe doth make another faynt but makes him not agast.  
And whilst this noyse is ryfe in every townes mans care,

Eke walking with his frendes, the noyse doth wofull Romeus  
heare.

With spedye foote he ronnes unto the fray apace,  
With him those fewe that were with him he leadeth to the place.  
They pittie much to see the slaughter made so greate,  
That wetshod they might stand in blood on eyther side the  
streate.

Part frendes (sayd he) part frendes, helpe frendes to part the fray  
And to the rest, enough (he cryes) now time it is to staye. 1000  
Gods farther wrath you styrre, beside the hurt you feele  
And with this new uprore confounde all this our common wele.  
But they so busy are in fight so egar and ferce.  
That through theyr eares his sage advise no leysure had to  
pearce.

Then lept he in the throng, to part, and barre the blowes,  
As well of those that were his frendes as of his dedly foes.  
As soone as Tybalt had our Romeus espyde,  
He threw a thrust at him that would have past from side to side,  
But Romeus ever went (douting his foes) well armde  
So that the swerd (kept out by mayle) hath nothing Romeus  
harmde. 1010

Thou doest me wrong (quoth he) for I but part the fraye,  
Not dread, but other waightly cause my hasty hand doth stay.  
Thou art the cheefe of thine, the noblest eke thou art:  
Wherfore leave of thy malice now, and helpe these folke to parte.  
Many are hurt, some slayne, and some are like to dye.  
No, coward, traytor boy (quoth he) straight way I mynd to trye  
Whether thy sugred talke, and tong so smothely fylde,  
Against the force of this my swerd shall serve thee for a shyld.  
And then at Romeus hed, a blow he strake so hard,  
That might have clove him to the brayne but for his cunning  
ward. 1020

It was but lent to him that could repay agayne  
And geve him death for interest, a well forborne gayne. . . .

Even as two thunderboltes, throwne downe out of the  
skye, [1031]  
That through the ayre the massy earth and seas have power to  
flye,

So met these two, and while they chaunge a blowe or twayne,  
Our Romeus thrust him through the throte and so is Tybalt  
slayne.

Loe here the ende of those that styrre a dedly stryfe:

Who thyrsteth after others death, himselfe hath lost his life.  
The Capilets are quaylde, by Tibalts overthrowe,  
The courage of the Mountagewes, by Romeus sight doth growe,  
The townes men waxen strong, the prince doth send his force,  
The fray hath end, the Capilets do bring the brethles corse, 1040  
Before the prince and crave that cruell dedly payne  
May be the guerdon of his falt, that hath their kinsman slaine.  
The Montagewes do pleade, theyr Romeus voyde of falt,  
The lookers on do say, the fight begonne was by Tybalt,  
The prince doth pawse, and then geves sentence in a while,  
That Romeus, for sleying him should goe into exyle.  
His foes would have him hangde, or sterve in prison strong,  
His frendes do think (but dare not say) that Romeus hath wrong.  
Both households straight are charged on payne of losing lyfe,  
Theyr bloody weapons layd aside, to cease the styrred  
stryfe. 1050

This common plag[u]e is spred, through all the towne anon,  
From side to syde the towne is fild with murmour and with  
mone. . . .

But how doth moorne emong the moorners Juliet?  
How doth she bathe her brest in teares? what depe sighes doth  
she fet?

How doth she tear her heare? her weede how doth she rent?  
How fares the lover hearing of her lovers banishment?  
How wayles she Tibalts death, whom she had loved so well?  
Her hearty greefe and piteous plaint, cunning I want to  
tell 1080

For delving depely now in depth of depe dispayre,  
With wretched sorowes cruell sound she fils the empty ayre  
And to the lowest hell, downe falles her heavy crye,  
And up unto the heavens haight her piteous plaint doth flye. . . .

And then agayne, wroth with her selfe, with feble voyce gan say.

Ah cruell murthring tong, murthrer of others fame, [1145]  
How durst thou once attempt to tooch the honor of his name?  
Whose dedly foes doe yelde him dewe and earned prayse,  
For though his fredome be bereft, his honor not decayes.  
Why blamst thou Romeus for sleying of Tybalt,  
Since he is gyltles quite of all, and Tybalt beares the falt? 1150  
Whether shall he (alas), poore banishd man, now flye?  
What place of succor shall he seeke beneth the starry skye,  
Synce she pursueth him, and him defames by wrong

That in distres should be his fort, and onely rampier strong?  
 Receive the recompence, O Romeus, of thy wife,  
 Who, for she was unkind her selfe, doth offer up her lyfe.  
 In flames of yre, in sighes, in sorow and in ruth,  
 So to revenge the crime she did commit against thy truth.  
 These said, she could no more, her senses all gan fayle  
 And dedly panges began straight way her tender hart  
 assayle 1160

Her limmes she stretched forth, she drew no more her breath,  
 Who had been there, might well have seene the signes of present  
 death.

The nurce that knew no cause, why she absented her,  
 Did doute lest that some sodain greefe too much tormented her.  
 Eche where but where she was the carefull Beldam sought,  
 Last, of the chamber where she lay, she haply her bethought,  
 Where she with piteous eye, her nurce childe did beholde:  
 Her limmes stretched out, her utward parts as any marble colde.  
 The nurce supposde that she had payde to death her det  
 And then as she had lost her wittes, she cryed to Juliet. 1170

Ah my dere hart (quoth she) how greeveth me thy death?  
 Alas what cause hast thou thus soone to yelde up living breath?  
 But while she handled her, and chafed every part,  
 She knew there was some sparke of life by beating of her hart,  
 So that a thousand times she cald upon her name.  
 There is no way to helpe a traunce, but she hath tryde the  
 same. . . .

Alas my tender nurce, and trusty frend (quoth she) [1201]  
 Art thou so blinde, that with thine eye, thou canst not easely see  
 The lawfull cause I have, to sorow and to moorne,  
 Since those the which I hyld most deere I have at once forlorne?  
 Her nurce then aunswerd thus. Me thinkes it sits you yll,  
 To fall in these extremities that may you gyltles spill,  
 For when the stormes of care, and troubles do aryse,  
 Then is the time for men to know, the foolish from the wise.  
 You are accounted wise, a foole am I your nurce  
 But I see not how in like case I could behave me wurse. 1210  
 Tibalt your frend is ded, what, weene you by your teares,  
 To call him backe againe? thinke you that he your crying heares?  
 You shall perceve the falt, (if it be justly tryde)  
 Of his so sodayn death, was in his rashnes and his pryde.  
 Would you that Romeus, him selfe had wronged so,  
 To suffer himselfe causeles to be outraged of his foe

To whom in no respect, he ought a place to geve?  
 Let it suffice to thee fayre dame, that Romeus doth live,  
 And that there is good hope that he, within a while,  
 With greater glory shalbe calde home from his hard exile. 1220  
 How wel yborne he is, thy selfe I know canst tell,  
 By kindred strong, and well alyed, of all beloved well.  
 With patience arme thy selfe, for though that Fortunes cryme,  
 Without your falt, to both your greefes depart you for a time,  
 I dare say for amendes of all your present payne  
 She will restore your owne to you, within a month or twayne,  
 With such contented ease, as never erst you had.  
 Wherefore rejoyce a while in hope, and be ne more so sad.  
 And that I may discharge your hart of heavy care  
 A certaine way I have found out, my paynes ne will I spare 1230  
 To learne his present state, and what in time to comme  
 He mindes to doe, which knowne by me, you shall know all and  
 somme. . . .

By this, unto his cell, the nurce, with spedy pace, [1277]  
 Was comme the nerest way: she sought no ydel resting place.  
 The fryer sent home the newes of Romeus certain helth  
 And promesse made (what so befell) he should that night by  
 stelth 1280

Comme to his wonted place that they in nedefull wise  
 Of theyr affayres in time to comme, might thorowly devyse.  
 Those joyfull newes, the nurce brought home with mery joy  
 And now our Juliet joyes to thinke, she shall her love enjoye.  
 The fryer shuts fast his doore, and then to him beneth,  
 That waytes to heare the doutefull newes of lyfe or els of death,  
 Thy hap quoth he, is good, daunger of death is none  
 But thou shalt live, and doe full well, in spite of spitefull fone.  
 This onely payne for thee was erst proclaymde aloude,  
 A banishd man, thou mayst thee not within Verona  
 shroude. 1290

These heavy tydings heard, his golden lockes he tare  
 And, like a frantike man, hath torne the garmentes that he ware.  
 And as the smitten deere, in brakes is waltring found,  
 So waltreth he, and with his brest doth beate the troden grounde.  
 He rises eft, and strikes his head against the wals,  
 He falleth downe againe, and lowde for hasty death he cals.  
 Come spedy death (quoth he) the readiest leache in love,  
 Since nought can els beneth the sunne the ground of grieve  
 remove,

Of lothsome life breake downe the hated staggering staves,  
 Destroy, destroy at once the lyfe that faintly yet decayes. 1300  
 But you (fayre dame) in whome dame nature dyd devise,  
 With cunning hand to woorke, that might seeme wondrous in  
 our eyes,  
 For you I pray the Gods, your pleasures to increase,  
 And all mishap, with this my death, for evermore to cease. . . .

Therewith, a cloude of sighes, he breathd into the skies  
 And two great streames of bitter teares, ran from his swollen  
 eyes. 1310

These thinges, the auncient fryre, with sorow saw, and heard,  
 Of such begynning eke, the ende, the wise man greatly feard.  
 But loe, he was so weake, by reason of his age,  
 That he ne could by force, repress the rigour of his rage.  
 His wise and frendly woordes, he speaketh to the ayre  
 For Romeus so vexed is, with care and with dispayre,  
 That no advise can perce, his close forstopped eares,  
 So now the fryer doth take his part, in shedding ruthfull teares.

With colour pale, and wan, with armes full hard yfold,  
 With wofull cheere, his wayling frend, he standeth to  
 beholde. 1320

And then, our Romeus, with tender handes ywrong,  
 With voyce, with plaint made horce, with sobs, and with a  
 foltring tong,

Renewd with novel mone the dolours of his hart,  
 His outward dreery cheere bewrayde, his store of inward smart.  
 Fyrst, nature did he blame, the author of his lyfe,  
 In which his joyes had been so scant, and sorowes aye so ryfe;  
 The time and place of byrth, he fiersly did reprove,  
 He cryed out (with open mouth) against the starres above;  
 The fatall sisters three, he said, had done him wrong,  
 The three that should not have been sponne they had drawne  
 fourth too long. 1330

He wished that he [ne] had before this time been borne,  
 Or that as soone as he wan light, his life he had forlorne. . . .

He blamed all the world, and all he did defye [1347]  
 But Juliet, for whom he lived, for whom eke would he dye.  
 When after raging fits, appeased was his rage,  
 And when his passions (powred forth) gan partly to asswage 1350  
 So wisely did the fryre unto his tale replye,  
 That he straight cared for his life, that erst had care to dye.

Art thou, quoth he, a man? thy shape saith so thou art:  
 Thy crying and thy weping eyes, denote a womans hart,  
 For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd outchased,  
 And in her stead affections lewd, and fansies highly placed,  
 So that I stooode in doute this howre (at the least)  
 If thou a man, or women wert, or els a brutish beast.  
 A wise man in the midst of troubles and distres,  
 Still standes not wayling present harme, but seeks his harmes  
 redres. . . . 1360

[*The lovers spend the night in Juliet's bedchamber.*]

But now (somewhat too soone) in farthest East arose [1703]  
 Fayre Lucifer, the golden starre that Lady Venus chose,  
 Whose course appoynted is, with spedy race to ronne,  
 A messenger of dawning daye, and of the rysing sonne.  
 Then freshe Aurora, with her pale and silver glade,  
 Did clear the skyes, and from the earth, had chased ougly shade.  
 When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou winke,  
 When Phoebus from our hemysphere, in westernne wave doth  
 sinke. 1710

What cooller then the heavens do shew unto thine eyes,  
 The same, (or like) saw Romeus in farthest Esterne skyes.  
 As yet, he saw no day, he could he call it night,  
 With equal force, decreasing darke, fought with increasing light.  
 Then Romeus in armes his lady gan to folde,  
 With frendly kisse, and ruthfully she gan her knight beholde.  
 With solemne othe they both theyr sorowfull leave do take;  
 They sweare no stormy troubles shall theyr steady frendship  
 shake.

Then careful Romeus, agayne to cell retoornes,  
 And in her chamber secretly our joyles Juliet moornes. 1720  
 Now hugy cloudes of care, of sorow, and of dread,  
 The clearnes of their gladsome harts hath wholly overspread.  
 When golden crested Phoebus bosteth him in skye,  
 And under earth, to scape revenge, his dedly foe doth flye,  
 Then hath these lovers day an ende, their night begonne,  
 For eche of them to other is, as to the world the sunne.  
 The dawning they shall see, ne sommer any more,  
 But blackfaced night with winter rough, (ah) beaten over sore.

The very watch discharged, did hye them home to slepe,  
 The warders, and the skowtes were chargde theyr place and  
 coorse to keepe, 1730  
 And Verone gates awyde, the porters had set open.

When Romeus had of hys affayres with frier Lawrence spoken,  
 Warely he walked forth, unknowne of frend or foe,  
 Clad like a merchant venterer, from top even to the toe.  
 He spurd apace, and came withouten stop or stay,  
 To Mantua gates, where lighted downe, he sent his man away  
 With woords of comfort, to his olde afflicted syre:  
 And straight in mynd to sojorne there, a lodgeing doth he hyre,  
 And with the nobler sort he doth himselfe acquaint,  
 And of his open wrong receaved, the Duke doth heare his  
 plaint. . . . 1740

In absence of her knight, the lady no way could [1781]  
 Kepe trewce betwene her greefes and her, though nere so fayne  
 she would;  
 And though with greater payne she cloked sorowes smart,  
 Yet did her paled face disclose the passions of her hart. . . .

[Juliet's parents decide she is melancholy because she is not yet married.]

And Capilet the maydens sire, within a day or twayne, [1876]  
 Conferreth with his frendes, for mariage of his daughter,  
 And many gentlemen there were, with busy care that sought her;  
 Both, for the mayden was well shaped, yong, and fayre,  
 As also well brought up, and wise, her fathers onely heyre. 1880  
 Emong the rest was one inflamde with her desire,  
 Who County Paris cliped was, an Earle he had to syre.  
 Of all the suters, him the father liketh best,  
 And easely unto the Earle he maketh his behest,  
 Both of his owne good will, and of his frendly ayde,  
 To win his wife unto his will, and to perswade the mayde.  
 The wife dyd joy to heare the joyfull husband say,  
 How happy hap, how meete a match, he had found out that day,  
 Ne did she seeke to hyde her joyes within her hart,  
 But straight she hyeth to Juliet; to her she telles apart, 1890  
 What happy talke (by meane of her) was past no rather  
 Betwene the woing Paris, and her carefull loving father.  
 The person of the man, the fewters of his face,  
 His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and his port and semely grace,  
 With curious wordes she payntes before her daughters eyes,  
 And then with store of vertues prayse she heaves him to the skyes.  
 She vauntes his race, and gyftes, that Fortune did him geve,  
 Werby (she saith) both she and hers, in great delight shall live.  
 When Juliet conceived her parentes whole entent,  
 Wherto, both love, and reasons right, forbod her to assent, 1900

Within her selfe she thought, rather then be forsworne,  
 With horses wilde, her tender partes asonder should be torne.  
 Not now with bashfull brow (in wonted wise) she spake,  
 But with unwonted boldnes, straight into these woordes she  
 brake.

Madame, I marvell much, that you so lavasse are  
 Of me your childe, (your jewel once, your onely joy and  
 care,)

As thus to yelde me up, at pleasure of another,  
 Before you know if I doe like, or els mislike my lover.  
 Doo what you list, but yet of this assure you still, 1910  
 If you do as you say you will, I yelde not there untill.  
 For had I choyse of twayne, farre rather would I choose,  
 My part of all your goodes, and eke my breath and lyfe to lose,  
 Then graunt that he possesse of me the smallest part; . . .

So deepe this aunswere made the sorowes downe to  
 sinke [1925]

Into the mothers brest, that she ne knoweth what to thinke  
 Of these her daughters woords, but all appalde she standes,  
 And up unto the heavens she throwes her wondring head and  
 handes,  
 And nigh besyde her selfe her husband hath she sought.  
 She telles him all; she doth forget ne yet she hydeth ought. 1930  
 The testy old man, wroth, disdainfull without measure,  
 Sendes forth his folke in haste for her, and byds them take no  
 leysure:

Ne on her teares or plaint, at all to have remorse,  
 But (if they can not with her will,) to bring the mayde perforce.  
 The message heard, they part, to fetch that they must fet,  
 And willingly with them walkes forth obedient Juliet.  
 Arrived in the place, when she her father saw,  
 Of whom (as much as duety would) the daughter stode in awe,  
 The servauntes sent away, (the mother thought it meete),  
 The wofull daughter all bewept, fell groveling at his feete, 1940  
 Which she doth washe with teares as she thus groveling lyes:  
 So fast, and eke so plenteously distill they from her eyes.  
 When she to call for grace her mouth doth think to open,  
 Muet she is; for sighes and sobs her fearefull talke have broken.

The syre, whose swelling wroth her teares could not asswage,  
 With fiery eyen, and skarlet cheekes, thus spake her in his rage,  
 Whilst ruthfully stood by the maydens mother mylde,  
 Listen (quothe he) unthankfull and thou disobedient childe; . . .

Such care thy mother had, so deere thou wert to me, [1961]  
 That I with long and earnest sute provided have for thee  
 One of the greatest lordes, that wonnes about this towne,  
 And for his many vertues sake, a man of great renowne.  
 Of whom, both thou and I, unworthy are too much,  
 So riche ere long he shalbe left, his fathers welth is such.  
 Such is the noblenes, and honor of the race,  
 From whence his father came, and yet thou playest in this case,  
 The dainty foole, and stubberne gyrl; for want of skill,  
 Thou dost refuse thy offred weale, and disobay my will. 1970  
 Even by his strength I sweare, that fyrst did geve me lyfe  
 And gave me in my youth the strength, to get thee on my wyfe,  
 Onlesse by Wensday next, thou bende as I am bent,  
 And at our castle cald Free towne, thou freely doe assent  
 To Counte Paris sute, and promise to agreee  
 To whatsoever then shall passe, twixt him, my wife, and me,  
 Not onely will I geve all that I have away  
 From thee, to those that shall me love, me honor, and obay,  
 But also too so close, and to so hard a gaole,  
 I shall thee wed, for all thy life, that sure thou shalt not  
 fayle 1980  
 A thousand times a day to wishe for sodayn death,  
 And curse the day, and howre when first thy lunges did geve  
 thee breath.  
 Advise thee well, and say that thou art warned now,  
 And thinke not that I speake in sport, or mynd to breake my  
 vowe. . . .

[*Juliet consults the Friar.*]

When too and fro in mynde he dyvers thoughts had cast, [2061]  
 With tender pity and with ruth his hart was wonne at last.  
 He thought he rather would in hasard set his fame,  
 Then suffer such adultery. Resolving on the same,  
 Out of his closet straight, he tooke a litle glasse,  
 And then with double hast returnde where wofull Juliet was;  
 Whom he hath found welnigh in traunce, scarce drawing breath,  
 Attending still to heare the newes of lyfe or els of death.  
 Of whom he did enquire of the appointed day.  
 On Wensday next (quod Juliet) so doth my father say: 2070  
 I must geve my consent, but (as I do remember)  
 The solemne day of mariage is, the tenth day of September.  
 Deere daughter, quoth the fryer, of good chere see thou be,  
 For loe, saint Frauncis of his grace hath shewde a way to me,

By which I may both thee, and Romeus together,  
 Out of the bondage which you feare assuredly deliver. . . .

Receive this vyoll small, and keepe it as thine eye,  
 And on thy mariage day before the sunne doe cleare the  
 skye, 2150  
 Fill it with water full, up to the very brim,  
 Then drinke it of, and thou shalt feele, throughout eche vayne  
 and lim  
 A pleasant slumber slide, and quite dispred at length,  
 On all thy partes, from every part reve all thy kindly strength.  
 Withouten moving thus thy ydle parts shall rest,  
 No pulse shall goe, ne hart once beate within thy hollow brest,  
 But thou shalt lye as she that dyeth in a traunce:  
 Thy kinsmen, and thy trusty frendes shall wayle the sodain  
 chaunce:  
 Thy corps then will they bring to grave in this church yarde,  
 Where thy forefathers long agoe a costly tombe preparede, 2160  
 Both for him selfe, and eke for those that should come after,  
 Both deepe it is, and long and large, where thou shall rest my  
 daughter,  
 Till I to Mantua sende for Romeus, thy knight.  
 Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night.  
 And when out of thy slepe thou shalt awake agayne,  
 Then mayst thou goe with him from hence, and healed of thy  
 payne,  
 In Mantua lead with him unknowne a pleasant life,  
 And yet perhaps in time to comme, when cease shall all the  
 strife,  
 And that the peace is made twixt Romeus and his foes,  
 My selfe may finde so fit a time these secretes to dysclose, 2170  
 Both to my prayse, and to thy tender parentes joy,  
 That daungerles, without reproche, thou shalt thy love enjoy. . . .

[*Juliet tells her parents she will marry Paris.*]

At length the wished time of long hoped delight,  
 (As Paris thought) drew nere, but nere approached heavy  
 plight. 2280  
 Against the bridall day the parentes did prepare  
 Such rich attyre, such furniture, such store of dainty fare,  
 That they which did behold the same the night before  
 Did thinke and say, a man could scarcely wishe for any more.  
 Nothing did seeme to deere, the deerest thinges were bought,

And (as the written story saith) in dede there wanted nought,  
That longd to his degree and honor of his stocke.  
But Juliet, the whilst, her thoughts within her brest did locke;  
Even from the trusty nurce, whose secretnes was tryde,  
The secret counsell of her hart the nurce childe seekes to  
hide. 2290

For sith, to mocke her dame, she dyd not sticke to lye,  
She thought no sinne with shew of truth, to bleare her nurces eye.  
In chamber secretly the tale she gan renew,  
That at the doore she tolde her dame, as though it had been  
trew.

The flattring nurce did prayse the fryer for his skill,  
And said that she had done right well by wit to order will.  
She setteth fourth at large the fathers furious rage,  
And eke she prayseth much to her, the second mariage;  
And County Paris now she praiseth ten times more,  
By wrong, then she her selfe, by right, had Romeus praysde  
before. . . . 2300

These wordes and like, the nurce did speake, in hope to please,  
But greatly did these wicked wordes the ladies mynde  
disease, 2310

But ay she hid her wrath, and seemed well content,  
When daily dyd the naughty nurce new argumentes invent.  
But when the bryde perceived her howre approached nere,  
She sought (the best she could) to fayne, and temperd so her  
cheere,

That by her outward looke, no living wight could gesse  
Her inward woe, and yet anew renewde is her distresse.  
Unto her chaumber doth the pensive wight repayre,  
And in her hand a percher light the nurce beares up the stayre.  
In Juliets chamber was her wonted use to lye,  
Wherfore her mistres, dreading that she should her work  
descrye, 2320

As sone as she began her pallet to unfold,  
Thinking to lye that night, where she was wont to lye of olde,  
Doth gently pray her seeke her lodgeing some where els;  
And lest she crafty should suspect, a ready reason telles.  
Dere frend (quoth she) you knowe, to morow is the day  
Of new contract, wherfore this night, my purpose is to pray  
Unto the heavenly myndes, that dwell above the skyes,  
And order all the course of thinges, as they can best devyse,  
That they so smyle upon the doynge of to morow,

That all the remnant of my lyfe, may be exempt from  
sorow. 2330

Wherfore I pray you leave me here alone this night,  
But see that you to morow comme before the dawning light,  
For you must curle my heare, and set on my attyre.  
And easely the loving nurse, dyd yelde to her desire,  
For she within her hed dyd cast before no doute;  
She little knew the close attempt, her nurce childe went about.  
The nurce departed once, the chamber doore shut close,  
Assured that no living wight, her doing myght disclose,  
She powred forth into the vyole of the fryer,  
Water, out of a silver ewer, that on the boord stooode by  
her. 2340

The slepy mixture made, fayre Juliet doth it hyde,  
Under her bolster soft, and so unto her bed she hyed:  
Where divers novel thoughts arise within her hed,  
And she is so invironed about with deadly dred,  
That what before she had resolved undoutedly,  
That same she calleth into doute, and lying doutfully  
Whilst honest love did strive with dred of dedly payne,  
With handes ywrong, and weping eyes, thus gan she to  
complaine.

What, is there any one beneth the heavens hye,  
So much unfortunate as I? so much past hope as I? . . . 2350

What doe I knowe (quoth she) if that this powder shall [2361]  
Sooner or later then it should or els not woorke at all?  
And then my craft descride as open as the day,  
The peoples tale and laughing stocke shall I remayne for aye.  
And what know I (quoth she) if serpentis odious,  
And other beastes and wormes that are of nature venomous,  
That wonted are to lurke, in darke caves under grounde,  
And commonly, as I have heard, in dead mens tombes are found,  
Shall harme me, yea or nay, where I shall lye as ded.  
Or how shall I, that alway have in so freshe ayre been  
bred, 2370

Endure the lothsome stinke of such an heaped store  
Of carkases, not yet consumde, and bones that long before  
Intombd were, where I my sleping place shall have,  
Where all my auncesters doe rest, my kindreds common grave?  
Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,  
Fynd me (if I awake before) ystified in the tombe?  
And whilst she in these thoughtes doth dwell somewhat to long,

The force of her ymaging, anon dyd waxe so strong,  
 That she surmysde she saw out of the hollow vaulte,  
 (A griesly thing to looke upon), the carkas of Tybalt, 2380  
 Right in the selfe same sort, that she few dayes before  
 Had seene him in his blood embrewde, to death eke wounded  
 sore.

And then, when she agayne within her selfe had wayde  
 That quicke she should be buried there, and by his side be layde,  
 All comfortles, for she shall living feere have none,  
 But many a rotten carkas, and full many a naked bone,  
 Her dainty tender partes gan shever all for dred,  
 Her golden heares did stand upright, upon her chillish hed.  
 Then pressed with the feare that she there lived in,  
 A sweat as colde as mountaine yse, pearst through her tender  
 skin, 2390

That with the moysture hath wet every part of hers,  
 And more besides, she vainely thinkes, whilst vainely thus she  
 feares,

A thousand bodies dead have compast her about,  
 And lest they will dismember her, she greatly standes in dout.  
 But when she felt her strength began to weare away,  
 By little and little, and in her hart her feare increased ay,  
 Dreading that weakenes might, or foolish cowardise,  
 Hinder the execution of the purposde enterprise,  
 As she had frantike been, in hast the glasse she caught,  
 And up she dranke the mixture quite, withouten farther  
 thought. 2400

Then on her brest she crost her armes long and small,  
 And so, her senses fayling her, into a traunce did fall.

And when that Phoebus bright heaved up his seemely hed,  
 And from the East in open skies his glistring rayes dispred,  
 The nurce unshut the doore, for she the key did keepe,  
 And douting she had slept to long, she thought to breake her  
 slepe.

Fyrst, softly dyd she call, then lowder thus did crye,  
 Lady, you slepe to long, (the Earle) will rayse you by and by,  
 But wele away, in vayne unto the deafe she calles,  
 She thinkes to speake to Juliet, but speaketh to the walles. 2410  
 If all the dredfull noyse, that might on earth be found,  
 Or on the roaring seas, or if the dredfull thunders sound  
 Had blowne into her eares, I thinke they could not make,  
 The sleeping wight before the time by any meanes awake:  
 So were the sprites of lyfe shut up, and senses thrald,

Wherwith the seely carefull nurce was wondrously apalde.  
 She thought to daw her now as she had donne of olde,  
 But loe, she found her parts were stiffe, and more then marble  
 colde,

Neither at mouth nor nose, found she recourse of breth;  
 Two certaine argumentes were these, of her untimely  
 death. 2420

Wherfore as one distraught, she to her mother ranne,  
 With scratched face, and heare betorne, but no woord speake  
 she can.

At last (with much a doe) dead (quoth she) is my childe.  
 Now, out alas (the mother cryde) and as a Tyger wilde,  
 Whose whelpes whilst she is gonne out of her denne to prey,  
 The hunter gredy of his game, doth kill or cary away:  
 So, raging forth she ranne, unto her Juliets bed,  
 And there she found her derling, and her onely comfort ded.  
 Then shrieked she out as lowde, as serve her would her breth,  
 And then (that pity was to heare) thus cryde she out on  
 death. 2430

Ah cruell death (quoth she) that thus against all right  
 Hast ended my felicitie, and robde my hartes delight,  
 Do now thy worst to me, once wreake thy wrath for all,  
 Even in despite I crye to thee thy vengeance let thou fall.  
 Wherto stay I (alas) since Juliet is gone?  
 Wherto live I since she is dead, except to wayle and mone?  
 Alacke, dere chyld, my teares for thee shall never cease;  
 Even as my dayes of life increase, so shall my plaint increase.  
 Such store of sorow shall afflict my tender hart,  
 That dedly panges when they assayle, shall not augment my  
 smart. 2440

Then gan she so to sobbe, it seemde her hart would brast,  
 And while she crieth thus, behold the father at the last,  
 The County Paris, and of gentilmen a route,  
 And ladies of Verona towne, and country round about,  
 Both kindreds and alies, thether apace have preast,  
 For by theyr presence there they sought to honor so the feast.  
 But when the heavy newes the bydden geastes did heare,  
 So much they mournd, that who had seene theyr countnance  
 and theyr cheere,

Might easely have judgde, by that that they had seene,  
 That day the day of wrath, and eke of pity to have beene. 2450  
 But more then all the rest the fathers hart was so  
 Smit with the heavy newes, and so shut up with sodain woe,

That he ne had the powre his daughter to bewepe,  
Ne yet to speake, but long is forsd, his teares and plaint to  
kepe. . . .

The towne of Juliets byrth was wholly busied, [2505]  
About her obsequies, to see theyr darlyng buried.  
Now is the parentes myrth quite chaunged into mone,  
And now to sorow is retornde the joy of every one.  
And now the wedding weedes for mourning weedes they  
chaunge,

And Hymene into a Dyrge, alas it seemeth straunge. 2510  
In steade of mariage gloves, now funerall gloves they have,  
And whom they should see married, they follow to the grave.  
The feast that should have been of pleasure and of joy,  
Hath every dish, and cup, fild full of sorow and annoye.

Now throughout Italy this common use they have,  
That all the best of every stocke are earthed in one grave;  
For every houshold, if it be of any fame,  
Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault that beares the housholdes  
name;

Wherein (if any of that kindred hap to dye)  
They are bestowde, els in the same no other corps may lye. 2520  
The Capilets her corps in such a one dyd lay,  
Where Tybalt slayne of Romeus was layde the other day.  
An other use there is, that whosoever dyes,  
Borne to their church with open face, upon the beere he lyes  
In wonted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding sheete. . . .

*[Romeo's man sees Juliet and goes to Mantua to tell Romeo the news. Friar John is caught by quarantine and fails to deliver the message. Romeo gets the poison and returns to Verona.]*

When he approched nere, he waresly lighted downe, [2613]  
And even with the shade of night he entred Verone towne,  
Where he hath found his man, wayting when he should comme,  
With lanterne, and with instruments, to open Juliets toomme.  
Helpe Peter, helpe, quod he, helpe to remove the stone,  
And straight when I am gone fro thee, my Juliet to bemone,  
See that thou get thee hence, and on the payne of death,  
I charge thee that thou comme not nere, whyle I abyde  
beneath, 2620

Ne seeke thou not to let thy masters enterprise,  
Which he hath fully purposed to doe, in any wise.  
Take there a letter, which, as soone as he shall ryse,

Present it in the morning to my loving fathers eyes;  
Which unto him perhaps farre pleasanter shall seeme,  
Than eyther I do mynd to say, or thy gros[s]e head can deeme.

Now Peter, that knew not the purpose of his hart,  
Obediently a little way withdrew himselfe apart,  
And then our Romeus, (the vault stone set upright)  
Descended downe, and in his hand he bare the candle  
light. 2630

And then with piteous eye, the body of his wyfe  
He gan beholde, who surely was the organ of his lyfe;  
For whom unhappy now he is, but erst was blyst.  
He watred her with teares, and then an hundred times her kyst,  
And in his folded armes, full straightly he her plight,  
But no way could his greedy eyes be filled with her sight.  
His fearfull handes he layd upon her stomacke colde,  
And them on divers parts besyde, the wofull wight did hold.  
But when he could not fynd the signes of lyfe he sought,  
Out of his cursed box he drewe the poyson that he bought; 2640  
Wherof he greedely devowrde the greater part,  
And then he cryde with dedly sigh, fetcht from his mourning  
hart:

Oh Juliet, of whom the world unwoorthy was,  
From which, for worldes unworthines thy worthy gost dyd passe,  
What death more pleasant could my hart wish to abyde,  
Then that which here it suffreth now, so nere thy frendly syde?  
Or els so glorious tombe, how could my youth have craved,  
As in one selfe same vaulte with thee haply to be ingraved?  
What Epitaph more worth, or halfe so excellent,  
To consecrate my memorye, could any man invente, 2650  
As this, our mutuell, and our piteous sacrifice  
Of lyfe, set light for love.—But while he talketh in this wise,  
And thought as yet a while his dolors to enforce,  
His tender hart began to faynt, prest with the venoms force,  
Which little and little gan to overcomme hys hart,  
And whilst his busy eyne he threwe about to every part,  
He saw hard by the corce of sleping Juliet,  
Bold Tybalts carkas dead, which was not all consumed yet.  
To whom (as having life) in this sort speaketh he:  
Ah cosin dere Tybalt whereso thy restles sprite now be, 2660  
With stretched handes to thee for mercy now I crye,  
For that before thy kindly howre I forced thee to dye.  
But if with quenched lyfe, not quenched be thine yre,  
But with revengeing lust as yet thy hart be set on fyre,

What more amendes, or cruell wreke desyrest thou  
 To see on me, then this which here is shewd forth to thee now?  
 Who reft by force of armes from thee thy living breath,  
 The same with his owne hand (thou seest) doth poyson himselve  
 to death.

And for he caused thee in tombe too soone to lye,  
 Too soone also, yonger then thou, himselve he layeth by. 2670  
 These said, when he gan feele the poysons force prevayle,  
 And little and little mastred lyfe, for aye beganne to fayle,  
 Kneeling upon his knees, he said with voyce full lowe.  
 Lord Christ, that so to raunsome me descendedst long agoe  
 Out of thy fathers bosome, and in the virgins wombe  
 Didst put on fleshe, Oh let my plaint out of this hollow toombe,  
 Perce through the ayre, and graunt my sute may favour finde;  
 Take pity on my sinnefull and my poore afflicted mynde.  
 For well enough I know, this body is but clay,  
 Nought but a masse of sinne, to frayle, and subject to  
 decay. 2680

Then pressed with extreme greefe, he threw with so great force,  
 His overpressed parts upon his ladies wayled corps,  
 That now his wekened hart, weakened with tormentes past,  
 Unable to abyde this pang, the sharpest and the last,  
 Remayned quite deprived, of sense and kindly strength,  
 And so the long imprisond soule hath freedome wonne at length.  
 Ah cruell death, too soone, too soone was this devorce,  
 Twixt youthfull Romeus heavenly sprite, and his fayre earthy  
 corse.

The fryer that knew what time the powder had been taken,  
 Knew eke the very instant when the sleper should awaken, 2690  
 But wondring that he could no kind of aunswer heare,  
 Of letters, which to Romeus his fellow fryer did beare,  
 Out of saint Frauncis church hymselfe alone dyd fare,  
 And for the opening of the tombe, meete instrumentes he bare.  
 Approching nigh the place, and seeing there the lyght,  
 Great horror felt he in his hart, by straunge and sodaine sight  
 Tyll Peter (Romeus man) his coward hart made bolde,  
 When of his masters being there, the certain newes he tolde.  
 There hath he been (quoth he) this halfe howre at the least,  
 And in this time I dare well say his plaint hath still  
 increast. 2700

Then both they entred in, where they (alas) dyd fynde,  
 The bretheles corps of Romeus, forsaken of the mynde;  
 Where they have made such mone, as they may best conceive,

That have with perfect frendship loved, whose frend, feerce death  
 dyd reve.

But whilst with piteous playnt, they Romeus fate bewepe,  
 An howre too late fayre Juliet awaked out of slepe,  
 And much amasde to see in tombe so great a light,  
 She wist not if she saw a dreame, or sprite that walkd by night.  
 But cumming to her selfe, she knew them, and said thus:  
 What, fryer Lawrence, is it you? where is my Romeus? 2710  
 And then the auncient frier, that greatly stode in feare,  
 Lest if they lingred over long, they should be taken there,  
 In few plaine woordes, the whole that was betyde he tolde,  
 And with his fingar shewd his corps out stretched, stiffe, and  
 colde,  
 And then perswaded her with pacience to abyde  
 This sodain great mischaunce, and sayth that he will soone  
 provyde

In somme religious house for her a quiet place,  
 Where she may spend the rest of lyfe, and where in time percase  
 She may with wisdomes meane, measure her mourning brest,  
 And unto her tormented soule call backe exiled rest. 2720  
 But loe, as soone as she had cast her ruthfull eye  
 On Romeus face, that pale and wan, fast by her side dyd lye,  
 Straight way she dyd unstop the conduites of her teares,  
 And out they gushe; with cruell hand she tare her golden heares.  
 But when she neither could her swelling sorow swage,  
 Ne yet her tender hart abyde her sickenes furious rage,  
 Falne on his corps, she lay long panting on his face,  
 And then with all her force and strength, the ded corps dyd  
 embrace,  
 As though with sighes, with sobs, with force and busy payne,  
 She would him rayse, and him restore from death to lyfe  
 agayne. 2730

A thousand times she kist his mouth as cold as stone,  
 And it unkist agayne as oft, then gan she thus to mone.  
 Ah pleasant prop of all my thoughtes, ah onely ground  
 Of all the sweete delightes, that yet in all my lyfe I found,  
 Did such assured trust within thy hart repose,  
 That in this place, and at this time, thy churchyarde thou hast  
 chose,  
 Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect loving make?  
 And thus by meanes of me to ende thy lyfe, and for my sake? . . .

And when our Juliet would continue still her mone, [2761]

The fryer and the servant fled, and left her there alone,  
 For they a sodayne noyse, fast by the place did heare,  
 And lest they might be taken there, greatly they stooode in feare.  
 When Juliet saw her selfe left in the vaulte alone,  
 That freely she might worke her will, for let or stay was none,  
 Then once for all, she tooke the cause of all her harmes,  
 The body dead of Romeus, and claspd it in her armes.  
 Then she with earnest kisse, sufficiently did prove,  
 That more then by the feare of death she was attaint by  
 love.

2770

And then past deadly feare, for lyfe ne had she care,  
 With hasty hand she did draw out the dagger that he ware.  
 O welcome death (quoth she) end of unhappines,  
 That also art beginning of assured happines;  
 Feare not to darte me nowe, thy stripe no longer stay,  
 Prolong no longer now my lyfe, I hate this long delaye,  
 For straight my parting sprite, out of this carkas fled,  
 At ease shall finde my Romeus sprite, among so many ded.  
 And thou my loving lord, Romeus my trusty feer,  
 If knowledge yet doe rest in thee, if thou these woordes dost  
 heer,

2780

Receve thou her, whom thou didst love so lawfully,  
 That causd (alas) thy violent death although unwillingly;  
 And therefore willingly offers to thee her gost,  
 To thend that no wight els but thou, might have just cause to  
 boste

Thinjoying of my love, which ay I have reserved,  
 Free from the rest, bound unto thee, that hast it well deserved:  
 That so our parted sprites, from light that we see here,  
 In place of endlesse light and blisse, may ever live yfere.  
 These said, her ruthlesse hand through gyrt her valiant hart.  
 Ah, Ladies, helpe with teares to wayle the ladies dedly  
 smart.

2790

She grones, she stretcheth out her limmes, she shuttes her eyes,  
 And from her corps the sprite doth flye. what should I say? she  
 dyes.

The watchemen of the towne, the whilst are passed by,  
 And through the gates the candel light within the tombe they  
 spye:

Wherby they did suppose, inchaunters to be comme,  
 That with prepared instrumentes had opened wide the tombe,  
 In purpose to abuse the bodies of the ded,  
 Which by theyr science ayde abusde, do stand them oft in sted.

Theyr curious harts desire the trueth herof to know,  
 Then they by certaine steppes descend, where they do fynd  
 below, 2800  
 In clasped armes ywrapt the husband and the wyfe,  
 In whom as yet they seemd to see somme certaine markes of lyfe.  
 But when more curiously with leysure they did vew,  
 The certainty of both theyr deathes, assuredly they knew.  
 Then here and there so long with carefull eye they sought,  
 That at the length hidden they found the murthrers so they  
 thought.

In dongeon depe that night they lodgde them under grounde,  
 The next day do they tell the prince the mischeffe that they  
 found.

The newes was by and by throughout the towne dyspred,  
 Both of the takyng of the fryer, and of the two found ded. 2810  
 Thether might you have seene whole houtholdes forth to ronne,  
 For to the tombe where they did heare this wonder straunge was  
 donne,

The great, the small, the riche, the poore, the yong, the olde,  
 With hasty pace do ronne to see, but rew when they beholde,  
 And that the murtherers to all men might be knowne,  
 Like as the murders brute abrode through all the towne was  
 blowne,

The prince did straight ordaine, the corses that wer founde  
 Should be set forth upon a stage, hye raysed from the grounde,  
 Right in the selfe same fourme, (shewde forth to all mens sight)  
 That in the hollow valt they had been found that other  
 night, 2820

And eke that Romeus man, and fryer Lawrence should  
 Be openly examined, for els the people would  
 Have murmured, or faynd there were some wayghty cause,  
 Why openly they were not calde, and so convict by lawes.

The holy fryer now, and reverent by his age,  
 In great reproche set to the shew upon the open stage,  
 (A thing that ill beseemde a man of silver heares)  
 His beard as whyte as mylke he bathes, with great fast-falling  
 teares:

Whom straight the dredfull Judge commaundeth to declare  
 Both how this murther hath been donne, and who the  
 murthrers are, 2830  
 For that he nere the tombe was found at howres unfitte,  
 And had with hym those yron tooles, for such a purpose fitte.  
 The frier was of lively sprite, and free of speche,

The Judges woordes appald him not, ne were his wittes to seeche.

But with advised heed, a while fyrst did he stay,  
And then with bold assured voyce, aloude thus gan he say.  
My lordes, there is not one emong you, set togyther,  
So that (affection set aside) by wisdom he consider  
My former passed lyfe, and this my extreme age,  
And eke this heavy sight, the wreke of frantike Fortunes  
rage,

2840

But that, amased much, doth wonder at this chaunge,  
So great, so sodainly befalne, unlooked for, and straunge.  
For I, that in the space of lx. yeres and tenne,  
Since first I did begin, to soone, to leade my lyfe with men,  
And with the worldes vaine thinges, my selfe I did acquaint,  
Was never yet, in open place, at any time attaynt  
With any cryme, in waight, as heavy as a rushe,  
Ne is there any stander by, can make me gyilty blushe,  
(Although before the face of God, I doe confesse,  
My selfe to be the sinfullst wretch of all this mighty presse.) 2850  
When readiest I am, and likeliest to make  
My great accompt, which no man els for me shall undertake;  
When wormes, the earth, and death doe cite me every howre,  
Tappeare before the judgement seate of everlasting powre,  
And falling ripe I steppe upon my graves brinke,  
Even then, am I, most wretched wight, (as eche of you doth  
thinke)  
Through my most haynous deede, with hedlong sway throwne  
downe,  
In greatest daunger of my lyfe, and damage of renowne. . . .

Thus much I thought to say, to cause you so to know, [2881]  
That neither these my piteous teares, though nere so fast they  
flowe,  
Ne yet these yron tooles, nor the suspected time,  
Can justly prove the murther donne, or damne me of the  
cryme. . . .

And then the auncient frier began to make dyscourse, [2915]  
Even from the first of Romeus, and Juliets amours. . . .

And for the prooffe of thys his tale, he doth desyer [2965]  
The Judge, to send forthwith to Mantua for the fryer,  
To learne his cause of stay, and eke to reade his letter,

And more beside, to thend that they might judge his cause the  
better,

He prayeth them depose the nurce of Juliet,  
And Romeus man, whom at unwares besyde the tombe he  
met. 2970

Then Peter not so much as erst he was, dysmayd:  
My lordes (quoth he) too true is all, that fryer Laurence sayd.  
And when my maister went into my mystres grave,  
This letter that I offer you, unto me then he gave,  
Which he himselfe dyd write as I do understand,  
And charged me to offer them unto his fathers hand.  
The opened packet doth conteyne in it the same,  
That erst the skilfull frier said, and eke the wretches name  
That had at his request, the dedly poyson sold,  
The price of it, and why he bought, his letters playne have  
tolde. 2980

The case unfolded so, and open now it lyes,  
That they could wish no better prooffe, save seeing it with their  
eyes.

So orderly all thinges were tolde and tryed out,  
That in the prease there was not one, that stode at all in doute.

The wyser sort to counsell called by Escalus,  
Have geven advyse, and Escalus sagely decreeth thus.  
The nurse of Juliet, is banisht in her age,  
Because that from the parentes she dyd hyde the mariage,  
Which might have wrought much good, had it in time been  
knowne,

Where now by her concealing it, a mischeefe great is  
growne; 2990

And Peter, for he dyd obey his masters hest,  
In woonted freedome had good leave to lead his lyfe in rest:  
Thapothecary, high is hanged by the throte,  
And for the paynes he tooke with him, the hangman had his cote.  
But now what shall betyde of this gray-bearded syre?  
Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryre?  
Because that many times he woorthely did serve  
The commen welth, and in his lyfe was never found to swerve,  
He was discharged quyte, and no marke of defame  
Did seeme to blot, or touch at all, the honor of his name. 3000  
But of him selfe he went into an Hermitage,  
Two myles from Veron towne, where he in prayers past forth his  
age,  
Tyll that from earth to heaven, his heavenly sprite dyd flye.

Fyve yeres he lived an Hermite, and an Hermite dyd he dye.  
The straungenes of the chaunce, when tryed was the truth  
The Montagewes and Capelets hath moved so to ruth,  
That with their emptyed teares, theyr choler and theyr rage,  
Was emptied quite, and they whose wrath no wisdom could  
asswage,

Nor threatning of the prince, ne mynd of murthers donne,  
At length, (so mighty Jove it would) by pitye they are  
wonne.

3010

And lest that length of time might from our myndes remove  
The memory of so perfect, sound, and so approved love,  
The bodies dead removed from vaulte where they did dye,  
In stately tombe, on pillers great, of marble rayse they hye.  
On every syde above, werē set and eke beneath,  
Great store of cunning Epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.  
And even at this day the tombe is to be seene,  
So that among the monumentes that in Verona been,  
There is no monument more worthy of the sight,  
Then is the tombe of Juliet, and Romeus her knight.

3020