

☞ [Spes me fallit]

☞ [. . .] ☞

THE TRAGICALL HISTO-
rye of Romeus and Iuliet , writ=
ten firft in Italian by Bandell,
and nowe in Engliſhe by
Ar. Br.

☞ Nil violentum diuturnum ☞

☞ [I hint at liberty and like my life] ☞

☞ [*nothing continueth longe in any*
extremyte.

☞ ☞

☞ [. . .] ☞

In aedibus Richardi Tottelli.
Cum Privilegio.

☞ [. . .] ☞

☞ [Maria Biancha] ☜

To the Reader.

T He God of all glorye
 created vniverſallye
 all creatures , to ſette
 forth hiſ prayſe , both
 5 thoſe whiche we eſ=
 teme profitable in uſe
 and pleaſure, and alſo thoſe , whiche we
 accompte noyſome, and lothſome. But
 principally he hath appointed man , the
 10 chiefeſt inſtrument of his honour , not
 onely, for miniſtryng matter thereof in
 man himſelf : but as well in gatheryng
 out of other , the occaſions of publiſhing
 Godſ goodnes, wiſdome, & power. And
 15 in like ſort , euerye dooyng of man hath
 by Goddes dyſpenſacion ſome thyng,
 whereby God may, and ought to be ho=
 nored. So the good doyngeſ of the good,
 & the euill actes of the wicked, the hap=
 20 py ſucceſſe of the bleſſed , and the wo=
 full procedinges of the miſerable , doe in
 diuers ſorte found one prayſe of God.
 And as eche flower yeldeth hony to the

To the Reader.

bee : fo every exaump^e miniftreth good
25 lefons,to the well difpofed mynd . The
glorious triumphe of the continent man
vpon the luftes of wanton flefhe, incou=
rageth men to honeft reftraynt of wyld
affections the fhamefull and wretched
30 endes of fuch,as haue yelded their liber=
tie thrall to fowle defires,teache men to
witholde them felues from the hedlong
fall of loofe difhoneftie. So , to lyke ef=
fect, by fundry meanes , the good mans
35 exaump^e byddeth men to be good , and
the euill mans mifchefe ; warneth men
not to be euyll.To this good ende , ferue
all ill endes,of yll begynnynges. And to
this ende (good Reader) is this tragicall
40 matter written , to defcribe vnto thee
a coople of vnfortunate lovers , thral=
ling themfelues to vnhoneft defire,neg=
lecting the authoritie and aduife of pa=
rents and frends,conferring their prin=
45 cipall counfels with dronken goffyppes,
and fuperftitious friers(the naturally
<¶iii.r> fite

To the Reader.

*fite instrumentes of vnchastitie) at=
temptyng all aduentures of peryll , for
50 thattaynyng of their wilhed luft, vfyng
auricular confeffion (the kay of whore=
dome,and treason) for furtheraunce of
theyr purpose , abufyng the honorable
name of lawefull mariage , to cloke the
55 fhame of ftolne contracts , finallye , by
all meanes of vnhoneft lyfe , hastyng to
moft vnhappye death. This prefident
(good Reader)fhallbe to thee,as the fla=
ues of Lacedemon, oppreffed with ex=
60 celfe of drinke , deformed and altered
from likenes of men,both in mynde,and
vfe of body, were to the free borne chil=
dren , fo fhewed to them by their pa=
rentes , to thintent to rayfe in them an
65 hateful lothyng of fo filthy beaftlynes.
Hereunto if you applye it , ye fhall de=
liuer my dooing from offence, and profit
your felues. Though I faw the fame ar=
gument lately fet foorth on ftage with
more commendation , then I can looke
<¶iii.r> for*

To the Reader.

A mid the desert rockes, the mountaine beare,
Bringes forth vnformed, vnlyke her selfe her yong:
Nought els but lumpes of fleshe withouten heare,
In tract of time, her often lycking tong
Geues them such shape, as doth (ere long) delight
5 The lookers on: Or when one dogge doth shake
With moosled mouth, the ioyntes too weake to fight.
Or when vpriight he standeth by his stake,
(A noble creast,) or wylde in sauage wood,
A dosyn dogges one holdeth at a baye, [*]
With gaping mouth, and stayned iawes with blood,
10 Or els, when from the farthest heauens, they
The lode stares are, the wery pilates marke,
In stormes to gyde to hauen the tossed barke.

Right so my muse

15 Hath (now at length) with trauell long brought forth
Her tender whelpes, her diuers kindes of style,
Such as they are, or nought, or little worth,
Which carefull trauell, and a longer whyle,
May better shape. The eldest of them loe,
I offer to the stake, my youthfull woorke,
20 Which one reprochefull mouth might ouerthrowe:
The rest (vnlickt as yet) a whyle shall lurke,
Tyll tyme geue strength, to meete and match in fight
With slaunders whelpes. Then shall they tell of stryfe
Of noble tryumphes, and deedes of martial might,
And shall geue rules of chast and honest lyfe.
25 The whyle I pray that ye with fauour blame,
Or rather not reproue the laughing game
Of this my muse.

¶ [*Sins ye can nought win. if ye cannot please the best is to fuffre
for of sufferrance comth ease.] ¶

30

¶ [. . .] ¶

<¶iiii.r>

¶[. . .]¶

¶[Cofī lamor
mio.]¶

The Argument.

- L oue hath inflamed twayne by fodayn fight.
And both do graunt the thing that both desire
They wed in fhrift by counfellof a frier.
- 5 Yong Romeus clymes fayre Juliets bower by night.
Three monthes he doth enioy his cheefe delight.
By Tybalts rage,provoked vnto yre,
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.
A banifht man he fcapes by fecret flight.
- 10 New mariage is offred to his wyfe.
She drinkes a drinke that feemes to reave her breath.
They bury her, that fleping yet hath lyfe.
Her hufband heares the tydinges of her death.
He drinkes his bane.And ſhe with Romeus knyfe,
When ſhe awakes,her felfe(alas)ſhe fleath.

¶[. . .]¶

¶[. . .]¶

<¶iiii. v>

T here is beyond 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.

5 The fruitfull hilles aboue,
the pleasant uales belowe,
The siluer streame with channell depe,
that through the towne doth flow:
The store of springes that serue
for vse, and eke for ease:
And other moe commodittes
which profite may and please.
Eke many certaine signes
of thinges betyde of olde,

10 To fyll the houngrý eyes of those
that curiously beholde:
Doe make this towne to be
preferde aboue the rest
Of Lumbard townes, or at the least,
compared with the best.
In which while Escalus,
as prince alone dyd raigne,
To reache rewarde vnto the good,
to pay the lewde with payne.

15 Alas(I rewe to thinke)
an heauy 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 amfed head,
upright doth stand my heare.

A.j.< r > But

- But fith ſhe doth commaunde,
 whoſe heft I muſt obaye,
20 In moorning verſe, a wofull chaunce
 to tell I will affaye.
 Helpe learned Pallas, helpe,
 ye muſes with your arte,
 Helpe all ye damned feendes to tell,
 of ioyes retournd to ſmart.
 Helpe eke ye fiſters three,
 my ſkilleſſe penne tindyte:
For you it cauſd which I (alas)
 unable am to wryte.
25 There were two auncient ſtockes,
 which Fortune high dyd place
Aboue the reſt, indewd with welth,
 and nobler of their race.
 Loued of the common fort,
 loued of the Prince alike:
And like vnhappy were they both,
 when fortune liſt to ſtrike.
 Whoſe prayſe with equall blaſt,
 fame in her trumpet blew:
30 The one was clipd Capelet,
 and thother Montague.
 A wonted vſe it is,
 that men of likely forte,
(I wot not by what furye forſd)
 envye eche others porte.
 So theſe, whoſe egall ſtate
 bred enuye pale of hew,
And then, of grudging enuyes roote,
 blacke hate and rancor grewe.
35 As of a little ſparke,
 oft ryſeth mighty fyre,
So of a kyndled ſparke of grudge,
 in flames flaſhe out theyr yre.

| A.ii.<r> And

And then theyr deadly foode,
firft hatched of trifling ftryfe:
Did bathe in bloud of fmarting woundes,
it reued breth and lyfe.
No legend lye I tell,
fcarce yet theyr eyes be drye:
40 That did behold the grifly fight,
with wet and weping eye.
But when the prudent prince,
who there the fcepter helde,
So great a new diforder in
his common weale beheld:
By ientyl meane he fought,
their choler to affuage:
And by perfwafion to appeafe,
their blameful furious rage.
45 But both his woordes and tyme,
the prince hath fpent in vayne:
So rooted was the inward hate,
he loft his buyfy payne.
When friendly fage aduife,
ne ientyll woords auayle:
By thondring threats, and princely powere
their courage gan he quayle.
In hope that when he had
the wafting flame fuppreft,
50 In time he fould quyte quench the fparks
that boornd within their brest.
Now whilft thee kyndreds do
remayne in this eftate,
And eceh with outward frendly fthew
dooth hyde his inward hate:
One Romeus, who was
of race a Montague,
Upon whose tender chyn, as yet,
no manlyke beard there grewe.

<A.ii.v> Whofe

- 55 Whose beauty and whose fhape
 fo farre the reft did ftayne:
That from the cheefe of Veron youth
 he greateft fame dyd gayne.
Hath founde a mayde fo fayre
 (he found fo foule his happe)
Whose beauty, fhape, and comely grace,
 did fo his heart entrappe,
 That from his owne affayres,
 his thought fhe did remoue:
60 Onely he fought to honor her,
 to ferue her, and to loue.
 To her he writeth oft,
 oft meffengers are fent:
At length (in hope of better fpede)
 himfelfe the louer went:
 Prefent to pleade for grace,
 which abfent was not founde:
And to difcouer to her eye
 his new receaued wounde.
65 But fhe that from her youth
 was foftred euermore
With vertues foode, and taught in fchole
 of wifdomes fkilfull lore:
 By aunfwere did cutte of
 thffections of his loue,
That he no more occafion had
 fo vayne a fuite to moue.
 So fterne fhe was of chere,
 (for all the payne he tooke)
70 That in reward of toyle, fhe would
 not geue a frendly looke.
 And yet how much fhe did
 with conftant mind retyre;
So much the more his feruent minde
 was prickt fourth by defyre.

|A.ii.v. .But

But when he many monthes,
hopeleffe of his recure,
Had ferued her, who forced not
what paynes he did endure:
75 At length he thought to leaue
Verona, and to proue,
If chaunge of place might chaunge awaye
his ill beftowed loue.
And fpeaking to himfelfe,
thus gan he make his mone:
What booteth me to loue and ferue
a fell vnthankfull one,
Sith that my humble fute
and labour fowede in vayne,
80 Can reap none other fruiet at all
but fcorne and proude difdayne:
What way fhe seekes to goe,
the fame I feeke to runne:
But fhe the path wherein I treade,
with fpedy flight doth fhunne.
I can not liue, except
that nere to her I be:
She is ay beft content when fhe
is fartheft of from me.
85 Wherefore henceforth I will
farre from her take my flight:
Perhaps mine eye once banifhed
by abfence from her fight:
This fyre of myne, that by
vher pleafant eyne is fed:
Shall little and little weare away,
and quite at laft be ded.
But whileft he did decree
this purpofe ftill to kepe:
90 A contrary repugnant thought
fanke in his breft fo depe:

A.iii.<1>. That

That doutefull is he now,
which of the twayne is beft:
In fighs,in teares,in plainte,in care,
in forow and vnreft.
He mones the daye, he wakes
the long and wery night,
So deepe hath loue with pearcing hand,
ygraud her bewty bright.
95 Within his breft,and hath
fo maftred quite his hart:
That he of force muft yeld as thrall,
no way is left to ftart.
He can not ftaye his fteppe,
but forth ftill muft he ronne,
He languifheth and melts awaye,
as fnow againft the fonne.
His kyndred and alyes,
do wonder what he ayles,
100 And eche of them in frendly wife,
his heauy hap bewayles.
But one emong the reft,
the truftieft of his feeres.
Farre more then he with counfel fild,
and ryper of his years.
Gan fharpely him rebuke,
fuche loue to him he bare:
That he wasfelow of his fmart,
and partner of his care.
105 What meaneft thou Romeus
(quothe he) what doting rage
Dooth make thee thus confume away,
the beft parte of thine age,
In feking her that fcornes,
and hydes her from thy fight:
Not forfing all thy great expence,
ne yet thy honor bright.

<A.iii.v>. Thy

- Thy teares,thy wretched lyfe,
ne thine unspotted truth:
110 Which are of force(I weene) to moue
the hardest heart to ruthe.
Now for our frendfhips fake,
and for thy health I pray:
That thou hencefoorth become thyne owne,
O geue no more away.
Unto a thankles wight,
thy precious free eftate:
In that thou loueft fuch a one,
thou seemft thy felfe to hate.
115 For fhe doth loue els where,
(and then thy time is lorne)
Or els (what booteth thee to fue)
loues court fhe hath forfworne.
Both yong thou art of yeares,
and high in Fortunes grace:
What man is better fhapd than thou?
Who hath a fwetter face?
By painfull ftudies meane,
great learning haft thou wonne:
120 Thy parentes haue none other heyre,
thou art theyr onely fonne.
What greater griefe(trowft thou?)
what wofull dedly fmart
Should fo be able to difftraine
thy feely fathers heart?
As in his age to fee
thee plunged deepe in vyce:
When greateft hope he hath to heare
thy vertues fame arife.
125 What fhall thy kinfmen thinke,
thou caufe of all theyr ruthe?
Thy dedly foes do laugh to fkorne
thy yll employed youth.

| A.iiii.<f>. Wher

Wherefore my counfell is,
that thou henceforth beginne
To knowe and flye the errour which
to long thou liuedft in.
Remoue the veale of loue,
that keepes thine eyes fo blynde:
130 That thou ne canft the ready path
of thy forefatherffynde.
But if vnto thy will
fo much in thrall thou art:
Yet in fome other place beftowe
thy witles wandring hart.
Chooſe out fome worthy dame,
her honor thou and ferue,
Who will geue eare to thy complaint
and pittie ere thou fterue.
135 But ſow no more thy paynes
in ſuch a barrayne foyle:
As yeldes in harueſt time no crop
in recompence of toyle.
Ere long the townifhe dames
together will reſort:
Some one of bewty, favour, fhape,
and of ſo louely porte:
With ſo faſt fixed eye,
perhaps thou mayſt beholde:
140 That thou ſhalt quite forget thy loue,
and paſſions paſt of olde.
The young mans liſtning eare
receiude the holeſome founde,
And reaſons truth yplanted fo,
within his head had grounde:
That now with healthy cool
ytempred is the heate:
And piecemeale wears away the greefe
that erſt his heart dyd freate.

<A.iiii. v>. To

- 145 To his approued frend,
 a foleme othe he plight:
At euery feaft ykept by day,
 and banquet made by night:
At pardons in the churche,
 at games in open ftreate:
And euery where he would refort
 where Ladies wont to meete.
Eke fhould his fauage heart
 lyke all indifferently:
150 For he would view and iudge them all
 with vnallured eye.
How happy had he been.
 had he not been forfworne:
But twyfe as happy had he been
 had he been neuer borne.
For ere the Moone could thryfe
 her wafted hornes renew,
Falf Fortune caft for him poore wretch,
 a myffchiefe newe to brewe.
155 The wery winter nightes
 reftore the Chriftmas games:
And now the feafon doth inuite
 to banquet townifh dames.
And fyrft in Capels houfe,
 the chiefe of all the kyn:
Sparth for no coft, the wonted vfe
 of banquets to begyn.
No Lady fayre or fowle,
 was in Verona towne:
160 No knight or gentleman
 of high or lowe renowne:
But Capilet himfelfe
 hath byd vnto his feaft:
Or by his name in paper fent,
 appoynted as a geaft.

<A.v.1>. Yong

Yong damfels thether flocke,
of bachelers a route:
Not fo much for the banquets fake,
as bewties to fearch out.
165 But not a Montaguew
would enter at his gate:
For as you heard, the Capilets,
and they were at debate.
Saue Romeus , and he.
in mafke with hidden face:
The fupper done, with other fiue
dyd preafe into the place.
When they had mafkd a whyle,
with dames in courtly wife:
170 All dyd vnmafke, the reft dyd fhew
them to theyr ladies eyes.
But bafhfull Romeus,
with fhamefajt face forfooke
The open preafes, and him withdrew
into the chambers nook.
But brighter than the funne,
the waxen torches fhone:
That mauger what he could,he was
efpyd of every one.
175 But of the women cheefe,
theyr gafing eyes that threwe,
To wonder at his fightly fhape
and bewties fptles hewe.
With which the heauens him had
and nature fo bedect:
That Ladies thought the faireft dames
were foule in his respect.
And in theyr head befide,
an other wonder rofe,
180 How he durft put himfelfe in throng
among fo many foes.

<A.v.v>. Of

Ofcourage ftoute they thought
his cumming to procede:
And women loue an hardy hart
as I in ftories rede.
The Capilets difdayne
the prefence of theyr foe:
Yet they fuppreffe theyr ftired yre,
the caufe I do not knowe
185 Perhaps toffend their geftes
the courteous knights are loth,
Perhaps they ftay from fharp reuenge,
dreadyng the Princes wroth.
Perhaps for that they fhamd
to exercife theyr rage:
Within their houfe, gainft one alone
and him of tender age.
They vfe no taunting talk,
ne harme himby theyr deede:
190 They neyther fay, what makft thou here,
ne yet they fay God fpede.
So that he freely might
the Ladies view at eafe.
And they alfo behelding him,
their chaunge of fanfies pleafe.
Which nature had him taught
to doe with fuch a grace,
That there was none but ioyed at
his being there in place.
195 With upright beame he weyd
the bewty of eche dame,
And iudgd who beft, and who next her,
was wrought in natures frame.
At length he faw a mayd,
right fayr, of perfect fhape:
Which Thefeus, or Paris would
haue chofen to their rape.

<A.vi.r>. Whom

Whom erft he neuer fawe,
of all fhe pleafde him moft:
200 Within himfelfe he faid to her,
thou iuftly mayft thee bofte.
Of perfit fhapes renoune,
and Beauties founding prayfe:
Whofe like ne hath,ne fhale feene,
ne liueth in our dayes
And whileft he fixd on her
his partiall perced eye,
His former loue,for which of late
he ready was to dye.
205 Is nowe as quite forgotte,
as it had neuer been:
The prouerb faith vnminded oft
are they that are vnfeene.
And as out of a planke
a nayle a nayle doth driue:
So nouell loue out of the minde
the auncient loue doth riue.
This fodain kindled fyre
in time is vox fo great:
210 That only death,and both theyr blouds
might quench the fiery heate.
When Romeus faw himfelfe
in this new tempest toft:
Where both was hope of pleafant port,
and daunger to be loft:
He doubtfull, fkafely knew
what countenance to keepe
In Lethies floud his wonted flames
were quenched and drenched deepe.
215 Yea he forgets himfelfe,
ne is the wretch fo bolde
To afke her name,that without force
hath him in bondage folde.

<A.vi.v> Ne

Ne how tunloofe his bondes
doth the poore foole devife,
But onely feeketh by her fight
to feede his haungry eyes.
Through them he fwalloweth downe
loues fweete empoyfonde baite,
220 How furely are the wareles wrapt
by thofe that lye in wayte?
So is the poyfon fpred
throughout his bones and veines:
That in a while(alas the while)
it hafteth deadly paines
Whilft Iuliet(for fo
this gentle damfell hight)
From fyde to fyde on euery one
dyd caft about her fight:
225 At laft her floating eyes
were anchored faft on him,
Who for her fake dyd banifhe health
and fredome from eceh limme.
He in her fight did feeme
to paffe the reft as farre
As Phoebus fhining beames do paffe
the brightnes of a ftarre.
In wayte laye warlike loue
with golden bowe and shaft,
230 And to his ear with fteady hand
the bowfttring vp he raft.
Till now fhe had efcapde
his fharpe inflaming darte:
Till now he lifted not affaulte
her yong and tender hart.
His whetted arrow loofde,
fo touchd her to the quicke:
That through the eye it ftrake the hart,
and there the hedde did fticke.

<A.vii.1>. It booted

- 235 It bootèd not to striue,
 for why, she wanted strength:
The weaker aye vnto the strong
 of force muſt yeld at length.
The pomps now of the feaſt
 her heart gyns to deſpyſe:
And onely ioyeth when her eyen
 meete with her louers eyes.
When their new ſmitten heartes
 had fed on louing gleames:
240 Whilſt, paſſing too and fro theyr eyes,
 ymingled were theyr beames.
Each of theſe louers gan
 by others lookes to knowe:
That frendſhip in their breſt had roote,
 and both would haue it grow.
When thus in both theyr harts
 had Cupide made his breache:
And eche of them had fought the meane
 to end the warre by ſpeache.
245 Dame Fortune did affent
 theyr purpoſe to aduaunce:
With torche in hand a comly knight
 did fetch her forth 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:
250 Nye to the feate where ſhe muſt fit,
 the daunce once beyng donne.
Fayre Iuliet tourned to,
 her chayre with pleaſant cheere:
And glad ſhe was her Romeus
 approched was ſo neere.

<Avii. v> At

At thone fide of her chayre,
her louer Romeo:
And on the other fide there fat
one cald Mercutio.
255 A courtier that eche where
was highly had in pryce:
For he was coorteous of his speche,
and pleafant of devife.
Euen as a Lyon would
among the lambes be bolde:
Such was among the bathfull maydes,
Mercutio to beholde.
With frendly gripe he feifd
fayre Iuliets fnowifh hand:
260 A gyft he had that nature gaue
him in his fwathing band.
That frofen mountayne yfe
was neuer halfe fo cold
As were his handes, though nere fo neer
the fire he dyd them holde.
As foone as had the knight
the vyrgins right hand raught:
Within his trembling hand her left
hath louing Romeus caught.
265 For he wift well himfelfe
for her abode moft payne:
And well he wift fhe loued him beft,
vnles fhe lift to fayne.
Then fhe with tender hand
his tender palme hath preft:
What ioy trow you was graffed fo
in Romeus clouen breaft:
The fwdain fweete delight
hath ftopped quite his tong.
270 Ne can he claime of her his right,
ne craue redrefse of wrong.

<A.viii.r> But

The Tragicall hiftory. <Fo.8.>

But she espyd ftraight waye
by chaunging of his hwe
From pale to red,from red to pale,
and fo from pale anew:
That vehment loue was caufe,
why fo his tong dyd ftay:
And fo much more she longed to heare
what loue could teache him faye.
275 When she had longed long,
and he long held his peace,
And her defire of hearing him,
by fylence dyd encrease.
At laft with trembling voyce
and fhamefaft chere,the mayde
Unto her Romeus tournde her felfe,
and thus to him she fayde.
O bleffed be the time
of thy arriuall here:
280 But ere she could fpeak forth the reft,
to her loue drewe fo nere:
And fo within her mouth,
her tongue he glewed faft,
That no one woord could fcape her more,
then what already paf.
In great contented eafe
the yong man ftraight is rapt,
What chaunce (q he) vnware to me
O lady myne is hapt:
285 That geues you worthy caufe,
my cumming here to bliss:
Fayre Iuliet was come agayne
vnto her felfe by this.
Fyrft ruthfully she lookd,
then fayd with fmylyng chere:
Meruayle no whit my heartes delight,
my onely knight and fere,
<A.viii. v>. Mercu=

Mercutious yfy hande
had all to frofen myne,
290 And of thy goodnes thou agayne
haft warmed it with thine.
Whereto with stayed brow,
gan Romeus to replye
If fo the gods haue graunted me,
fuche fauour from the lkye,
That by my being here,
some seruice I haue donne
That pleafeth you I am as glad,
as I a realme had wonne,
295 O well beftowed time.
that hath the happy hyre,
Which I woulde wyfh if I might haue,
my wifhed harts defire.
For I of God woulde craue,
as pryfe of payines forpaft.
To ferue, obey and honour you,
fo long as lyfe fhall laft.
As prooffe fhall teache you playne,
if that you like to trye
300 His faltles truth,that nill for ought,
vnto his lady lye.
But if my tooched hand,
haue warmed yours fome dele
Affure your felf the heat is colde,
which in your hand you fele.
Compard to fuche quick fparks
and glowing furious gleade,
As from your bweuties pleafaunt eyne,
loue caufed to proceade.
305 Which haue fo fet on fyre,
eche feling parte of myne.
That lo,my mynde doeth melt awaye:
my vtwerdparts doe pyne.

B.i.<1>. And

And but you helpe all whole,
to afhes fhall I toorne:
Wherefore(alas)haue ruth on him,
whom you do force to boorne.
Euen with his ended tale,
the torches daunce had ende,
310 And Iuliet of force muft part
from her new chofen frend.
His hand fhe clafped hard,
and all her partes did fhake:
When lay fureles with whifpring voyce
thus did fhe aunfwer make.
You are no more your owne
(dear friend)then I am yours
(My honour faued)preft tobey
your will,while life endures,
315 Lo here the lucky lot
that fild true louers finde:
Eche takes away the others hart,
and leaues the owne behinde.
A happy life is loue
if God graunt from aboue,
That hart with hart by euen waight
doo make exchaunge of loue.
But Romeus gone from her,
his heart for care is colde:
320 He hath forgot to afke her name
that hath his hart in holde.
With forged careles cheere,
of one he feeke to knowe,
Both how fhe hight,and whence fhe cammee,
that him enchuantd fo.
So hath he learnd her name,
and knowth fhe is no geaft.
Her father was a Capilet,
and mafter of the feaft.

<B.i.v> Thuf

- 325 Thus hath hiffoe in choyfe
 to geue him lyfe or death:
That scarfely can his wofull breaft
 keepe in the liuely breath.
Wherefore with piteous plaint
 feerce Fortune doth he blame:
That in his ruth and wretched plight
 doth feeke her laughing game.
And he reproueth loue,
 cheefe caufe of his vnrest:
330 Who eafe and freedome hath exilde
 out of his youthfull breft.
Twife hath he made him ferue,
 hopeles of his rewarde:
Of both the ylles to choofe the leffe,
 I weene the choice were hard.
Fyrft to a ruthlefse one
 he made him fue for grace:
And now with fpurre he forceth him
 to ronne an endles race.
335 Amyd thefe stormy feas
 one ancor doth him holde,
He ferueth not a cruell one,
 as he had done of olde.
And therfore is content,
 and choofeth ftill to ferue:
Though hap fhould fwear that guerdonles
 the wretched wight fhould fterue.
The lot of Tantalus
 is Romeus lyke to thine
340 For want of foode amid his fwde,
 the myfer ftyll doth pine.
As carefull was the mayde
 what way were beft deuife
To learne his name, that entertaind
 her in fo gentle wife.

B.ii. <I> Of

Of whome her hart receiued
fo deepe,fo wyde a wounde,
An auncient dame fhe calde to her,
and in her ear gan rounde.
345 This olde dame in her youth,
had nurft her with her mylke,
With flender nedle taught her fow,
and how to fpin with filke.
What twayne are thofe (quoth fhe)
which preafe vnto the doore,
Whofe pages in theyr hand doe beare,
two toorches light before.
And then as eche of them
had of his houfhould name,
350 So fhe him namde yet once agayne
the yong and wyly dame.
And tell me who is he
with vyfor in his hand
That yender doth in masking weede
befyde the window ftand.
His name is Romeus
(fayd fhe) a Montegewe.
Whofe fathers pryde firft ftyrd the strife
which both your houfholdes rewe.
355 The woord of Montegew,
her ioyes did ouerthrow,
And ftraight in fteade of happy hope,
dyspayre began to growe.
What hap haue I quoth fhe,
to loue my fathers foe?
What,am I wery of my wele?
What,doe I wifhe my woe?
But though her grieuous paynes
diftrained her tender hart,
360 Yet with an outward fhewe of ioye
fhe coked inward fmart.

<B.ii. v> And

And of the courtlyke dames
her leaue fo courtly tooke,
That none dyd geffe the fodain change
by changing of her looke.
Then at her mothers heft
to chamber fheher hyde
So well fhe faynde,mother ne nurce,
the hidden harme defcride.
365 But when fhe fould haue flept
af wont fhe was,in bed,
Not halfe a winke of quiet flepe
could harber in her bed.
For loe,an hugy heape
of dyuers thoughtes arife
That reft haue banifht from her hart,
and flumber from her eyes.
And now from fide to fide
fhe toffeth and fhe turnes,
370 And now for feare fhe fheuereth,
and now for loue fhe burnes.
And now fhe lykes her choyfe,
and now her choyfe fhe blames,
And now eche houre within her head,
a thoufand fanfies frames
Sometime in mynde to ftop,
amyd her courfe begonne
Sometime fhe vowes what fo betyde,
thattempted race to ronne.
375 Thus dangers dred and loue,
within the mayden fought,
The fight was feerce continuyng long
by their contrary thought.
In tourning mafe of loue
fhe wandreth too and fro,
Then ftandeth doutfull what to doe,
laft ouerpreft with woe.

B.iii.<1> How

☞ [...] ☞

How fo her fanfies ceafe,
her teares dyd neuer blyn,
380 With heauy cheere and wringed hands,
thus doth her plaint begyn.
Ah fily foole quoth fhe)
ycought in foottill fnare:
Ah wretched wench bewrapt in woe,
ah caytife clad with care.
Whence come thefe wandring thoughtes
to thy vnconstant breft?
By ftraying thus from rayfons lore,
that reue thy wonted reft.
385 What if his futtell brayne,
to fayne haue taught his tong?
And fo the fnake that lurkes in grafte,
thy tender hart hath ftong?
What if with frendly fpeache
the traytor lye in wayte?
As oft the poyfond hooke is hid,
wrapt in the pleafant bayte?
Oft vnder cloke of truth,
hath falshood ferued her luft:
390 And toornd theyr honor into flame,
that did fo flightly trust.
What, was not Dido fo,
a crowned Queene: defamd?
And eke for fuch an heynouf cryme,
haue men not Thefeus blamd?
A thoufand ftories more,
to teache me to beware:
In Boccace, and in Ouids bookes
too playnely written are.
395 Perhaps the great reuenge
he cannot woorke by ftrength:
By futtel fleight (my honor ftaynde)
he hopes to worke at length.

<B.iii. v> So

So fhall I feeke to finde
my fathers foe his game:
So I befylde,report fhall take
her trompe of blacke defame.
Whence fhe with puffed cheeke
fhall blowe a blaft fo fhrill
400 Of my difprayfe,that with the noyfe
Verona fhall fhe fill.
Then I a laughing ftocke
through all the towne becommme:
Shall hide my felfe,but not my fhame,
within an hollowe toombe.
Straight vnderneath her foote,
fhe treadeth in the duft
Her troublefom thought as wholly vaine,
ybred of fond diftruft.
405 No no by God aboue,
I wot it well quoth fhee,
Although I rafhely fpake before,
in no wife can it bee.
That where fuch perfet fhape,
with pleafant bewty refte:
There crooked craft and trayfon blacke,
fhould be appoynted gefte.
Sage writers fay, the thoughts
are dwelling in the eyne:
410 Then fure I am af Cupid raignes
that Romeus is myne.
The tong the meffenger,
eke call they of the mynd:
So that I fee he loueth me,
fhall I then be vnkynd?
His faces rofy hew,
I faw full oft to feeke:
And ftraight againe it flafhed forth,
and fpred in eyther cheeke.

B.iiii.<I> His

- 415 His fyxed heauenly eyne,
that through me quite did perce
His thoughts vnto my hart,my thought
they femed to rehearce.
What ment his foltring tunge,
in telling of his tale:
The trembling of his ioynts and eke
his cooler waxen pale?
And whilst I take with him,
hym felf he hath exylde,
420 Out of him felf (as feemed me)
ne was I fure begylde.
Thofe arguments of loue,
craft wrate not in his face
But natures hande when all deceyte,
was banifhd out of place
What other certain fignes
feke I of his good wil?
Thefe doo fuffife, and ftedfaft I
will loue and ferue him ftil.
425 Till Attropos fhall cut,
my fatall thread of lyfe,
So that he mynde to make of me
his lawfull wedded wyfe.
For fo perchaunce this new
aliance may procure
Vnto our houfes fuche a peace
as euer fhall endure
Oh how we can perfwade,
our felf to what we like
430 And how we can difwade our mynd,
if ought our mynd mislyke.
Weake arguments are ftronge,
our fanfies ftreight to frame,
To pleafing things, and eke to fhonne,
if we mislike the fame.

<B.iiii. v> The

The mayde had scarfely yet
ended the wery warre,
Kept in her heart by striuing thoughtes
when euery fhining ftarre
435 Had payd his borrowed light,
and Phebus fpred in fkies
His golden rayes, which feemd to fay:
now time it is to rife.
And Romeus had by this
forfaken his wery bed:
Where reftles he a thoufand thoughts
had forged in his hed.
And while with lingring ftep
by Iuliets houle he pafte:
440 And vpward to her windowes high
his gredy eyes did caft:
His loue that looked for him,
there gan he ftraight efpie,
With pleafant cheere eche greeted is,
fhe followeth with her eye
His parting fteppes, and he
oft looketh backe againe:
But not fo oft as he defyres,
warely he doth refraine.
445 What life were lyke to loue,
if dred of ieopardy,
Yfowred not the fweete, if loue
were free from ielofy.
But fhe more fure within,
vnfeene of any wight,
When fo he comes, lookes after him,
till he be out of fight.
In often paffing fo,
his bufy eyes he threw,
450 That euery pane and tooting hole
the wily louer knew.

<B.v.1> In hap=

In happy houre he doth
a garden plot espye:
From which except he warely walke,
men may his loue descrye.
For lo, it fronted full,
vpon her leaning place:
Where she is woont to fiew her heart
by cheerefull frendly face.
455 And left the arbors might
theyr secret loue bewraye:
He doth keepe backe his forward foote
from passing there by daye.
But when on earth the night
her mantel blacke hath spread:
Well armed he walketh forth alone,
ne dreadfull foes doth dread.
Whom maketh loue not bold,
naye whom makes he not blynde?
460 He reueth daungers dread oft times
out of the lous minde.
By night he passeth here,
a weeke or two in vayne:
And for the miffing of his marke.
his grieve hath him nye flaine.
And Iuliet that now
both lacke her hearts releefe:
Her Romeus pleasant eyen (I meene)
is almost dead for greefe.
465 Eche day she chaungeth howres,
(for louers keepe an howre)
When they are fure to see theyr loue
in passing by their howre.
Impacient of her woe,
she hapt to leane one night
Within her window, and anon
the Moone did shine so bright.

<B.v. v>. That

That she espyde her loue,
her hart reuiued, sprang,
470 And now for ioy she clappes her handes,
which erft for woe she wrang.
Eke Romeus when he sawe
his long defired fight:
His moorning cloke of mone cast of,
hath clad him with delight.
Yet dare I fay, of both,
that she reioyced more:
His care was great, hers twife as great,
was all the tyme before:
475 For whilst she knew not why
he dyd himfelfe absent:
Ay douting both his health and lyfe,
his death she dyd lament.
For loue is fearefull oft,
where is no caufe of feare:
And what loue feares, that loue laments,
as though it chaunced weare.
Of greater caufe alway
if greater woorkeybred:
480 While he nought douteth of her helth,
she dreads lest he be ded.
When onely absence is
the caufe of Romeus smart:
By happy hope of fight agayne
he feedes his faynting hart.
What woonder then if he
were wrapt in lesse annoye?
What maruell if by sodain fight
she fed of greater ioye?
485 His smaller greefe or ioy,
no smaller loue doo proue:
Ne for she passed him in both,
did she him passe in loue.

<B.vi.r> But

But eche of them alike
dyd burne in equall flame:
The welbelouing knight, and eke
the welbeloued dame.
Now whilft with bitterteares
her eyes as fountaynes ronne:
490 With whispering voyce ybroke with fobs,
thus is her tale begonne.
Oh Romeus (of your lyfe)
too lauas fure yon are:
That in this place, and at thys tyme
to hasard it you dare.
What if your dedly foes
my kynfmen, saw you here?
Lyke Lyons wylde, your tender partes
afonder would they teare.
495 In ruth and in difdayne,
I weary of my lyfe:
With cruell hand my moorning hart
would perce with bloudy knyfe.
For you myne owne once dead,
what ioy should I haue heare?
And eke my honor staynde which I
then lyfe doe holde more deare.
Fayre lady myne dame Iuliet
my lyfe (quod he)
500 Euen from my byrth committed was
to fatall sifters three.
They may in fpyte of foes,
draw foorth my liuely threed:
And they alfo, who so fayth nay,
a fonder may it fhreed.
But who to reauue my lyfe,
his rage and force would bende:
Perhaps should trye vnto his payne
how I it could defende.

<B.vi. v> Ne

505 Ne yet I loue it fo,
 but alwayes for your fake,
 A facrifice to death I would
 my wounded corps betake.
 If my mifhappe were fuch,
 that here before your fight, [Me mea Galla
 I fould reftore agayne to death, suo sic
 of lyfe my borowde light: circumvenerat ore
 This one thing and no more. Ut captam pedicis
 my parting fprite would rewe: circumdat aranea
 510 That part he fould, before that you. muscam]¹
 by certaine triall knew
 The loue I owe to you,
 the thrall I languifh in:
 And how I dread to loofe the gayne
 which I doe hope to win.
 And how I wifhe for lyfe,
 not for my propre eafe:
 But that in it,you might I loue,
 you honor, ferue and pleafe.
 515 Tyll dedly pangs the fprite
 out of the corps fhall fend:
 And therupon he fware an othe,
 and fo his tale had ende.
 Now loue and pitty boyle,
 in Iuliets ruthfull breft,
 In windowe on her leaning arme,
 her weary hed doth reft.
 Her bofome bathd in teares,
 to witnes inward payne:
 520 With dreary chere to Romeus,
 thus aunfwerd fhe agayne.
 Ah my deere Romeus,
 keepe in thefe woordes(quod fhe)
 For lo,the thought of fuch mifchaunce,
 already maketh me
 <B.vii. r> For

[Me mea Galla suo sic circumvenerat ore Ut captam pedicis
 circumdat aranea muscam]¹*

*Battista Spagnuoli, also called “il Mantovano”, the Mantuan (1447 – 1516), *Eclogae, De adulescentia* 1: “de honesto amore et felici eius exitu” (Of lawful love and its happy outcome”), [42-3](#).

For pittie and for dred,
welgh to yelde vp breath:
In euen ballance payfed are
my life and eke my death.
525 For so my hart is knitte,
yea, made one felfe with yours:
That fure there if no greefe fo fmall,
by which your mynde endures.
But as you fuffer payne,
fo I doe beare in part:
(Although it leffens not your greefe)
the halfe of all your fmart.
But thefe thinges ouerpast,
if of your health and myne
530 You haue refpect, or pittie ought
my teary weping eyen:
In few vnfaigned woords,
your hidden mynd vnfolde,
That as I fee your pleafant face,
your heart I may beholde.
For if you doe intende
my honor to defile:
In error fhall you wander ftill
as you haue done this whyle,
535 But if your thought be chafte,
and haue on vertue ground
If wedlocke be the ende and marke
which your defire hath found:
Obedience fet afide,
vnto my parentes dewe:
The quarell eke that long agoe
betwene our houfholdes grewe:
Both me and myne I will
all whole to you betake:
540 And following you where fo you goe,
my fathers houle forfake.

<B.vii. v> But

But if by wanton loue,
and by vnlawfull fute.
You thinke in ripeft yeres to plucke
my maydenhods dainty frute:
You are begylde, and now
your Iuliet you be seekes
To ceafe your fute, and suffer her
to liue emong her likes.
545 Then Romeus, whose thought
was free from fowle defyre:
And to the top of vertues haight,
did worthely afpyre:
Was fild with greater ioy
then can my pen exprefse:
Or till they haue enioyd the like
the hearers hart can gefse.
And then with ioyned hands
heaud vp into the fkies:
550 He thanks the Gods, and from the heauens
for vengeance downe he cries.
If he haue other thought,
but as his lady fpake:
And then his looke he toornd to her,
and thus did aunfwer make.
Since Lady that you like
to honor me fo much,
As to accept me for your fpoufe,
I yeld my felfe for fuch.
555 In true witnes wherof,
becaufe I muft depart,
Till that my deede do proue my woord,
I leaue in pawne my hart.
To morow eke betimes.
before the funne arife:
To fryer Lawrence will I wende,
to learne his fage aduife.
<B.viii.r> He is



He is my goftly fyre,
and oft he hath me taught
560 What I fhould doe in things of wayght,
when I his ayde haue fought.
And at this felfe fame houre,
I plyte you here my fayth:
I wil be here (if you thinke good)
to tell you what he fayth.
She was contented well,
els fauour found he none,
That night at lady Iuliets hand,
faue pleafant woordes alone.
565 This barefoote fryer gyrt,
with cord his grayifh weede,
For he of Frauncis order was,
a fryer as I reede,
Not as the moft was he,
a groffe vnlearned foole:
But doctor of diuinitie
proceded he in fchoole.
The fecretes eke he knew,
in natures woorkes that loorke:
570 By magiks arte moft men fuppofd
that he could wonders woorke.
Ne doth it ill befeeme
deuines thofe fkils to know:
If on no harmefull deede they do
fuch fkilfulnes beftow.
For iuftly of no arte
can men condemne the vfe:
But right and reafons lore crye out
agaynft the lewd abufe.
575 The bounty of the fryer
and wifdom hath fo wonne
The townes folks herts,that welnigh all
to fryer Lawrence ronne.

<B.viii.v> To

To fhriue them felfe the olde,
the yong, the great and fmall:
Of all he is beloued well,
and honord much of all.
And for he did the reft
in wifdome farre exceede:
580 The prince by him(his counfell craude)
was holpe at time of neede.
Betwixt the Capilets
and him great frendfhip grew:
A fecret and affured frend
vnto the Montegue.
Loued of this yong man more
then any other geft,
The frier eke of Verone youth,
aye liked Romeus beft.
585 For whom he euer hath
in time of his diftres:
(As erft you heard) by fkilfull lore,
found out his harmes redrefse.
To him is Romeus gonne,
ne ftayth he till the morowe:
To him he paynteth all his cafe,
his paffed ioy and forow.
How he hath her efpyde
with other dames in daunce,
590 And how that firft to talke with her,
himselke he did aduaunce.
Their talke and change of lookes
he gan to him declare:
And how fo faft by fayth and troth
they both ycoupled are.
That neither hope of lyfe,
nor dreded of cruel death,
Shall make him falfe his fayth to her
while lyfe fhall lend him breath.
C.i.<f> And

- 595 And then with weping eyes
he prayes his goftly fyre
To further and accomplifh all
theyr honeft hartes defire.
A thoufand doutes and moe
in thold mans hed arofe:
A thoufand daungers like to come,
the olde man doth difclofe.
And from the fpoufall rites
he readeth him refrayne:
600 Perhaps he fhall be bet aduifde
within a weeke or twayne.
Aduife is banifhd quite
from thofe that followe loue,
Except aduife to what they like
theyr bending mynde do moue.
605 As well the father might
haue counfeld him to ftay
That from a mountaines top thrown downe,
is falling halfe the way:
As warne his frend to ftop,
amyd his race begonne,
Whom Cupid with his fmarting whip
enforceth foorth to ronne.
Part wonne by earneft fute,
the fryer doth graunt at laft:
And part, becaufe he thinkes the ftormes
so lately ouerpast,
Of both the houfholdes wrath:
this mariage might apeafe,
610 So that they fhould not rage agayne,
but quite for euer ceafe.
The refpite of a day,
he asketh to deuylfe:
What way were beft vnknowne to ende
fo great an enterprife.

<C i. v> The

The wounded man that now
doth dedly paines endure:
Scarce pacient tarieth whilft his leech
doth make the falue to cure.
615 So Romeus hardly graunts
a fhort day and a night,
Yet nedes he muft,els muft he want
his onely hearts delight.
You fee that Romeus
no time or payne doth spare:
Thinke that the whilft fayre Iuliet
is not deuoyde of care.
Yong Romeus powreth foorth
his hap and his mishap,
620 Into the friers breft,but where.  {flos} 
fhall Iuliet vnwrap
The fecretes of her hart?
to whom fhall fhe vnfolde,
Her hidden burning loue, and eke
her thought and cares fo colde.
The nurce of whom I fpake
within her chaumber laye:
Vpon the mayde fhe wayteth ftill,
to her fhe doth bewray
625 Her new receiued wound,
and then her ayde doth craue:
In her fhe faith it lyes to spill,
in her her life to faue.
Not eafely fhe made
the froward nurce to bowe:
But wonne at length, with promeft hyre
fhe made a folemne vowe.
To do what fhe commaundes,
as handmayd of her heft:
630 Her miftres fecrets hide fhe will,
within her couert breft.

C.ii.<1> To

To Romeus she goes
of him she doth defyre,
To know the meane of mariage
by counsell of the fryre.
On Saterday quod he,
if Iuliet come to thrift,
She shalbe thriued and married,
how lyke you noorfe this drift?
635 Now by my truth (quod she)
gods bleffing haue your hart:
For yet in all my life I haue
not heard of fuch a part.
Lord how you yong men can
fuch crafty wiles deuife,
If that you loue the daughter well
to bleare the mothers eyes.
An eafy thing it is,
with cloke of holines,
640 To mocke the fely mother that
fufpecteth nothing leffe
But that it pleased you
to tell me of the cafe.
For all my many yeres perhaps,
I fhould haue found it fcarfe.
Now for the reft let me
and Iuliet alone:
To get her leaue, fome feate excufe
I will deuife anone.
645 For that her golden lockes
by floth haue been vnkempt:
Or for vnwares fome wanton dreame
the youthfull damfell drempt,
Or for in thoughts of loue
her ydel time she fpent:
Or otherwife within her hart
deferued to be fhent.
<C.ii. v> I know

I know her mother will
in no case fay her nay: ¶ [...] ¶
650 I warrant you she shall not fayle
to come on Saturday.
And then she sweares to him,
the mother loues her well:
And how she gaue her sucke in youth
she leaueth not to tell.
A pretty babe(quod she)
it was when it was yong:
Lord how it could full pretely
haue prated with it tong.
655 A thousand times and more
I laid her on my lappe,
And clapt her on the buttocke soft
and kift where I did clappe.
And gladder then was I
of such a kiffe forfooth:
Then I had been to haue a kiffe
of some olde lechers mouth.
And thus of Iuliets youth
began this prating noorse,
660 And of her present state to make
a tedious long discoorse.
For though he pleasure tooke
in hearing of his loue:
The message aunswer seemed him
to be of more behoue.
But when these Beldams fit
at ease vpon theyr taylor:
The day and eke the candle light
before theyr talke shall fayle.
665 And part they say is true,
and part they do deuife:
Yet boldly do they that of both
when no man checkes theyr lyes.
C.iii.<P> Then

Then he.vi.crownes of gold
out of his pocket drew:
And gaue them her, a flight reward
(quod he)and fo adiew.
In feuen yeres twife tolde
fhe had not bowd fo lowe,
670 Her crooked knees, as now they bowe,
fhe fweares fhe will bestowe.
Her crafty wit,her time,
and all her bufy payne,
To helpe him to his hoped bliffe,
and cowering downe agayne:
She takes her leaue,and home
fhe hyes with fpedy pace:
The chaumber doore fhe fhuts,and then
fhe faith with fmyling face.
675 Good newes for thee my gyrl,
good tidinges I thee bring:
Leaue of thy woonted fong of care
and now of pleafure fong.
For thou mayft hold thy felfe
the happieft vnder fonne:
That in fo little while, fo well
fo worthy a knight haft wonne.
The beft yfhapde is he,
and hath the fayrefte face,
680 Of all this towne,and there is none
hath halfe fo good a grace.
So gentle of his fpeche,
and of his counfell wife:
And ftill with many prayfes more
fhe heaued him to the fkies.
Tell me els what(quod fhe)
this euermore I thought:
But of our mariage fay at once,
what aunfwer haue you brought?
<C.iii.v> Nay

- 685 Nay soft quoth she, I feare,
 your hurt by fodain ioye:
I lift not play quoth Iuliet,
 although thou lift to toye.
 How glad trow you was she,
 when she had heard her fay:
No farther of then Saterdag,
 differred was the day.
 Againe the auncient nurce
 doth speake of Romeus,
690 And then (said she) he spake to me,
 and then I spake him thus.
 Nothing was done or said,
 that she hath left vntolde,
Saue onely one, that she forgot
 the taking of the golde.
 There is no losse quod she,
 (fweete wench)to losse of time:
Ne in thine age shalt thou repent
 so much of any crime.
695 For when I call to mynde,
 my former passed youth:
One thing there is which most of all
 doth cause my endles ruth.
 At fixtene yeres I first
 did choose my louing feere:
And I was fully ripe before,
 (I dare well say) a yere.
 The pleafure that I lost.
 that yere so ouerpast:
700 A thousand times I haue be wept,
 and shall while lyfe doth last.
 In fayth it were a shame,
 yea finne it were ywiffe,
When thou mayst liue in happy ioy
 to set light by thy blisse.

C.iiii.<r> She

She that this mornynge could
her miftres mynde diffwade,
705 Is now become an Oratreffe,
her lady to perfwade.
If any man be here, {flos}
whom loue hath clad with care:
To him I fpeake, if thou wilt fpede,
thy purfe thou muft not fpare.
Two fortes of men there are,
feeld welcome in at doore:
The welthy fparing nigard, and
the futor that is poore.
For glittering gold is woont
by kynd to mooue the hart:
710 And often times a flight rewarde
doth caufe a more defart.
Ywritten haue I red,
I wot not in what booke:
There is no better way to fife,
then with a golden hooke.
Of Romeus thefe two,
doe fitte and chat a while,
And to them felfe they laugh, how they
the mother fhall begyle.
715 A feate excufe they finde,
but fure I know it not:
And leaue for her to goe to fhrift
on Saterday fhe got.
So well this Iuliet,
this wyly wench dyd know
Her mothers angry houres, and eke
the true bent of her bowe.
The Saterday betimes
in fober weede yelad,
720 She tooke her leaue, and forth fhe went
with vifage graue and fad.

<C.iiii. v>. With

With her the nurce is fent
as brydle of her luft:
With her the mother fendes a mayde,
almost of equall trust.
Betwixt her teeth the bytte,
the Ienet now hath cought:
So warely eke the vyrgin walkes
her mayde perceiueth nought.
725 She gafeth not in church,
on yong men of the towne:
Ne wandreth she from place to place,
but straight she kneleth downe
Vpon an alters step,
where she deuoutly prayes:
And there vpon her tender knees
the wery lady stayes:
Whilft she doth fend her mayde
the certain truth to know,
730 If fryer Lawrence layfure had,
to heare her shrift, or no.
Out of his shriuing place
he commes with pleasant cheere:
The shamefast mayde with bashfull brow
to himward draweth neere.
Some great offence (quod he)
you haue committed late:
Perhaps you haue displeas'd your frend,
by geuing him a mate.
735 Then turning to the nurce,
and to the other mayde:
Goe heare a masse or two quod be,
which straight way shalbe sayde.
For her confession heard,
I will vnto you twayne
The charge that I receiued of you,
reftore to you agayne.

<C.v.r> What

What, was not Iuliet
trow you right well apayde?
740 That for this trufty fryre hath chaungde
her yong mistrusting mayde?
I dare well fay there is
in all Verona none:
But Romeus, with whom she would
fo gladly be alone.
Thus to the fryers cell,
they both foorth walked bin:
He fhuts the doore as foone as he
and Iuliet were in.
745 But Romeus her frend
was entred in before:
And there had wayted for his loue,
two howers large and more.
Eche minute seemde an howre,
and euery howre a day:
Twixt hope he liued and defpayre,
of cumming or of stay.
Now wauering hope and feare,
are quite fled out of fight.
750 For what he hopde he hath at hande
his pleafant cheefe delight.
And ioyfull Iuliet
is healde of all her smart:
For now the reft of all her parts,
haue found her ftraying hart.
Both theyr confeffions firft
the fryer hath heard them make:
And then to her with lowder voyce
thus fryer Lawrence fpake.
755 Fayre lady Iuliet
my goftly doughter deere:
As farre as I of Romeus learne
who by you ftandeth here:
<C.v.v> Twixt

Twixt you it is agreed
that you shalbe his wyfe:
And he your spouse in steady truth
till death shall end your life.
Are you both fully bent
to kepe this great beheft?
760 And both the louers said it was
theyr onely harts request.
When he did see theyr myndes
in linkes of loue so fast:
When in the prayse of wedlocks state
fomme skilfull talke was past.
When he had told at length
the wife what was her due:
His duety eke by goftly talke
the youthfull husband knew.
765 How that the wife in loue
muft honor and obay:
What loue and honor he doth owe,
and dette that he muft pay.
The woords pronounced were
which holy church of olde
Appointed hath for mariage:
and she a ring of golde
Receiued of Romeus:
and then they both arose.
770 To whom the frier then said,perchaunce
a part you will disclose
Betwixt your selfe alone
the bottome of your hart:
Say on at once, for time it is
that hence you should depart.
Then Romeus said to her,
(both loth to part so soone:)
Fayre lady fend to me agayne
your nurce this after noone.

<C.vi.r> Of

- 775 Of corde I will bespeake,
 a ladder by that time:
By which, this night,while other sleepe,
 I will your window clime.
 Then will we talke of loue,
 and of our olde difpayres:
And then with longer layfure had,
 difpofe our great affaires.
 Thefe faid, they kiffe,and then
 part to theyr fathers houle:
780 The ioyfull bryde vnto her home,
 to his eke goth the fpoufe.
 Contented both,and yet
 both vncontented still:
Till night and Venus child, geue leaue
 the wedding to fulfill.
 The painfull fouldiour fore
 ybet with very warre:
The merchant eke that nedefull things
 doth dred to fetch from farre:
785 The plowman that for doute
 of feerce inuading foes,
Rather to fit in ydle ease
 then fowe his tilt hath chofe:
 Reioyce to heare proclaymd
 the tydinges of the peace:
Not pleafurd with the found fo much:
 but when the warres do ceafe.
 Then ceafed are the harmes
 which cruell warre bringes foorth.
790 The merchant then may boldly fetch,
 his wares of precious woorth.
 Dredeleffe the husband man
 doth till his fertile feeld:
For welth her mate,not for her felfe,
 is peace fo precious held.

<C.vi.v> So

So louers liue in care,
in dread, and in vnreft:
And dedly warre by striuing thoughts
they kepe within their breft.
795 But wedlocke is the peace
wherby is freedome wonne,
To do a thousand pleafant thinges
that fhould not els be donne.
The newes of ended warre
theſe two haue hard with ioy:
But now they long the fruite of peace
with pleaſure to enioy.
In ſtormy wind and waue,
in daunger to be loſt:
800 Thy fearles ſhip(O Romeus)
hath been long while betoſt.
The feaſ are now appeaſd,
and thou by happy ſtarre
Art comme in fight of quiet hauen:
and now the wrackfull barre
Is hid with fwelling tyde,
boldly thou mayſt reſort
Vnto thy wedded ladies bed,
thy long defyred port.
805 God graunt no follies miſt
fo dymme thy inward fight,
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 ſeruant Romeus had,
of woord and deede ſo iuſt:
810 That with his life(if nede requierd)
his maſter would him truſt,
<C.vii.r> His

His faithfulness had oft
our Romeus proued of olde
And therefore all that yet was done
vnto 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.
815 The bryde to fend the nurce
at twilight fayleth not:
To whom the bridegroome yeuen hath.
the ladder that he got.
And then to watch for him
appointeth her an howre:
For whether Fortune smile on him,
or if she lift to lowre,
He will not misse to come
to his appointed place,
820 Where wont he was to take by felth
the view of Iuliets face.
How long these louers thought
the lasting of the day,
Let other iudge that wonted are
lyke passions to assay.
For my part, I do gesse
eche howre seemes twenty yere:
So that I deeme if they might haue
(as of Alcume we heare)
825 The funne bond to theyr will,
if they the heauens might gyde:
Black shade of night and doubled darke
should straight all oner hyde.
Thappointed howre is comme,
he clad in riche araye,
Walkes toward his defyred home,
good Fortune gyde his way.

<C.vii.v> Appro=

- Approching nere the place
from whence his hart had lffe:
830 So light he wox, he lept the wall,
and there he spyde his wife.
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 wifht himselfe
about ten thousand times.
835 The windowes clofe are shut,
els looke they for no gest,
To light the waxen quarriers,
the auncient nurce is preft,
Which Iuliet had before
prepared to be light,
That she at pleafure might beholde
her husbandes bewty bright.
A Carchef white as fnowe,
ware Iuliet on her hed,
840 Such as she wonted was to weare,
attyre meete for the bed.
As foone as she him spyde,
about his necke she clong:
And by her long and flender armes
a great while there she hong.
A thousand times she kift,
and him vnkift agayne:
Ne could she speake a woord to him
though would she nere so fayne.
845 And like betwixt his armes
to faynt his lady is:
She fettes a figh, and clappeth clofe
her closed mouth to his.

<C.viii.r> And

<C.viii.v> **Though**

- 865 Though cruell Fortune be
fo much my dedly foe:
That I ne can by liuely prooffe
caufe thee(fayre dame) to knowe
How much I am by loue
enthralled vnto thee:
Ne yet what mighty powre thou haft
by thy defert on me.
Ne tormentes that for thee
I did ere this endure:
870 Yet of thus much(ne will I fayne)
I may thee well affure.
The leaft of many paynes
which of thy abfence fprong:
More paynefully then death it felfe
my tender hart hath wroong.
Ere this one death had reft
a thoufand deathes away:
But lyfe prolonged was by hope,
of this defired day.
875 Which fo iuft tribute payes
of all my paffed mone:
That I as well contented am,
as if my felfe alone
Did from the Ocean reigne
vnto the fea of Inde:
Wherfore now let vs wipe away
old cares out of our mynde.
For as the wretched ftate
is now redrest at laft,
880 So is it fkill behinde our backe
the curfed care to caft.
Since Fortune of her grace
hath place and time affinde
Where we with pleafure may content
our vncontented minde.

D.i.<I> In

In Lethes hyde we deepe
all greefe and all annoy,
Whilft we do bath in bliffe, and fill
our hungry harts with ioye.
885 And for the time to comme,
let be our bufy care:
So wifely to direct our loue
as no wight els be ware.
Left enuious foes by force
defpoyle our new delight,
And vs throwe backe from happy ftate
to more vnhappy plight.
Fayre Iuliet began
to aunfwere what he fayde:
890 But foorth in haft the olde nurce ftept,
and fo her aunfwere ftayde.
Who takes not time(quothe) she
when time well offred is,
An other time fhall feeke for time,
and yet of time fhall miffe.
And when occafion ferues,
who fo doth let it flippe,
Is woorthy fure (if I might iudge)
of lafhes with a whippe.
895 Wherefore, if eche of you
hath harmde the other fo,
And eche of you hath been the caufe
of others wayled woe,
Loe here a fielde, (the fhewd
a fieeldbed ready dight)
Where you may, if you lift, in armes,
reuenge your felfe by fight.
Wherto thefe louers both
gan eafely affent,
900 And to the place of mylde reuenge
with pleafant cheere they went.
<D.i. v> Where

Where they were left alone,
the nurce is gone to rest:
How can this be? they restles lye,
ne yet they feele vnrest.
I graunt that I enuie
the bliffe they liued in:
Oh that I might haue found the like.
I wifh it for no fin.
905 But that I might as well
with pen their ioyes depaynt,
As here to fore I haue difplayd
their secreet hidden playnt.
Of fhyuering care and dred,
I haue felt many a fit,
But Fortune fuch delight as theyrs
dyd neuer graunt me yet.
By prooffe no certain truth
can I vnhappy write:
910 But what I geffe by likelihod,
that dare I to endite.
The blyndfyld goddeffe that
with frowning face doth fraye,
And from theyr feate the mighty kinges
throwes downe with hedlong fway:
Begynneth now to turne,
to thefe her fmyling face,
Nedes muft they taft of great delight,
fo much in Fortunes grace.
915 If Cupid, God of loue,
be God of pleafant fport,
I thinck O Romeus Mars himfelfe
enuies thy happy fort.
Ne Venus iuftly might,
(af I fuppoſe) repent,
If in thy ſtead(O Iuliet)
this pleafant time ſhe ſpent.

D.ii.<1> This

This paffe they foorth the night
in sport, in ioly game:
920 The haftines of Phoebus steeds
in great despyte they blame.
And now the virgins fort
hath warlike Romeus got,
In which as yet no breache was made
by force of canon fhot.
And now in ease he doth
posseffe the hoped place:
How glad was he, speake you that may
your louers parts embrace?
925 The mariage thus made vp,
and both the parties pleafd:
The nigh approche of dayes retoorne
these feely foles diseafd.
And for they might no while
in pleasure paffe theyr time,
Ne leysure had they much to blame
the hafty mornings crime:
With frendly kisse in armes
of her his leaue he takes,
930 And euery other night to come,
a solemne othe he makes.
By one selfe meane, and eke
to come at one selfe howre:
And so he doth till Fortune lift
to sawfe his sweete with fowre.
But who is he that can
his present state affure?
And say vnto himself, thy ioyes
shall yet a day endure.
935 So wauering Fortunes whele
her chaunges be so straunge.
And euery wight ythrall'd is
by fate vnto her chaunge.

<D.ii. v> Who

Who raignes fo ouer all,
that eche man hath his part:
(Although not aye perchaunce alike)
of pleafure and of fmart.
For after many ioyes,
some feele but little payne:
940 And from that little greefe they toorne
to happy ioy againe.
But other fomme there are,
that liuing long in woe,
At length they be in quiet eafe,
but long abide not fo.
Whofe greefe is much increaft
by myrth that went before:
Because the fodayne chaunge of thinges
doth make it feeme the more.
945 Of this vnlucky forte
our Romeus is one
For all his hap turnes to mifhap,
and all his myrth to mone.
And ioyfull Iuliet
an other leafe muft toorne:
As wont fhe was (her ioyes bereft)
fhe muft begin to moorne.
The fummer of their bliffe,
doth laft a month or twayne:
950 But winters blaft with fpedy foote
doth bring the fall agayne.
Whom glorious fortune erft
had heaued to the fkies:
By enuious fortune ouerthrowne
on earth now groueling lyes.
She payd theyr former greefe
with pleafures doubled gayne:
But now for pleafures vfer
ten folde redoubleth payne.

D.iii.<I> The

- 955 The prince could neuer caufe
 thofe houfholds fo agree,
But that fome fparcles of their wrath,
 as yet remaining bee.
 Which lye this while aaked vp,
 in afhes pale and ded,
Till tyme do ferue that they agayne
 in wafting flame may fpred.
 At holieft times men fay
 moft heynous crimes are donne,
960 The morowe after Eaſter day
 the miſchiefe new begonne.
 A band of Capilets
 did meete(my hart it rewes)
Within the walles by Purfers gate,
 a band of Montagewes.
 The Capilets as cheefe,
 a yong man haue choſe out:
Beſt exerciſd in feates of armes,
 and nobleſt of the rowte.
965 Our Iuliets vnkleſſonne
 that cliped was Tibalt:
He was of body tall and ſtrong,
 and of his courage halt.
 They neede no trumpet founde
 to byd them geue the charge,
So lowde he cryde with frayned voyce
 and mouth out ſtretched large.
 Now, now, (quod he) my frends,
 our ſelfe fo let vs wreake,
970 That of this dayes reuenge, and vs,
 our childrens heyres may ſpeake.
 Now once for all let vs
 their fwelling pride affwage,
Let none of them eſcape aliue,
 then he with furious rage
 <D.iii. v> And

- And they with him gaue charge,
vpon they present foes,
And then forthwith a fkyrmishe great
vpon this fray arofe.
- 975 For loe, the Montagewes
thought fhame away to flye,
And rather then to liue with fhame,
with prayfe did choofe to dye.
The woordes that Tybalt vfd
to ftyrre his folke to yre,
Haue in the brestes of Montegewes
kindled a furious fyre.
With Lyons hartes they fight,
warely themfelfe defende:
- 980 To wound his foe, his present wit
and force eche one doth bend.
This furious fray is long,
on eche fide stoutly fought,
That whether part had got the woorft
full doutfull were the thought.
The noyse hereof anon,
throughout the towne doth flye:
And partes are taken on euery fide.
both kinreds thether hye.
- 985 Here one doth gaspe for breth,
his frend bestrideth him,
And he hath loft a hand, and he
another maymed lim.
His leg is cutte whilft he
ftrikes at an other full:
And whō he would haue thruft quite through
hath cleft his cracked skull.
- 990 Theyr valiant harts forbode
theyr foote to geue the grounde,
With vnappauled cheere they tooke
full deepe and doutfull wounde.

D.iiii.<1> Thus

Thus foote by foote long while,
and fhield to fhield fet faft:
One foe doth make another faynt
but makes him not agaft.
And whilst this noyfe is ryfe
in euery townes mans eare,
Eke walking with his frendes, the noyfe
doth wofull Romeus heare.
995 With fpedy foote he ronnes
vnto the fray apace:
With him thofe fewe that were with him
he leadeth to the place.
They pittie much to fee
the flaughter made fo greate:
That wetfhod they might ftand in blood
on eyther fide the ftreate.
Part frendes(fayd he)part frendes,
helpe frendes to part the fray:
1000 And to the reft, enough (he cryes)
now time it is to ftaye.
Gods farther wrath you ftyrre,
befide the hurt you feele:
And with this new vprere confounde
all this our common wele.
But they fo bufy are
in fight fo egar and feerce,
That through theyr eares his fage aduife
no leyfure had to pearce.
1005 Then lept he in the throng,
to part, and barre the blowes,
As well of thofe that were his frendes:
as of his dedly foes.
As foone as Tybalt had
our Romeus efpyde:
He threw a thruft at him that would
haue pafte from fide to fide.

<D.iiii. v> But

But Romeus euer went
(douting his foes) well armde:
1010 So that the fwerd (kept out by mayle)
hath nothing Romeus harmde.
Thou doest me wrong (quoth he)
for I but part the fraye,
Not dread, but other waighty caufe
my hafty hand doth ftay.
Thou art the cheefe of thine,
the nobleft eke thou art:
Wherefore leaue of thy malice now,
and helpe thefe folke to parte.
1015 Many are hurt, fome flayne,
and fome are like to dye.
No, coward traytor boy (¶ he)
ftraight way I mynd to trye
Whether thy fugred talke,
and tong fo fmootely fylde:
Againft the force of this my fwerd
fhall ferue thee for a fhylde.
And then at Romeus hed,
a blow he ftrake fo hard,
1020 That might haue cloue him to the brayne
but for his cunning ward.
It was but lent to him
that could repay agayne:
And geue him death for intereft,
a well forborne gayne.
Right as a foreft bore,
that lodged in the thicke,
Pinched with dog, or els with fpeare
ypricked to the quicke:
1025 His briftles ftiffe vpriht
vpon his backe doth fet,
And in his fomy mouth, his fharp
and crooked tufkes doth whet.

<D.v.r> Or

Or as a Lyon wylde
that rampeth in his rage,
His whelpes bereft, whose fury can
no weaker beaft affwage.
Such seemed Romeus,
in euery others fight:
1030 When he him shope, of wrong receaude
tauenge himselfe by fight.
Euen as two thunderboltes,
throwne downe out of the flkye,
That through the ayre the maffy earth
and seas haue power to flye:
So met these two, and while
they chaunge a blowe or twayne,
Our Romeus thruft him through the throte
and so is Tybalt flayne.
1035 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 Tybalts ouerthrowe:
The courage of the Mountagewes,
by Romeus fight doth growe,
The townes men warden strong,
the prince doth fend his force:
1040 The fray hath end, the Capilets
do bring the brethles corce,
Before the prince: and craue,
that cruell dedly payne
May be the guerdon of his falt,
that hath their kinsman flaine.
The Montagewes do pleade,
theyr Romeus voyde of falt:
The lookers on do say, the fight
begonne was by Tybalt.

<D.v.v> The

1045 The prince doth pawfe, and then
 geues sentence in a while,
That Romeus, for fleying him
 fhould gone into exyle.
 His foes would haue him hangde,
 or fterue in prifon ftrong:
His frendes do think (but dare not fay)
 that Romeus hath wrong.
 Both houfholds straight are charged
 on payne of lofing lyfe:
1050 Theyr bloody weapons layd afide,
 to ceafe the ftyrred ftryfe.
 This common plage is fpred,
 through all the towne anon:
From fide to fyde the towne is fild
 with murmour and with mone.
 For Tybalts hafty death,
 bewayled was of fomme,
Both for his skill in feates of armes,
 and for in time to comme:
1055 He fhould (had this not chaunced)
 been riche, and of great powre:
To helpe his frendes, and ferue the fstate,
 which hope within an howre
Was wafted quite, and he
 thus yelding vp his breath,
More then he holpe the towne in lyfe,
 hath harmde it by his death.
 And other fomme bewayle,
 (but ladies moft of all)
1060 The lookeles lot by Fortunes gylt,
 that is fo late befall,
 (Without his falt,) vnto
 the feely Romeus,
For whilft that he from natife land
 fhall liue exyled thus.

<D.vi.r> From

From heauenly bewties light,
and his wellhaped parts:
The fight of which, was wont(faire dames)
to glad your youthfull harts.
1065 Shall you be banifhd quite:
and tyll he do retoorne
What hope haue you to ioy?
what hope to ceafe to moorne?
This Romeus was borne
fo much in heauens grace
Of Fortune,and of nature fo
beloued,that in his face
(Beside the heauenly bew=
ty gliftring ay fo bright:
1070 And feemely grace, that wonted fo
to glad the feers fight.)
A certain charme was graued
by natures fecret arte:
That vertue had to draw to it,
the loue of many a hart.
So euery one doth wifh,
to beare a part of payne:
That he releafed of exyle,
might ftraight retorne agayne.
1075 But how doth moorne emong
the moorners Iuliet?
How doth fhe bathe her breft in teares?
what depe fighes doth fhe fet?
How doth fhe tear her heare?
her weede how doth fhe rent?
How fares the louer hearing of
her louers banifhment?
How wayles fhe Tibalts death,
whom fhe had loued fo well?
1080 Her hearty greefe and piteous plaint,
cunning I want to tell

<D.vi.v> For

For deluing depely now
in depth of depe difpayre:
With wretched forowes cruell found
the fils the empty ayre.
And to the loweft hell,
downe falles her heauy crye,
And vp vnto the heauens haight
her piteous plaint doth flye.
1085 The waters and the woods,
of fighes and fobs refounde:
And from the hard refounding rockes
her forowes do rebounde.
Eke from her teary eyne,
downe rayned many a fhowre:
That in the garden where the walkd
might water herbe and flowre.
But when at length the faw
her felfe outraged fo:
1090 Vnto her chaumber ftraight the hide
there ouercharged with wo.
Vpon her ftately bed,
her painfull parts the threw:
And in fo wondrous wife began
her forowes to renewe:
That fure no hart fo hard,
(but it of flint had byn:)
But would haue rude the pitious plaint
that the did languifhe in.
1095 Then rapt out of her felfe,
whilft the on euery fide
Did caft her reftles eye,at length
the windowe the efpyde,
Through which the had with ioy
feene Romeus many a time:
Which oft the ventrous knight was wont
For Iuliets fake toclyme.

<D.vii.r> She

She cryde O curfed windowe,
a curft be euery pane,
1100 Through which(alas)to one I raught
the caufe of life and bane.
If by thy meane I haue
fome flight delight receaued,
Or els fuch fading pleafure as
by Fortune ftraight was reaued:
Haft thou not made me pay
a tribute rigorous?
Of heaped greefe,and lafting care:
and forowes dolorous?
1105 That thefe my tender partes,
which nedefull ftrengh do lacke,
To beare fo great vnweldy lode?
vpon fo weake a backe:
Oppreff with waight of cares
and with thefe forowes rife:
At length muft open wide to death,
the gates of lothed lyfe.
That fo my wery fprite,
may fomme where els vnlobe
1110 His dedly lode, and free from thrall
may feeke els where abroad:
For pleafant quiet eafe,
and for affured reft,
Which I as yet could neuer finde,
but for my more vnreft.
O Romeus,when firft
we both acquainted were,
When to thy paynted promifes
I lent my liftning eare:
1115 Which to the brinckes you fild
with many a folemne othe,
And I them iudgde empty of gyle,
and fraughted full of troth:
<D.vii.v> I thought

I thought you rather would
continue our good will,
And feeke tappeafe our fathers strife
which daily groweth still.
I little wend you would
haue fought occasion how
1120 By fuch an heynous act to breake
the peace, and eke your vowe
Wherby your bright renoune,
all whole yclipfed is,
And I vnhappy husbandles,
of cumfort robde, and bliffe.
But if you did fo much
the blood of Capels thyrt,
Why haue you often fpared mine?
myne might haue quencht it firft.
1125 Since that fo many times,
and in fo fecret place
(Where you were wont with vele of loue
to hyde your hatreds face.)
My doutfull lyfe hath hapt
by fatall dome to ftand,
In mercy of your cruell hart,
and of your bloudy hand.
What? feemd the conqueft which
you got of me, fo fmall?
1130 What? feemd it not enough that I
poore wretch, was made your thrall?
But that you muft increafe
it with that kinfmans blood,
Which for his woorth and loue to me
moft in my fauour ftood?
Well, goe hencefoorth els where,
and feeke another whyle,
Some other af vnhappy as I,
by flattry to begyle.

<D.viii.r> And

- 1135 And where I comme, fee that
you fhonne to fhew your face:
For your excufe within my hart
fhall finde no refing place.
And I that now too late
my former fault repent:
Will fo the reft of wery life
with many teares lament:
That foone my ioyceles corps,
fhall yeld vp banifhd breath,
1140 And where on earth it refles liued,
in earth feeke reft by death.
Thefe fayde,her tender hart,
by payne oppreffed fore:
Reftraynd her teares, and forced her tong
to keepe her talke in ftore.
And then as ftill fhe was,
as if in fownd fhe lay:
And then agayne, wroth with her felfe,
with feble voyce gan fay.
1145 Ah cruell murthering tong,
murthrer of others fame:
How durft thou once attempt to tooch
the honor of his name?
Whofe dedly foes doe yelde
him dewe and earned prayfe:
For though his fredome be bereft,
his honor not decayes.
Why blamft thou Romeus
for fleying of Tybalt,
1150 Since he is gyltles guite of all,
and Tybalt beares the falt?
Whether fhall he(alas)
poore banifhd man now flye?
What place of fuccor fhall he feeke
beneth the ftarry fkye?

<D.viii.v> Synce

- Synce she purfueth him,
 and him defames by wrong:
That in distres should be his fort,
 and onely rampier strong.
- 1155 Receiue the recompence,
 O Romeus of thy wife:
Who for she was vnkind her selfe,
 doth offer vp her lyfe.
 In flames of yre, in fighes,
 in forow and in ruth:
So to reuenge the crime she did
 commit against thy truth.
 These said, she could no more,
 her senses all gan fayle:
- 1160 And dedly panges began straight way
 her tender hart affayle.
 Her limmes she stretched forth,
 she drew no more her breath,
Who had been there, might well haue seene
 the figness of present death.
 The nurce that knew no cause,
 why she absented her,
Did doute left that some fodain greefe
 too much tormented her.
- 1165 Eche where but where she was
 the carefull Beldam sought,
Laft, 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 vtward parts
 as any marble colde.
 The nurce supposde that she
 had payde to death her det:
- 1170 And then as she had lost her wittes,
 she cryed to Iuliet.

E.i.<f> Ah

Ah my dere hart (quoth she)
how greeueth me thy death?
Alas what cause haft thou thus foone,
to yelde vp liuing breath?
But while she handled her,
and chafed euery part,
She knew there was some sparke of life
by beating of her hart.
1175 So that a thoufand times
she cald vpon her name,
There is no way to helpe a traunce,
but she hath tryde the fame.
She openeth wide her mouth,
she stoppeth close her nose,
She bendeth downe her brest, she wringes
her fingers and her toes.
And on her bofome colde,
she layeth clothes hot,
1180 A warmed and a holefome iuyce
she powreth downe her throte.
At length doth Iuliet,
heauē fayntly vp her eyes,
And then she stretcheth forth her arme,
and then her nurce she spyes.
But when she was awakde,
from her vnkindly traunce:
Why doft thou trouble me(quoth she)
what draue thee(with mischaunce)
1185 To come to fee my fprite,
forfake my brethles corce?
Goe hence, and let me dye, if thou
haue on my smart remorfe.
For who would fee her frend
to liue in dedly payne?
Alas,I fee my greefe begoone,
for euer will remayne.

<E.i.v> Or

Or who would feeke to liue,
all pleafure being paf?
1190 My myrth is donne,my moorning mone
for ay is like to laft.
Wherfore fince that there is
none other remedy,
Comme gentle death,and ryue my hart,
at once,and let my dye.
The nurce with tricling teares,
to witnes inward fmart,
With holow figh fetchd from the depth,
of her appauled hart.
1195 Thus fpake to Iuliet,
yclad with ougly care.
Good lady myne, I do not know
what makes you thus to fare.
Ne yet the caufe of your
vnmeafurde heauines.
But of this one I you affure,
for care and forowes ftrefte,
This hower large and more,
I thought(fo god me faue)
1200 That my dead corps fhould wayte on yours,
to your vntimely graue.
Alas my tender nurce,
and trufty frend(quothe fhe)
Art thou fo blinde, that with thine eye,
thou canft not eafely fee
The lawfull caufe I haue,
to forow and to moorne,
Since thofe the which I hyld moft deere
I haue at once forlorne?
1205 Her nurce then aunfwerd thus.
Me thinkes it fits you yll,
To fall in thefe extremities
that may you gyltles fpill.

E.ii.<1> For

For when the ftormes of care,
and troubles do aryfe,
Then is the time for men to know,
the foolifh from the wife.
You are accounted wife,
a foole am I your nurce:
1210 But I fee not how in like cafe
I could be haue me wurfe.
Tibalt your frend is ded,
what weene you by your teares,
To call him backe againe? thinke you
that he your crying heares?
You fhall perceue the falt,
(if it be iuftly tryde)
Of his fo fodayn death, was in
his rafhnes and his pryde.
1215 Would you that Romeus,
him felfe had wronged fo,
To fuffer himfelfe caufeles to be
outraged of his foe?
To whom in no respect,
he ought a place to geue?
Let it fuffife to thee fayre dame,
that Romeus doth liue.
And that there is good hope
that he within a while,
1220 With greater glory fhallbe calde
home from his hard exile.
How wel yborne he is,
thy felfe I know canft tell:
By kindred ftrong, and well alyed,
of all beloued well.
With patience arme thy felfe,
for though that Fortunes cryme
Without your falt, to both your greefes
depart you for a time.

<E.ii. v> I dare

- 1225 I dare fay for amendes
of all your prefent payne
She will reftore your owne to you,
within a month or twayne.
With fuch contented eafe,
as neuer erft you had:
Wherfore reioyce a while in hope,
and be ne more fo fad.
And that I may difcharge
your hart of heauy care:
- 1230 A certaine way I haue found out,
my paynes ne will I fpare.
To learne his prefent ftate,
and what in time to comme
He mindes to doe, which knowne by me,
you fhall know all and fomme.
But that I dread the whilft
your forowes will you quell,
Straight would I hie where he doth lurke
to frier Lawrence cell.
- 1235 But if you gyn eftfones
(as erft you did) to moorre
Wherto goe I, you will be ded
before I thence retoorne.
So I fhall fpend in waft,
my time, and bufy payne,
So vnto you (your life once loft)
good aunfwere commes in vayne.
Sofhall I ridde my felfe
with this fharp pointed knife:
- 1240 So fhall you caufe your parents derre
wax wery of theyr life.
So fhall your Romeus,
(defpyfing liuely breath,)
With hafty foote (before his tyme)
ronne to vntimely death.

E.iii.<1> Where

Where if you can a while,
by reafon, rage fuppreffe,
I hope at my retorne to bring
the falue of your diftreffe.
1245 Now choofe to haue me here
a partner of your payne,
Or promoffe me, to feede on hope,
till I retorne agayne.
Her miftres fendes her forth,
and makes a graue beheft,
With reafons rayne to rule the thoughts
that rage within her brest.
When hugy beapes of harmes,
are heapd before her eyes,
1250 Then vanifh they by hope of fcape,
and thus the lady lyes,
Twixt well affured truft.
and doutfull lewd difpayre,
Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts:
now feeme they white and fayre.
As oft in fummer tide,
blacke cloudes do dimme the fonne,
And ftraight againe in cleareft fkye
his reftles fteedes do ronne,
1255 So Iuliets wandring mynd
yclowded is with woe,
And by and by her hafty thought
the woes doth ouergoe.
But now is time to tell
whilft fhe was toffed thus
What windes did driue or hauen did hold
her loue, loue Romeus
When he had flayne his foe,
that gan this dedly ftrife,
1260 And faw the furious fray had ende,
by ending Tybalts life:

<E.iii.v> He

He fled the sharpe reuenge
of those that yet did liue,
And douting much what penall doome
the troubled prince myght gyue,
He fought some where vnseene,
to lurke a little space,
And trusty Lawrence secreet cell,
he thought the surest place.
1265 In doutfull happe ay best,
a trusty frend is tride,
The friendly fryer in this distresse,
doth graunt his frend to hyde.
A secreet place he hath,
well feeled round about,
The mouth of which, so close is shut,
that none may finde it out.
Both roome there is to walke,
and place to fitte and rest,
1270 Beside, a bed to sleape vpon,
full soft and trimly drest.
The flowre is planked so
with mattes, it is so warme.
That neither wind, nor smoky dampes
haue powre him ought to harme.
Where he was wont in youth,
his fayre frendes to bestowe,
There now he hydeth Romeus
whilst forth he goeth to knowe
1275 Both what is fayd and donne,
and what appoynted payne,
Is published by trumpets found.
then home he hies agayne.
By this, vnto his cell,
the nurce with speedy pace:
Was comme the nearest way: she fought,
no ydel resting place.

E.iiii.<I> The

The fryer fent home the newes
of Romeus certain helth:
1280 And promeffe made(what fo befell)
he fhould that night by ftelth
Comme to his wonted place
that they in nedefull wife
Of theyr affayres in time to comme,
might thorowly deuyfe.
Thofe ioyfull newes, the nurce
brought home with mery ioy:
And now our Iuliet ioyes, to thinke,
fhe fhall her loue enioye.
1285 The fryer fhuts faft his doore,
and then to him beneth.
That waytes to heare the doutefull newes
of lyfe orels of death:
Thy hap quoth he, is good,
daunger of death is none:
But thou fhalt liue, and doe full well,
in fpite of fpitefull fone.
This onely payne for thee
was erft proclaymde aloude,
1290 A banifhd man,thou mayft thee not
within Verona fhroude.
Thefe heauy tydinge heard,
his golden lockes he tare:
And like a frantike man hath torne
the garmentes that he ware.
And as the fmitten deere,
in brakes is waltring found:
So waltreth he,and with his breft
doth beate the troden grounde.
1295 He rifeth eft,and ftrikes
his head againft the wals,
He falleth downe againe,and lowde
for hafty death he cals.

<E.iiii.v> Come

Come speddy death (quoth he)
the readiest leache in loue,
Since nought can els beneth the funne
the ground of grieve remoue.
Of lothfome life breake downe
the hated staggering stayes,
1300 Destroy, destroy at once the lyfe
that faintly yet decayes.
But you(fayre dame)in whome
dame nature dyd deuise:
With cunning hand to woorke, that might
seeme wondrous in our eyes:
For you I pray the Gods,
your pleasures to increafe,
And all mishap, with this my death,
for euermore to cease.
1305 And mighty loue with speede,
of iustice bring them lowe,
Whose lofty pryde (without our gylt)
our blisse doth ouerblowe.
And Cupide graunt to those
theyr speddy wrongs redresse,
That shall bewayle my cruell death,
and pity her distresse.
Therewith,a cloude of fighes,
he breathd into the skies:
1310 And two great streames of bitter teares,
ran from his swollen eyes.
These thinges, the auncient fryre,
with sorow saw,and heard,
Of such begynning eke,the ende,
the wife 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.

<E.v.1> His

- 1315 His wife and frendly woordes,
he ſpeaketh to the ayre:
For Romeus ſo vexed is,
with care and with difpayre,
That no aduife 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,
1320 With wofull cheere, his wayling frend,
he ſtandeth to beholde.
And then, our Romeus.
with tender handes ywrong:
With voyce, with plaint made horce, w^t fobs,
and with a foltring tong.
Renewd with nouel mone
the dolours of his hart,
His outward dreery cheere bewrayde,
his ſtore of inward ſmart.
1325 Fyrſt, nature did he blame,
the author of his lyfe,
In which his ioyes had been ſo ſcant,
and forowes aye ſo ryfe:
The time and place of byrth,
he fierfly did reproue,
He cryed out (with open mouth)
againſt the ſtarres aboue:
The fatall fiſters three,
he ſaid, had done him wrong,
1330 The threed that ſhould not haue been ſponne
they had drawne foorth too long.
He wiſhed that he had
before this time been borne,
Or that as ſoone as he wan light,
his life he had forlorne.

<E.v. v> His

His nurce he curfed, and
the hand that gaue him pappe,
The midwife eke with tender grype
that held him in her lappe:
1335 And then did he complaine,
on Venus cruel fonne
Who led him firft vnto the rockes,
which he fhould warely fhonne.
By meane wheros he loft,
both lyfe and libertie,
And dyed a hundred times a day,
and yet could neuer dye.
Loues troubles laften long,
the ioyes he geues are fhort:
1340 He forceth not a louers payne,
theyr ernest is his fport.
A thoufand thinges and more,
I here let paffe to write,
Which vnto loue this wofull man,
dyd fpeake in great defpite.
On Fortune eke he raylde,
he calde her deafe, and blynde,
Vnconftant, fond, deceitfull rafhe,
vnruthfull, and vnkynd.
1345 And to him felf he layd
a great part of the falt:
For that he flewe, and was not flayne,
in fighting with Tibalt.
He blamed all the world,
and all he did defye
But Iuliet, for whom he liued,
for whom eke would he dye.
When after raging fits,
appeafed was his rage,
1350 And when his paffions (powred forth)
gan partly to affwage.

<E.vi.r> So

So wifely did the fryre,
vnto his tale replye,
That he ftraight cared for his life,
that erft had care to dye.
Art thou quoth he a man?
Thy fhape faith fo thou art:
Thy crying and thy weping eyes,
denote a womans hart.

1355 For manly reafon is
quite from of thy mynd outchafed,
And in her ftead affections lewd,
and fanfies highly placed.
So that,I ftoode in doute
this howre (at the leaft)
If thou a man,or woman wert,
or els a brutifh beaft.
A wife man in the midft
of troubles and diftres,

1360 Still ftandes not wayling prefent harme,
but feeks his harmes redres,
As when the winter flawes,
with dredfull noyfe arife,
And heaue the fomy fwelling waues
vp to the ftarry fkies,
So that the broofed barke
in cruell feas betoft,
Difpayreth of the happy hauen
in daunger to be loft.

1365 The pylate bold at helme,
cryes,mates ftrike now your fayle:
And tornes her ftemme into the waues
that ftrongly her affayle.
Then driuen hard vpon
the bare and wrackfull fhore,
In greater daunger to be wract,
then he had been before.

<E.vi.v> He

- He feeth his fhip full right
againft the rocke to ronne,
1370 But yet he dooth what lyeth in him
the perilous rocke to fhonne
Sometimes the beaten boate,
by cunning gouernment,
The ancors loft, the cables broke,
and all the tackle fpend.
The roder fmitten of,
and ouer boord the maft,
Doth win the long defyred porte,
the ftormy daunger pafte.
1375 But if the mafter dread,
and ouerpreft with woe,
Begin to wring his handes, and lets
the gyding rodder goe
The fhip rents on the rocke,
or finketh in the deepe,
And eke the coward drenched is,
So: if thou ftill be weepe
And feke not how to helpe
the chaunges that do chaunce,
1380 Thy caufe of forow fhall increafe,
thou caufe of thy mifchaunce.
Other account thee wife,
prooue not thy felfe a foole,
Now put in practife leffons learnd,
of old in wifdomes fchoole,
The wife man faith, beware
thou double not thy payne:
For one perhaps thou mayft abyde,
but hardly fuffer twayne.
1385 As well we ought to feeke
thinges hurtfull to decreafe,
As to endeuer helping thinges
by ftudy to increafe.

<E.vii.r> The

The prayfe of trew fredom,
in wifdomes bondage lyes
He winneth blame whose deedes be fonde,
although his woords be wife.
Sickenes the bodies gayle,
greefe, gayle is of the mynd,
1390 If thou canst fcape from heauy greefe,
true fredome fhalt thou finde.
Fortune can fill nothing,
fo full of hearty greefe,
But in the fame a conftant mynd,
Finds folace and releefe,
Vertue is alwayes thrall,
to troubles and annoye,
But wifdome in aduerfitie,
findes caufe of quiet ioye.
1395 And they moft wretched are,
that know no wretchednes:
And after great extremity,
mifhaps ay waxen leffe.
Like as there is no weale,
but wafte away fomtime,
So euery kind of wayled woe,
will weare away in time.
If thou wilt mafter quite,
the troubles that the fpill,
1400 Endeuor firft by reafons help,
to mafter witles will.
A fondry medfon hath,
eche fondry faynt difeafe,
But pacience, a common falue,
to euery wound geues eafe.
The world is alway full
of chaunces and of chaunge,
Wherefore the chaunge of chaunce muft not
feeme to a wife man ftraunge.

<E.vii.v> For

- 1405 For tickel Fortune doth,
in chaunging but her kind:
But all her chaunges cannot chaunge,
a fteady conftant minde.
Though wauering Fortune toorne
from thee her fmyling face,
And forow feeke to fet him felfe,
in banifhd pleasures place,
Yet may thy marred ftate,
be mended in a while,
1410 And the eftfones that frowneth now,
with pleafant cheere fhall fmyle.
For as her happy ftate,
no long whyle ftandeth fure,
Euen fo the heauy plight fhe brings,
not alwayes doth endure.
What nede fo many woordes,
to thee that art fo wyfe?
Thou better canft aduife thy felfe,
then I can thee aduife.
1415 Wifdome I fee is vayne,
if thus in time of neede,
A wife mans wit vnpractifed,
doth ftand him in no fteede.
I know thou haft fome caufe,
of forow and of care:
But well I wot thou haft no caufe
thus frantikly to fare.
Affections foggy mift,
thy febled fight doth blynde,
1420 But if that reafons beames agayne,
might fhine into thy mynde:
If thou wouldft view thy ftate
with an indifferent eye,
I thinke thou wouldft condemne thy plaint,
thy fighing and thy crye.

<E.viii.r> With

With valiant hand thou madeft
thy foe yeld vp his breth,
Thou haft efcapd his fwerd, and eke
the lawes that threaten death.
1425 By thy efcape,thy frendes,
are fraughted full of ioy,
And by his death thy deadly foes
are laden with annoy
Wilt thou with trufty frendes,
of pleafure take fome part?
Or els to pleafe thy hatefull foes,
be partner of theyr fmart?
Why cryeft thou out on loue,
why doeft thou blame thy fate?
1430 Why doft thou fo crye after death?
thy life why doft thou hate?
Doft thou repent the choyce.
that thou fo late didft choofe?
Loue is thy Lord, thou oughteft obay,
and not thy prince accufe.
For thou haft found(thou knowft)
great fauour in his fight:
He graunted thee at thy request,
thy onely hartes delight:
1435 So that the Gods enuyde
the bliffe thou liuedst in,
To geue to fuch vnthankefull men,
is folly and a fin.
Me thinkes I heare thee fay
the cruell banifhment,
If onely caufe of thy vnrest,
onely thou doft lament,
That from thy natife land,
and frendes thou muft depart,
1440 Enforfd to flye from her that hath
the keping of thy hart.
<E.viii. v> And

And fo opprest with waight
of smert that thou doft feele,
Thou doft complaine of Cupides brand,
and Fortunes turning wheele.

Vnto a valiant hart,
there is no banishment,
All countreys are his natie foyle
beneath the firmament.

1445 As to the fishe, the sea:
as to the fowle, the ayre:
So if like pleafant to the wife,
eche place of his repayre.
Though froward Fortune chafe
thee hence into exyle:
With doubled honor fhall she call
thee home within a whyle.
Admyt thou fhouldft abyde
abrode a yere or twayne:
1450 Should fo fhort abfence caufe fo long,
and eke fo greeuous payne?
Though thou ne mayft thy frendes,
here in Verona fee,
They are not banifhd Mantua,
where fafely thou maft be.
Thether they may refort,
though thou refort not hether,
And there in furetie may you talke,
of your affayres together.

1455 Yea, but this whyle (alas)
thy Iuliet muft thou miffe,
The onely piller of thy helth,
and ancor of thy bliffe.
Thy hart thou leaueft with her,
when thou doft hence depart:
And in thy breft inclofed beart,
her tender frendly hart.

F.j.<1> But

But if thou rew fo much,
to leaue the reft behinde,
1460 With thought of paffed ioyes, content
thy vncontented mynde.
So fhall the mone decreafe,
wherwith thy mynd doth melt,
Compared to the heauenly ioyes
which thou haft often felt.
He is too nyfe a weakeling,
that shrinketh at a fhowre,
And he vnworthy of the fweete,
that tafteeth not the fowre.
1465 Call now againe to mynde,
thy firft confuming flame,
How didft thou vainely burne in loue
of an vnlouing dame.
Hadft thou not welnigh wept,
quite out thy fwelling eyne:
Did not thy parts fordoon with payne,
languifhe away and pyne?
Thofe greefes and others like,
were happily ouerpast:
1470 And thou in haight of Fortunes wheele,
well placed at the laft:
From whence thou art now falne,
that rayfed vp agayne,
With greater ioy a greater while
in pleafure mayft thou raygne.
Compare the prefent while,
with times ypaft before,
And thinke that Fortune hath for thee,
great pleafure yet in ftore.
1475 The whilft, this little wrong,
receiue thou paciently,
And what of force muft nedes be done,
that doe thou willingly.

<F.j.v> Foly

Foly it is to feare
that thou canst not auoyde
And madnes to desire it much,
that can not be enioyde.
To geue to Fortune place,
not ay deserueth blame:
1480 But skill it is, according to
the times,thy felfe to frame.
Whilft to this skilfull lore;
he lent his listning eares:
His sighes are stopt,and stopped are
the conduits of his teares.
As blackest cloudes are chased,
by winters nimble winde:
So haue his reasons chased care,
out of his carefull mynde.
1485 As of a morning fowle,
enfues an euening fayre:
So banisht hope returneth home,
to banish his despayre.
Now is affections veale,
remoued from his eyes.
He feeth the path that he must walke,
and refon makes him wife.
For very shame, the blood
doth flashe in both his cheekes:
1490 He thanks the father for his lore,
and farther ayde he seekes.
He sayth that skilles youth,
for counsell is vnfitte,
And anger oft with haftines
are ioind to want of witte.
But found aduise aboundes
in heddes with horishe heares:
For wisdom is by practise wonne,
and perfect made by yeares.

F.ii.<I> But

1495 But aye from this time forth,
his ready bending will:
Shalbe in awe, and gouerned,
by fryer Lawrence skill.
The gouernor is nowe,
right carefull of his charge:
To whom he doth wisely difcoorfe,
of his affaires at large.
He telles him how he fhall,
depart the towne vnknowne,
1500 Both mindfull of his frendes fafetie,
and carefull of his owne.
How he fhall gyde him felfe,
how he fhall feeke to winne,
The frendfhip of the better fort,
how warely to crepe in
The fauour of the Mantuan prince:
and how he may
Appeafe the wrath of Efcalus:
and wipe the fault away.
1505 The choller of his foes,
by gentle meanes taffwage:
Or els by force and practifes,
to bridle quite theyr rage.
And laft he chargeth him,
at his appointed howre,
To goe with manly mery cheere,
vnto his ladies bowre.
And there with hole fome woordes,
to falue her forowes fmart:
1510 And to reuiue,(if nede require,
her faint and dying hart.
The old mans woords haue fild
with ioy,our Romeus breft:
And eke the olde wiues talke, hath fet
our Iuliets hart at reft.

< F.ii. v> Whereto

Whereto may I compare,
(O louers)this your day?
Like dayes the painefull mariners,
are woonted to affay.
1515 For beat with tempest great,
when they at length, espie
Some little beame of Phoebus light,
that perceth through the flkie,
To cleare the shadowde earth,
by clearenes of his face:
They hope that dreadles, they shall ronne
the remnant of their race.
Yea, they affure them felfe:
and quite behynd theyr backe,
1520 They cast all doute, and thanke the Gods
for scraping of the wracke.
But straight the boyfterous windes,
with greater fury blowe,
And ouer boord the broken maft.
the stormy blastes doe throwe.
The heauens large,are clad
with cloudes,as darke as hell:
And twife af hye,the striuing waues
begin to roare, and swell.
1525 With greater daungers dred,
the men are vexed more:
In greater perill of their lyfe,
then they had been before.
The golden fonne, was gonne
to lodge him in the west:
The full moone eke in yonder fouth,
had sent most men to rest:
When restles Romeus,
and restles Iuliet,
1530 In woonted fort,by woonted meane,
in Iuliets chaumber met.

F.iii.<1> And

And from the windowes top,
 downe had he leaped scarce,
When fhe with armes outftretched wide,
 fo hard did him embrace,
That welnigh had the fprite
 (not forced by dedly force)
Flowne vnto death,before the time
 abandoning the corce.
1535 Thus muet ftoode they both,
 the eight part of an howre
And both would fpeake, but neither had
 of fpeaking any powre.
But on his breft her hed
 doth ioyleffe Iuliet lay,
And on her flender necke,his chyn
 doth ruthfull Romeus ftay.
Their fcalding fighes afcende,
 and by their cheekes dowue fall,
1540 Their trickling teares,as chriftall cleare,
 but bitterer farre then gall.
Then he to end the greefe,
 which both they liued in,
Did kyffe his loue,and wifely thus
 hys tale he dyd begin.
My Iuliet, my loue,
 my onely hope and care:
To you I purpofe not as now,
 with length of woords declare,
1545 The diuerfenes,and eke
 the accidents fo ftraunge,
Of frayle vnconftant Fortune, that
 delyteth ftill in chaunge.
Who in a moment heaues
 her frendes vp to the height,
Of her fwift turning flippery wheele,
 then fleetes her frendfhip ftraight,
 <F.iii. v> O won=

O wondrous chaunge, euen with
the twinkling of an eye,
1550 Whom erst her felfe had rashly fet,
in pleafant place fo hye?
The fame in great defpyte,
downe hedlong doth ſhe throwe:
And while ſhe treads and ſpurneth at
the lofty ſtate laid lowe,
More forow doth ſhe ſhape
within an howers ſpace,
Then pleaſure in an hundred yeres:
fo geyſon is her grace.
1555 The prooffe wherof in me
(alas)too plaine apperes,
Whom tenderly my carefull frendes
haue foftered with my feers,
In prosperous high degree:
mayntayned fo by fate,
That(as your felfe did fee)my foes
enuyde my noble ſtate.
One thing there was, I did
about the reſt deſire,
1560 To which, as to the ſoueraigne good,
by hope I would aſpyre:
Thol by our mariage meane,
we might within a while,
(To worke our perfect happines)
our parentes reconfile.
That ſafely fo we might
(not ſtopt by ſturdy ſtrife)
Vnto the boundes that God hath fet,
gyde forth our pleaſant lyfe.
1565 But now(alacke)too foone
my bliffe is ouerblowne,
And vpfide downe my purpoſe and
my enterpriſe are throwne,
F.iiij.< r> And

And driuen from my frendes,
of ftraungers muft I craue,
(O graunt it God)from daungersdread,
that I may fuertie haue.
For loe,henceforth I muft,
wander in landes vnknowne:
1570 (fo hard I finde the princes doome,)
exyled from mine owne.
Which thing I haue thought good,
to fet before your eyes:
And to exhort you,now to proue
your felfe a woman wife.
That paciently, you beare
my abfent long abod.
For, what aboue by fatall doomes
decreed is that God,
1575 And more then this, to fay
it feemed he was bent,
But Iuliet,in dedly greefe,
with brackifh teares befprent,
Brake of his tale begonne,
and whilst his fpeche he ftayde,
Thefe felfe fame wordes,or like to thefe,
with dreery chere fhe fayde.
Why Romeus,can it be,
thou haft fo hard a hart?
1580 So farre remoued from ruth?fo farre
from thinking on my fmart?
To leaue me thus alone?
(thou caufe of my diftreffe)
Befeged with fo great a campe,
of mortall wretchedneffe,
That euery hower now,
and moment in a day,
A thoufand times, death bragges, as he
would reauue my life away.
<F.iiij. v> Yet

1585 Yet such is my mishap,
 (O cruell destenye)
 That still I liue, and wish for death,
 but yet can neuer dye.
 So that iust cause I haue,
 to thinke (as seemeth me)
 That froward Fortune did of late,
 with cruell death agree
 To lengthen lothed life,
 to pleasure in my payne,
1590 And tryumph in my harme, as in
 the greatest hoped gayne.
 And thou the instrument
 of Fortunes cruell will,
 Without whose ayde she can no way,
 her tyrans lust fulfill:
 Art not a whit ashamde,
 (as farre as I can see)
 To cast me of, when thou hast culd
 the better part of me.
1595 Wherby (alas) to soone,
 I feely wretch do proue,
 That all the auncient sacred lawes,
 of frendship and of loue,
 Are quelde and quenched quite.
 since he on whom alway,
 My cheefe hope, and my steady trust,
 was wonted still to stay,
 For whom I am becommme,
 vnto my selfe a foe:
1600 Disdayneth me his stedfast frend,
 and scornes my frendship so.
 Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayst
 of two things choose the one:
 Either to see thy castaway
 as soone as thou art gone,

<F.V.R> Hed

Hedlong to throw her felfe
downe from the windowes haight,
And fo to breake her flender necke,
with all the bodies waight.
1605 Or fuffer her to be
companion of thy payne,
Where fo thou goe (Fortune thee gyde)
till thou retoorne agayne.
So wholly into thine,
tranfformed is my hart,
That euen as oft as I do thinke
that thou and I fhall part:
So oft(me thinkes)my life
withdrawes it felfe awaye,
1610 Which I retayne, to no end els,
but to the end I may
In fpite of all thy foes,
thy prefent partes enioye,
And in diftres to beare with thee,
the halfe of thine annoye.
Wherfore in humble fort
(Romeus)I make request,
If euer tender pity yet,
were lodge in gentle breft,
1615 O let it now haue place,
to reft within thy hart,
Receauue me as thy feruant, and
the fellow of thy fmart.
Thy abfence is my death,
thy fight fhall geue me life.
But if perhaps thou ftand in dred,
to leade me as a wyfe,
Art thou all counfelleffe,
canft thou no fhift deuife?
1620 What letteth,but in other weede
I may my felfe difguyfe.

<F.v.v> What

What, shall I be the first?
hath none done so ere this?
To scape the bondage of theyr frendes?
thy selfe can aunfwer yes.
Or dost thou stand in doute,
that I thy wife ne can,
By seruice pleasure thee as much,
as may thy hyred man?
1625 Or if my loyalte
of both accompted leffe?
Perhaps thou fearst left I for gayne,
forsake thee in distresse.
What, hath my bewty now,
no powre at all on you?
Whose brightnes, force, and praife somtime,
vp to the skyes you blew?
My teares, my frendship, and
my pleasures donne of olde:
1630 Shall they be quite forgote in dede?
when Romeus dyd behold
The wildnes of her looke,
her cooler pale and ded,
The woofst of all that might betyde
to her, he gan to dred.
And once agayne he dyd
in armes his Iuliet take:
And kist her with a louing kyffe,
And thus to her he spake.
1635 Ah Iuliet(quothe he)
the mistres of my hart,
For whom(euen now)thy seruant doth
abyde in dedly smart,
Euen for the happy dayes
which thou defyreft to fee,
And for the feruent frendships sake
that thou dost owe to me:

F.vi.<1> At

At once thefe fanfies vayne,
out of thy mynd roote out,
1640 Except perhaps vnto thy blame,
thou fondly go about
To haften forth my death,
and to thine owne to ronne:
Which Natures law, and wifdoms lore
teache euery wight to fhonne.
For, but thou chaunge thy mynde,
(I do foretell the ende)
Thou fhalt vndoo thy felfe for ay,
and me thy trusty frende.
1645 For why, thy abfence knowne,
thy father wilbe wroth,
And in his rage, fo narrowly
he will purfue vs both:
That we fhall trye in vayne,
to fcape away by flight,
And vainely feeke a loorking place,
to hyde vs from his fight.
Then we found out, and caught,
quite voyde of ftrong defence
1650 Shall cruelly be punifhed,
for thy departure hence.
I, as a rauifhor,
thou, as a careles childe,
I, as a man who doth defile,
thou, as a mayde defilde.
Thinking to leade in eafe,
a long contented life,
Shall fhort our dayes by fhamefull death.
but (if my louing wife)
1655 Thou banifh from thy mynde,
two foes that counfell hath:
(That wont to hinder found aduife)
rafhe haftines, and wrath:

< F.vi. v> If

If thou be bend to bay
the lore of reafons skill,
And wifely by her princely powre
fuppreffe rebelling will:
If thou our fafetie feeke,
more then thine owne delight,
1660 Since fuerty ftandes in parting, and
thy pleasures growe of fight:
For heare the caufe of ioy,
and fuffer for a while,
So fhall I fafely liue abroad,
and fafe torne from exile.
So fhall no flaunders blot,
thy spotles life deftayne,
So fhall thy kinfmen be vnftyrd,
and I exempt from payne.
1665 And thinke thou not that aye,
the caufe of care fhall laft,
Thefe ftormy broyles fhall ouerblow,
much like a winters blaft.
For Fortune chaungeth more,
then fickel fantafie,
In nothing Fortune conftant is,
faue in vnconftancie.
Her hafty ronning wheele,
is of a reftles coorfe,
1670 That turnes the clymers hedlong downe,
from better to the woorfe.
And thofe that are beneth,
the heaueth vp agayne,
So we fhall rife to pleasures mount,
out of the pit of payne.
Ere fowre monthes ouerpaffe,
fuch order will I take,
And by my letters, and my frendes,
fuch meanes I mynd to make,
<F.vii.r> That

- 1675 That of my wandring race,
ended fhallbe the toyle,
And I cald home with honor great,
vnto my natue foyle.
But if I be condemd
to wander ftill in thrall,
I will returne to you(mine owne)
befall what may befall.
And then by ftrength of frendes,
and with a mighty hand,
1680 From Verone will I cary thee,
into a forein lande.
Not in mans weede difguifd,
or as one fcarcely knowne,
But as my wife and onely feere,
in garment of thyne owne.
Wherfore reprefse at once,
the paffions of thy hart,
And where there is no caufe of greefe,
caufe hope to heale thy fmart.
1685 For of this one thing thou
mayft well affured bee:
That nothing els but onely death
fhall funder me from thee.
The reaons that he made,
did feeme of fo great waight,
And had with her fuch force:that fhe
to him gan aunfwer ftraight.
Deere fyr,nought els wifh I,
but to obay your will:
1690 But fure where fo you go, your hart
with me fhall tary ftill,
Af figne and certaine pledge,
tyll here I fhall you fee:
Of all the powre that ouer you
your felfe did graunt to me.

<F.vii. v> And

<F.viii.r> What

What cooler then the heauens
do fhew vnto thine eyes:
The fame,(or like)faw Romeus
in farthest Elterne fkyes.
As yet, he faw no day:
ne could he call it night,
With equall force,decreafing darke,
fought with increafing light.
1715 Then Romeus in armes
his lady gan to folde,
With frendly kiffe and ruthfully
fhe gan her knight beholde.
With folemne othe they both
theyr forowfull leaue do take,
They fweare no stormy troubles fhall
theyr fteady frendfhip fhake.
Then carefull Romeus,
agayne to cell retoornes,
1720 And in her chamber secretly
our ioyles Iuliet moornes.
Now hugycloudes of care,
of forow and of dread,
The clearnes of their gladfome harts
hath wholly ouerspread.
When golden crefted Phoebus
bofteth him in fkye,
And vnder earth,to fcape reuenge,
his dedly foe doth flye:
1725 Then hath thefe louers day
an ende,their night begonne,
For eche of them to other is,
as to the world,the funne.
The dawning they fhall fee,
ne fommer any more,
But blackfaced night with winter rough,
(ah)beaten ouer fore.

<F.viii. v> The

The wery watch discharged,
did hie them home to flepe,
1730 The warders, and the skowtes were chargde
theyr place and coorfe to keepe.
And Verone gates a wyde,
the porters had fet open,
When Romeus had of his affayres
with frier Lawrence spoken:
Warely he walked forth,
vnknowne of frend or foe:
Clad like a merchant venterer,
from top euen to the toe.
1735 He spurd apace and came
withouten stop or stay,
To Mantua gates, where lighted downe,
he fent his man away.
With woords of comfort, to
his olde afflicted fyre:
And ftraight in mynd to foiorne there,
a lodgeing doth he hyre.
And with the nobler fort
he doth himselfe acquaint,
1740 And of his open wrong receaued,
the Duke doth heare his plaint.
He practifeth by frendes,
for pardon of exyle,
The whilft, he seeketh euery way,
his forowes to begyle.
But who forgets the cole
that burneth in his breft?
Alas his cares, denye his hart,
the fweete defyred reft.
1745 No time findes he of myrth,
he findes no place of ioye,
But euery thing occasion geues,
of forow and annoye.

G.i.<1> For

For when in toorning fkyes,
the heauens lampes are light,
And from the other hemysphere,
fayre Phoebus chaceth night,
When euery man and beaft,
hath reft from painfull toyle,
1750 Then in the brest of Romeus,
his paffions gyn to boyle.
Then doth he wet with teares,
the cowche wheron he lyes,
And then his fighes the chamber fill,
and out aloude he cryes
Againft the reftles ftarres,
in rolling fkyes that raunge,
Againft the fatall fifters three,
and Fortune full of chaunge.
1755 Eche night a thoufand times
he calleth for the day,
He thinketh Titans reftles ftedes,
of reftines do ftay.
Or that at length they haue
fome bayting place found out,
Or(gyded yll)haue loft theyr way
and wandred farre about.
Whyle thus in ydel thoughts,
the wery time he fpendeth,
1760 The night hath end,but not with night
the plaint of night be endeth.
Is he accompanied,
is he in place alone?
In cumpany he wayles his harme,
a part be maketh mone.
For if his feeres reioyce,
what caufe hath he to ioy,
That wanteth ftill his cheefe delight,
while they theyr loues enioy?
<G.i.v> But

- 1765 But if with heauy cheere,
they fhewe their inward greefe,
He wayleth moft his wretchednes,
that is of wretches cheefe.
When he doth heare abrode,
the praife of ladies blowne.
Within his thought he fcorneth them
and doth preferre his owne.
When pleafant fonges he beares
When others do reioyce
1770 The melody of Mufike doth
fityrre vp his mourning voyce.
But if in fecret place
he walke fome where alone,
The place it felfe, and fecretnes
redoubleth all his mone.
Then fpeakes he to the beaftes
to fethered fowles, and trees,
Vnto the earth,the cloudes, and to
what fo befide he fees.
1775 To them he fhewth his fmart,
as though they reafon had,
Eche thing may caufe his heauines,
but nought may make him glad.
And(wery of the day)
agayne he calleth night,
The funne he curfeth,and the howre,
when fyrft his eyes faw light.
And as the night, and day,
their courfe do enterchaunge:
1780 So doth our Romeus nightly cares,
for cares of day exchaunge.
In abfence of her knight,
the lady no way could
Kepe trewe betwene her greefes and her,
though nere fo fayne fhe would.

G.ii.<1> And

And though with greater payne
the cloked forowes smart:
Yet did her paled face difclofe
the paffions of her hart.
1785 Her fighting euery howre,
her weping euery where,
Her recheles heede of meate, of flepe,
and wearing of her geare:
The carefull mother markes.
then of her health afrayde,
Because the greefes increafed ftill.
thus to her child ſhe fayde.
Deere daughter, if you ſhoulde
long languifhe in this fort,
1790 I ftand in doute that ouer foone
your forowes will make ſhort
Your louing fathers life,
and myne, that loue you more
Then our owne propre breth, and life.
Brydel hence forth therfore
Your greefe, and payne your ſelfe
on ioy your thought to fet,
For time it if that now you ſhould
our Tybalts death forget.
1795 Of whom, ſince God hath claymd
the lyfe, that was but lent,
He is in bliffe, ne is there cauſe
why you ſhould thus lament?
You can not call him backe
with teares, and ſhrikinges ſhrill:
It is a falt thus ftill to grudge
at Gods appoynted will.
The feely foule had now
no longer powre to fayne,
1800 Ne longer could ſhe hyde her harme:
but aunfwerd thus agayne.

G.ii. v> With

With heauy broken fighes,
with vifage pale and ded
Madame,the laft of Tybalts teares,
a great while fince I fhed.
Whofe fpring hath been ere this
fo laded out by me,
That empty quite,and moyftureles,
I geffe it now to be.
1805 So that my payned hart
by canduites of the eyne,
No more henceforth(as wont it was)
fhall gush forth dropping bryne.
The wofull mother knew
not, what her daughter ment,
And loth to vexe her childe by woordes,
her peace fhe warely hent.
But when from howre to howre,
from morow to the morow,
1810 Still more and more fhe faw increaft
her daughters wonted forow.
All meanes fhe fought of her,
and howfhould folke, to know
The certaine roote, whereon her greefe,
and booteles mone doth growe.
But lo,fhe hath in vayne,
her time,and labor lore,
Wherfore without all meafure, is
her hart tormented fore.
1815 And fith her felfe could not
fynd out the caufe of care:
She thought it good to tell the fyre,
how yll his childe did fare.
And when fhe faw her time,
thus to her feere fhe fayde:
Syr, if you marke our daughter well,
the countenance of the mayde,
G.iii.<r> And

And how she fareth, since
that Tybalt vnto death,
1820 (Before his time, forft by his foe)
dyd yeld his liuing breath.
Her face fhall feeme fo chaunged,
her doynges eke fo ftraunge,
That you will greatly wonder at,
fo great and fodain change.
Not onely she forbearcs,
her meate, her drinke, and fleepe,
But now she tendeth nothing els
but to lament and weepe.
1825 No greater ioy hath she,
nothing contentes her hart
So much, as in her chaumber, clofe
to fhut her felfe apart.
Where she doth fo torment
her poore afflicted mynde,
That much in daunger ftandef her lyfe,
except fomme helpe we fynde.
But (out alas) I fee not
how it may be founde:
1830 Vnleffe that fyrft, we might fynd, whence
her forowes thus abounde.
For though with bufy care,
I haue employde my wit,
And vfed all the wayes I knew,
to learne the truth of it:
Neither extremitie,
ne gentle meanes could boote.
She hydeth clofe within her breft,
her fecret forowes roote.
1835 This was my fyrft conceite,
that all her ruth arofe
Out of her coofin Tybaltf death,
late flayne of dedly foes.

<G.iii. v> But

But now my hart doth hold
a new repugnant thought,
Some greater thing, not Tybalts death
this chaunge in her hath wrought.
Her selfe affured me,
that many dayes a goe,
1840 She shed the laft of Tybalts teares,
which woord amafd me fo,
That I then could not geffe
what thing els might her greeue,
But now at length I haue bethought
me. And I doe beleue
The onely crop and roote
of all my daughters payne,
Is grudgeing enuies faynt difeafe,
perhaps she doth difdayne
1845 To fee in wedlocke yoke
the moft part of her feeres,
Whilft onely she vnmarried,
doth lofe fo many yeres.
And more perchaunce she thinkes
you mynd to kepe her fo,
Wherefore difpayring doth she weare
her felfe away with woe.
Therefore(deere fyr)in time,
take on your daughter ruth,
1850 For why,a brickel thing is glaffe,
and frayle is fraylleffe youth.
Ioyne her at once to fomme,
in linke of mariage,
That may be meete for our degree,
and much about her age.
So fhall you banifh care
out of your daughterf breft:
So we her parentes in our age,
fhall liue in quiet reft.

G.iiij.<1> Wher=

- 1855 Wherto gan easely
 her husband to agree,
And to the mothers skilfull talke,
 thus straigh way aunfwerd he.
 Oft haue I thought (deere wife)
 of all thefe thinges ere this,
But euermore my mynd me gaue,
 it fhould not be amiffe,
 By farther leyfure had,
 a husband to prouyde,
1860 Scarce faw fhe yet full.xvi. yeres:
 too yong to be a bryde.
 But fince her ftate doth ftande
 on termes fo perilous,
And that a mayden daughter is
 a treafour daungerous:
 With fo great fpeede I will
 endeuour to procure
A husband for our daughter yong,
 her fickenes faynt to cure.
1865 That you fhall reft content,
 (fo warely will I choofe)
And fhe recouer foone enough
 the time fhe feemef to loofe.
 The whilft, feeke you to learne,
 if fhe in any part,
Already hath(vnware to vs)
 fixed her frendly hart.
 Left we haue more respect
 to honor and to welth,
1870 Then to our doughters quiet life,
 and to her happy helth.
 Whom I do hold as deere,
 as thapple of myne eye,
And rather with in poore eftate,
 and daughterles to dye:
 <G.iiij. v> Then

Then leaue my goodes and her
ythrall to fuch a one,
Whofe chorlifh dealing(I once dead)
fhould be her caufe of mone.
1875 This pleafant aunfwere heard,
the lady partes agayne.
And Capilet the maydens fire,
within a day or twayne,
Conferreth with his frendes,
for mariage of his daughter,
And many gentlemen there were,
with bufy care that fought her.
Both for the mayden was
well fhaped, yong, and fayre,
1880 As alfo well brought vp, and wife,
her fathers onely heyre.
Emong the reft was one
inflamde with her defire,
Who,County Paris cliped was,
an Earle he had to fyre.
Of all the futers,him
the father liketh beft,
And eafely vnto the Earle
he maketh hif beheft.
1885 Both of his owne good will,
and of his frendly ayde,
To win his wife vnto his will,
and to perfwade the mayde.
The wife did ioy to heare
the ioyfull husband fay,
How happy hap,how meete a match,
he had found out that day.
Ne did fhe feeke to hyde
her ioyes within her hart,
1890 But ftraight fhe hyeth to Iuliet,
to her fhe telles apart,
<G.v.r> What

What happy talke (by meane
of her)was pafte no rather
Betwene the woing Paris, and
her carefull louing father.
The perfon of the man,
the fewters of his face,
His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and
his port and femely grace.
1895 With curious wordes fhe payntes
before her daughters eyes,
And then with ftore of vertues prayfe,
fhe heaues him to the fkyes.
She vauntes his race,and gyftes,
that Fortune did him geue:
Wherby(fhe faith)both fhe and hers,
in great delight fhall liue.
When Iuliet conceiued
her parentes whole entent,
1900 Wherto, both loue,and reafons right,
forbode her to affent:
Within her felfe fhe thought,
rather then be forfworne,
With horfes wilde,her tender partes
a fonder fhould be torne.
Not now with baldfull brow
(in wonted wife)fhe fpake,
But with vnwonted boldnes, ftraight
into thefe woordes fhe brake.
1905 Madame,I maruell much,
that you fo lauaffe are,
Of me your childe,(your iewel once,
your onely ioy and care.)
As thus to yelde me vp,
at pleafure of another,
Before you know if I doe like,
or els miflike my louer.

<G.v. v> Doe

Doo what you lift, but yet
of this affure you ftill,
1910 If you do as you fay you will,
I yelde not there vntill.
For had I choyle of twayne,
farre rather would I choofe,
My part of all your goodes, and eke
my breath and lyfe to lofe:
Then graunt that he poffeffe
of me the fmalleft part.
Firft, weary of my painefull life,
my cares fhall kill my hart.
1915 Els will I perce my breft,
with fharpe and bloody knife,
And you my mother fhall becomene
the murtherffe of my life:
In geuing me to him,
whom I ne can ne may,
Ne ought to loue. Wherefore on knees,
deere mother I you pray
To let me liue henceforth,
as I haue liued tofore:
1920 Ceaffe all your troubles for my fake,
and care for me no more.
But fuffer Fortune feerce,
to worke on me her will,
In her it lyeth to doe me boote,
in her it lyeth to fpill.
For whilft you for the beft,
defyre to place me fo,
You haft a way my lingring death,
and double all my woe.
1925 So deepe this aunfwere made
the forowes downe to finke,
Into the mothers breft: that fhe
ne knoweth what to thinke.

<G.vi.r> Of

Of theſe her daughters woords.
but all appalde ſhe ſtandes,
And vp vnto the heauens ſhe throwes
her wondring head and handes.
And nigh befyde her ſelfe
her huſband hath ſhe fought,
1930 She telles him all, ſhe doth forget
ne yet ſhe hydeth ought.
The teſty old man wroth,
difdainfull without meaſure,
Sendes forth his folke in haſte for her.
and byds them take no leifure.
Ne on her teares or plaint,
at all to haue remorſe,
But(if they can not with her will,)
to bring the mayde perforce.
1935 The meſſage heard, they part,
to fetch that they muſt fet:
And willingly with them walkes forth
obedient Iuliet.
Arriued in the place,
when ſhe her father ſaw,
Of whom(as much as duety would)
the daughter ſtoode in awe.
The ſeruantes ſent away,
(the mother thought it meete)
1940 The wofull daughter all be wept,
fell groueling at his feete.
Which ſhe doth waſhe with teares
as ſhe thus groueling lyes:
So faſt and eke ſo plenteouſly
difill they from her eyes.
When ſhe to call for grace
her mouth doth think to open,
Muet ſhe is: for fighes and fobs
her fearefull talke haue broken.

<G.vi. v> The

- 1945 The fyre, whose swelling worth
 her teares could not affwage,
With fiery eyen, and skarlet cheekes,
 thus spake her in his rage.
 Whilft ruthfully stood by
 the maydens mother mylde,
Liften(quothe) vnthankfull and
 thou disobedient childe.
 Haft thou so foone let flip
 out of thy mynde the woord,
1950 That thou so often times haft heard
 rehearsed at my boord?
 How much the Romaine youth
 of parentes stood in awe,
And eke what powre vpon theyr feede
 the fathers had by lawe?
 Whom they not onely might
 pledge, alienate, and sell,
(When so they stoode in neede) but more
 if children did rebell,
1955 The parentes had the power,
 of lyfe and sodayn death.
What if those goodmen should agayne
 receaue the liuyng breth?
 In how straight bondes would they
 thy stubberne body bynde:
What weapons would they seeke for thee?
 what tormentes would they fynde?
 To chaften(if they saw)
 the lewdnes of thy lyfe,
1960 Thy great vnthankfulnes to me,
 and shamefull sturdy strife?
 Such care thy mother had,
 so deere then wert to me,
That I with long and earnest sute,
 prouided haue for thee.

<G.vii.r> One

One of the greateft lordes,
that wonnes about this towne,
And for his many vertues fake,
a man of great renowne.
1965 Of whom,both thou and I,
vnworthy are too much,
So riche ere long he fhallbe left,
his fathers welth is fuch.
Such is the noblenes,
and honor of the race,
From whence his father came, and yet
thou playeft in this cafe,
The dainty foole,and ftubberne
gyrle, or want of fkill,
1970 Thou doft refufe thy offred weale,
and difobay my will.
Euen by his ftrength I fweare,
that fyrft did geue me lyfe
And gaue me in my youth the ftrength
to get thee on my wyfe.
On leffe by wenfday next,
thou bende as I am bent,
And at our caftle cald free towne,
thou freely doe affent
1975 To Counte Paris fute,
and promife to agree
To whatfoeuer then fhall paffe,
twixt him,my wife, and me.
Not onely will I geue
all that I haue away,
From thee,to thofe that fhall me loue,
me honor, and obay:
But alfo too fo clofe,
and to fo hard a gayle,
1980 I fhall thee wed for all thy life,
that fure thou fhalt not fayle.

<G.vii.v> A thou=

A thoufand times a day
to wifhe for fodayn death:
And curfe the day, and howre when firft
thy lunges did geue thee breath.
Aduife thee well, and fay
that thou art warned now,
And thinke not that I fpeake in fport,
or mynd to breake my vowe.
1985 For were it not that I
to Counte Paris gaue
My fayth, which I muft kepe vnfalt,
my honor fo to faue:
Ere thou goe hence, my felfe
would fee thee chaftned fo,
That thou fhouldft once for all be taught,
thy duetie how to knowe
And what reuenge of olde,
the angry fyres did finde
1990 Againft theyr children that rebeld,
and fhewd them felfe vnkinde.
Thefe fayd, the olde man ftraight.
is gone in haft a way.
Ne for his daughters anfwere would
the tefty father ftay.
And after him, his wife
doth follow out of doore,
And there they leaue theyr chidden chylde.
kneeling vpon the floore.
1995 Then fhe that oft had feene
the fury of her fyre,
Dreading what might come of his rage,
nould farther styrre his yre.
Vnto her chamber fhe
withdrew her felfe aparte,
Where fhe was wonted to vnlode,
the forowes of her hart.

<G.viii.r> There

There did she not so much
 busy her eyes in sleping,
2000 As ouerpreft with restles thoughts
 in piteous booteles weping.
 The fast falling of teares
 make not her teares decreafe,
Ne by the powring forth of plaint,
 the cause of plaint doth ceafe.
 So that to thend the mone
 and forow may decaye,
The best is that she seeke some meane
 to take the cause away.
2005 Her wery bed betime
 the wofull wight forfakes,
And to fainct Frauncis church to maffe
 her way deuoutly takes.
 The fryer forth is calde,
 she prayes him heare her shrift:
Deuocion is in so yong yeres,
 a rare and precious gyft.
 When in her tender knees
 the dainty lady kneeles,
2010 In minde to powre forth all the greefe,
 that inwardly she feeles.
 With fighes and falted teares
 her thryuing doth beginne,
For she of heaped forowes hath
 to speake, and not of finne.
 Her voyce with piteous plaint
 was made already horce,
And hafty fobs, when she would speake,
 brake of her woordes parforce.
2015 But as she may peece meale,
 she powreth in his lappe,
The mariage newes, a mischief newe,
 prepared by mishappe.

<G.viii.v> Her

Her parentes promiffe erft
to Counte Paris pafte,
2000 Her fathers threats ſhe telleth him,
and thus concludes at laft.
Once was I wedded well,
ne will I wed agayne,
For ſince I know I may not be
the wedded wyfe of twayne,
For I am bound to haue
one God, one fayth, one make,
My purpoſe is as foone as I
ſhall hence my iorney take
2005 With theſe two handes which ioynde
vnto the heauens I ſtretch,
The hafty death which I deſire
vnto my ſelfe to reache.
This day (O Romeus)
this day thy wofull wife
Will bring the end of all her cares
by ending carefull lyfe.
So my departed ſprite
ſhall witneſſe to the ſkye,
2010 And eke my blood vnto the earth
beare record how that I
Haue kept my fayth vnbroke,
ſtedfaſt vnto my frende,
When this her heauy tale was tolde
her vowe eke at an ende,
Her gafiſg here and there,
her feerce and ſtaring looke,
Did witneſſe that ſome lewd attempt,
her hart had vndertooke.
2015 Whereat, the fryer aſtonde,
and gaſtfully afrayde,
Left ſhe by dede perfourme her woord,
thus much to her he ſayde.

H.j.<1> Ah

2035 Ah lady Iuliet,
 what nede the wordes you fpake?
I pray you graunt me one request
 for bleffed Maries fake.
 Meafure fomewhat your greefe,
 holde here a while your peace,
Whilft I bethinke me of your cafe,
 your plaint and forowes ceafe.
 Such comfort will I geue
 you ere you part from hence,
2040 And for thaffaltes of Fortunes yre
 prepare fo fure defence,
 So holefome falue will I
 for your afflictionf finde,
That you fhall hence depart agayne
 with well contented mynde.
 His wordes haue chafed ftraight
 out of her hart despayre,
Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughts
 by hope are waxen fayre.
2045 So fryer Lawrence now
 hath left her there alone,
And he out of the church in haft
 is to his chaumber gone.
 Where fundry thoughtes within
 his carefull head arife,
The old mans foresight diuers doutes
 hath fet before his eyes.
 His confcience one while
 condems it for a finne,
2050 To let her take Paris to fpoufe,
 fince he himfelfe had byn
 The cheft caufe,that fhe
 vnknowne to father or mother,
Not fiae monthes pafte in that felfe place
 was wedded to another.

<H.j.v> An

An other while an hugy
 heape of daungers dred,
His reftles thought hath heaped vp,
 within his troubled hed.
Euen of it felfe thattempt
2055 he iudgeth perilous,
The execucion eke he demes
 fo much more daungerous,
That to a womans grace
 he muft himfelfe commit,
That yong is, fimple, and vnware,
 for waighty affaires vnfit.
For if the fayle in ought
 the matter publifhed,
Both fhe and Romeus were vndonne,
2060 himfelfe eke punifhed,
When too and fro in mynde
 he dyuers thoughts had caft,
With tender pity and with ruth
 his hart was wonne at laft.
He thought he rather would
 in hafard fet his fame,
Then fuffer fuch adultery
 refoluing on the fame,
Out of his clofet ftraight,
2065 he tooke a litele glaffe,
And then with double haft retornde
 where wofull Iuliet was.
Whom he hath found welnigh
 in traunce, fcarce drawing breath,
Attending ftill to heare the newes
 of lyfe or els of death.
Of whom he did enquire
 of the appointed day.
On wenfday next(quod Iuliet)
2070 fo doth my father fay:

H.ii.<1> I

I muft geue my confent
but(as I do remember)
The folemne day of mariage is,
the tenth day of September.
Deere daughter quoth the fryer
of good chere fee thou be,
For loe,fainct Frauncis of his grace
hath fhewde a way to me,
2075 By which I may both thee,
and Romeus together,
Out of the bondage which you feare
affuredly deliuer.
Euen from the holy font
thy husband haue I knowne,
And fince he grew in yeres,haue kept
his counfels as myne owne.
For from his youth he would
vnfold to me his hart,
2080 And often haue I cured him,
of anguifh,and of fmart.
I know that by defert
his frendfhip I haue wonne,
And I him holde as dere, as if
he were my propre fonne.
Wherfore my frendly hart,
can not abyde that he
Should wrongfully in ought be harmde,
if that it lay in me,
2085 To right or to reuenge
the wrong by my aduife,
Or timely to preuent the fame
in any other wife.
And fith thou art his wife,
thee am I bound to loue,
For Romeus frindfhips fake,and feeke
thy anguifhe to remoue.

<H.ii. v> And

And dreadfull torments which
thy hart befegen rounde,
2090 Wherfore my daughter geue good eare,
vnto my counfels founde.
Forget not what I fay,
ne tell it any wight,
Not to the nurce thou trustest so,
as Romeus is thy knight.
For on this threed doth hang
thy death and eke thy lyfe,
My fame, or fflame, his weale or woe,
that chofe thee to his wyfe.
2095 Thou art not ignorant
(becaufe of fuch renowne
Af euery where is fpred of me,
but chefely in this towne.)
That in my youthfull dayes
abrode I trauayled
Through euery land found out by men,
by men inhabited,
So twenty yeres from home,
in landes vnknowne, a geft,
2100 I neuer gaue my weary limmes
long time of quiet reft.
But in the defert woodes,
to beafte? of cruell kinde,
Or on the feas to drenching waues,
at pleafure of the winde.
I haue committed them
to ruth of rouers hand,
And to a thoufand daungers more
by water and by lande,
2105 But not in vayne(my childe)
hath all my wandring byn,
Beside the great contentednes
my fprete abyde in.

H.iii. <I> That

That by the pleafant thought
of paffed thinges doth grow
One priuate frute more haue I pluchd
which thou fhalt fhortly know:
What force the ftones,the plants,
and metals haue to woorke,
2110 And diuers other things that in
the bowels of earth do loorke,
With care I haue fought out
with payne I did them proue,
With them eke can I helpe my felfe,
at times of my behoue,
(Although the fcience be
againft the lawes of men)
When fodain daunger forceth me,
but yet moft cheefly when
2115 The worke to doe is leaft
difpleafing vnto God,
Not helping to do any finne
that wrekefull Ioue forbode.
For fince in lyfe no hope
of long abode I haue,
But now am comme vnto the brinke
of my appointed graue,
And that my death drawes nere,
whofe ftripe I may not fhonne,
2120 But fhallbe calde to make account
of all that I haue donne,
Now ought I from hence forth
more depely print in mynde
The iudgement of the lord, then when
youthes folly made me blynde,
When loue and fond defyre
were boyling in my brest,
Whence hope and dred by ftriuing thoughts
had banifhed frendly reft,

<H.iii. v> Know

- 2125 Knowe therfore(daughter) that
with other gyftes which I
Haue well attained to by grace
and fauour of the fkye,
Long fince I did finde out,
and yet the way I knowe
Of certain rootes and fauory herbes
to make a kinde of dowe,
Which baked hard,and bet
into a powder fine,
2130 And dronke with conduite water, or
with any kynd of wine,
It doth in halfe an howre
aftonne the taker fo,
And maftreth all his fences,that
he feeleth weale nor woe,
And fo it burieth vp
the fprite and liuing breath,
That euen the fkilfull leche would fay,
that he is flayne by death.
2135 One vertue more it hath,
as meruelous as this,
The taker by receiuing it,
at all not greeued is.
But painleffe as a man,
that thinketh nought at all,
Into a fwete and quiet flepe
immediately doth fall,
From which(according to
the quantitie he taketh,
2140 Longer or fhorter is the time
before the fleper waketh.
And thence(theffect once wrought)
agayne it doth reftore
Him that receaued vnto the ftate,
wherin he was before.

H.iiij. <1> Wher=

Wherfore,marke well the ende,
of this my tale begonne,
And therby learne what is by thee
hereafter to be donne.

2145 Caft of from thee at once,
 the weede of womannifh dread,
With manly courage arme thy felfe,
 from heele vnto the head.
For onely on the feare
 or boldnes of thy breft,
The happy happe, or yll mifhappe
 of thy affayre doth reft.
Receiue this vyoll fmall,
 and keepe it as thine eye,

2150 And on thy mariage day before
 the funne doe cleare the fkye,
Fill it with water full,
 vp to the very brim.
Then drinke it of,and thou fhalt feele,
 throughout eche vayne and lim:
A pleafant flumber flide,
 and quite difpred at length,
On all thy partes,from euery part
 reue all thy kindly ftrengh.

2155 Withouten mouing thus
 thy idle partf fhall reft,
No pulfe fhall goe,ne hart once beate
 within thy hollow breft.
But thou fhalt lye as fhe
 that dyeth in a traunce,
Thy kinfmen,and thy trufty frendes
 fhall wayle the fodain chaunce:
Thy corps then will they bring
 to graue in this church yarde,

2160 Where thy forefathers long agoe
 a coftly tombe preparte.

<H.iiij. v> Both

Both for himfelfe, and eke
for thofe that fhould come after,
Both deepe it is, and long and large,
where thou fhalt reft my daughter,
Till I to Mantua fende
for Romeus thy knight.
Out of the tombe, both he and I
will take thee forth that night.
2165 And when out of thy flepe
thou fhalt awake agayne,
Then mayft thou goe with him from hence,
and healed of thy payne.
In Mantua lead with him
vnknowne a pleafant life,
And yet perhaps in time to comme,
when ceafe fhall all the strife,
And that the peace is made
twixt Romeus and his foes,
2170 My felfe may finde fo fit a time
theſe ſecretes to diſcloſe,
Both to my prayſe, and to
thy tender parentes ioy,
That daungerles without reproche
thou fhalt thy loue enioy.
When of his ſkilfull tale,
the fryer had made an ende,
To which our Iuliet ſo well
her eare and wits dyd bend,
2175 That ſhe hath heard it all,
and hath forgotten nought,
Her fainting hart was comforted,
with hope and pleafant thought.
And then to him ſhe ſaid,
doubte not but that I will
With ſtoute and vnappauled hart,
your happy heft fulfill.

<H.v.r> Yea

Yea,if I wift it were
a venemous dedly drinke:
2180 Rather would I that through my throte
the certaine bane fhould finke,
Then I (not drinking it)
into his handes fhould fall,
That hath no part of me as yet,
ne ought to haue at all.
Much more I ought with bold
and with a willing hert,
To greateft daunger yelde my felfe
and to the dedly fmart,
2185 To comme to him, on whome
my life doth wholly ftay,
That is my onely hartes delight,
and fo he fhall be aye.
Then goe quoth he (my childe)
I pray that God on hye,
Direct thy foote,and by thy hand
vpon the way thee gye:
God graunt he fo confirme
in thee thy prefent will,
2190 That no inconstant toy thee let,
thy promeffe to fulfill.
A thoufand thankes and more,
our Iuliet gaue the fryer,
And homeward to her fathers houfe
ioyfull fhe doth retyre.
And as with ftately gate
fhe paffed through the ftreete,
She faw her mother in the doore,
that with her there would meete.
2195 In mynd to afke if fhe
her purpofe yet did holde,
In mynd alfo a part twixt them,
her duety to haue tolde:

<H.v.v> Where=

Wherefore with pleafant face,
and with vnwonted chere,
As foone as fhe was vnto her
approched fūmwhat nere,
Before the mother fpake,
thus did fhe fyrft begin,
2200 Madame,at fainct Frauncis churche
haue I this morning byn,
Where I did make abode,
alonger while(percafe)
Then dewty would, yet haue I not
been abfent from this place,
So long a while,whithout
a great and iuft caufe why,
This frute haue I receaued there,
my hart erft lyke to dye,
2205 Is now reuiued agayne,
and my afflicted breft
Releafed from affliction,
reftored is to reft.
For lo,my tronbled goft
(alas too fore difeafde.)
By goftly counfell and aduife,
hath fryer Lawrence eafde,
To whome I did at large
difcourfe my former lyfe,
2210 And in confeffion did I tell
of all our paffed ftrife.
Of Counte Paris fute,
and how my lord my fyre,
By my vngrate and ftubborne ftryfe,
I ftyrred vnto yre.
But lo,the holy fryer
hath by his goftly lore,
Made me another woman now,
then I had been before,
<H.vi.r> By

2215 By strength of argumentes
he charged fo my mynde,
That(though I fought)no fure defence
my ferching thought could finde.
So forced I was at length
to yelde vp witles will,
And promift to be orderd by
the friers prayfed skill,
Wherfore,albeit I
had rafhely long before,
2220 The bed and rytes of mariage,
for many yeres forfwore,
Yet mother now behold,
your daughter at your will,
Ready(if you commaunde her ought)
your pleasure to fulfill.
Wherfore in humble wife.
dere madam I you pray
To goe vnto my lord and fyre,
withouten long delay,
2225 Of him fyrft pardon craue
of faultes already pafte,
And fhew him(if it pleafeth you)
his child is now at laft
Obedient to his luft
and to his fkilfull heft.
And that I will(god lending life)
on wenfday next be preft.
To wayte on him and you,
vnto thappoynted place,
2230 Where I will in your hearing and
before my fathers face,
Vnto the Counte geue
my fayth and whole affent,
To take him for my lord and fpoufe.
thus fully am I bent.

<H.vi. v> And

And that out of your mynde
I may remoue all doute,
Vnto my clofet fare I now,
to searche and to choofe out
2235 The braueft garmentes and
the richeft iewels there,
Which(better him to please) I mynd
on wenfday next to weare.
For if I did excell
the famous Gretian rape,
Yet might attyre helpe to amende
my bewty and my fhape.
The fimple mother was,
rapt in to great delight,
2240 Not halfe a word could fhe bring forth,
but in this ioyfull plight,
With nimble foote fhe ran
and with vnwonted pace,
Vnto her penfiue hufband, and
to him with pleafant face
She tolde what fhe had heard,
and prayfeth much the fryer.
And ioyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes
of this gray berded fyer.
2245 With handes and eyes heaued vp,
he thankes God in his hart,
And then he fayth,this is not(wife)
the friers firft defart.
Oft hath he fhewde to vs,
great frendfhip heretofore,
By helping vs at nedefull times,
with wifdomes pretious lore:
In all our common weale,
fcarce one is to be founde,
2250 But is for fomme good torne vnto
this holy father bounde.

<H.vii.r> Oh

Oh that the thyrd part of
my goods(I doe not fayne)
But twenty of his paffed yeres
might purchafe him agayne
So much in recompence
of frendfhip would I geue,
So much(in faith)his extreme age
my frendly hart doth greue.
2255 These faid,the glad old man,
from home,goeth ftraight abrode,
And to the ftately palace hyeth,
where Paris made abode.
Whom he defyres to be
on wenfday next his geaft,
At Freetowne,where he myndes to make
for him a coftly feaft.
But loe,the Earle saith
fuch feafting were but loft,
2260 And counfels him till mariage time
to fpare fo great a coft.
For then he knoweth well
the charges wilbe great,
The whilft his hart defyreth ftill
her fight,and not his meate.
He craues of Capilet,
that he may ftraight go fee
Fayre Iuliet, wher to he doth
right willingly agree.
2265 The mother warnde before,
her daughter doth prepare,
She warneth and fhe chargeth her
that in no wyfe fhe fpare
Her curteous fpeche, her pleafant
lookes,and commely grace,
But liberally to geue them forth
when Paris commes in place.

<H.vii. v> Which

Which she as cunningly
could fet forth to the shewe,
2270 As cunning craftsmen to the sale
do fet theie wares on rew:
That ere the County did
out of her fight depart,
So secretly vnwares to him,
she ftale away his hart,
That of his lyfe and death
the wyly wench hath powre,
And now his longing hart thinkes long
for theyr appoynted howre.
2275 And with importune fute,
the parentes doth he pray,
The wedlocke knot to knit foone vp,
and haft the mariage day.
The woer hath pafte forth
the firft day in this fort,
And many other more then this,
in pleasure and difport,
At length the wifhed time
of long hoped delight,
2280 (As Paris thought)drew nere, but nere
approched heauy plight:
Againft the bridall day
the parentes did prepare,
Such rich attyre,fuch furniture,
fuch ftore of dainty fare,
That they which did behold
the fame the night before,
Did thinke and fay,a man could fcarcely
wilhe for any more.
2285 Nothing did feeme to deere,
the deereft thinges were bought,
And(as the written ftory faith)
in dede there wanted nought.

<H.viii.r> It

That longd to his degree
and honor of his ftocke,
But Iuliet the whilft her thoughts
within her breft did locke.
Euen from the trufty nurce,
whose fecretries was tryde,
2290 The fecret counfell of her hart
the nurce childe seekes to hide.
For fith to mocke her dame
ſhe dyd not fticke to lye,
She thought no finne with ſhew of truth,
to bleare her nurces eye.
In chamber fecretly
the tale ſhe gan renew,
That at the doore ſhe tolde her dame
as though it had been trew.
2295 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 foorth at large
the fathers furious rage,
And eke ſhe prayſeth much to her,
the ſecond mariage.
And County Paris now
ſhe praifeth ten times more,
2300 By wrong, then ſhe her ſelfe by right,
had Romeus prayſde before.
Paris ſhall dwell there ſtill,
Romeus ſhall not retourne,
What ſhall it boote her life,
to languifh ſtill and mourne.
The pleaſures paſt before,
ſhe muſt account as gayne,
But if he doe reforme, what then?
for one ſhe ſhall haue twayne.

<H.viii.v> The

- 2305 The one fhall vse her as
 his lawfull wedded wyfe,
In wanton loue,with equall ioy
 the other leade his lyfe:
 And beft fhall fhe be fped
 of any townifh dame,
Of hufband and of paramour,
 to fynde her chaunge of game.
 Thefe wordes and like,the nurce
 did fpeake,in hope to pleafe,
2310 But greatly did thofe wicked wordes
 the ladies mynde difeafe:
 But ay fhe hid her wrath,
 and feemed well content,
When dayly dyd the naughty nurce
 new argumentes inuent:
 But when the bryde perceued
 her howre opproched nere,
She fought(the beft fhe could)to fayne,
 and tempted fo her cheere,
2315 That by her outward looke,
 no liuing wight could geffe
Her inward woe, and yet a new
 renewde is her diftreffe.
 Vnto her chaumber doth
 the penfiue wight repayre.
And in her hand a percher light
 the nurce beares vp the ftayre,
 In Iuliets chamber was
 her wonted vse to lye,
2320 Wherefore her miftres dreading that
 fhe fhould her work defcrye
 As fone as fhe began
 her pallet to vnfold,
Thinking to lye that night, where fhe
 was wont to lye of olde:

I.i.<1> Doth

Doth gently pray her feeke,
her lodgeing fome where els.
And left the crafty fhould fufpect,
a ready reafon telles.
2325 Derefrend(quothe)you knowe,
to morow is the day,
Of new contract,wherfore this night,
my purpofe is to pray,
Vnto the heauenly myndes,
that dwell aboue the fkyes,
And order all the courfe of thinges,
as they can beft deuylfe,
That they fo fmyle vpon
the doynges of To morow,
2330 That all the remnant of my lyfe,
may be exempt from forow:
Wherfore I pray you leaue
me here alone this night,
But fee that you to morow comme
before the dawning light,
For you muft coorle my heare,
and fet on my attyre,
And eafely the louing nurfe,
dyd yelde to her defire.
2335 For fhe within he hed
dyd caft before no doute,
She little knew the clofe attempt,
her nurce childe went about.
The nurce departed once,
the chamber doore fhut clofe,
Affured that no liuing wight,
her doing myght difclofe,
She powred forth into
the vyole of the fryer,
2340 Water out of a filuer ewer,
that on the boord ftoode by her,
<I.i.v> The

The flepy mixture made,
fayre Iuliet doth it hyde,
Vnder her bolfter soft, and fo
vnto her bed fhe hyed:
Where diuers nouel thoughts
arife within her hed,
And fhe is fo inuironed
about with deadly dred,
2345 That what before fhe had
refolued vndoutedly,
That fame fhe calleth into doute,
and lying doutfully,
Whilft honeft loue did ftriue
with dred of dedly payne,
With handes ywrong, and weping eyes,
thus gan fhe to complaine.
What, is there any one
beneth the heauens hye,
2350 So much vnfortunate as I,
fo much pafte hope as I?
What, am not I my felfe
of all that yet were borne,
The depeft drenched in difpayre,
and moft in Fortunes fkorne?
For loe the world for me,
hath nothing els to finde,
Beside mifhap and wretchednes,
and anguifh of the mynde,
2355 Since that the cruel caufe
of my vnhappines,
Hath put me to this fodaine plunge,
and brought to fuch diftres,
As(to the end I may
my name and confcience faue,)
I muft deuowre the mixed drinke,
that by me here I haue.

I.ij.<f> Whofe

Whofe woorking and whofe force
as yet I doe not know,
2360 And of this piteous plaint began
another doute to growe.
What doe I knowe (quoth she)
if that this powder fhall
Sooner or later then it fhould
or els not woorke at all?
And then my craft defcride,
as open as the day,
The peoples tale and laughing stocke,
fhall I remayne for aye.
2365 And what know I (quoth she)
if ferpentes odious,
And other beaftes and wormes that are
of nature venemous,
That wonted are to lurke,
in darke caues vnder grounde,
And commonly as I haue heard
in dead mens tombes are found,
Shall harme me yea or nay,
were I fhall lye as ded,
2370 Or how fhall I that alway haue
in fo frefhe ayre been bred
Endure the lothfome ftinke
of fuch an heaped ftore
Of carkafes,not yet confumde
and bones that long before
Intombed were,where I
my fleping place fhall haue,
Where all my auncefters doe reft,
my kindreds common graue.
2375 Shall not the fryer and
my Romeus when they come,
Fynd me(if I awake before)
yftified in the tombe?

<I.ij.v> An

And whilft ſhe in theſe thoughtes
doth dwell ſomewhat to long,
The force of her ymagining,
anon dyd ware ſo ſtrong,
That ſhe ſurmyſde ſhe ſaw
out of the hollow vaulte,
2380 (A griefly thing to looke vpon,)
the carkas of Tybalt,
Right in the ſelfe ſame fort,
that ſhe few dayes before
Had ſeene him in his blood embrewde,
to death eke wounded fore.
And then, when ſhe agayne
within her ſelfe had wayde,
That quicke ſhe ſhould be buried there,
and by his ſide be layde
2385 All comfortles,for ſhe
ſhall liuing feere haue none
But many a rotten carkas, and
full many a naked bone:
Her dainty tender partes
gan ſheuer all for dred,
Her golden heares did ſtand vpright,
vpon her chilliſh hed.
Then preſſed with the feare
that ſhe there liued in,
2390 A ſweat as colde as mountaine yfe,
pearſt through her tender ſkin,
That with the moyſture hath
wet euery part of hers,
And more beſides,ſhe vainely thinkes,
whilft vainely thus ſhe feares,
A thouſand bodies dead
haue compaſt her about,
And left they will diſmember her,
ſhe greatly ſtandes in dout,
I.iii.<I> But

2395 But when ſhe felt her ſtrength
began to weare away,
By little and little, and in her hart
her feare increafed ay:
Dreading that weakenes might
or fooliſh cowardife
Hinder the execution of
the purpoſe enterpriſe,
As ſhe had frantike been,
in haſt the glaſſe ſhe cougħt,
2400 And vp ſhe dranke the mixture quite.
withouten farther thought.
Then on her breſt ſhe croft
her armes long and ſmall,
And ſo her ſenſes fayling her,
into a traunce did fall.
And when that Phoebus bright
heaued vp his ſeemely hed,
And from the Eaſt in open ſkies
his gliftring rayes diſpred
2405 The nurce vnſhut 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
vnto the deafe ſhe calles,
2410 She thinkes to ſpeake to Iuliet,
but ſpeaketh to the walles.
If all the dredfull noyſe,
that might on earth be found,
Or on the roaring ſeas, or if
the dredfull thunders found,

<I.iii. v> Had

Had blowne into her eares,
I thinke they could not make,
The fleping wight before the time
by any meanes awake:
2415 So were the fprites of lyfe
fhut vp,and fenfes thrald,
Wherwith the feely carefull nurce,
was wondroufly apalde.
She thought to daw her now
as fhe had donne of olde,
But loe,fhe found her parts were ftiffe.
and more then marble colde,
Neither at mouth nor nofe,
found fhe recourfe of breth,
2420 Two certaine argumentes were thefe,
of her vntimely death.
Wherfore as one diftraught,
fhe to her mother ranne,
With fcratched face, and heare betorne,
but no woord fpeake fhe can.
At laft(with much a doe)
dead(quoth fhe)is my childe,
Now out alas(the mother cryde)
and as a Tyger wilde,
2425 Whofe whelpes whilft fhe is gonne
out of her denne to pray,
The hunter gredy of his game,
doth kill or cary away:
So, rageing forth fhe ranne,
vnto her Iuliets bed,
And there fhe found her derling, and
her onely comfort ded.
Then fhrieked fhe out as lowde,
as ferue her would her breth,
2430 And then(that pity was to heare)
thus cryde fhe out on death.

I.iiii.<f> Ah

Ah cruell death(quothe she)
that thus againft all right
Haft ended my felicitie,
and robde my hartes delight,
Do now thy worft to me,
once wreake thy wrath for all.
Euen in despite I crye to thee
thy vengeance let thou fall.
2435 Wherto ftay I (alas,)
fince Iuliet is gone?
Wherto liue I fince ſhe is dead,
except to wayle and mone?
Alacke dere chyld,my teares
for thee ſha I neuer ceaſe,
Euen as my dayes of life increaſe,
ſo ſhall my plaint increaſe.
Such ſtore of forow ſhall
afflict my tender hart,
2440 That dedly pangas when they affayle
ſhall not augment my ſmart.
Then gan ſhe ſo to fobbe,
it ſeemde her hart would braft,
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,
2445 Both kindreds and alies,
thether a pace haue preaſt,
For by theyr prefence there they fought
to honor ſo the feaſt,
But when the heauy newes
the hydden geaſtes did heare,
So much they mournd, that who had ſeene
theyr countnance and theyr cheere,
<I.iiii. v> Might

Mi ght easely haue iudgde,
by that that they had seene,
2450 That day the day of wrath, and eke
of pity haue beene.
But more then all the reft
the fathers hart was fo
Smit with the heauy newes, and fo
fhut vp with fodain woe,
That he ne had the powre
his daughter to bewepe,
Ne yet to speake, but long is forfd,
his teares and plaint to kepe.
2455 In all the haft he hath
for skilfull leaches sent,
And hearyng of her paffed life,
they iudge with one affent,
The caufe of this her death
was inward care and thought,
And then with double force againe
the doubled forowes wrought.
If euer there hath been
a lamentable day,
2460 A day ruthfull, vnfortunate,
and fatall, then I fay,
The fame was it in which,
through Veron towne was fpred,
The wofull newes how Iuliet
was fterued in her bed.
For fo fhe was bemonde,
both of the yong and olde,
That it might feeme to him that would
the commen plaint behold,
2465 That all the commen welth
did ftand in ieopardy,
So vniuerfall was the plaint,
fo piteous was the crye.

<I.v.r> For

For lo,befide her fhape,
and natiue bewties hewe,
With which, like as ſhe grew in age,
her vertues prayſes grewe.
She was alfo fo wife,
fo lowly ,and fo mydle:
2470 That euen from the hory head,
vnto the witles childe,
She wan the hartes of all,
fo that there was not one,
Ne great ne ſmall,but dyd that day
her wretched ſtate bemone.
Whilft Iuliet flept,and whilft
the other wepen thus:
Our fryer Lawrence hath by this,
ſent one to Romeus.
2475 A frier of his houſe,
there neuer was a better,
He truſted him euen as himſelfe,
to whom he gaue a letter:
In which,he written had,
of euery thing at length,
That paſt twixt Iuliet and him,
and of the powders ſtrength.
The next night after that,
he willeth him to comme
2480 To helpe to take his Iuliet
out of the hollow toombe.
For by that time, the drinke
he faith will ceaſe to woorke,
And for one night his wife and he
within his cell ſhall loorke.
Then ſhall he cary her
to Mantua away,
(Till ſickell Fortune fauour him)
diſguiſde in mans aray.

<I.v.v> This

<I.vi.r> And

And then he thought in tyme
to fend to Romeus,
But whilst at Mantua where he was,
these dooinges framed thus,
2505 The towne of Iuliets byrth
was wholly bufied,
About her obsequies, to see
theyr darlyng buried.
Now is the parentes myrth
quite chaunged into mone,
And now to forow is retornde
the ioy of euery one.
And now the wedding weedes
for mourning weedes they chaunge,
2510 And Hymene into a Dyrge,
alas it seemeth straunge.
In fteade of mariage gloues,
now funerall gloues they haue,
And whom they should see married,
they follow to the graue.
The feaft that should haue been
of pleasure and of ioy,
Hath euery dish, and cup, fild full
of forow and annoye.
2515 Now throughout Italy
this commen vse they haue,
That all the best of euery stocke
are earthed in one graue.
For euery houghhold, if
it be of any fame,
Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault
that beares the houghholdes name.
Wherein (if any of
that kindred hap to dye)
2520 They are beftowde, els in the fame
no other corps may lye.

<I.vi.v> The

The Capilets,her corps
in fuch a one dyd lay,
Where Tybalt flayne of Romeus,
waf layde the other, day:
An other vfe there is,
that whofoeuer dyes,
Borne to their church with open face,
vpon the beere he lyes
2525 In wonted weede attyrde,
not wrapt in winding fheete,
So, as by chaunce he walked abroad,
our Romeus man dyd meete
His maifters wyfe,the fight
with forow ftraight dyd wounde
His honeft hart, with teares he fawe
her lodged vnder ground.
And for he had been fent
to Verone for a fpye,
2530 The doynges of the Capilets
by wifdome to defcrye,
And for he knew her death
dyd tooch his maifter moft,
(Alas) too foone,with heauy newes
he byed away in poft:
And in his houle he found
his maifter Romeus,
Where he befprent with many teares,
began to fpeake him thus.
2535 Syr,vnto you of late
if chaunced fo great a harme,
That fure except with conftancy
you feeke your felfe to arme,
I feare that ftrayght you will
brethe out your latter breath,
And I moft wretched wight fhall be
thoccafion of your death.
<I.vii.r> Knowe

Know fyr that yefterday
my lady and your wyfe,
2540 I wot not by what fodain grefe,
hath made exchaunge of life:
And for becaufe on earth,
fhe found nought but vnrest,
In heauen hath fhe fought to fynde
a place of quiet reft.
And with thefe weping eyes
my felfe haue feene her layde
Within the tombe of Capilets,
and here withall he ftayde,
2545 This fodayne meffage founde
fent forth with fighes and teares,
Our Romeus receaued too foone
with open liftening eares,
And therby hath fonke in
fuch forow in his hart,
That loe,his fprite annoyed fore
with torment and with fmart,
Was like to breake out of
his prifon houle perforce,
2550 And that he might flye after hers,
would leaue the maffy corce.
But earneft loue that will
not fayle him till hie ende,
This fond and fodain fantaſy
into his head dyd fende:
That if nere vnto her
he offred vp his breath,
That then an hundred thouſand parts
more glorious were his death,
2555 Eke ſhould his painfull hart
a great deale more be eafed,
And more alfo(he vainely thought)
his lady better pleaſed.

<I.vii.v> Wher=

Wherfore, when he his face
hath wafht with water cleene,
Left that the staynes of dried teares,
might on his cheekes be seene,
And fo his forow should
of euery one be spyde,
2560 Which he with all his care dyd feeke
from euery one to hyde:
Straight wery of the houle,
he walketh forth abrode,
His seruant at the maisters heft
in chamber styll abode:
And then fro streate to streate,
he wandreth vp and downe,
To see if he in any place
may fynde in all the towne,
2565 A falue meete for his fore,
an oyle fitte for his wounde,
And feeking long (alac too foone)
the thing he fought, he founde.
An Apothecary fate
vnbufied at his doore,
Whom by his heauy countenaunce
he gefsed to be poore,
And in his shop he saw
his boxes were but fewe,
2570 And in his window (of his wares)
there was so small a shew,
Wherfore our Romeus
affuredly hath thought,
What by no frendship could be got,
with money should be bought.
For nedy lacke is lyke
the poore man to compell,
To sell that which the cities lawe
forbiddeth him to sell.
<I.viii.> Then

2575 Then by the hand he drew
 the nedy man apart,
And with the fight of glittring gold
 inflamed hath his hart,
 Take fiftie crownes of gold
 (quoth he)I geue them thee,
So that before I part from hence
 thou ftraight deliuer me,
 Somme poyfon ftrong, that may
 in leffe then halfe an howre,
2580 Kill him whose wretched hap fhall be
 the potion to deuowre.
 The wretch by couetife
 is wonne, and doth affent,
To fell the thing, whose fale ere long
 too late he doth repent.
 In haft he poyfon fought,
 and clofely he it bounde,
And then began with whifpering voyce
 thus in his eare to rounde,
2585 Fayre fyr(quoth he)be fure,
 this is the fpeeding gere,
And more there is then you fhall nede,
 for halfe of that is there,
 Will ferue,I vndertake,
 in leffe then half an howre,
To kill the strongest man aliue,
 fuch is the poysons power,
 Then Romeus fomewhat eafed
 of one part of his care,
2590 Within his bofome putteth vp
 his dere vnthrifty ware.
 Retorning home agayne,
 he fent his man away,
To Verone towne,and chargeth him,
 that he without delay,

<I.viii.v> Prouyde

Prouyde both infruments,
to open wyde the toombe,
And lightes to fthew him Iuliet,
and ftay(till he fhall comme.)
2595 Nere to the place whereas
his louing wyfe doth reft,
And chargeth him not to bewray
the dolours of his breft.
Peter,theſe heard,his leaue
both of his maifter take,
Betyme he commes to towne,fuch haft
the paynfull man did make.
And then with bufy care
he ſeeketh to fulfill,
2600 But doth dyſcloſe vnto no wight
his wofull maifters will.
Would God he had herein
broken his maifters heft,
Would God that to the fryer he had
dyſcloſed all hys breft.
But Romeus,the whyle,
with many a dedly thought,
Prouoked much,hath cauſed ynke
and paper to be brought,
2605 And in few lynes he dyd
of all his loue dyſcoorfe,
How by the fryers helpe, and by
the knowledge of the noorfe,
The wedlocke knot was knyt,
and by what meane that night
And many moe he dyd enioy,
his happy hartes delight.
Where he the poyſon bought,
and how his lyfe ſhould ende,
2610 And fo his wailefull tragedy
the wretched man hath pend.

K.j.<I> The

The letters clofe and feald,
directed to his fyre:
He locketh in his purfe, and then,
a poft hors doth he hyre.
When he approched nere,
he waxely lighted downe,
And euen with the fhade of night,
he entred Verone towne,
2615 Where he hath found his man
wayting when he fhould comme,
With lanterne and with instruments,
to open Iuliets toomme.
Helpe Peter, helpe quod he,
helpe to remoue the ftone,
And ftraight when I am gone fro thee
my Iuliet to bemone:
See that thou get thee hence,
and on the payne of death,
2620 I charge thee that thou comme not nere,
whyle I abyde beneath,
Ne feeke thou not to let
thy mafters enterprife,
Which he hath fully purposed
to doe in any wife.
Take there a letter, which
as foone as he fhall ryfe,
Prefent it in the morning to
my louing fathers eyes.
2625 Which vnto him perhaps
farre pleasanter fhall feeme,
Then eyther I do mynd to fay,
or thy grofe head can deeme.
Now Peter that knew not,
the purpofe of his hart,
Obediently a little way
withdrew himfelfe apart,
<K.j.v> And

And then our Romeus,
 (the vault stone fet vpright)
2630 Descended downe, and in his hand,
 he bare the candle light.
And then with piteous eye,
 the body of his wyfe,
He gan beholde, who furely was
 the organ of his lyfe.
For whom vnhappy now
 he is, but erst was blyft:
He watred her with teares, and then
 an hundred times her kyft.
2635 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
 vpon her stomacke colde,
And them on diuers parts befyde,
 the wofull wight did hold.
But when he could not fynd
 the signes of lyfe he fought,
2640 Out of his curfed box he drewe
 the poyfon that he bought.
Wherof, he greedely
 deuowrde the greater part,
And then he cryde with dedly figh,
 fetcht from his mourning hart:
Oh Iuliet, of whom
 the world vnwoorthy was,
From which, for worldes vnworthines
 thy worthy goft dyd passe:
2645 What death more pleafant could
 my hart wifh to abyde,
Then that which here it fuffreth now,
 fo nere thy frendly fyde.
K.ij.<r> Or

Or els fo gloriouf tombe,
how could my youth haue craued.
As in one felfe fame vaulte with thee
haply to be ingraued?
What Epitaph more worth,
or halfe fo excellent,
2650 To confecrate my memorye,
could any man inuente
As this,our mutuell, and
our piteous facrifice
Of lyfe,fet light for loue, but while
he talketh in this wife,
And thought as yet a while
his dolours to enforce,
His tender hart began to faynt,
preft with the venoms force:
2655 Which little and little gan
to ouercomme hys hart,
And whilft his bufy eyne he threwe
about to euery part:
He faw hard by the corce
of fleping Iuliet,
Bold Tybalt carkas dead,which was
not all confumed yet,
To whom(as hauing life)
in this fort fpeaketh he,
2660 Ah cofin dere Tybalt, wherefo
thy reftles fprite now be,
With ftretched 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 reuengeing luft as yet
thy hart be fet on fyre:
<K.ij.v> What

2665 What more amendes,or cruell
 wreke defyreft thou?
To fee on me,then this which here
 is fhewd forth to thee now?
Who reft by force of armes
 from thee thy liuing breath,
The fame with his owne hand (thou feeft)
 doth poyfon himfelfe to death.
And for he caufed thee
 in tombe too foone to lye,
2670 Too foone alfo,yonger then thou
 himfelfe he layeth by.
Thefe faid,when he gan feele,
 the poyfons force preuayle,
And little and little maftred lyfe,
 for aye beganne to fayle,
Kneeling vpon his knees,
 he faid with voyce full lowe,
Lord Chrift that fo to raunfome me
 refcendedft long agoe,
2675 Out of thy fathers bofome,
 and in the virgins wombe,
Didft put on flefhe,Oh let my plaint
 out of this hollow toombe,
Perce through the ayre,and graunt
 my fute may fauour finde.
Take pity on my finnefull and
 my poore afflicted mynde.
For well enough I know,
 this body is but clay,
2680 Nought but a maffe of finne, to frayle,
 and fubieft to decay.
Then preffed with extreme greefe,
 he threw with fo great force,
His ouerpreffed parts vpon
 his ladies wayled corps:

K.iii.<I> That

That now his wekened hart,
weakened with tormentes pafte,
Vnable to abyde this pang,
the fharpft and the laft:
2685 Remayned quite depriued,
of fenfe and kindly ftrengh,
And fo the long imprifond foule,
hath freedome wonne at length.
Ah cruell death,too foone,
too foone was this deuorce,
Twixt youthfull Romeus heauenly fprite,
and his fayre earthy corfe.
The fryer that knew what time
the powder had been taken,
2690 Knew eke the very infant,when
the fleper fhould awaken.
But wondring that he could
no kind of aunfwer heare,
Of letters,which to Romeus
his fellow fryer did beare:
Out of fainct Frauncis church
hymfelfe alone dyd fare,
And for the opening of the tombe,
meete instrumentes he bare:
2695 Approching nigh the place,
and feeing there the lyght,
Great horror felt he in his hart,
by ftraunge and fodaine fight,
Tyll Peter(Romeus man)
hif coward hart made bolde,
When of his mafters being there,
the certain newes he tolde:
There hath he been(quothe he)
this halfe howre at the laft,
2700 And in this time I dare well fay
his plaint hath ftill increaft.

<K.iii. v> Then

Then both they entred in,
where they (alas)dyd fynde,
The bretheles corps of Romeus,
forfaken of the mynde.
Where they haue made fuch mone,
as they may beft conceue,
That haue with perfect frendfhip loued,
whole frend,feerce death dyd reue.
2705 But whilft with piteous playnt,
they Romeus fate be wepe,
An howre too late fayre Iuliet
awaked out of flepe.
And much amafde to fee
in tombe fo great a light,
She wift not if fhe faw a dreame,
or fprite that walkd by night.
But cumming to her felfe,
fhe knew them,and faid thus,
2710 What fryer Lawrence, is it you?
where is my Romeus?
And then the auncient frier,
that greatly ftoode in feare,
Left if they lingred ouer long,
they fhould be taken theare,
In few plaine woordes,the whole
that was betyde he tolde,
And with his fingar fhewd his corps
out ftretched,ftiffe, and colde,
2715 And then perfwaded her
with pacience to abyde
This fodain great mifchaunce, and fayth
that he will foone prouyde
In fomme religious houfe
for her a quiet place,
Where fhe may fpend the reft of lyfe,
and where in time percafe
K.iiij.<1> He

She may with wifdomes meane,
meafure her mourning breft,
2720 And vnto her tormented foule
call backe exiled reft.
But loe, as foone as fhe
had caft her ruthfull eye
On Romeus face, that pale and wan,
faft by her fide dyd lye,
Straight way fhe dyd vnftop
the conduites of her teares,
And out they gushe, with cruell hand
fhe tare her golden heares.
2725 But when fhe neither could
her fwelling forowfwage,
Ne yet her tender hart abyde
her fickenes furious rage:
Falne on his corps, fhe lay
long panting on his face,
And then with all her force and ftrengh,
the ded corps dyd embrace,
As though with fighes,with fobs,
with force and bufy payne,
2730 She would him rayfe, and him reftore
from death to lyfe agayne:
A thoufand times fhe kift
his month as cold as ftone,
And it vnkift agayne as oft,
then gan fhe thus to mone.
Ah pleafant prop of all
my thoughtes, ah onely ground
Of all the fweete delightes, that yet
in all my lyfe I found.
2735 Did fuch affured truft
within thy hart repofe:
That in this place,and at this time,
this churchyarde thou haft chofe?
<K.iiij.v> Betwixt

Betwixt the armes of me,
thy perfect louing make?
And thus by meanes of me to ende
thy lyfe, and for my fake?
Euen in the flowring of
thy youth, when vnto thee,
2740 Thy lyfe most deare (as to the most)
and pleafant ought to be:
How could this tender corps
withftand the cruell fight
Of furious death, that wons to fray
the ftoutest with his fight:
How could thy dainty youth
agree with willing hart,
In this fo fowle infected place
(to dwell) where now thou art.
2745 Where fpitefull Fortune hath
appaynted thee to be,
The dainty foode of greedy woormes,
vnworthy fure of thee.
Alas, alas, alas,
what neded now a new,
My wonted forowes doubled twife
agayne thus to renewe?
Which both the tyme, and eke
my pacient long abode,
2750 Should now at length haue quenched quite,
and vnder foote haue trode.
Ah wretch, and caytiue that
I am, euen when I thought
To find my painefull paffions falue:
I myft the thing I fought,
And to my mortall harme,
the fatall knyfe I grounde,
That gaue to me fo deepe, fo wyde,
fo cruell dedly wounde.

<K.v.r> Ah

2755 Ah thou moft fortunate,
and moft vnhappy tombe,
For thou fhalt beare from age to age,
witnes in time to comme,
Of the moft perfect leage,
betwixt a payre of louers,
That were the moft vnfortunate,
and fortunate of others:
Receau the latter figh,
receau the latter pang,
2760 Of the moft cruell of cruell flaues,
that wrath and death ay wrang.
And when our Iuliet would
continue ftill her mone,
The fryer and the feruant fled
and left her there alone.
For they a fodayne noyfe,
faft by the place did heare,
And left they might be taken there,
greatly they ftooke in feare.
2765 When Iuliet faw her felfe
left in the vaulte alone,
That freely fhe might worke her will,
for let or ftay was none:
Then once for all, fhe tooke
the caufe of all her harmes,
The body dead of Romeus,
and clafpd it in her armes,
Then fhe with earneft kiffe,
fufficiently did proue,
2770 That more then by the feare of death,
fhe was attaint by loue.
And then pafte deadly feare,
for lyfe ne had fhe care,
With hafty hand fhe did draw out,
the dagger that he ware.

<K.v.v> O

O welcome death (quoth she)
end of vnhappines,
That also art beginning of
affured happines:
2775 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 louing lord,
Romeus my trusty feer,
2780 If knowledge yet doe rest in thee,
if thou these woordes dost heer:
Receue thou her whom thou
didst loue so lawfully,
That caused(alas)thy violent death
although vnwillingly.
And therefore willingly
offers to thee her goft,
To thend that no wight els but thou,
might haue iust cause to bofte
2785 Thinioying of my loue,
which ay I haue referued,
Free from the rest, bound vnto thee,
that hast it well deferued.
That so our parted sprites,
from light that we see here,
In place of endlesse light and blisse,
may euer liue yfere.
These said,her ruthlesse hand
through gyrt her valiant hart.
2790 Ah Ladies helpe with teares to wayle,
the ladies dedly smart.

<K.vi.r> She

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 grates the candel light
within the tombe they spye:
2795 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 abused
do stand them oft in sted.
Theyr curious harts desire,
the trueth heros to know,
2800 Then they by certaine steppes descend,
 where they do fynd below
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 view,
The certainty of both theyr deathes,
affuredly they knew.
2805 Then here and there so long
 with carefull ere they fought,
That at the length hidden they found
the murthrers, so they thought.
In dongeon depe that night
they lodgde them vnder grounde,
The next day do they tell the prince
the mischefe that they found.

<K.vi.v> The

The newes was by and by
throughout the towne dyspred
2810 Both of the takyng of the fryer,
and of the two found ded.
Thether might you haue feene
whole houfholdes forth to ronne.
For to the tombe where they did heare
this wonder straunge was donne,
The great,the fmall,the riche,
the poore,the yong,the olde,
With hafly pace do ronne to fee,
but rew when they behelde.
2815 And that the murtherers
to all men might be knowne,
Like as the murders brute abroad
through all the towne was blowne.
The prince did ftraight ordaine,
the corfes that wer founde
Should be fet forth vpon a ftage,
hye rayfed from the grounde,
Right in the felfe fame fourme,
(fhewde forth to all mens fight)
2820 That in the hollow valt they had
been found that other night.
And eke that Romeus man,
and fryer Lawrence fould
Be openly examined,
for els the people would
Haue murmured,or faynd
there were fome wayghty caufe,
Why openly they were not calde,
and fo conuict by lawes.
2825 The holy fryer now,
and reuerent by his age,
In great reproche fet to the fhew
vpon the open ftage.
<K.vii.r> A thing

(A thing that ill befeemde,
a man of filuer heares)

His beard as whyte as mylke he bathes,
with great fast falling teares.

Whom straight the dredfull Iudge
commaundeth to declare

2830 Both how this murther hath been donne,
aud who the murthrers are.

For that he nere the tombe
was found at howres vnfitte,

And had with him thofe yron tooles,
for fuch a purpofe fitte:

The frier was of liuely
fprite, and free of fpeche,

The Iudges woordes appald him not,
ne were his wittes to feeche.

2835 But with aduifed heed,
a while fyrft did he ftay,

And then with bold affured voyce,
aloude thus gan he fay.

My lordes, there is not one
among you, fet togyther,

So that (affection fet afide)
by wifdome he confider

My former paffed lyfe,
and this my extreme age,

2840 And eke this heauy fight, the wreke,
of frantike Fortunes rage,

But that amafed much,
doth wonder at this chaunge,

So great, fo fodaynly befallne,
vnlooked for, and ftraunge.

For I, that in the fpace
of lx. yeres and tenne,

Since firft I did begin to foone
to leade my lyfe with men,

<K.vii.v> And

2845 And with the worldes vaine thinges
my felfe I did acquaint,
Was neuer yet, in open place
at any time attaynt
With any cryme, in waight,
as heauy as a rufhe,
Ne is there any ftander by,
can make me gylyt blufhe,
(Although before the face
of God, & doe confesse,
2850 My felfe to be the finfullt wretch
of all this mighty preffe.)
When readieft I am,
and likeliest to make
My great accompt, which no man els
for me fhall vndertake:
When wormes, the earth, and death
doe cyte me euery howre,
Tappeare before the iudgement feate
of euerlafting powre,
2855 And falling ripe I fteppe
vpon my graues brinke:
Euen then am I moft wretched wight
(as eche of you doth thinke.)
Through my moft haynous deede,
with hedlong fway throwne downe,
In greateft daunger of my lyfe,
and damage of renowne.
The fpring, whence in your head,
this new conceite doth ryfe,
2860 And in your hart increafeth ftill
your vayne and wrong furmife:
May be the hugenes of
theſe teares of myne (percafe.)
That ſo abundantly downe fall,
by eyther fyde my face.

<K.viii.r> As

As though the memory
in scriptures were not kept,
That Chrif our fauour himfelfe
for ruth and pittie wept.
2865 And more whofo will reade,
ywritten fhall he fynde,
That teares are as true meffengers
of mans vngyltie mynde,
Orels(a liker prooffe)
that I am in the cryme,
You fay thefe prefent yrone are,
and the fufpected tyme.
As though all howres alike
had not been made aboue,
2870 Did Chrif not fay the day had twelue?
whereby he fought to prone,
That no refpect of howres,
ought iuftly to be had,
But at all times men haue the choyce
of dooing good or bad.
Euen as the fprite of God,
the hartes of men doth guyde,
Or as it leaueth them to ftray
from Vertues path afyde.
2875 As for the yrons that
were taken in my hand,
As now I deeme,I neede not feeke,
to make ye vnderftande,
To what vfe yron firft
was made,when it began:
How of it felfe it helpeth not,
ne yet can helpe a man.
The thing that hurteth, is
the malice of his will,
2880 That fuch indifferent thinges is wont
to vfe and order yll.

<K.viii.v> Thus

Thus much I thought to fay,
to caufe you fo to know,
That neither thefe my piteous teares,
though nere fo faft they flowe.
Ne yet thefe yron tooles,
nor the fufpected time,
Can iuftly proue the murther donne,
or damne me of the cryme,
2885 No one of thefe hath powre,
ne power haue all the three,
To make me other then I am,
how fo I fee me to be.
But fure my confcience
(if fo my gylt deferue)
For an appeacher, witneffe, and
a hangman eke fhould ferue.
For through mine age, whole heares,
of long time fince were hore,
2890 And credyt greate that I was in,
with you in time to fore,
And eke the foiorne fhort
that I on earth muft make,
That euery day and howre do loke
my iourney hence to take,
My confcience inwardly,
fhould more torment me thrife,
Then all the outward deadly payne
that all you could deuyfe.
2895 But (God I prayfe) I feele
no worme that gnaweth me,
And from remorfes pricking fting,
I ioy that I am free.
I meane as touching this,
wherwith you troubled are,
Wherwith you fhould be troubled ftill
if I my fpeche fhould fpare.

L.j.<1> But

But to the end I may
fet all your hartes at reft,
2900 And plucke out all the scrupuls that
are rooted in your breft:
Which might perhappes henceforth
increafing more and more
Within your confcience alfo,
increafe your cureleffe fore:
I fweare by yonder heauens,
whither I hope to clym,
And for a witnes of my woordes,
my hart attetteth him,
2905 Whofe mighty hand doth welde
them in their vyolent fway,
And on the rolling stormy feas
the heauy earth doth ftay:
That I will make a fhort
and eke a true dyfcourfe
Of this moft wofull Tragedy,
and fhew both thend and fourfe
Of theyr vnhappy death,
which you perchaunce no leffe
2910 Will wonder at, then they (alas)
poore louers in diftreffe,
Tormented much in mynd
not forcing liuely breath,
With ftrong and patient hart dyd yelde
themfelfe to cruell death.
Such was the mutuall loue,
wherin the burned both:
And of their promyft frendfhippes fayth,
fo ftedy was the troth.
2915 And then the auncient frier
began to make dyfcourfe,
Euen from the firft of Romeus,
and Iuliets amours.

<L.j.v> How

How firft by fodayn fight,
the one the other chofe,
And twixt them felfe dyd knitte the knotte,
which onely death might lofe.
And how within a while,
with hotter loue opprest,
2920 Vnder confeffions cloke, to him,
them felfe they haue adrest.
And how with folemne othes
they haue protested both,
That they in hart are married
by promife and by othe.
And that except he graunt
the rytes of church to geue,
They fhall be forft by earnest loue,
in finnefull ftate to liue.
2925 Which thing when he had wayde,
and when he vnderftoode,
That the agreement twixt them twayne
was lawfull honeft, good,
And all thinges peyfed well,
it feemed meete to bee,
For lyke they were of nobleneffe,
age, riches, and degree:
Hoping that fo at length,
ended myght be the ftryfe,
2930 Of Montagewes and Capelets,
that led in hate theyr lyfe.
Thinking to woorke a woorke
well pleafing in Gods fight,
In fecret fhryft he wedded them,
and they the felfe fame night
Made vp the mariage
in houle of Capelet,
As well doth know (if fhe be afkt.)
the nurce of Iuliet.

L.ij. <1> He

- 2935 He told how Romeus fled,
 for reuing Tybalts lyfe,
And how the whilft ,Paris the Earle
 was offred to hys wyfe.
And how the lady dyd,
 fo great a wrong dyfdayne,
And how to shrift vnto his church
 she came to him agayne:
And how she fell flat downe
 before his feete aground,
2940 And how she fware her hand,
 and bloody knife should wound
Her harmeles hart, except,
 that he some meane dyd fynde
To dyfappoynt the Earles attempt,
 and spotles faue her mynde.
Wherefore he doth conclude,
 (although that long before)
By thought of death, and age, he had
 refufde for euermore.
2945 The hidden artes which he
 delighted in,in youth,
Yet wonne by her importunenes,
 and by his inward ruth,
And fearing left she would
 her cruell vowe dyfcharge,
His clofed confcience he had
 opened and fet at large.
And rather did he choofe
 to fuffer for one tyme,
2950 His foule to be spotted fomdeale
 with fmall and eafy cryme,
Then that the lady should,
 (wery of liuyng breath)
Murther her felfe, and daunger much
 her feely foule by death.

<L.ij.v> Wher=

Wherfore,his auncient artes
agayne he puttes in vre,
A certayne powder gaue he her
that made her flepe fo fure,
2955 That they her held for dead,
and how that frier Iohn
With letters sent to Romeus,
to Mantua is gone,
Of whom he knoweth not
as yet,what is becomeme,
And how that dead he found his frend
within her kindreds tombe.
He thinkes with poyfon strong,
for care the yong man sterued,
2960 Supposing Iuliet dead,and how,
that Iuliet hath carued
With Romeus dagger drawne
her hart and yelded breath,
Defyrous to accompany
her loue after death.
And how they could not faue
her, so they were afeard,
And hidde them selfe, dreding the noyse
of watchmen that they heard.
2965 And for the prooffe of thys
his tale, he doth defyer
The Iudge,to fend 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 iudge his cause the better,
He prayeth them depose
the nurce of Iuliet,
2970 And Romeus man,whom at vnwares
befyde the tombe he met.

L.iiij.<1> Then

Then Peter not fo much
ad erft he was, dyfmayd,
My lordes(quothe)too true is all,
that fryer Laurence fayd.
And when my maifter went
into my myftres graue,
This letter that I offer you,
vnto me then he gaue.
2975 Which he himfelfe dyd write
as I do vnderftand,
And charged me to offer them
vnto his fathers hand.
The opened packet doth
conteyne in it the fame,
That erft the fkilfull frier faid,
and eke the wretches name
That had at his request,
the dedly poyfon fold,
2980 The price of it,and why he bought,
his letters playne haue tolde.
The cafe vnfolded fo,
and open now it lyes,
That they could with no better proof,
faue feeing it with theyr eyes.
So orderly all thinges
were tolde and tryed out,
That in the preafe there was not one
that ftoode at all in doute.
2985 The wyfer fort to counsell
called by Efcalus,
Haue geuen aduyfe,and Efcalus
fagely decreeth thus.
The nurfe of Iuliet,
is banifht in her age,
Because that from the parentes fhe
dyd hyde the mariage.
<L.iiij. v> Which

Which might haue wrought much good,
 hau it in time been knowne,
2990 Where now by her concealing it,
 a mischeefe great is growne.
 And Peter,for he dyd
 obey his maisters heft,
In woonted freedome had good leaue
 to leade his lyfe in rest.
 Thapothecary,high
 is hanged by the throte,
And for the paynes he tooke with him,
 the hangman had his cote.
2995 But now what shall betyde
 of this gray bearded fyre?
Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde,
 that good barefooted fryre.
 Becaufe that many times
 he woorthely did ferue
The commen welth,and in his lyfe
 was neuer found to fwerue:
 He was difcharged quyte,
 and no marke of defame,
3000 Did feeme to blot,or touch at all,
 the honor of his name.
 But of him felfe he went
 into an Hermitage,
Two myles from Veron towne,where he
 in prayers pafte forth his age.
 Tyll that from earth to heauen,
 his heauenly fprite dyd flye,
Fyue yeres he liued an Hermite, and
 an Hermite dyd he dye.
3005 The ftraungenes of the chaunce,
 when tryed was the truth
The Montagewes and Capelets
 hath moued fo to ruth,
 <L.iiij.> That

That with their emptyed teares,
theyr choler and theyr rage,
Was emptied quite, and they whose wrath
no wifdom could affwage,
Nor threatning of the prince,
ne mynd of murthers donne:
3010 At length (fo mighty Ioue it would)
by pitye they are wonne.
And left that length of time
might from our myndes remoue,
The memory of fo perfect, found,
and fo approued loue.
The bodies dead remoued
from vaulte where they did dye,
In ftately tombe, on pillers great,
of marble rayfe they hye.
3015 On euery fyde aboue,
were fet and eke beneath,
Great ftore of cunning Epitaphes,
in honor of theyr death.
And euen at this day
the tombe is to be feene.
So that among the monumentes
that in Verona been,
There is no monument
more worthy of the fight:
3020 Then is the tombe of Iuliet,
and Romeus her knight.

C Imprinted at London in

Flete ftrete within Temble barre, at
the figne of the hand and ftarre, by
Richard Tottill the .xix. day of
Nouember. An. do. 1562.

(∴)

<L.iiij. v>

ⁱ Battista Spagnuoli, also called “il Mantovano”, the Mantuan (1447 – 1516), *Eclogae, De adulescentia* 1: “de honesto amore et felici eius exitu” (Of lawful love and iys appy outcome”), [42-3](#).