

The most lamentable Tragedy

Then love-devouring death doe what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph dye, like fire and powder,
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is lothsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so,
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foot
Will never weare out the everlasting flint:
A Lover may bestride the Gossamours,
That idles in the wanton summer Ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee daughter for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else in his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich Musicks tongue,
Unfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receive in either by this deare encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament;
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true love is growne to such excesse,
I cannot summe up some of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short worke,
For by your leaves you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* let's retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad,
And if wee meet we shall not scape abraile,
For now these hot dayes is the mad blood stirring.

Mer.

of Romeo and Juliet.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows, that when hee enters the confines of a Taverne, claps mee his sword upon the Table, and sayes, God lend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup draws him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jacke in thy moode as any in *Italy*, and as soone moved to bee moodie, and as soone moodie to be moved.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, wee should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard than thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hassell eyes: what eye but such an eye would spie out such a quarrell? thy head is as full of quarrels as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine asleep in the Sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor, for wearing his new doublet before Easter: with another, for tying his new shooes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling.

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

Mer. The fee-simple, O simple!

Enter Tibalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here come the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

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

Gentlemen Good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You shall finde me apt enough to that sir, and you shall give me occasion.

Mercutio. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

F

Tib.

