

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kifs.

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

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray; grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.^a

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

[to her *Nurse.*

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a *Capulet*?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? why then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen, good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, firrah, by my fay, it waxes late:
I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt.*

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old *Tiberio*.

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

^a ---- turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant, for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not while my prayer's effect I take;
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that late they took.

Rom. Sin from my lips! O trespasses sweetly urg'd! ----
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by th' book.

Nurse. Madam, &c.

[kissing her.

Nurse.