

Act one scene five (firts folio)

Rom.

If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kisse.

Iul.

Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much.
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this,
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kisse.

Rom.

Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

Iul.

I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in prayer.

Rom.

O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.

Iul.

Saints do not moue,
Though grant for prayers sake.

Rom.

Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

Iul.

Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

Rom.

Sin from my lips? O trespasse sweetly vrg'd:
Giue me my sin againe.

Iul.

You kisse by'th'booke.

Nur.

Madam your Mother craues a word with you.

Rom.

What is her Mother?

Nurs.

Marrie Batcheler,

Her Mother is the Lady of the house,

And a good Lady, and a wise, and Vertuous,

I Nur'st her Daughter that you talkt withall:

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,

Shall haue the chincks.

Rom.

Is she a Capulet?

O deare account! My life is my foes debt.