

For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAPULET All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

FRIAR Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
LAURENCE And go, Sir Paris; everyone prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will. (*Exeunt*
CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, *and* FRIAR LAURENCE.)

FIRST MUSICIAN Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

NURSE Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. (*Exit.*)

FIRST MUSICIAN Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

(*Enter* PETER.)

PETER Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease, Heart's ease:" O,
an you will have me live, play "Heart's ease."

FIRST MUSICIAN Why "Heart's ease"?

PETER O, musicians, because my heart itself plays "My heart is
full of woe:" O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

FIRST MUSICIAN Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

PETER You will not, then?