

# Romeo and Juliet

by William Shakespeare



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## Dramatis Personae

### PERSONS REPRESENTED

Escalus, Prince of Verona.  
Paris, a young Nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.  
Montague, } Heads of two Houses at variance with each other.  
Capulet, }  
An Old Man, Uncle to Capulet.  
Romeo, Son to Montague.  
Mercutio, Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.  
Benvolio, Nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo.  
Tybalt, Nephew to Lady Capulet.  
Friar Lawrence, a Franciscan.  
Friar John, of the same Order.  
Balthasar, Servant to Romeo.  
Sampson, Servant to Capulet.  
Gregory, Servant to Capulet.  
Peter, Servant to Juliet's Nurse.  
Abraham, Servant to Montague.  
An Apothecary.  
Three Musicians.  
Chorus.

Page to Paris; another Page.  
An Officer.

Lady Montague, Wife to Montague.  
Lady Capulet, Wife to Capulet.  
Juliet, Daughter to Capulet.  
Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

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## Act I

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### Scene 1

#### Prologue:

[Enter Chorus.]

Chor.

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows  
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which but their children's end naught could  
remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
The which, if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

#### Act I, Scene i

A public place.

#### Prologue:

[Enter Chorus]

Chor. (can be one person)

Two families, the same in almost every respect,  
In the town of Verona, Italy, where this play is set,  
Continue an old feud with new breakouts of violence,  
Involving and killing citizens outside the families.  
The son of one family and the daughter of the other,  
Having become lovers, commit suicide,  
Following a series of events that keep them apart.  
Their deaths cause the families to end the feud.  
The events that lead to their suicide,  
As well as the continuing feud between the families,  
(which nothing but their children's death could end),  
Will now be performed on this stage for two hours.  
If you listen to the play attentively, any details you  
Missed in this introduction, will be explained as you  
watch the play.

#### Act I, Scene i

A public place.

[Enter Sampson and Gregory armed with swords and bucklers.]

Sampson.  
Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gregory.  
No, for then we should be colliers.

Sampson.  
I mean, an we be in choler we'll draw.

Gregory.  
Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sampson.  
I strike quickly, being moved.

Gregory.  
But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sampson.  
A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gregory.  
To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sampson.  
A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gregory.  
That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sampson.  
True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gregory.  
The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

[Enter Sampson and Gregory armed with swords and bucklers.]

Sampson.  
Gregory, on my word, we will not be humiliated, like carrying coal.

Gregory  
No, for that we should be coal miners.

Sampson  
I mean, if we are angry, we will draw our swords.

Gregory  
Yeah, while you're alive, you'll only draw your neck out of the hangman's collar.

Sampson  
I can hit quickly, if I'm motivated.

Gregory  
But you're not quickly motivated to hit.

Sampson  
A dog of the house of Montague motivates me.

Gregory  
To be motivated is to act, and to be valiant is to face the challenge; When you are "motivated," you run away.

Sampson  
A dog of that house will motivate me to face the challenge; I will tear down the castle wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gregory.  
That shows you are a weak slave, because the castle wall is the weakest spot in the castle.

Sampson  
True; and that's why women, being so weak, are always "thrust to the wall;" Watch me, I will push Montague's men from the castle wall, and thrust his maids to their "castle wall."

Gregory.  
The feud is between our masters, and by extension, all

Sampson.  
'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant:  
when I have fought with the men I will be cruel  
with the maids,  
I will cut off their heads.

Gregory.  
The heads of the maids?

Sampson.  
Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads;  
take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gregory.  
They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sampson.  
Me they shall feel while I am able to stand:  
and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gregory.  
'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst,  
thou hadst been poor—John.—Draw thy tool;  
Here comes two of the house of Montagues.

Sampson.  
My naked weapon is out: quarrel! I will back  
thee.

Gregory.  
How! turn thy back and run?

Sampson.  
Fear me not.

Gregory.  
No, marry; I fear thee!

Sampson.  
Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gregory.  
I will frown as I pass by; and let them take it as  
they  
list.

Sampson.  
Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them;  
which is  
disgrace to them if they bear it.

their men.

Sampson  
Makes no difference. I will be a tyrant in battle;  
when I have finished fighting with the men, I will be cruel  
to the maids.  
I will cut off their heads.

Gregory  
You mean you'd cut off a woman's head?

Sampson  
Yes, the heads of maids, or their virginity. Take it any way  
you like.

Gregory  
It's the maids who will feel what you mean, not take it.

Sampson  
They'll feel me all right, as long as I can keep it up,  
And everyone knows, I'm well endowed.

Gregory  
It's a good thing you're not a fish. If you were,  
you'd be dried and salted! Draw your weapon—  
Here come two guys from Montague's house.

Sampson  
It's out already! You pick a fight with them and I'll back  
you up.

Gregory  
You'll back me up? How? By running away?

Sampson  
Don't worry about me.

Gregory  
Yeah right!

Sampson  
Let's do this legally. Let them start with us.

Gregory  
I'll make a face at them. Let them take it whatever way  
they will.

Sampson  
No, before they start, I'll give them the finger, which is  
a disgrace if they don't respond.

[Enter Abraham and Balthasar.]

Abraham.  
Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson.  
I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abraham.  
Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson.  
Is the law of our side if I say ay?

Gregory.  
No.

Sampson.  
No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gregory.  
Do you quarrel, sir?

Abraham.  
Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sampson.  
But if you do, sir, am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abraham.  
No better.

Sampson.  
Well, sir.

Gregory.  
Say better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sampson.  
Yes, better, sir.

Abraham.  
You lie.

Sampson.

[Enter Abraham and Balthasar.]

Abraham  
Did you just give us the finger, sir?

Sampson  
I did give the finger, sir.

Abraham  
Did you give the finger to us, sir?

Sampson (to Gregory)  
Is it legal if I say "Yes?"

Gregory  
No.

Sampson  
No, sir, I did not give the finger to you, sir, but I did give the finger.

Gregory  
Are you picking a fight with us, sir?

Abraham  
Fight, sir! No, sir.

Sampson  
But if you do fight, sir, then I will fight you. I work for as good a man as you do.

Abraham  
No better?

Sampson  
Well, sir.

Gregory  
Say "better." Here comes one of Capulet's relatives.

Sampson  
Yes, better, sir.

Abraham  
You're a liar!

Sampson  
Draw your swords if you are men – Gregory, remember your best shot.

Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.

[They fight.]

[Enter Benvolio.]

Benvolio.  
Part, fools! put up your swords; you know not what you do.  
[Beats down their swords.]

[Enter Tybalt.]

Tybalt.  
What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?  
Turn thee Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Benvolio.  
I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,  
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tybalt.  
What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word  
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:  
Have at thee, coward!

[They fight.]

[Enter several of both Houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens with clubs.]

1 Citizen.  
Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!  
Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

[Enter Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet.]

Capulet.  
What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

Lady Capulet.  
A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Capulet.

[They fight.]

[Enter Benvolio.]

Benvolio  
Break it up, you fools. You don't know what you're doing!  
[Beats down their swords.]

[Enter Tybalt]

Tybalt  
What, is your sword out among these stupid servants?  
Turn to me, Benvolio, and see your death.

Benvolio  
I'm only trying to keep the peace. Put your sword away, or use it to help me break up this fight.

Tybalt  
Are you kidding? Your sword is out and you talk about "peace?" I hate the word as much as I hate hell, all the Montagues, and you!  
Fight me, coward!

[They fight.]

[Enter several of both Houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens with clubs.]

First Citizen  
Clubs, pikes, and more pikes! Strike! Beat them down!  
Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

[Enter Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet.]

Capulet  
What's going on? Give me my long sword, hey!

Lady Capulet  
You need a crutch, a crutch! Why do you want a sword!?

Capulet  
My sword, I say! Old Montague is out there, and waves his blade in spite of me.

[Enter Montague and his Lady Montague.]

Montague

My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come,  
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

[Enter Montague and his Lady Montague.]

Montague.

Thou villain Capulet!— Hold me not, let me go.

Lady Montague.

Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

[Enter Prince, with Attendants.]

Prince.

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour—stained steel,—  
Will they not hear?—What, ho! you men, you  
beasts,  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—  
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;  
And made Verona's ancient citizens  
Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,  
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,  
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:  
If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
For this time, all the rest depart away:—  
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;—  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
To know our farther pleasure in this case,  
To old Free—town, our common  
judgment—place.—  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt Prince and Attendants; Capulet, Lady  
Capulet, Tybalt,  
Citizens, and Servants.]

Montague.

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?—  
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Benvolio.

Here were the servants of your adversary

You are a villain, Capulet! (to his wife) Don't hold me  
back – Let me go!

Lady Montague

You will not move one foot to fight!

[Enter Prince, with Attendants.]

Prince

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace.  
Misusing your swords to kill your neighbors!  
Won't they listen to me? What! Hey! You men, you  
beasts,  
That put out the fire of your evil anger  
With dark red fountains of blood from your veins –  
On pain of torture, from your bloody hands,  
Throw your evil, misused weapons to the ground  
And hear the sentence of your angry Prince!  
Three civil brawls, started by a meaningless comment,  
By you, old Capulet, and you, Montague  
Have three times disturbed the quiet of our streets  
And made Verona's senior citizens  
Take out sober mementos of war and fighting,  
To use them again as weapons, in their old hands,  
Rusted from not being used, as hate has rusted your  
families.  
If ever you disturb our streets again,  
You will suffer the death penalty for breaking the peace.  
Now, –everyone leave this place–  
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;  
And, Montague, you can come this afternoon,  
To old Freetown, the court building.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt Prince and Attendants; Capulet, Lady Capulet,  
Tybalt,  
Citizens, and Servants.]

Montague

Who started it this time?

Speak, nephew, where you there when it started?

Benvolio

The servants of Capulet,  
And your servants, were fighting before I got there.  
I drew my sword to separate them; as soon as I did,  
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword already out,  
Which, as he shouted defiant words into my ears—  
He swung about his head, slicing the Air,  
Who, having not hurt anything, hissed at him in scorn;

And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:  
I drew to part them: in the instant came  
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;  
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,  
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,  
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:  
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  
Came more and more, and fought on part and  
part,  
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

Lady Montague.  
O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?—  
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Benvolio.  
Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun  
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,  
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;  
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore  
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—  
So early walking did I see your son:  
Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,  
And stole into the covert of the wood:  
I, measuring his affections by my own,—  
That most are busied when they're most alone,—  
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,  
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Montague.  
Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,  
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep  
sighs:  
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
Should in the farthest east begin to draw  
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
And private in his chamber pens himself;  
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out  
And makes himself an artificial night:  
Black and portentous must this humour prove,  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Benvolio.  
My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Montague.  
I neither know it nor can learn of him.

While we ere interchanging thrusts and blows,  
The brawl became hotter and more furious on both sides,  
Until the Prince came, who broke it all up.

Lady Montague  
O, where is Romeo? Have you seen him today.  
I am very happy he wasn't at this fight.

Benvolio  
Madam, an hour before the sun  
Rose in the east,  
My troubled mind got me up and I went for a walk;  
Where, underneath the sycamore trees  
The grow on the city's West Side  
In my early morning walk, I saw your son;  
I went towards him, but he became aware of me  
And went off to hide in the woods.  
I thought he was feeling the way I was,  
That many people are at their busiest when they're alone,  
Kept on walking and thinking, not worrying about him,  
And I gladly walked away from him who gladly fled from  
me.

Montague  
He's been seen there many mornings,  
Crying tears that add to the fresh morning's dew,  
Adding "clouds" to the clouds her already had with deep  
sighs;  
But just as soon as the sun (which should make you  
happy)  
Moves well above the horizon, as the Goddess of Morning  
Aurora  
Draws back the shady bed curtains from her bed,  
My depressed son runs away from the light and comes  
home,  
And locks himself in his bedroom,  
Covers up his windows, locks out the fair daylight,  
And makes himself an artificial night;  
Black and ominous this mental state will be  
Unless good advice can remove its cause.

Benvolio  
My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Montague  
I don't know and he won't tell me.

Benvolio  
Have you questioned him at all?



Benvolio.  
Have you importun'd him by any means?

Montague.  
Both by myself and many other friends;  
But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
Is to himself,—I will not say how true,—  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with an envious worm  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.  
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows  
grow,  
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Benvolio.  
See, where he comes: so please you step aside;  
I'll know his grievance or be much denied.

Montague.  
I would thou wert so happy by thy stay  
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away,

[Exeunt Montague and Lady.]

[Enter Romeo.]

Benvolio.  
Good morrow, cousin.

Romeo.  
Is the day so young?

Benvolio.  
But new struck nine.

Romeo.  
Ay me! sad hours seem long.  
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Benvolio.  
It was.—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Romeo.  
Not having that which, having, makes them short.

Benvolio.  
In love?

Montague  
Both myself and many other friend  
But he, advisor to his own affections,  
Keeps it all to himself – I will not say how true  
But to himself, so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovery,  
Just like a flower bud bit by a worm jealous of its beauty  
Before her can bloom and spread his sweet leaves to the  
air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.  
If we could figure out why he is so unhappy,  
We would try to cure him with the same zeal.

Benvolio  
See, he's coming; please step aside;  
I'll get him to talk to me or else.

Montague  
I wish you were happy to stay  
And hear his true confession. Come, madam, let's leave.

[Exeunt Montague and Lady.]

[Enter Romeo.]

Benvolio  
Good morning, cousin

Romeo  
Is it morning?

Benvolio  
It's 9 AM.

Romeo  
Dear me! sad hours seem long.  
Was that my father that went away so fast?

Benvolio.  
It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Romeo  
Not having the thing that would make them short hours.

Benvolio.  
In love?

Romeo.  
Out,

Romeo.  
Out,—

Benvolio.  
Of love?

Romeo.  
Out of her favour where I am in love.

Benvolio.  
Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Romeo.  
Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!—  
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was  
here?  
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.  
Here's much to do with hate, but more with  
love:—  
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!  
O anything, of nothing first create!  
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!  
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!  
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick  
health!  
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—  
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  
Dost thou not laugh?

Benvolio.  
No, coz, I rather weep.

Romeo.  
Good heart, at what?

Benvolio.  
At thy good heart's oppression.

Romeo.  
Why, such is love's transgression.—  
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;  
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest  
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown  
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;  
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:  
What is it else? a madness most discreet,

Benvolio.  
Of love?

Romeo  
On the outs with the girl I love.

Benvolio  
Alas, that love, so gentle in his promise,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in reality!

Romeo  
Alas, that love, whose eyes are blindfolded,  
Should, without eyes, see ways to have his will done.  
Where should we eat? – Oh, me! What fight was here?  
Never mind, don't tell me, for I have heard it all.  
There's a lot of this fight that has to do with hate, but also  
love—  
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!  
O anything of nothing first create!  
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!  
Mis-shapen disorder of perfectly pleasing forms!  
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!  
Still waking sleep! That is not what love is!  
This love feel I makes me feel no love in this.  
Why don't you laugh?

Benvolio  
No, cousin, I'd rather cry.

Romeo  
Good heart, at what?

Benvolio.  
At your good heart's oppression.

Romeo.  
Why, that is love's transgression.  
My own griefs lie heavy in my heart;  
Which you will take over to have it paired  
With more grief of your own. this love that you have  
shown  
Adds more grief to mine which is already too much.  
Love is like smoke rising with clouds of sighs;  
Being cleansed, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears.  
What else is it? a madness most discreet,  
A choking acid, and a preserving sweet.  
Farewell, my coz.

[Going.]

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.—  
Farewell, my coz.

[Going.]

Benvolio.  
Soft! I will go along:  
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Romeo.  
Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here:  
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Benvolio.  
Tell me in sadness who is that you love?

Romeo.  
What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Benvolio.  
Groan! why, no;  
But sadly tell me who.

Romeo.  
Bid a sick man in sadness make his will,—  
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—  
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Benvolio.  
I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Romeo.  
A right good markman!—And she's fair I love.

Benvolio.  
A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Romeo.  
Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit  
With Cupid's arrow,—she hath Dian's wit;  
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,  
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.  
She will not stay the siege of loving terms  
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,  
Nor ope her lap to saint—seducing gold:  
O, she's rich in beauty; only poor  
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Benvolio.

Benvolio.  
Hold on! I'll go along.  
If you leave me so depressed, you do me wrong.

Romeo.  
Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here.  
This is not Romeo, he's some place else.

Benvolio.  
Tell me in sadness who is that you love?

Romeo.  
What, shall I groan and tell you?

Benvolio.  
Groan?! why, no;  
But sadly tell me who.

Romeo.  
Bid a sick man in sadness make his will,  
Ah, word that shouldn't be used to one that is so ill!  
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Benvolio.  
I thought so when I supposed you were in love.

Romeo.  
A right good marksman! And she's fair who I love.

Benvolio.  
A right fair mark, fair coz, is the first hit.

Romeo.  
Well, in that hit, you miss. she'll not be hit  
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's the love goddess' wit;  
And, in strong determination of chastity well armed,  
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed.  
She will not put up with loving language  
Nor tolerate loving looks,  
Nor does she care if a guy is rich.  
O, she's rich in beauty; only poor  
That, when she dies, her beauty dies with her.

Benvolio.  
Then she has sworn to remain a virgin?

Romeo.  
She has, and in that decision, is wasting her looks and  
charms;  
For beauty, starved with this woman's severity,

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.  
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,  
To earn her own happiness by making me despair.  
She hath sworn not to love; and, in that vow,  
I am really dead as I stand here alive to tell you about it now.

Romeo.  
She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;  
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.  
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,  
To merit bliss by making me despair:  
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow  
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

Benvolio.  
Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Romeo.  
O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Benvolio.  
By giving liberty unto thine eyes;  
Examine other beauties.

Romeo.  
'Tis the way  
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:  
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,  
Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair;  
He that is stricken blind cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:  
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,  
What doth her beauty serve but as a note  
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?  
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Benvolio.  
I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Benvolio.  
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,  
To earn her own happiness by making me despair.  
She hath sworn not to love; and, in that vow,  
I am really dead as I stand here alive to tell you about it now.

Benvolio.  
Listen to me, forget about her.

Romeo.  
O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Benvolio.  
By giving freedom to your eyes to  
Examine other beauties.

Romeo.  
That way is  
To call her beauty, which is exquisite, more into question.  
These happy masks that cover fair ladies' faces,  
Being black, reminds us that they hide their beauty;  
A man that is stricken blind cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight that he lost.  
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,  
What purpose does her beauty serve but as a reminder  
That I may see some other woman who cannot pass her  
beauty?  
Farewell. thou canst not teach me to forget.

Benvolio.  
I'll prove you wrong, or else die trying.

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]  
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## Scene 2

A Street. A Street.

[Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.] [Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.]

Capulet. Capulet.  
But Montague is bound as well as I, But Montague is the same restrictions as I am,

In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,  
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Paris.  
Of honourable reckoning are you both;  
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.  
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Capulet.  
But saying o'er what I have said before:  
My child is yet a stranger in the world,  
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;  
Let two more summers wither in their pride  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Paris.  
Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Capulet.  
And too soon marr'd are those so early made.  
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,—  
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
My will to her consent is but a part;  
An she agree, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
Such as I love; and you among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:  
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel  
When well apparell'd April on the heel  
Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,  
And like her most whose merit most shall be:  
Which, among view of many, mine, being one,  
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.  
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about  
Through fair Verona; find those persons out  
Whose names are written there, [gives a paper] and to them  
say,  
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exeunt Capulet and Paris].

Servant. Find them out whose names are written here!  
It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with

The same penalty; and it should not be hard, I  
think,  
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Paris.  
Of honorable status are you both;  
And it's a pity that you lived at odds so long.  
But now, my lord, what say you to my  
request?

Capulet.  
Only saying again what I have said before.  
My child is yet a stranger to the world,  
She's not even fourteen years old;  
Let two more summers wither in their pride  
Before we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Paris.  
Younger girls than she are made happy  
mothers.

Capulet.  
And too soon marred are those made young  
mothers.  
The earth has swallowed all my hopes but she,  
She is the last hope I have.  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her love.  
My consent to the marriage is but a part of the  
package;  
If she agrees, within her ability to choose a  
husband,  
I will consent and add my congratulations..  
This night I hold an old feast that I've always  
given,  
To which I have invited many guests,  
People I love; and if you will be among the  
guests,  
You'll be one more, most welcome, and will  
make my guests more.  
At my poor house look to behold this night  
Women like earth-treading stars that make  
dark heaven light.  
They give such comfort as lusty young men  
feel  
When Spring appears with all the flowers and  
warmth  
After a long, cold winter, even such delight  
Among fresh female flower buds shall you this  
night  
Find at my house; hear all, all see,

his yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—in good time!

[Enter Benvolio and Romeo.]

Benvolio.  
Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,  
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;  
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;  
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:  
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Romeo.  
Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Benvolio.  
For what, I pray thee?

Romeo.  
For your broken shin.

Benvolio.  
Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Romeo.  
Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;  
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
Whipp'd and tormented and—God—den, good fellow.

Servant.  
God gi' go—den.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Romeo.  
Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Servant.  
Perhaps you have learned it without book:  
but I pray, can you read anything you see?

Romeo.  
Ay, If I know the letters and the language.

Servant.  
Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

Romeo.

And like her most whose worth shall be the most.  
Which, among the many women, my daughter,  
being one,  
May stand out, though in my eyes, none can  
match her.  
Come, go with me. Go, Servant, trudge about  
Through fair Verona; find the people  
Whose names are written there, [gives a paper]  
and say to them that  
My house and welcome wait on their pleasure.

[Exeunt Capulet and Paris].

Servant. Find the people whose names are written here!  
It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his measuring tape and the tailor with his shoe form, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find the people whose names are written here, and I cannot read what names the writing person has written here. I must find a reader. in good time!

[Enter Benvolio and Romeo.]

Benvolio.  
Tut, man, one fire burns out while another one is burning,  
One pain is lessened by another's anguish;  
Relax, and let me help you by turning your woes backward;  
One desperate grief is cured with another's languish.  
Take some new infection to your eye,  
And the rank poison of the old love will die.

Romeo.  
Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Benvolio.  
For what, please tell me?

Romeo.  
For your broken shin.

Stay, fellow; I can read. [Reads.]  
'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;  
County Anselmo and his beauteous sisters; the  
lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and  
his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother  
Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and  
daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior  
Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the  
lively Helena.'  
A fair assembly. [Gives back the paper]: whither should they  
come?

Servant.  
Up.

Romeo.  
Whither?

Servant.  
To supper; to our house.

Romeo.  
Whose house?

Servant.  
My master's.

Romeo.  
Indeed I should have ask'd you that before.

Servant.  
Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great  
rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues,  
I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry!

[Exit.]

Benvolio.  
At this same ancient feast of Capulet's  
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st;  
With all the admired beauties of Verona.  
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Romeo.  
When the devout religion of mine eye  
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;  
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—  
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

Benvolio.  
Why, Romeo, are you crazy?

Romeo.  
Not crazy, but more tied up than a madman is;  
I am shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
Whipped and tormented and—Good day, good  
fellow.

Servant.  
Good day.—Please tell me, sir, can you read?

Romeo.  
Yes, my own fortune in my misery.

Servant.  
Perhaps you have learned it without book.  
but please, can you read anything you see?

Romeo.  
Yes, If I know the letters and the language.

Servant.  
You speak honestly. have a nice day!

Romeo.  
Stay, fellow; I can read. [Reads.]  
'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;  
County Anselmo and his beauteous sisters; the  
lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and  
his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother  
Valentine; my uncle Capulet, his wife, and  
daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia;  
Signior  
Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the  
lively Helena.'  
A fair group. [Gives back the paper]. Where  
should they  
come?

Servant.  
Up.

Romeo.  
Where?

Servant.  
To supper; to our house.

Romeo.

One fairer than my love? the all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Benvolio.  
Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,  
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:  
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd  
Your lady's love against some other maid  
That I will show you shining at this feast,  
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

Romeo.  
I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,  
But to rejoice in splendour of my own.

[Exeunt.]

Whose house?

Servant.  
My master's.

Romeo.  
Indeed I should have asked you that before.

Servant.  
Now I'll tell you without asking. my master is  
the great  
rich Capulet; and if you are not of the house of  
Montagues,  
please, come and have a cup of wine. Have a  
nice day!

[Exit.]

Benvolio.  
At this same ancient feast of Capulet's,  
The fair Rosaline whom you love so much will  
have supper;  
With all the admired beauties of Verona.  
Let's go, and, with a clear eye,  
Compare her face with some others that I shall  
show you,  
And I will make you think your swan is a  
crow.

Romeo.  
When the devout religion of my eye  
Hangs on to such a lie, then my tears turn to  
fires;  
And these eyes, who, often drowned, could  
never die,  
Heretics you can see through, they will be  
burnt for liars!  
One fairer than my love? the all-seeing sun  
Never saw anything to match her since the  
world first began.

Benvolio.  
Tut, you saw her beauty with no one else being  
near.  
She balanced herself in either eye.  
But, in that crystal scale, let's weigh  
Your lady's love against some other maid's  
love and beauty,  
Who, I will show you, is shining at this feast,  
And she shall show a little well, that now



shows best.

Romeo.

I'll go along, not to be shown such a sight,  
But to rejoice in splendor of my own love's  
looks.

[Exeunt.]

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### Scene 3

Room in Capulet's House.

[Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.]

Lady Capulet.

Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse.

Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelve year old,—  
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what ladybird!—  
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

[Enter Juliet.]

Juliet.

How now, who calls?

Nurse.

Your mother.

Juliet.

Madam, I am here. What is your will?

Lady Capulet.

This is the matter,—Nurse, give leave awhile,  
We must talk in secret: nurse, come back again;  
I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.  
Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse.

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

Lady Capulet.

She's not fourteen.

Room in Capulet's House.

[Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.]

Lady Capulet.

Nurse, where's my daughter? call her to come to me.

Nurse.

Now, by my virginity at twelve years old,  
I told her to come. What, lamb! what ladybird!  
God forbid! where's this girl? what, Juliet!

[Enter Juliet.]

Juliet.

What, who calls?

Nurse.

Your mother.

Juliet.

Madam, I am here. What is do you need?

Lady Capulet.

This is the matter, Nurse, leave us alone a while,  
We must talk in secret. nurse, come back again;  
I have remembered, you can hear our conversation.  
You know my daughter's at a pretty age.

Nurse.

Believe me, I can tell her age to the hour.

Lady Capulet.

She's not fourteen.

Nurse.  
I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—  
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but  
four,—  
She is not fourteen. How long is it now  
To Lammas-tide?

Lady Capulet.  
A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse.  
Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.  
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—  
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;  
She was too good for me:—but, as I said,  
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;  
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.  
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;  
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it—,  
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:  
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;  
My lord and you were then at Mantua:  
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,  
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple  
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,  
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!  
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I  
trow,  
To bid me trudge.  
And since that time it is eleven years;  
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood  
She could have run and waddled all about;  
For even the day before, she broke her brow:  
And then my husband,—God be with his soul!  
'A was a merry man,—took up the child:  
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,  
The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay:  
To see now how a jest shall come about!  
I warrant, an I should live a thousand yeas,  
I never should forget it; 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth  
he;  
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said 'Ay.'

Lady Capulet.  
Enough of this; I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse.  
I'll bet fourteen of my teeth,  
And yet, to tell the truth, I've only got four,  
She is not fourteen. How long is it now  
To the middle of July?

Lady Capulet.  
Two weeks and a couple of days.

Nurse.  
Couple of days or not, of all days in the year,  
Come the middle of July, she'll be fourteen.  
My daughter, Susan, and she God rest all Christian  
souls!  
Were the same age. well, Susan is with God;  
She was too good for me. but, as I said,  
In the middle of July, she'll be fourteen;  
That she will, by Mary; I remember it well.  
It's been eleven years since the earthquake;  
And she was weaned, I never shall forget it ,  
Of all the days of the year, upon that day.  
Because I had put a bitter herb on my breast,  
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;  
My lord and you were then at Mantua.  
No, I do remember. but, as I said,  
When she tasted the bitter herb on the nipple  
Of my breast and it tasted bitter to her, pretty fool,  
To see her have a tantrum, and scream at my breast!  
"My goodness," said the little one. "There was no need, I  
believe,  
To send me away like that."  
And since that time, it is eleven years;  
For then she could stand by herself; no, by the Cross,  
She could have run and waddled all about;  
For even the day before, she bumped her head.  
And then my husband, God be with his soul!  
He was a merry man, took up the child.  
"Look here," he said, "did you fall on your face?  
You will fall backwards when you are older;  
Won't you, Jule?" and, by my Church,  
The pretty wretch left crying, and said "Yes."  
To see now how a jest shall come about!  
I swear, if I should live a thousand yeas,  
I never should forget it; 'Won't you, Jule?' he said;  
And, pretty fool, stopped, and said "Yes."

Lady Capulet.  
Enough of this; Please hold your peace.

Nurse.

Nurse.  
Yes, madam;—yet I cannot choose but laugh,  
To think it should leave crying, and say 'Ay:'  
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow  
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;  
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly.  
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted, and said 'Ay.'

Juliet.  
And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse.  
Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!  
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:  
An I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

Lady Capulet.  
Marry, that marry is the very theme  
I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
How stands your disposition to be married?

Juliet.  
It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse.  
An honour!—were not I thine only nurse,  
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

Lady Capulet.  
Well, think of marriage now: younger than you,  
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
Are made already mothers: by my count  
I was your mother much upon these years  
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—  
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse.  
A man, young lady! lady, such a man  
As all the world—why he's a man of wax.

Lady Capulet.  
Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse.  
Nay, he's a flower, in faith, a very flower.

Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh,  
To think she should leave crying, and saying, "Yes!"  
And yet, I swear, she had upon her head  
A bump as big as a young cockerel's testicle;  
A very terrible knock; and she cried bitterly.  
"Yes," said my husband, "you fell on your face?  
You will fall backwards when you get to be marrying  
age;  
Won't you, Jule?" she stopped, and said "Yes."

Juliet.  
And you stop too, please, nurse, I say.

Nurse.  
Peace, I have done. God mark you for his grace!  
You were the prettiest baby that I ever nursed.  
If I live to see you married, I have my wish.

Lady Capulet.  
By Mary, that "marry" is what  
I want to talk about. Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
What do you think about getting married?

Juliet.  
It is an honor that I never dreamed about.

Nurse.  
An honor!—If I were the only nurse to feed you,  
I would say you had sucked wisdom from my breast.

Lady Capulet.  
Well, think of marriage now. younger than you,  
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
Are made already mothers. by my count  
I was your mother pretty close to the age  
That you are now. Thus, then, here it is;  
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse.  
A man, young lady! lady, such a man  
As all the world why he's the very image of a wax statue.

Lady Capulet.  
Verona's summer does not have such a flower of a man.

Nurse.  
No, he's a flower, I believe, a very flower.

Lady Capulet.  
What do you say? can you love the gentleman?

Lady Capulet.  
What say you? can you love the gentleman?  
This night you shall behold him at our feast;  
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;  
Examine every married lineament,  
And see how one another lends content;  
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies  
Find written in the margent of his eyes.  
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:  
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride  
For fair without the fair within to hide:  
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;  
So shall you share all that he doth possess,  
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse.  
No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men

Lady Capulet.  
Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Juliet.  
I'll look to like, if looking liking move:  
But no more deep will I endart mine eye  
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

[Enter a Servant.]

Servant.  
Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you  
called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed  
in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must  
hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

Lady Capulet.  
We follow thee. [Exit Servant.]--  
Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse.  
Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[Exeunt.]

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This night you'll see him at our feast;  
Read over the book of young Paris' face,  
And find delight written there with beauty's pen;  
Examine every detail of his distinctive features,  
And see how one lends another strength;  
And what is obscured in this fair book, you will  
Find written in the pages of his eyes.  
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
To him perfect, he only needs a cover.  
The fish lives in the sea; and it takes a lot of pride  
For beauty outside to hide without beauty inside.  
This book in many girls' eyes shares the glory,  
That with gold clips locks in the golden story;  
So you will share all that he possesses,  
By having him, you are doing no less than making  
yourself.

Nurse.  
No less? no, bigger! Women grow by men.

Lady Capulet.  
Speak briefly, can you like Paris' love?

Juliet.  
I'll look at him to like him, if, just by looking, I can like  
him,  
But I will not go any further  
Than your consent gives my action strength to make it  
fly.

[Enter a Servant.]

Servant.  
Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you are  
called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed  
in the pantry, and everything is in chaos. I must  
go to wait on people; I beg you, please follow me right  
away.

Lady Capulet.  
We will follow you. [Exit Servant.]  
Juliet, the count is waiting.

Nurse.  
Go, girl, seek these happy nights to give you happy days.

[Exeunt.]

## Scene 4

A Street.

[Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six Maskers; Torch-bearers, and others.]

Romeo.

What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?  
Or shall we on without apology?

Benvolio.

The date is out of such prolixity:  
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,  
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,  
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;  
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke  
After the prompter, for our entrance:  
But, let them measure us by what they will,  
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Romeo.

Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;  
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mercutio.

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Romeo.

Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,  
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead  
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mercutio.

You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,  
And soar with them above a common bound.

Romeo.

I am too sore enpierced with his shaft  
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,  
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:  
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mercutio.

And, to sink in it, should you burden love;  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Romeo.

Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,

A Street.

[Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six Maskers; Torch-bearers, and others.]

Romeo.

What are we going to give as our excuse?  
Or shall we just go on without any apology?

Benvolio.

The time is of such a boring duration.  
We'll have no Cupid blind-folded with a scarf,  
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of wood slats,  
Scaring the ladies like a scarecrow;  
Nor any introduction not memorized, spoken faintly  
After the hearing the prompter read them, for  
our entrance.  
But, let them guess who we are by whatever  
means they will,  
We'll keep them guessing and have a brief  
dance, and be gone.

Romeo.

Give me a torch, I am not for this  
party-crashing;  
I am feeling heavy, so I will bear the light.

Mercutio.

No, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Romeo.

Not me, believe me. You have dancing shoes,  
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead  
That pins me to the ground. I cannot move.

Mercutio.

You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,  
And use them to soar above that leaden soul.

Romeo.

I am too sore from being pierced with Cupid's  
shaft  
To soar with his wings; and so wounded,  
I cannot jump even a little bit above dull woe.  
Under love's heavy burden, I would sink.

Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mercutio.

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—  
Give me a case to put my visage in: [Putting on a mask.]  
A visard for a visard! what care I  
What curious eye doth quote deformities?  
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Benvolio.

Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in  
But every man betake him to his legs.

Romeo.

A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,  
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;  
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—  
I'll be a candle-holder and look on,—  
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mercutio.

Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:  
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire  
Of this—sir—reverence—love, wherein thou stick'st  
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Romeo.

Nay, that's not so.

Mercutio.

I mean, sir, in delay  
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.  
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits  
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

Romeo.

And we mean well, in going to this mask;  
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mercutio.

Why, may one ask?

Romeo.

I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mercutio.

And so did I.

Romeo.

Mercutio.

And, to sink in it, you should outweigh love;  
Too great oppression for a tender feeling.

Romeo.

Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,  
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like  
thorn.

Mercutio.

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love  
down.

Give me my mask. [Putting on a mask.]

A fig for a mask! what do I care  
What curious eye lists my deformities?  
Here are the long, black eyebrows that shall  
blush for me.

Benvolio.

Come, knock and enter; and, as soon as we get  
in,  
Every man start running.

Romeo.

Just give me a torch. Let spoiled children, light  
of heart,  
Tickle the senseless weeds with their running  
and dancing;  
For I am composing proverbs with a  
grandfather's words,  
I'll be a candle-holder and look on,  
The game was never any fun and I am done.

Mercutio.

Tut, dun's the brownish color of a mouse, the  
constable's own word.  
If you are brownish, we'll pull you out of the  
mud  
Of this—sir, reverence love, wherein you are  
stuck  
Up to the ears.—Come on, we're wasting time.

Romeo.

No, that's not so.

Mercutio.

I mean, sir, in delaying our entrance,  
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.  
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits

Well, what was yours?

Mercutio.

That dreamers often lie.

Romeo.

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mercutio.

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:  
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;  
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;  
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;  
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;  
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;  
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
Not half so big as a round little worm  
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,—  
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:  
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;  
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,  
Then dreams he of another benefice:  
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon  
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;  
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,  
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
That plats the manes of horses in the night;  
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,  
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes:  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,

Five times more in that sense, than once in our  
five wits.

Romeo.

And we mean well, in going to this  
masquerade;  
But it's no great sport to go.

Mercutio.

Why, may one ask?

Romeo.

I dreamt a dream tonight.

Mercutio.

And so did I.

Romeo.

Well, what was yours?

Mercutio.

That dreamers often lie.

Romeo.

In bed asleep, while they do dream about  
things are true.

Mercutio.

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the forefinger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little skeletons  
From side to side of men's noses as they lie  
asleep.  
Her wagon wheel spokes made of long spiders'  
legs;  
The cover is made of the wings of  
grasshoppers;  
The ropes are made of the smallest spider's  
web;  
The collars are made of the moonshine's  
watery beams;  
Her whip is made of cricket's bone; the lash, of  
film;  
Her wagon driver is a small grey-coated gnat,  
Not half so big as a round little worm  
Taken from the lazy finger of a maid.  
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,  
Made by the carpenter squirrel or old grub,

Making them women of good carriage:  
This is she,—

Romeo.  
Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace,  
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mercutio.  
True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;  
Which is as thin of substance as the air,  
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Benvolio.  
This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves:  
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Romeo.  
I fear, too early: for my mind misgives  
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,  
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
With this night's revels; and expire the term  
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,  
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:  
But He that hath the steerage of my course  
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen!

Benvolio.  
Strike, drum.

[Exeunt.]

From time immemorial, the fairies' are the  
coach makers.  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of  
love;  
Over courtiers' knees, and they dream of  
making courtesies;  
Over lawyers' fingers, who right away dream  
of their fees;  
Over ladies' lips, who right away dream of  
kisses,  
Which the angry Mab often leaves with blisters  
and plagues,  
Because their breaths are tainted with candies;  
Sometime she gallops over a courtier's nose,  
And then he dreams of detecting a new  
petition;  
And sometime comes she with tail of a pig that  
paid a church debt,  
Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,  
Then he dreams of another favor he can  
collect.  
Sometime she drives over a soldier's neck,  
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,  
Of infractions, sneak attacks, Spanish swords,  
Of safety five fathoms deep in the sea; and  
then soon  
He hears drums in his ear, at which he starts  
and wakes;  
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or  
two,  
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
That braids the manes of horses in the night;  
And bakes tangled messes of hair into foul  
dirty hairs,  
Which, once untangled, signals the beginning  
of much misfortune.  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
That presses them, and learns them first to give  
birth,  
Making them women of good "carriage";  
This is she,

Romeo.  
Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace,  
You're talking about nothing.

Mercutio.  
True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,



Born of nothing but vain fantasy;  
Which is as thin of substance as the air,  
And more inconstant than the wind, who  
courts,  
Even now, the frozen heart of the north,  
And, being angered, puffs away from there,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Benvolio.  
This wind you talk of blows us from our party  
crashing.  
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Romeo.  
I fear too early, because my mind is upset that  
Some consequence, yet to happen,  
Shall bitterly begin its frightening job  
With this night's revels; and kill  
A despised life, closed in my breast,  
By some vile loss, an untimely death.  
But God who has the plan of my journey on  
this sea,  
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen!

Benvolio.  
Strike the drum.

[Exeunt.]

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## Scene 5

A Hall in Capulet's House.

[Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.]

1 Servant.  
Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away?  
he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 Servant.  
When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's  
hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 Servant.  
Away with the join-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look  
to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and

A Hall in Capulet's House.

[Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.]

1 Servant.  
Where's Potpan, that he doesn't help with  
cleaning up?  
Move the plates! Scrape the plates!

2 Servant.  
When good manners shall lie all in one or two  
men's  
hands, and they unwashed too, it's a foul  
thing.

as  
thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and  
Nell.—  
Antony! and Potpan!

2 Servant.  
Ay, boy, ready.

1 Servant.  
You are looked for and called for, asked for  
and sought for in the great chamber.

2 Servant.  
We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys;  
be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[They retire behind.]

[Enter Capulet, &c. with the Guests the Maskers.]

Capulet.  
Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes  
Unplagu'd with corns will have a bout with you.—  
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all  
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,  
I'll swear hath corns; am I come near you now?  
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day  
That I have worn a visard; and could tell  
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,  
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:  
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.  
A hall—a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.—  
[Music plays, and they dance.]  
More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,  
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—  
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd—for sport comes well.  
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;  
For you and I are past our dancing days;  
How long is't now since last yourself and I  
Were in a mask?

2 Capulet.  
By'r Lady, thirty years.

Capulet.  
What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:  
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,  
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,  
Some five—and—twenty years; and then we mask'd.

1 Servant.  
Away with the good stools, remove the china  
closet, look  
to the plate. please save me a piece of  
marzipan; and because  
you love me, let the porter let in Susan  
Grindstone and Nell.  
Antony! and Potpan!

2 Servant.  
Yes, boy, ready.

1 Servant.  
You are looked for and called for, asked for  
and sought for in the great chamber.

2 Servant.  
We cannot be here and there too.—Look  
lively, boys;  
be quick awhile, and the one who lives the  
longest takes all.

[They retire behind.]

[Enter Capulet, etc. with the Guests the  
Maskers.]

Capulet.  
Welcome, gentlemen! ladies whose toes are  
Not plagued with corns will have a dance  
with you.  
Ah ha, my mistresses! which one of you all  
Will now deny to dance? She that makes  
dainty and shy, she,  
I'll swear has corns! Am I to come near you  
now?  
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day  
That I have worn a mask, and could tell  
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear  
Such as would please her; it's gone, it's gone,  
it's gone!  
You are welcome, gentlemen! Come,  
musicians, play.  
A hall a hall! Make room! And dance, girls.  
[Music plays, and they dance.]  
Bring more light, you knaves; and turn the  
tables up,  
And put out the fire, the room has become too  
hot.  
Ah, Servant, this unlooked—for sport comes

2 Capulet.

'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;  
His son is thirty.

Capulet.

Will you tell me that?  
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Romeo.

What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder knight?

Servant.

I know not, sir.

Romeo.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!  
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows  
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.  
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand  
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.  
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!  
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tybalt.

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—  
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—what, dares the slave  
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,  
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?  
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Capulet.

Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

Tybalt.

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;  
A villain, that is hither come in spite,  
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Capulet.

Young Romeo, is it?

Tybalt.

'Tis he, that villain, Romeo.

Capulet.

well.

No, sit, no, sit, good cousin Capulet;  
For you and I are past our dancing days;  
How long is it now since you and I  
Were last in a mask?

2 Capulet.

By our Lady, thirty years.

Capulet.

What, man! It's not that long! It's not that  
long!  
It's since the wedding of Lucentio,  
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will, it's  
Some five—and—twenty years since we  
masked.

2 Capulet.

It's more, it's more. his son is older, sir;  
His son is thirty.

Capulet.

Will you tell me that?  
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Romeo.

What lady is that, who make the hand  
Of that knight richer?

Servant.

I know not, sir.

Romeo.

O, she teaches the torches to burn bright!  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiopian's ear;  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!  
So a snowy dove trooping with crows shows  
As yonder lady over her fellows shows.  
The dance done, I'll watch to see where she'll  
stand,  
And, touching her hand, will make blessed  
my rude hand.  
Did my heart love till now? Renounce it,  
sight!  
For I never saw true beauty till this night.

Tybalt.

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.  
Fetch me my rapier, boy. what, dares the

Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,  
He bears him like a portly gentleman;  
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him  
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:  
I would not for the wealth of all the town  
Here in my house do him disparagement:  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,—  
It is my will; the which if thou respect,  
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,  
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tybalt.  
It fits, when such a villain is a guest:  
I'll not endure him.

Capulet.  
He shall be endur'd:  
What, Goodman boy!—I say he shall;—go to;  
Am I the master here, or you? go to.  
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul,  
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!  
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tybalt.  
Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Capulet.  
Go to, go to!  
You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed?—  
This trick may chance to scathe you,—I know what:  
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.—  
Well said, my hearts!—You are a princex; go:  
Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!  
I'll make you quiet. What!—cheerly, my hearts.

Tybalt.  
Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.  
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,  
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[Exit.]

Romeo.  
[To Juliet.] If I profane with my unworthiest hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Juliet.

slave  
Come hither, covered with a mask,  
To sneer and scorn at our feast?  
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,  
I don't think it's a sin to strike him dead.

Capulet.  
Why, what, kinsman! Why do you storm so?

Tybalt.  
Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;  
A villain, that has come here in spite,  
To scorn at our feast this night.

Capulet.  
Young Romeo, is it?

Tybalt.  
It is he, that villain, Romeo.

Capulet.  
Be content, gentle cousin, leave him alone.  
He bears himself like a portly gentleman;  
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him  
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.  
I would not for the wealth of all the town  
Do him disrespect here in my house.  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,  
It is my will. If you respect my will, then  
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,  
They are not the proper expressions for a feast.

Tybalt.  
It fits, when such a villain is a guest.  
I'll not endure him

Capulet.  
He shall be endured.  
What, good lord, boy! I say he shall; Come on!  
Am I the master here or you? Come on!  
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,  
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!  
You will be boastful! You'll be the man!

Tybalt.  
Why, uncle, it's a shame.

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' kiss.

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

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

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

Juliet.  
Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Romeo.  
Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.  
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.  
[Kissing her.]

Juliet.  
Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Romeo.  
Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!  
Give me my sin again.

Juliet.  
You kiss by the book.

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

Romeo.  
What is her mother?

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'd withal;  
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her  
Shall have the chinks.

Romeo.  
Is she a Capulet?  
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Capulet.  
Come on, come on!  
You are a saucy boy. Is it so, indeed?  
This tantrum may be bring you harm I know  
what.  
You must contradict me! By Mary, it is time.  
Well said, my hearts! You are a conceited  
young fellow; go.  
Be quiet, or More light, more light! For  
shame!  
I'll make you quiet. What!—Look lively, my  
hearts.

Tybalt.  
Patience perhaps meeting with a willful  
temper  
Makes my flesh tremble in their differences.  
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,  
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter acid.

[Exit.]

Romeo.  
[To Juliet.] If I desecrate with my most  
unworthy hand  
This holy shrine of your hand, the gentle end  
is this,  
My lips, like two blushing pilgrims, ready  
stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender  
kiss.

Juliet.  
Good pilgrim, you wrong your hand too  
much,  
Which is showing devotion and good  
manners in this touch;  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands  
touch,  
And putting a palm to another palm is a holy  
pilgrim's kiss.

Romeo.  
Don't saints and holy pilgrims have lips too?

Juliet.  
Yes, pilgrim, lips that they must use in  
prayer.

Romeo.

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

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

Capulet.  
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, sirrah [to 2 Capulet], by my fay, it waxes late;  
I'll to my rest.

[Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.]

Juliet.  
Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

Nurse.  
The son and heir of old Tiberio.

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

Nurse.  
Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Juliet.  
What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse.  
I know not.

Juliet.  
Go ask his name: if he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding—bed.

Nurse.  
His name is Romeo, and a Montague;  
The only son of your great enemy.

Juliet.  
My only love sprung from my only hate!;  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!  
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse.

O, then, dear saint, let our lips do what hands  
do;  
They pray, as you said, in case faith should  
turn to despair.

Juliet.  
Saints do not move, though they do grant  
favors for prayers' sake.

Romeo.  
Then don't move while I take my prayer's  
answer.  
Thus from my lips, by your lips, my sin is  
purged.  
[Kissing her.]

Juliet.  
Then, do my lips have the sin that they have  
taken from yours?.

Romeo.  
Sin from my lips? O sin sweetly encouraged!  
Give me my sin again.

Juliet.  
You kiss by the book.

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

Romeo. (to the Nurse)  
Who is her mother?

Nurse.  
By Mary, young man,  
Her mother is the lady of the house.  
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous  
lady.  
I nursed her daughter that you talking to;  
I tell you, the man that can get her  
Shall have loads of ready cash.

Romeo.  
Is she a Capulet?  
O dear account! Now I am in debt to my  
enemy.

Benvolio.  
Let's go, we're leaving; our party—crashing is  
done.

What's this? What's this?

Juliet.

A rhyme I learn'd even now  
Of one I danc'd withal.

[One calls within, 'Juliet.']

Nurse.

Anon, anon!  
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[Exeunt.]

[Enter Chorus.]

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,  
And young affection gapes to be his heir;  
That fair for which love groan'd for, and would die,  
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.  
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,  
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;  
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,  
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:  
Being held a foe, he may not have access  
To breathe such vows as lovers us'd to swear;  
And she as much in love, her means much less  
To meet her new beloved anywhere:  
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,  
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

[Exit.]

Romeo.

Yes, so I fear; and my fears are more than  
they were.

Capulet.

No, gentlemen, don't get ready to leave.  
We still have a trifling foolish banquet to  
share.  
I can't change your mind? why then, I thank  
you all;  
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good-night.  
More torches here! Come on then, let's go to  
bed.  
Ah, Servant [to 2 Capulet], by my faith, it  
grows late;  
I'm going to sleep.

[Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.]

Juliet.

Come here, nurse. Who is that gentleman  
over there?

Nurse.

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Juliet.

Who is he that is going out the door now?

Nurse.

By Mary, that, I think, is young Petruchio.

Juliet.

Who is he that follows there, the one who  
wouldn't dance?

Nurse.

I don't know.

Juliet.

Go ask his name. if he is married,  
My grave is likely to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse.

His name is Romeo, and a Montague;  
The only son of your great enemy.

Juliet.

My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Seen too early as an unknown, and now

known too late!  
It is a monstrous birth of love to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse.  
What's this? What's this?

Juliet.  
A rhyme I learned even now  
From someone I couldn't dance with.

[One calls within, 'Juliet.']

Nurse.  
Again, again!  
Come, let's go; all the strangers are gone.

[Exeunt.]

[Enter Chorus.]

Chorus.  
Now old desire lies in his deathbed,  
And young affection is longing to be his heir;  
That beauty for which love groaned and  
would die,  
With tender Juliet matched now isn't  
beautiful.  
Now Romeo is beloved, and loves again,  
Both of them bewitched by the charm of  
looks;  
But he must complain to his supposed enemy,  
And she must steal love's sweet bait from  
fearful hooks.  
Because he is thought to be an enemy, he  
may not have access  
To breathe such vows as lovers used to  
swear;  
And she, as much in love with him, has fewer  
chances  
To meet her new beloved anywhere.  
But passion lends them power, and time the  
means, to meet,  
Tempering the two people at opposite ends  
with extreme sweetness.

[Exit.]

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## Act II

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### Scene 1

An open place adjoining Capulet's Garden.

[Enter Romeo.]

Romeo.

Can I go forward when my heart is here?  
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[He climbs the wall and leaps down within it.]

[Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.]

Benvolio.

Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mercutio.

He is wise;  
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Benvolio.

He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:  
Call, good Mercutio.

Mercutio.

Nay, I'll conjure too.—  
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:  
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;  
Cry but 'Ah me!' pronounce but Love and dove;  
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,  
Young auburn Cupid, he that shot so trim  
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid!—  
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;  
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,

An open place adjoining Capulet's Garden.

[Enter Romeo.]

Romeo.

Can I go home when my heart is here?  
Turn back, dull earth, and find out where your center is.

[He climbs the wall and leaps down within it.]

[Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.]

Benvolio.

Romeo! My cousin Romeo!

Mercutio.

He is wise;  
And, on my life, he has stolen home to bed.

Benvolio.

He ran this way, and leaped over this orchard wall.  
Call him, good Mercutio.

Mercutio.

No, I'll conjure him up too.  
Romeo! Humors! Madman! Passion! Lover!  
Appear in the likeness of a sigh.  
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;  
Cry but "Ah me!" Pronounce but "love" and "dove;"  
Speak one fair word to my godmother Venus,  
One nickname for her almost blind son and heir,  
Young auburn Cupid, he that shot the arrow so well  
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!  
He doesn't hear, he doesn't make noise, he doesn't move;  
The fool is dead, and I must conjure him up!  
I conjure you by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Benvolio.  
An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mercutio.  
This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him  
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle,  
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;  
That were some spite: my invocation  
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,  
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Benvolio.  
Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,  
To be consorted with the humorous night:  
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mercutio.  
If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.  
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,  
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit  
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—  
Romeo, good night.—I'll to my truckle-bed;  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:  
Come, shall we go?

Benvolio.  
Go then; for 'tis in vain  
To seek him here that means not to be found.

[Exeunt.]

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## Scene 2

Capulet's Garden.

[Enter Romeo.]

Romeo.  
He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—  
[Juliet appears above at a window.]  
But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
And the possessions that are adjacent to those thighs,  
That in your likeness, you appear to us!

Benvolio.  
If he hears you, you will make him angry.

Mercutio.  
This cannot anger him. It would anger him  
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle,  
Of some strange nature, letting it stand there  
Until she had laid it down, and conjured it down.  
That would be some insult. My invocation  
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,  
I only conjure him to raise up him.

Benvolio.  
Come, he has hidden himself among these trees,  
To have a sexual liaison with the moody night.  
His love is blind and it suits the dark best.

Mercutio.  
If love is blind, love can't find the spot.  
Now he'll sit under a medlar tree,  
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit  
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.  
Romeo, good night. I'm going to my pull-out bed;  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep in.  
Come on, shall we go?

Benvolio.  
Go then; for it's useless  
To look for him here when he intends not to be found.

[Exeunt.]

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:  
Be not her maid, since she is envious;  
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,  
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—  
It is my lady; O, it is my love!  
O, that she knew she were!—  
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?  
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—  
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?  
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,  
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven  
Would through the airy region stream so bright  
That birds would sing and think it were not night.—  
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet.  
Ah me!

Romeo.  
She speaks:—  
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art  
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
As is a winged messenger of heaven  
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes  
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Juliet.  
O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo  
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo.  
[Aside.] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Juliet.  
'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;—  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,

Quiet! what light breaks through that window?  
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun rising!  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the jealous moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That you, her maid, are far more beautiful than she  
is.  
Don't be her maid, since she is so jealous.  
Her chaste, white gown is only sick and green,  
And only fools wear it. Take it off and throw it  
away.  
It is my lady; O, it is my love!  
O, I wish she knew that she was my love!  
She speaks, but she says nothing. what does that  
mean?  
Her eye seems to be talking. I will answer it.  
I am too bold, she's not speaking to me.  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do beg her eyes  
To twinkle in their sockets till the stars return.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?  
The brightness of her cheek would shame those  
stars,  
As daylight shames a lamp; her eyes in heaven  
Would stream so brightly through the skies  
That birds would sing and think it was morning.  
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O I wish I were a glove on that hand  
So that I might touch that cheek!

Juliet.  
Ah me!

Romeo.  
She speaks.  
O, speak again, bright angel! for you are  
As glorious to this night, that is over my head,  
As is a winged messenger of heaven  
To the white, upturned, wondering eyes  
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him  
When he crosses the slow moving clouds  
And sails upon the heart of the wind.

Juliet.  
O Romeo, Romeo! Why are you "Romeo?"  
Deny your father and refuse to be called by your  
name;  
Or, if you won't, swear you are my love,  
And I'll no longer be called a Capulet.

Romeo.

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;  
And for that name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

Romeo.  
I take thee at thy word:  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Juliet.  
What man art thou that, thus bescreen'd in night,  
So stumblest on my counsel?

Romeo.  
By a name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am:  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee.  
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Juliet.  
My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words  
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;  
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Romeo.  
Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Juliet.  
How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?  
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb;  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Romeo.  
With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;  
For stony limits cannot hold love out:  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Juliet.  
If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Romeo.

[Aside.] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Juliet.  
It's only your name that is my enemy;  
You are yourself, not even a Montague.  
What's "Montague?" It is not a hand, or a foot,  
Or an arm, or a face, or any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
Would smell as sweet if it had any other name.  
So Romeo, if he wasn't called "Romeo," would  
Retain that dear perfection which he has  
Without that title. Romeo, throw your name away;  
And for that name, which isn't part of you,  
Take all of me.

Romeo.  
I take you at your word.  
Only call me "love," and I'll be baptized with a new  
name.  
From now on, I'll never be "Romeo."

Juliet.  
What man are you who, wrapped in the cover of  
night,  
Stumbles on my private thoughts?

Romeo.  
By a name that  
I don't know how to tell you who I am.  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to me  
Because it is an enemy to you.  
If I had written it down on paper, I would tear the  
word from the page.

Juliet.  
My ears haven't yet heard a hundred words  
Of that tongue's speech, and yet I know the sound;  
Aren't you Romeo, and a Montague?

Romeo.  
Neither one, fair saint, if you dislike them.

Juliet.  
How did you come here, tell me, and why?  
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb.  
And the place means death, considering who you  
are,  
If any of my kinsmen find you here.

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye  
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

Juliet.  
I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Romeo.  
I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;  
And, but thou love me, let them find me here.  
My life were better ended by their hate  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Juliet.  
By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Romeo.  
By love, that first did prompt me to enquire;  
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.  
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far  
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Juliet.  
Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face;  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!  
Dost thou love me, I know thou wilt say Ay;  
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,  
They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo: but else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;  
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,  
My true-love passion: therefore pardon me;  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Romeo.  
Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Romeo.  
With love's light wings did I fly over these walls;  
For rocky mountains cannot hold love out,  
And what love can do, love dares to attempt;  
Therefore your kinsmen are no threat to me.

Juliet.  
If they see you, they will murder you.

Romeo.  
It's a shame, there is more danger in your eye  
Than twenty of their swords. if you will just look  
sweet,  
Then I am protected against their hate.

Juliet.  
I wouldn't have them see you here for the world.

Romeo.  
I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;  
And, if you love me, let them find me here.  
My life were better ended by their hate  
Than death postponed, wanting your love.

Juliet.  
Who gave you the directions to this place?

Romeo.  
Love, that first prompted me to ask;  
He gave me advice, and I gave him eyes.  
I am no sea captain, but, if you were as far away  
As that vast shore washed with the furthest sea,  
I would risk everything for such a cargo.

Juliet.  
You know that the night hides my face;  
Otherwise, a maiden's blush would paint my cheek  
For what you overheard me say tonight.  
Gladly I would dwell on form, gladly, gladly deny  
What I have spoken; but farewell polite words!  
Do you love me? I know you will say, "Yes,"  
And I will take your word. but, if you swear,  
You may prove false. At lovers' lies,  
They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,  
If you do love, pronounce it faithfully.  
Or if you think I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown, and be wicked, and tell you, "No,"  
So you will court me. but otherwise, not for the  
world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too affectionate;

Juliet.  
O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Romeo.  
What shall I swear by?

Juliet.  
Do not swear at all;  
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

Romeo.  
If my heart's dear love,---

Juliet.  
Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract to-night;  
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be  
Ere one can say It lightens. Sweet, good night!  
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest  
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Romeo.  
O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Juliet.  
What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Romeo.  
The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Juliet.  
I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;  
And yet I would it were to give again.

Romeo.  
Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Juliet.  
But to be frank and give it thee again.  
And yet I wish but for the thing I have;  
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.

And, therefore, you may think my behavior light.  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more knowledge to be  
unfriendly.

I should have been more unfriendly, I must confess,  
But you overheard, before I was aware of you,  
My true love's passion. Therefore, pardon me,  
And not attribute this surrender to light love,  
Which the dark night has discovered.

Romeo.  
Lady, by the blessed moon up there,  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops, I swear

Juliet.  
O, don't swear by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
That monthly goes through changes in her circled  
orbit,  
For fear that your love prove as variable as the  
moon.

Romeo.  
What shall I swear by?

Juliet.  
Don't swear at all;  
Or if you will, swear by your own gracious self,  
Which is the god that I worship,  
And I'll believe you.

Romeo.  
If my heart's dear love,

Juliet.  
Well, don't swear. Although I have joy in you,  
I have no joy of this contract tonight;  
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;  
Too like the lightning, which ceases to exist  
Before one can say, "It's lightning." Sweet, good  
night!  
This bud of love, ripen by summer's breezes,  
May become a beautiful flower when next we meet.  
Good night, good night! May sweet repose and rest  
Come to your heart such as that is within my breast!

Romeo.  
O, will you leave me so unsatisfied?

Juliet.  
What satisfaction can you have tonight?

I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!—  
[Nurse calls within.]  
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.  
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[Exit.]

Romeo.  
O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,  
Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
Too flattering—sweet to be substantial.

[Enter Juliet above.]

Juliet.  
Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.  
If that thy bent of love be honourable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;  
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay  
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

Nurse.  
[Within.] Madam!

Juliet.  
I come anon.— But if thou meanest not well,  
I do beseech thee,—

Nurse.  
[Within.] Madam!

Juliet.  
By—and—by I come:—  
To cease thy suit and leave me to my grief:  
To-morrow will I send.

Romeo.  
So thrive my soul,—

Juliet.  
A thousand times good night!

[Exit.]

Romeo.  
A thousand times the worse, to want thy light!—  
Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books;  
But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

Romeo.  
The exchange of your love's faithful vow for mine.

Juliet.  
I gave you my vow before you asked for it,  
And yet, I wish I could give it again.

Romeo.  
Would you take it away? Why, love?

Juliet.  
Only to be honest and give it to you again.  
And still I wish but for the thing that I already have.  
My treasure has no boundaries, just like the sea,  
My love is as deep as the sea; the more I give to you,  
The more I have, for both my love and the sea are  
infinite.  
I hear some noise within. dear love, goodbye!  
[Nurse calls within.]  
Right away, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.  
Stay here a minute. I'll be right back.

[Exit.]

Romeo.  
O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,  
Standing in this night, that all this is only a dream,  
Too promising and sweet to be real.

[Enter Juliet above.]

Juliet.  
Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.  
If that your love is honorable,  
Your intention marriage, send me word tomorrow,  
By one that I'll get to come to you,  
Where and what time you will marry me,  
And I'll lay all my fortunes at your feet,  
And follow you, my lord, throughout the world.

Nurse.  
[Within.] Madam!

Juliet.  
I come right away. But if you don't mean well,  
I beg you,

Nurse.  
[Within.] Madam!

[Retiring slowly.]

[Re-enter Juliet, above.]

Juliet.

Hist! Romeo, hist!—O for a falconer's voice  
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!  
Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud;  
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,  
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine  
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Romeo.

It is my soul that calls upon my name:  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears!

Juliet.

Romeo!

Romeo.

My dear?

Juliet.

At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

Romeo.

At the hour of nine.

Juliet.

I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Romeo.

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Juliet.

I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
Remembering how I love thy company.

Romeo.

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

Juliet.

'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:  
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird;  
That lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,

Juliet.

I'm coming

To end your pursuit of me and leave me to my grief.  
I'll send tomorrow.

Romeo.

I'll be waiting,

Juliet.

A thousand times good night!

[Exit.]

Romeo.

A thousand times the worse for me, to want your  
light!  
Love goes toward love as schoolboy away from their  
books;  
But love goes from love, like boys towards school  
with heavy looks.

[Retiring slowly.]

[Re-enter Juliet, above.]

Juliet.

Listen, Romeo, listen! O I wish I had a falconer's  
voice  
To lure this hawk back to me again!  
Being a slave has a hoarse voice and may not speak  
aloud;  
Or else I would go to the cave where Echo lives,  
And make her airy voice more hoarse than mine is,  
With the repetition of my Romeo's name.

Romeo.

It is my soul that calls my name.  
How silver-sweet is the sound of lovers' voices by  
night,  
Like softest music to listening ears!

Juliet.

Romeo!

Romeo.

My dear?

Juliet.

What time tomorrow  
Should I send someone to you?



And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving—jealous of his liberty.

Romeo.  
I would I were thy bird.

Juliet.  
Sweet, so would I:  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

[Exit.]

Romeo.  
Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—  
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,  
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell.

[Exit.]

Romeo.  
At nine.

Juliet.  
I will not fail! It's going feel like twenty years until  
then.  
I have forgotten why I called you back.

Romeo.  
Let me stand here until you remember.

Juliet.  
I shall forget just to have you stand there,  
Remembering how I love your company.

Romeo.  
And I'll still stay, to have you still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this one.

Juliet.  
It is almost morning; I want you to leave,  
And yet I don't want you to go any farther than a  
naughty child's bird,  
Who lets the bird hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted ankle bracelet,  
And, with a silk thread, plucks the bird back again,  
So loving, but jealous, of his liberty.

Romeo.  
I wish I were your bird.

Juliet.  
Sweet, so do I.  
But I should kill you with much cherishing.  
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet  
sorrow  
That I shall say good night until it's tomorrow.

[Exit.]

Romeo.  
Sleep dwell upon your eyes, peace in your breast!  
I wish I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
I will go right away to my ghostly priest's house,  
To get his help and to tell him about my dear good  
fortune.

[Exit.]

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### Scene 3

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

[Enter Friar Lawrence with a basket.]

Friar.

The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of  
light;  
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:  
Non, ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,  
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours  
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.  
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;  
What is her burying gave, that is her womb:  
And from her womb children of divers kind  
We sucking on her natural bosom find;  
Many for many virtues excellent,  
None but for some, and yet all different.  
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities:  
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live  
But to the earth some special good doth give;  
Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use,  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;  
And vice sometimes by action dignified.  
Within the infant rind of this small flower  
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each  
part;  
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
In man as well as herbs,—grace and rude will;  
And where the worser is predominant,  
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

[Enter Romeo.]

Romeo.

Good morrow, father!

Friar.

Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—  
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

[Enter Friar Lawrence with a basket.]

Friar.

The grey-eyed morning smiles on the frowning night,  
Cutting the eastern clouds into squares with streaks of  
light;  
And the flecked darkness reels like a drunkard  
From the day's path and the sun's hot rays.  
No, before the sun advances his burning eye,  
To cheer the day and to dry night's dank dew,  
I must fill up this, our cage made of reeds  
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.  
The earth, that is, nature's mother, is nature's tomb.  
The grave where she's buried, that is also her womb,  
And, from her womb, we find children of diverse kinds  
When we are sucking on her natural bosom;  
Many plants are excellent for many virtues,  
Some have none, others have some, but are all different.  
O, the powerful grace that lies  
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities, are great.  
For nothing so vile lives on the earth  
Except to give to the earth some special good;  
Nor anything so good but, strained from its beautiful use,  
Goes against its true use, stumbling on abuse.  
Virtue itself can turn to vice, if it is misapplied;  
And vice is sometimes dignified by action.  
Within the infant rind of this small flower  
Poison lives, and medicine power.  
For this flower, being smelled, cheers each part with  
fragrance;  
Being tasted, it slays the heart and all senses.  
Two such opposed kings set up camp  
In man, as well as in herbs, grace and rude will;  
And where the worse human trait is predominant,  
The canker death eats up that plant very soon.

[Enter Romeo.]

Romeo.

Good morning, father!

Friar.

Bless you!

What early tongue so sweetly salutes me?  
Young son, it is arguably a distempered head that

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:  
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
And where care lodges sleep will never lie;  
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain  
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth  
reign:

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure  
Thou art uprous'd with some distemperature;  
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,—  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to—night.

Romeo.  
That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

Friar.  
God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Romeo.  
With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;  
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Friar.  
That's my good son: but where hast thou been  
then?

Romeo.  
I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.  
I have been feasting with mine enemy;  
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me  
That's by me wounded. Both our remedies  
Within thy help and holy physic lies;  
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,  
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Friar.  
Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;  
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Romeo.  
Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set  
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;  
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine  
By holy marriage: when, and where, and how  
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,  
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us to—day.

Friar.  
Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!

Bids good morning so soon to your bed.  
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
And, where care lodges, sleep will never lie;  
But where a perfect youth with an empty brain  
Rests his limbs, golden sleep reigns there.  
Therefore your earliness assures me that  
You are aroused by some disturbance in your mind;  
Or if that's not it, then I guess right,  
Our Romeo has not been in bed tonight.

Romeo.  
That last part is true; my rest was the sweeter.

Friar.  
God pardon sin! Were you with Rosaline?

Romeo.  
With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No!  
I have forgotten that name, and that name's pain.

Friar.  
That's my good son, but where have you been then?

Romeo.  
I'll tell you before you ask me again.  
I have been feasting with my enemy;  
Where, all of a sudden, one has wounded me  
That's by me also wounded. Both our remedies  
Lie within your help and holy physic;  
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, behold,  
My intercession is likewise useful to my foe.

Friar.  
Be plain, good son, and homely in your meaning;  
Telling the truth in riddles finds forgiveness is in riddles.

Romeo.  
Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set  
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.  
As my heart is set on hers, so hers is set on mine;  
And all combined, except what you must combine  
By holy marriage, when, and where, and how  
We met, wooed, and made exchange of vow,  
I'll tell you as we walk; but this I beg,  
That you consent to marry us today.

Friar.  
Holy Saint Francis! What a change this is!  
Is Rosaline, who you did love so dearly,  
So soon forsaken? Young men's love, then, lies

Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? young men's love, then, lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine  
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
How much salt water thrown away in waste,  
To season love, that of it doth not taste!  
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
Thy old groans ring yet in mine ancient ears;  
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:  
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;  
And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this sentence  
then,—  
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Romeo.  
Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Friar.  
For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Romeo.  
And bad'st me bury love.

Friar.  
Not in a grave  
To lay one in, another out to have.

Romeo.  
I pray thee chide not: she whom I love now  
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;  
The other did not so.

Friar.  
O, she knew well  
Thy love did read by rote, that could not spell.  
But come, young waverer, come go with me,  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;  
For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Romeo.  
O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Friar.  
Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[Exeunt.]

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
Jesus and Mary, what a deal of salt water  
Has washed your sallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
How much salt water was thrown away in waste,  
To season love, that did not taste love!  
The sun hasn't cleared your sighs from heaven,  
Your old groans still ring in my ancient ears;  
Look, here, upon your cheek, the stain of an old tear  
Still sits that is not washed off yet.  
If ever you were yourself, and these woes yours,  
You and these woes were all for Rosaline.  
And are you changed? Pronounce this sentence then  
Women may fall when there's no strength in men.

Romeo.  
You often scolded me for loving Rosaline.

Friar.  
For doting, not for loving, my pupil.

Romeo.  
And you told me bury love.

Friar.  
Not in a grave  
To lay one in, and take another out.

Romeo.  
Please don't scold me. She whom I love now  
Has grace for grace and love for love allowed.  
The other one didn't.

Friar.  
O, she knew better!  
Your love was read by a heart that couldn't spell.  
But come, young waverer, come go with me.  
In one respect, I'll be your assistant.  
For this alliance may prove to be so happy,  
That it may turn your households' rage to pure love.

Romeo.  
O, let's go then; I'm in a hurry.

Friar.  
Wisely, and slowly. They stumble that run fast.

[Exeunt.]

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## Scene 4

A Street.

[Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.]

Mercutio.  
Where the devil should this Romeo be?—  
Came he not home to—night?

Benvolio.  
Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mercutio.  
Ah, that same pale hard—hearted wench, that  
Rosaline,  
Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

Benvolio.  
Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,  
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mercutio.  
A challenge, on my life.

Benvolio.  
Romeo will answer it.

Mercutio.  
Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Benvolio.  
Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he  
dares, being dared.

Mercutio.  
Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a  
white  
wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love  
song; the  
very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow—boy's  
butt—shaft:  
and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Benvolio.

A Street.

[Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.]

Mercutio.  
Where the devil can this Romeo be?  
Didn't he come home tonight?

Benvolio.  
Not to his father's; I spoke with his valet.

Mercutio.  
Ah, that same pale hard—hearted wench, that Rosaline,  
Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

Benvolio.  
Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,  
Has sent a letter to his father's house.

Mercutio.  
A challenge, on my life.

Benvolio.  
Romeo will answer it.

Mercutio.  
Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Benvolio.  
No, he will answer the letter's writer, how he  
dares being dared.

Mercutio.  
It's a pity. Poor Romeo, he is already dead! Stabbed  
with a white  
wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love  
song; the  
very pin of his heart split by the blind bow—boy's  
strongest arrow.  
and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Benvolio.  
Why, what is Tybalt?

Why, what is Tybalt?

Mercutio.

More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song—keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minimum rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay.—

Benvolio.

The what?

Mercutio.

The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—'By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!'—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardonnez-moi's, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

Benvolio.

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo!

Mercutio.

Without his roe, like a dried herring.—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen wench,—marry, she had a better love to be—rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gypsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose,—

Mercutio.

More than Prince of Cats, I can tell you. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests his minimum rest. one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a man who fights duels — a duellist — a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. ah, the immortal forward thrust! the back-handed thrust! the hay.

Benvolio.

The what?

Mercutio.

The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting absurd and irrational people; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesus, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, isn't this a lamentable thing, grandfather, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardon me's, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

Benvolio.

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo!

Mercutio.

Without his fish eggs, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how are you fishified! Now he is for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in! Laura, compared to his lady, was only a kitchen wench, by Mary, she had a better love to be—rhyme her; Dido by comparison, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gypsy; Helen and Hero, worthless prostitutes and harlots; This be, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose,

[Enter Romeo.]

[Enter Romeo.]

Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Romeo.  
Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mercutio.  
The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Romeo.  
Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mercutio.  
That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Romeo.  
Meaning, to court'sy.

Mercutio.  
Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Romeo.  
A most courteous exposition.

Mercutio.  
Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Romeo.  
Pink for flower.

Mercutio.  
Right.

Romeo.  
Why, then is my pump well-flowered.

Mercutio.  
Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may

Signior Romeo, bon jour! There's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us a good false impression last night.

Romeo.  
Good morning to you both. What false impression did I give you?

Mercutio.  
The slip, sir, the slip; can't you remember?

Romeo.  
Pardon me, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine, a man may strain good manners.

Mercutio.  
That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bend his legs.

Romeo.  
Meaning, to good manners?

Mercutio.  
Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Romeo.  
A most courteous exposition.

Mercutio.  
No, I am the very small spot of courtesy.

Romeo.  
Pink for flower.

Mercutio.  
Right.

Romeo.  
Why, then my shoe is well-flowered.

Mercutio.  
Well said. Follow me in this joke now until you have worn out your shoe; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the joke may remain, after the wearing, sole singular.

remain, after the wearing, sole singular.

Romeo.

O single–soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mercutio.

Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

Romeo.

Swits and spurs, swits and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mercutio.

Nay, if thy wits run the wild–goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild–goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

Romeo.

Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mercutio.

I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Romeo.

Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mercutio.

Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

Romeo.

And is it not, then, well served in to a sweet goose?

Mercutio.

O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Romeo.

I stretch it out for that word broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mercutio.

Romeo.

O single–soled joke, only singular for the singleness!

Mercutio.

Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits are failing.

Romeo.

At full speed, at full speed; or I'll cry a match.

Mercutio.

No, if your wits run the wild–goose chase, I'm done, because you have more of the wild–goose in one of your wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Romeo.

You were never with me for anything when you were not there for the goose.

Mercutio

I will bite you on the ear for that joke!

Romeo.

No, good goose, don't bite.

Mercutio.

Your wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

Romeo.

And isn't, then, well served with a sweet goose?

Mercutio.

O, here's a wit of kid leather, that stretches from an inch narrow to 45 inches wide!

Romeo.

I stretch it out for that word “broad,” which added to the goose, proves you far and wide a broad goose.

Mercutio.

Why, isn't this better now than groaning for love? Now, you're sociable; now you're Romeo; now you are what you



Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? are, by  
now art art as well as by nature. for this idiotic love is like a  
thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; not art thou what great natural fool that runs lolling up and down to hide  
thou art, by his toy  
art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like in a hole.

a  
great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide Benvolio.  
his bauble Stop there, stop there.  
in a hole.

Benvolio.  
Stop there, stop there.

Mercutio.  
Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Benvolio.  
Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mercutio.  
O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for  
I was monopolize the argument any longer.  
come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant  
indeed to occupy  
the argument no longer.

Romeo.  
Here's goodly gear!

[Enter Nurse and Peter.]

Mercutio.  
A sail, a sail, a sail!

Benvolio.  
Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse.  
Peter!

Peter.  
Anon.

Nurse.  
My fan, Peter.

Mercutio.  
Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer  
face.

Nurse.  
Good morning, gentlemen.

Mercutio.

are, by  
art as well as by nature. for this idiotic love is like a  
great natural fool that runs lolling up and down to hide  
his toy  
in a hole.

Benvolio.  
Stop there, stop there.

Mercutio.  
You want me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Benvolio.  
Otherwise, you would have made your tale large.

Mercutio.  
O, you are deceived; I would have made it short,  
because I was  
coming to the whole point of my tale, and I indeed  
meant to  
monopolize the argument any longer.

Romeo.  
Here's some good stuff!

[Enter Nurse and Peter.]

Mercutio.  
A sail, a sail, a sail!

Benvolio.  
Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse.  
Peter!

Peter.  
Right away.

Nurse.  
My fan, Peter.

Mercutio.  
Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan has the fairer  
face.

Nurse.  
Good morning, gentlemen.

Mercutio.

Nurse.  
God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mercutio.  
God ye good—den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse.  
Is it good—den?

Mercutio.  
'Tis no less, I tell ye; for the bawdy hand of the dial  
is  
now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse.  
Out upon you! what a man are you!

Romeo.  
One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself  
to mar.

Nurse.  
By my troth, it is well said;—for himself to mar,  
quoth  
'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may  
find the young  
Romeo?

Romeo.  
I can tell you: but young Romeo will be older when  
you have  
found him than he was when you sought him: I am  
the youngest of  
that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse.  
You say well.

Mercutio.  
Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith;  
wisely,  
wisely.

Nurse.  
If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Benvolio.  
She will indite him to some supper.

Mercutio.

Good evening, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse.  
Is it good evening?

Mercutio.  
It's no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the clock  
is  
now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse.  
Shame on you! What kind of a man are you!

Romeo.  
One, gentlewoman, that God has made for himself to  
damage.

Nurse.  
By my truth, it is well said; for himself to damage, he  
says?  
Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find  
the young  
Romeo?

Romeo.  
I can tell you, but “young” Romeo will be older when  
you have  
found him than he was when you asked for him. I am  
the youngest of  
that name, for fault of a worse name.

Nurse.  
You say well.

Mercutio.  
Yeah, is the worst well? Very well taken, in faith;  
wisely,  
wisely.

Nurse.  
If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Benvolio.  
She will give him a written invitation to some supper.

Mercutio.  
A hare, a hare, a hare! So ho!

Romeo.  
What have you found?

A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Romeo.  
What hast thou found?

Mercutio.  
No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.  
[Sings.]  
An old hare hoar,  
And an old hare hoar,  
Is very good meat in Lent;  
But a hare that is hoar  
Is too much for a score  
When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Romeo.  
I will follow you.

Mercutio.  
Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,—  
[singing] lady, lady, lady.

[Exeunt Mercutio, and Benvolio.]

Nurse.  
Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his ropery?

Romeo.  
A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse.  
An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down, an'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates.—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!

Mercutio.  
No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a Lenten pie. That is something stale and gray with age before it is used up.  
[Sings.]  
An old gray hare,  
And an old gray hare,  
Is very good meat in Lent;  
But a hare that is gray  
Is too much to be billed  
When it ages before it used up.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll have dinner there.

Romeo.  
I will follow you.

Mercutio.  
Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,  
[singing] lady, lady, lady.

[Exeunt Mercutio, and Benvolio.]

Nurse.  
By Mary, farewell! Please, sir, what rude salesman was this that was so full of his own trickery?

Romeo.  
A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than you think should do for a month.

Nurse.  
If he speaks anything against me, I'll take him down, even if he were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his women with loose behavior. I'm not one of his buddies. And you just stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!

Peter.  
I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I guarantee you. I would draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law

Peter.

I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse.

Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and, as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what she bade me say I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Romeo.

Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse.

Good heart, and i' faith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Romeo.

What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse.

I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest: which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Romeo.

Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;  
And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' cell  
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

on my side.

Nurse.

Now, before God, I am so annoyed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Please, sir, a word. And as I told you, my young lady asks me to find you. What she asked me to say, I will keep to myself. but first let me tell you, if you should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it is a very gross kind of behavior, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it is an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing on your part.

Romeo.

Nurse, commend me to your lady and mistress. I must protest your comments

Nurse.

Good heart, and in faith I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Romeo.

What will you tell her, nurse? You don't understand me.

Nurse.

I will tell her, sir, that you do protest. which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Romeo.

Bid her devise some means to come to confession This afternoon;  
And there she shall, at Friar Lawrence' cell,  
Make her confession and married. Here is something for your pains.

Nurse.

No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Romeo.

Come on, I say you shall take it.

Nurse.  
No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Romeo.  
Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse.  
This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Romeo.  
And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:  
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,  
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;  
Which to the high top—gallant of my joy  
Must be my convoy in the secret night.  
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:  
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse.  
Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Romeo.  
What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse.  
Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,  
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Romeo.  
I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse.  
Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady.—Lord,  
Lord!  
when 'twas a little prating thing,—O, there's a  
nobleman in  
town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but  
she, good  
soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I  
anger  
her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer  
man; but  
I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as  
any clout  
in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo  
begin both with  
a letter?

Romeo.  
Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse.  
This afternoon, sir? Well, she'll be there.

Romeo.  
And wait, good nurse, behind the abbey wall.  
Within this hour, my man shall be with you,  
And bring you a rope ladder;  
Which must be my way to the highest point  
Of my joy in the secret night.  
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll pay you well.  
Farewell; commend me to your mistress.

Nurse.  
Now God in heaven bless you! Listen, sir.

Romeo.  
What did you say, my dear nurse?

Nurse.  
Can your man keep a secret? Have you never heard the  
saying,  
Two may keep counsel, putting the other one away?

Romeo.  
I guarantee you, my man is as true as steel.

Nurse.  
Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady. Lord, Lord!  
when she was a little chatterbox, O, there's a nobleman  
in  
town, one Paris, that would gladly like her attention;  
but she, good  
soul, would rather see a toad, a very toad, than to see  
him. I anger  
her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the more proper  
man; but  
I'll guarantee you, when I say so, she looks as pale as  
any linen  
in the whole, wide world. Doesn't "rosemary" and  
"Romeo" begin with  
the same letter?

Romeo.  
Yes, nurse; what of that? Both begin with an R.

Nurse.  
Ah, joker! That's the dog's name. R is for the dog! No, I  
know it begins with some other letter. and she has the  
prettiest proverbs of it, of you and rosemary, that it  
would

Nurse.  
Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog:  
no; I  
know it begins with some other letter:—and she hath  
the  
prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that  
it would  
do you good to hear it.

Romeo.  
Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse.  
Ay, a thousand times. [Exit Romeo.]—Peter!

Peter.  
Anon?

Nurse.  
Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[Exeunt.]

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## Scene 5

Capulet's Garden.

[Enter Juliet.]

Juliet.  
The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;  
In half an hour she promis'd to return.  
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.—  
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,  
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,  
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:  
Therefore do nimble—pinion'd doves draw love,  
And therefore hath the wind—swift Cupid wings.  
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve  
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.  
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,  
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;  
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
And his to me:  
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;

do you good to hear it.

Romeo.  
Commend me to your lady.

Nurse.  
Yes, a thousand times. [Exit Romeo.] Peter!

Peter.  
Yes?

Nurse.  
Peter, take my fan, and go before me.

[Exeunt.]

Capulet's Garden.

[Enter Juliet.]

Juliet.  
The clock struck nine when I sent the nurse;  
She promised to return in half an hour.  
Maybe she can't meet him. that's not true.  
O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,  
Which glide ten times faster than the sun's beams,  
Driving back shadows over lowering hills.  
This way doves with nimble wings draw love,  
And that's why the wind—swift Cupid has wings.  
Now is the sun upon the highest hill  
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve  
Is three long hours, yet she's not back.  
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,  
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball.  
My words would make her fly like a tennis ball to  
my sweet love,  
And bring his love back to me,

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.—  
O God, she comes!  
[Enter Nurse and Peter].  
O honey nurse, what news?  
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse.  
Peter, stay at the gate.

[Exit Peter.]

Juliet.  
Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?  
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse.  
I am awearry, give me leave awhile;—  
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

Juliet.  
I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:  
Nay, come, I pray thee speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse.  
Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?  
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Juliet.  
How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
To say to me that thou art out of breath?  
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay  
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.  
Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;  
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:  
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse.  
Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how  
to  
choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; rthough his face be  
better than  
any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand  
and a  
foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on,  
yet they  
are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy,—but  
I'll  
warrant him as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench;

But old folks, many pretending to be dead, are as  
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.  
O God, she comes!  
[Enter Nurse and Peter].  
O honey nurse, what news?  
Have you met with him? Send your man away.

Nurse.  
Peter, stay at the gate.

[Exit Peter.]

Juliet.  
Now, good sweet nurse, O Lord, why do you look  
sad?  
Although news may be sad, tell it merrily.  
If it is good news, you shame the music of sweet  
news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse.  
I am weary, give me a brief rest;  
For shame, how my bones ache! What a jaunt I  
have had!

Juliet.  
I wish you had my bones, and I had your news.  
No, come, on — Please speak; good, good nurse,  
speak.

Nurse.  
Jesus, what's your hurry? Can't you rest awhile?  
Don't you see that I'm out of breath?

Juliet.  
How are you out of breath, when you have breath  
To say to me that you are out of breath?  
The excuse that you make in this delay  
Is longer than the tale you excuse.  
Is your news good or bad? Answer that.  
Say either good or bad, and I'll wait for the details.  
Let me be satisfied, is it good or bad?

Nurse.  
Well, you have made a simple choice. You don't  
know how to  
choose a man. Romeo! No, not he, though his face  
may be better than  
any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a  
hand and a

serve God.—

—What, have you dined at home?

Juliet.

No, no; but all this did I know before.

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse.

Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart for sending me about

To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

Juliet.

I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse.

Your love says, like an honest gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome;

And, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

Juliet.

Where is my mother?—why, she is within;

Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!

'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,—

'Where is your mother?'

Nurse.

O God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

Henceforward, do your messages yourself.

Juliet.

Here's such a coil!—come, what says Romeo?

Nurse.

Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Juliet.

I have.

Nurse.

Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell;

There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,

foot, and a body, though they're nothing to be talk  
about, yet they

are past compare. he is not the flower of courtesy,  
but I'll

guarantee that he is as gentle as a lamb. Go about  
your business, wench; serve God.

What, have you dined at home?

Juliet.

No, no, but all this did I know before.

What does he say about our marriage? What of  
that?

Nurse.

Lord, how my head aches! what a head I've got!

It throbs as if it's going to fall into twenty pieces.

My back on the other side, O, my back, my back!

Curse your heart for sending me out

To catch my death with prancing up and down!

Juliet.

In faith, I am sorry that you're not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what does my  
love say?

Nurse.

Your love says, like an honest gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome;

And, I guarantee, a virtuous gentleman Where is  
your mother?

Juliet.

Where is my mother? why, she's inside.

Where should she be? How oddly you reply!

""Your love says, like an honest gentleman,

""Where is your mother?""

Nurse.

O God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? By Mary, come close, I believe;

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

From this time forward, do your messages yourself.

Juliet.

Here's such a choice! come, what does Romeo say?

Nurse.

Have you got permission to go to confession

today?



To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:  
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;  
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.  
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Juliet.  
Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[Exeunt.]

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## Scene 6

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

[Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.]

Friar.  
So smile the heavens upon this holy act  
That after—hours with sorrow chide us not!

Romeo.  
Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight:  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love—devouring death do what he dare,—  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Friar.  
These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss, consume: the sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite:  
Therefore love moderately: long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Juliet.  
I have.

Nurse.  
Then go quickly to Friar Lawrence' cell;  
A husband waits there to make you a wife.  
Now comes the lusty blood up in your cheeks,  
They'll be bright red instantly at any news.  
Go quickly to church; I must go another way,  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb to a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.  
I am the slave and worker in your delight;  
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.  
Go on; I'll go to dinner; go quickly to the cell.

Juliet.  
Go quickly to high fortune! honest nurse, farewell.

[Exeunt.]

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

[Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.]

Friar.  
So the heavens smile upon this holy act  
That after—hours will not scold us with sorrow!

Romeo.  
Amen, amen! but whatever sorrow can come,  
It cannot equal the exchange of joy  
That one short minute in her sight gives me.  
You only have to close our hands with holy words,  
Then love—devouring death can do whatever he dares  
It is enough that I may call her mine.

Friar.  
These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss, consume each other. The sweetest  
honey  
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,  
And in the taste destroys the appetite.  
Therefore, love moderately. long love does so;

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:  
A lover may bestride the gossamer  
That idles in the wanton summer air  
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

[Enter Juliet.]

Juliet.  
Good—even to my ghostly confessor.

Friar.  
Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Juliet.  
As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Romeo.  
Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue  
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Juliet.  
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 grown to such excess,  
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Friar.  
Come, come with me, and we will make short  
work;  
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone  
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[Exeunt.]

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## Act III

1. [Scene 1](#)
2. [Scene 2](#)
3. [Scene 3](#)

Too swift can be as late as too slow.  
Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot  
Will never wear out the everlasting sharpening stone.  
A lover may stand over the filmy cobwebs  
That idly move in the wanton summer air  
And still do not fall. So light is being foolish.

[Enter Juliet.]

Juliet.  
Good evening to my ghostly confessor.

Friar.  
Romeo shall thank you, daughter, for us both.

Juliet.  
As much to him, otherwise his thanks is too much.

Romeo.  
Ah, Juliet, if the amount of your joy  
Is heaped up like mine, and that your sense of right be  
more  
To adorn it with, then sweeten this neighboring air  
With your breath, and let rich music's language  
Reveal the imagined happiness that we both  
Receive in this dear meeting.

Juliet.  
A fanciful notion, more rich in matter than in words,  
Braggs of its reality, not of its decoration;  
They are only beggars that can count their worth,  
But my true love is grown so much beyond moderation,  
that  
I can't add up even half my wealth.

Friar.  
Come, come with me, and we will be quick,  
Because, by your permission, you shall not stay alone  
Until holy church incorporates the two of you into one.

[Exeunt.]

4. [Scene 4](#)
5. [Scene 5](#)

## Scene 1

A public Place.

[Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.]

Benvolio.

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:  
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,  
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mercutio.

Thou art like one of these fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says 'God send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Benvolio.

Am I like such a fellow?

Mercutio.

Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Benvolio.

And what to?

Mercutio.

Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel

A public Place.

[Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.]

Benvolio.

Please, good Mercutio, let's go home.  
The day is hot, the Capulets are wandering around,  
And, if we meet, we shall not escape a brawl,  
Because now, during these hot days, the mad blood is flowing.

Mercutio.

You are like one of these fellows that, when he enters the bar, throws his sword upon the table, and says "God, I don't want to use you!" and by the time he's drunk the second cup draws the sword on the table, when, indeed, there is no need.

Benvolio.

Am I like such a fellow?

Mercutio.

Come on, you are as hot as any fellow in your mood as anyone else in Italy; and you are soon moved to be moody, and soon moody to be moved.

Benvolio.

And to what?

Mercutio.

No, if there were two such fellows, we should have none shortly, because one would kill the other. You! Why, you will quarrel with a man that has a hair more or a hair less in his beard than you have. You will quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because you have hazel eyes; what eye but such

eyes;—what eye but such  
an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is  
as full of  
quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head  
hath been  
beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou  
hast quarrelled  
with a man for coughing in the street, because he  
hath wakened  
thy dog that hath lain 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 shoes with an old  
riband? and yet thou  
wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Benvolio.

An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man  
should buy  
the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mercutio.

The fee simple! O simple!

Benvolio.

By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mercutio.

By my heel, I care not.

[Enter Tybalt and others.]

Tybalt.

Follow me close, for I will speak to  
them.—Gentlemen, good—den:  
a word with one of you.

Mercutio.

And but one word with one of us? Couple it with  
something; make  
it a word and a blow.

Tybalt.

You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you  
will give  
me occasion.

Mercutio.

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

an eye as you have would seek out such a quarrel? Your  
head is as full of  
quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and your head has even  
been  
beaten like a rotten egg for quarrelling. You have  
quarreled  
with a man for coughing in the street, because he woke up  
your dog that was asleep in the sun. Didn't you fall  
out with a tailor for wearing his new suit before Easter?  
And with another tailor for tying his new shoes with an  
old blue silk ribbon? And yet you  
will teach me to avoid quarrelling?!

Benvolio.

If I were so easy to quarrel as you are, any man should  
buy  
the inherited estate of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mercutio.

The inherited estate! O how honest!

Benvolio.

By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mercutio.

By my heel, I care not.

[Enter Tybalt and others.]

Tybalt.

Follow me close, because I will speak to them.  
Gentlemen, good evening  
a word with one of you.

Mercutio.

Only one word with one of us? Couple it with something;  
make  
it a word and a blow.

Tybalt.

You shall find me easy enough for that, sir, if you will  
give  
me the opportunity.

Mercutio.

Couldn't you take some opportunity without my giving  
you one?

Tybalt.

Mercutio, you hang out with Romeo,

Tybalt.  
Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

Mercutio.  
Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!

Benvolio.  
We talk here in the public haunt of men:  
Either withdraw unto some private place,  
And reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mercutio.  
Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Tybalt.  
Well, peace be with you, sir.—Here comes my man.

[Enter Romeo.]

Mercutio.  
But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery:  
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;  
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tybalt.  
Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford  
No better term than this,—Thou art a villain.

Romeo.  
Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting. Villain am I none;  
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tybalt.  
Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Romeo.  
I do protest I never injur'd thee;  
But love thee better than thou canst devise  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:

Mercutio.  
Hang out! what, do you make us musicians? If you make us musicians, look to hear nothing but noise. Here's my fiddlestick! Here's what will make you dance. God's wounds, hang out!

Benvolio.  
We're talking here in a public place.  
Either move into some private place,  
And reason out your grievances coolly,  
Or else leave; here, all eyes gaze on us.

Mercutio.  
Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Tybalt.  
Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

[Enter Romeo.]

Mercutio.  
But I'll be hanged, sir, if he will put up with your insults.  
By Mary, go before him to field, he'll be your follower.  
Your honor, in that sense, may call him a man.

Tybalt.  
Romeo, the love I have for you can give  
Me no better term to call you than this. you are a villain.

Romeo.  
Tybalt, the reason that I have to love you  
Does excuse very much the rage that is appropriate  
For such a greeting. I am not a villain.  
Therefore, farewell. I see that you don't know me.

Tybalt.  
Boy, this walking away shall not excuse the injuries  
That you have done to me; therefore, turn and draw your sword.

Romeo.  
I protest! I never injured you,  
But love you better than you can possibly imagine,  
Until you know the reason for my love.  
And so, good Capulet which name I respect  
As dearly as my own. Be satisfied.

Mercutio.  
O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!

And so good Capulet,—which name I tender  
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mercutio.  
O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!  
Alla stoccata carries it away. [Draws.]  
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tybalt.  
What wouldst thou have with me?

Mercutio.  
Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine  
lives; that I  
mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use  
me hereafter,  
dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your  
sword out of  
his pitcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be  
about your ears  
ere it be out.

Tybalt.  
I am for you. [Drawing.]

Romeo.

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mercutio.  
Come, sir, your passado.

[They fight.]

Romeo.  
Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.—  
Gentlemen, for shame! forbear this outrage!—  
Tybalt,—Mercutio,—the prince expressly hath  
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.—  
Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio!—  
[Exeunt Tybalt with his Partizans.]

Mercutio.  
I am hurt;—  
A plague o' both your houses!—I am sped.—  
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Benvolio.  
What, art thou hurt?

To choke carries it away. [Draws.]  
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk away?

Tybalt.  
What would you have with me?

Mercutio.  
Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that  
I  
intend to be bold besides, and, as you shall use me  
hereafter,  
severely beat the rest of the eight lives out of you. Will  
you pluck your sword out of  
its holder by the handle? Hurry up, for fear my sword will  
be about your ears  
before you get yours out.

Tybalt.  
I am for you. [Drawing.]

Romeo.

Gentle Mercutio, put up your sword.

Mercutio.  
Come, sir, your forward thrust.

[They fight.]

Romeo.  
Draw, Benvolio. Make them put down their weapons.  
Gentlemen, for shame! control this anger!  
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince has expressly  
Forbidden this fighting in Verona streets.  
Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!  
[Exeunt Tybalt with his companions.]

Mercutio.  
I am hurt;  
A plague on both your houses! I am finished.  
Is he gone, and he has nothing?

Benvolio.  
What, are you hurt?

Mercutio.  
Yes, yes, a scratch, a scratch; by Mary, it's enough.  
Where is my page? Go, villain, get a doctor.

[Exit Page.]

Mercutio.  
Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—  
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.]

Romeo.  
Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mercutio.  
No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door;  
but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your houses!—Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Romeo.  
I thought all for the best.

Mercutio.  
Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!  
They have made worms' meat of me:  
I have it, and soundly too.—Your houses!

[Exit Mercutio and Benvolio.]

Romeo.  
This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my kinsman.—O sweet Juliet,  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate  
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

[Re-enter Benvolio.]

Benvolio.  
O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!  
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Romeo.  
Courage, man; the injury can't be much.

Mercutio.  
No, it's not as deep as a well, or as wide as a church door;  
but it's enough, it will do. Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am not long, I guarantee, for this world. A plague on both your houses! God's wounds! A dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! [to Romeo] Why the devil did you come between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Romeo.  
I thought it was all for the best.

Mercutio.  
Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint. A plague on both your houses!  
They have made meat for the worms out meat of me.  
I have had it, and soundly too. Your houses!

[Exit Mercutio and Benvolio.]

Romeo.  
This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
My very friend, has gotten his fatal wound  
On my behalf. My reputation stained  
By Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that has been  
My kinsman for an hour. O sweet Juliet,  
Your beauty has turned me into a woman,  
And, in my temper, softened bravery's sword.

[Re-enter Benvolio.]

Benvolio.  
O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead!  
That gallant spirit has gone into the clouds,  
Which saw an untimely death here on earth.

Romeo.  
This day's black fate depends on the days that follow.  
This murder only begins the sorrow that others must end.

Benvolio.  
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Romeo.  
This day's black fate on more days doth depend;  
This but begins the woe others must end.

Benvolio.  
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Romeo.  
Alive in triumph! and Mercutio slain!  
Away to heaven respective lenity,  
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—

[Re-enter Tybalt.]

Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again  
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him company.  
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Tybalt.  
Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,  
Shalt with him hence.

Romeo.  
This shall determine that.

[They fight; Tybalt falls.]

Benvolio.  
Romeo, away, be gone!  
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.—  
Stand not amaz'd. The prince will doom thee death  
If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

Romeo.  
O, I am fortune's fool!

Benvolio.  
Why dost thou stay?

[Exit Romeo.]

[Enter Citizens, &c.]

1 Citizen.  
Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Benvolio.

Romeo.  
Alive in triumph! And Mercutio slain!  
Gentleness, go away to heaven,  
And fire-eyed fury be my guide now!

[Re-enter Tybalt.]

Now, Tybalt, take back again the word "villain"  
That you just gave me; for Mercutio's soul  
Is only a little way above our heads,  
Waiting for yours to keep him company.  
Either you or I, or both of us, must go with him.

Tybalt.  
You, wretched boy, that hung out with him here,  
Will be with him there.

Romeo.  
This fight shall determine that.

[They fight; Tybalt falls.]

Benvolio.  
Romeo, leave, be gone!  
The citizens are up, and Tybalt is dead.  
Don't stand there in shock. The prince will sentence you  
to death  
If you are taken prisoner. Get going, get out of here,  
leave!

Romeo.  
O, I am fool for the goddess of luck!

Benvolio.  
Why do you stay?

[Exit Romeo.]

[Enter Citizens, etc.]

1 Citizen.  
Which way did he who killed Mercutio run?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way did he run?

Benvolio.  
There lies that same Tybalt.

1 Citizen.  
Come on, sir, go with me;  
I charge you, in the prince's name, to obey.



There lies that Tybalt.

1 Citizen.

Up, sir, go with me;

I charge thee in the prince's name obey.

[Enter Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet, their Wives, and others.]

Prince.

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Benvolio.

O noble prince. I can discover all  
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Lady Capulet.

Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!--  
O prince!--O husband!--O, the blood is spill'd  
Of my dear kinsman!--Prince, as thou art true,  
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.--  
O cousin, cousin!

Prince.

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Benvolio.

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;  
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink  
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal  
Your high displeasure.--All this,--uttered  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly  
bow'd,--  
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;  
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,  
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats  
Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity  
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,  
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and swifter than his  
tongue,  
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm  
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:

[Enter Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet, their Wives, and others.]

Prince.

Where are the wicked beginners of this fight?

Benvolio.

O noble prince. I can tell you all about  
The unlucky management of this fatal brawl.  
There lies the man slain by young Romeo,  
That killed your kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Lady Capulet.

Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!  
O prince! O husband! O, the blood of my dear kinsman  
is spilled! Prince, as you are true,  
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.  
O cousin, cousin!

Prince.

Benvolio, who began this bloody fight?

Benvolio.

Tybalt, here killed, who was slain by Romeo's hand.  
Romeo spoke nicely to him, asked him to consider  
How silly the quarrel was, and in addition, advised him of  
Your high displeasure. All these things, uttered  
With gentle breath, calm look, and knees humbly bent,  
Could not stop the fight with Tybalt's  
Violent whim. He was deaf to peace, but then he rushes  
With his piercing sword at bold Mercutio's breast;  
Who, as angry as Tybalt, returns deadly blows point to  
point,  
And, with a war-like grin, with one hand beats  
Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
It back to Tybalt, whose mental skills  
Returns it. Romeo cries aloud,  
"Stop, friends! Friends, move away!" and swifter than his  
words,  
His agile arm beats down their fatal maneuvers,  
And between them, rushes, underneath whose arm  
An jealous thrust from Tybalt took the life  
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.  
But by-and-by, he comes back to Romeo,  
Who had only now thought about getting revenge,  
And they go at it like lightning, because before I  
Could draw to separate them, stout Tybalt was killed,  
And as he fell, Romeo turned and fled.  
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

But by—and—by comes back to Romeo,  
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,  
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I  
Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain;  
And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly.  
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

Lady Capulet.

He is a kinsman to the Montague,  
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:  
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,  
And all those twenty could but kill one life.  
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;  
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prince.

Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio:  
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Montague.

Not Romeo, prince; he was Mercutio's friend;  
His fault concludes but what the law should end,  
The life of Tybalt.

Prince.

And for that offence  
Immediately we do exile him hence:  
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,  
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie  
a-bleeding;  
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine  
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;  
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses,  
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.  
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:  
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[Exeunt.]

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## Scene 2

A Room in Capulet's House.

[Enter Juliet.]

Scene 2

Lady Capulet.

He is a kinsman to the Montague,  
Affection makes him lie. He doesn't speak the truth.  
Some twenty of them fought in this black fight,  
And all those twenty could only take one life.  
I beg for justice, which you, prince, must give;  
Romeo killed Tybalt. Romeo must not live.

Prince.

Romeo killed him; he killed Mercutio.  
Who now owes the price of his dear blood?

Montague.

Not Romeo, prince; he was Mercutio's friend;  
His mistake finishes only what the law should end,  
The life of Tybalt.

Prince.

And for that offence  
We immediately exile him from here.  
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,  
My blood for your rude brawls lies there bleeding;  
But I'll punish you with so strong a fine  
That you shall all repent my loss.  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,  
Nor shall tears or prayers buy your way out.  
Therefore, use none. Let Romeo go quickly away from  
here,  
Or else, when he is found, that hour is his last.  
Bear this body away, and wait for our instructions.  
Mercy only murders us, pardoning those that kill.

[Exeunt.]

A Room in Capulet's House.

[Enter Juliet.]

Juliet.

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging; such a waggoner  
As Phaeton would whip you to the west  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!  
That rude eyes may wink, and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.—  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:  
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown  
bold,  
Think true love acted simple modesty.  
Come, night;—come, Romeo;—come, thou day in  
night;  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.—  
Come, gentle night;—come, loving, black-brow'd  
night,  
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—  
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child that hath new robes,  
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,  
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks  
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.—

[Enter Nurse, with cords.]

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the  
cords  
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

Juliet.

Juliet.

Gallop quickly, you horses with fiery flames for feet,  
Towards the Sun god's house. Such a wagon driver  
As Phaeton (the son of the Sun god) would whip you to  
the west  
And bring in a cloudy night immediately.  
Close your curtain, love-performing night, so  
That rude eyes may look away, and Romeo can  
Leap to these arms, un-talked about and unseen.  
Lovers can see to do their love making  
By their own beauties. or, if love is blind,  
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,  
You sober-suited matron, all in black,  
And teach me how to lose a winning match,  
Played for a pair of stainless maidens.  
Conceal my virgin blood, fluttering in my cheeks,  
With your black mantle, until unknown love, grown bold,  
Thinks that true love is an act of simple modesty.  
Come, night. Come, Romeo. come, you day in night;  
For you will lie upon the wings of night,  
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.  
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-browed night,  
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the glaring sun.  
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But I have not moved in, and, though I am sold,  
I have not yet been enjoyed. So boring this day is,  
As the night before some festival is  
To an impatient child that has new clothes,  
And can't wear them. O, here comes my nurse,  
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks  
Only Romeo's name, speaks with heavenly eloquence  
[Enter Nurse, with cords.]

Now, nurse, what news? What have you got there? The  
ropes  
That Romeo asked you to fetch?

Nurse.

Yes, yes, the ropes.

[Throws them down.]

Juliet.

Ah me! What news? Why are you wringing your hands?

Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse.

Ah, well—a—day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!  
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—  
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Juliet.

Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse.

Romeo can,  
Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!—  
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Juliet.

What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?  
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.  
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I,  
And that bare vowel I shall poison more  
Than the death—darting eye of cockatrice:  
I am not I if there be such an I;  
Or those eyes shut that make thee answer I.  
If he be slain, say I; or if not, no:  
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse.

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—  
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast.  
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;  
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,  
All in gore—blood;—I swoounded at the sight.

Juliet.

O, break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!  
To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty!  
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;  
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

Nurse.

O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!  
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Juliet.

What storm is this that blows so contrary?  
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?  
My dear—lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—

Nurse.

Ah, alas! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!  
We are ruined, lady, we are ruined!  
Shame on this day! he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

Juliet.

Can heaven be so jealous?

Nurse.

Romeo can,  
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!  
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Juliet.

What devil are you that torments me like this?  
This torture should make a loud noise in dismal hell.  
Has Romeo killed himself? You say only “I,”  
And I shall poison that bare vowel more  
Than the death—darting eye of the serpent hatched from  
an egg.  
I am not “I,” if there be such an “I,”  
Or those eyes shut that make you answer “I.”  
If he is slain, say “I;” or if not, say “No.”  
Brief sounds determine my wealth or sorrows.

Nurse.

I saw the wound. I saw it with my own eyes,  
God save the mark! here on his manly breast.  
A piteous corpse, a bloody piteous corpse;  
Pale, pale as ashes, all covered in blood,  
All in gory blood; I fainted at the sight.

Juliet.

O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!  
Eyes, go to prison. Never look on freedom!  
Evil earth, die; end all motion here;  
And you and Romeo lay in a heavy tomb!

Nurse.

O Tybalt, Tybalt! The best friend I had!  
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
That I should ever live to see you dead!

Juliet.

What kind of storm is this that blows so opposed to  
nature?  
Is Romeo slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead?  
My dear—loved cousin, and my dearer lord?  
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!  
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!  
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse.  
Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;  
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Juliet.  
O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse.  
It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

Juliet.  
O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!  
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravens lamb!  
Despised substance of divinest show!  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,  
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—  
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell  
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—  
Was ever book containing such vile matter  
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse.  
There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,  
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—  
Ah, where's my man? Give me some aqua vitae.—  
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me  
old.  
Shame come to Romeo!

Juliet.  
Blister'd be thy tongue  
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;  
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse.  
Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Juliet.  
Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Nurse.  
Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;  
Romeo killed him; he is banished.

Juliet.  
O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse.  
It did, it did; shame the day, it did!

Juliet.  
O serpent heart, hidden by a handsome face!  
Did a dragon ever keep so beautiful a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! Fiend angelical!  
Dove-feathered raven! Wolfish-rabid lamb!  
Despised substance of the most divine show!  
Just opposite to what you justly seem,  
A damned saint, an honorable villain!  
O nature, what did you have to do in hell  
When you sheltered the spirit of a fiend  
In a deadly paradise of such sweet flesh?  
Was there ever a book containing such vile matter  
So beautifully bound? O, that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse.  
There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men; all are liars,  
All swear falsely, all nothing, all deceivers.  
Ah, where's my man? Give me some whiskey.  
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.  
Shame come to Romeo!

Juliet.  
Your tongue should be blistered  
For such a wish! He was not born to shame.  
Upon his brow, shame is ashamed to sit;  
For it's a throne where honor may be crowned  
The only king of the universal earth.  
O, what a beast was I to scold him!

Nurse.  
Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

Juliet.  
Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall clear your name,  
When I, your wife for three hours, have mangled it?  
But why, villain, did you kill my cousin?  
That villain cousin would have killed my husband.

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?—  
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:  
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:  
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I, then?  
Some word there was, worsen than Tybalt's death,  
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;  
But O, it presses to my memory  
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:  
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished.'  
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'  
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:  
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,  
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—  
Why follow'd not, when she said Tybalt's dead,  
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,  
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?  
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,  
'Romeo is banished'—to speak that word  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
All slain, all dead: 'Romeo is banished,'—  
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
In that word's death; no words can that woe  
sound.—  
Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

Nurse.  
Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:  
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Juliet.  
Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be  
spent,  
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,  
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:  
He made you for a highway to my bed;  
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.  
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;  
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse.

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring.  
Your drops of tribute belong to sorrow,  
Which you, mistaken, have offered up to joy.  
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.  
All this is comfort. why do I weep then?  
Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death,  
That murdered me. I would gladly forget it,  
But, O, it presses into my memory  
Like damned guilty deeds press into sinners' minds.  
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished."  
That "banished," that one word "banished,"  
Has killed ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
Was sorrow enough, if it had ended there.  
Or, if misery loves company,  
And necessarily will be ranked with other sorrows,  
Why didn't it follow, when she said, "Tybalt's dead,"  
Your father, or your mother, no, or both,  
Which modern grief might have moved me?  
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,  
"Romeo is banished." To speak that word  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banished."  
There is no end, no limit, measure, or boundary,  
In that word's death. No words can that sorrow ease.  
Where are my father and my mother, nurse?

Nurse.  
Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corpse.  
Will you go to them? I will bring you there.

Juliet.  
They wash his wounds with tears. My tears shall be  
spent,  
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
Take up those ropes. Poor ropes, you are deceived,  
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled.  
He made you to be a highway to my bed;  
But I, a maid, die a maiden and a widow.  
Come, ropes; come, nurse; I'll go to my wedding-bed.  
And death, not Romeo, take my virginity!

Nurse.  
Hurry to your chamber. I'll find Romeo  
To comfort you. I know well where he is.  
You listen: your Romeo will be here at night.  
I'll go to him; he is hidden at Lawrence' cell.

Juliet.  
O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight,

Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo  
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.  
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:  
I'll to him; he is hid at Lawrence' cell.

Juliet.  
O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[Exeunt.]

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### Scene 3

Friar Lawrence's cell.

[Enter Friar Lawrence.]

Friar.  
Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man.  
Affliction is enanmour'd of thy parts,  
And thou art wedded to calamity.

[Enter Romeo.]

Romeo.  
Father, what news? what is the prince's doom  
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?

Friar.  
Too familiar  
Is my dear son with such sour company:  
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Romeo.  
What less than doomsday is the prince's doom?

Friar.  
A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,—  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Romeo.  
Ha, banishment? be merciful, say death;  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death; do not say banishment.

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[Exeunt.]

Friar Lawrence's cell.

[Enter Friar Lawrence.]

Friar.  
Romeo, come here; come here, you fearful man.  
Affliction is in love of your parts,  
And you are married to calamity.

[Enter Romeo.]

Romeo.  
Father, what news? What is the prince's sentence?  
What sorrow craves to know me at my hand,  
That I don't know yet?

Friar.  
My dear son is  
Too familiar with such sour company.  
I bring you news of the prince's sentence.

Romeo.  
What less than the end of the world is the prince's  
sentence?

Friar.  
A gentler judgment vanished from his lips,  
Not your body's death, but your body's banishment.

Romeo.  
What, banishment? be merciful, say death;  
For exile has more terror in his look,  
Much more than death; do not say banishment.

Friar.  
Hence from Verona art thou banished:  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Romeo.  
There is no world without Verona walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Hence—banished is banish'd from the world,  
And world's exile is death,—then banished  
Is death mis—term'd: calling death banishment,  
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Friar.  
O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
Taking thy part, hath brush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:  
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

Romeo.  
'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;  
But Romeo may not.—More validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies than Romeo: they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;  
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
But Romeo may not; he is banished,—  
This may flies do, when I from this must fly.  
And sayest thou yet that exile is not death!  
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp—ground knife,  
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
But banished to kill me; banished?  
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin—absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
To mangle me with that word banishment?

Friar.  
Thou fond mad man, hear me speak a little,—

Romeo.  
O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Friar.  
You are banished away from Verona.  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Romeo.  
There is no world without Verona walls,  
Only purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Banished away from here is banished from the world,  
And world's exile is death, then “banished”  
Is death misnamed. Calling death banishment,  
You cut my head off with a golden axe,  
And smile on the stroke that murders me.

Friar.  
O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
Your fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
Taking your part, has brushed aside the law,  
And turned that black word “death” to banishment.  
This is dear mercy, and you don't see it.

Romeo.  
It's torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives, and every cat, and dog,  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;  
But Romeo may not. More legal authority,  
More honorable state, more courtship lives  
In flies on dead meat than Romeo. They may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,  
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
But Romeo may not. He is banished.  
Flies may do this, when I must fly from this.  
And you still say that exile is not death!  
Have you no poison mixed, no sharp—ground knife,  
No sudden means of death, though never so low,  
Only “banished” to kill me, “banished?”  
O friar, the damned use that word in hell.  
Animals who howl consider it. How have you the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin—absolver, and my openly acknowledged friend,  
To mangle me with that word “banishment?”

Friar.  
You spoiled madman, hear me speak a little.

Romeo.  
O, you will speak again of banishment.



Friar.  
I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Romeo.  
Yet banished? Hang up philosophy!  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
It helps not, it prevails not,—talk no more.

Friar.  
O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Romeo.  
How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Friar.  
Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Romeo.  
Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:  
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me banished,  
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,  
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[Knocking within.]

Friar.  
Arise; one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

Romeo.  
Not I; unless the breath of heartsick groans,  
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

[Knocking.]

Friar.  
Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo,  
arise;  
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile;—Stand up;

[Knocking.]

Run to my study.—By—and—by!—God's will!

Friar.  
I'll give you armor to fight off that word.  
Problems' sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort you, though you are banished.

Romeo.  
Again “banished?” Stop with the philosophy!  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Uproot a town, reverse a prince's sentence,  
It doesn't help, it doesn't succeed. Talk no more.

Friar.  
O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Romeo.  
How should they, when wise men have no eyes?

Friar.  
Let me argue with you about your situation.

Romeo.  
You can't speak about something you don't feel.  
If you were as young as I, Juliet your love,  
Married only an hour, Tybalt murdered,  
Foolish like me, and, like me, banished,  
Then you might speak, then you might tear your hair,  
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Thinking about an unmade grave.

[Knocking within.]

Friar.  
Get up. Some one knocks. Good Romeo, hide yourself.

Romeo.  
Not I; unless the breath of heartsick groans,  
Like a mist wraps me up and hides me from the search  
of eyes.

[Knocking.]

Friar.  
Listen, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, get up.  
You'll be taken prisoner. Wait a while. Stand up.

[Knocking.]

Run to my study. By—and—by! God's will!  
What ignorance this is! I'm coming, I'm coming!

What simpleness is this.—I come, I come!

[Knocking.]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse.

[Within.] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.

Friar.

Welcome then.

[Enter Nurse.]

Nurse.

O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Friar.

There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse.

O, he is even in my mistress' case,—  
Just in her case!

Friar.

O woeful sympathy!  
Piteous predicament!

Nurse.

Even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—  
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Romeo.

Nurse!

Nurse.

Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end of all.

Romeo.

Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?  
Doth not she think me an old murderer,

[Knocking.]

Who knocks so hard? Where do you come from? What do you want?

Nurse.

[Within.] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.

Friar.

Welcome then.

[Enter Nurse.]

Nurse.

O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord? Where's Romeo?

Friar.

There on the ground, made drunk with his own tears.

Nurse.

O, it's the same in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case!

Friar.

O sad sympathy!  
Pitiful situation!

Nurse.

She lies the same way,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.  
Stand up, stand up; stand, if you're a man.  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, get up and stand up;  
Why should you fall into so deep an "O?"

Romeo.

Nurse!

Nurse.

Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of us all.

Romeo.

Did you speak of Juliet? How is it with her?  
Doesn't she think I'm an old murderer,  
Now I have stained the beginning of our joy  
With blood from a close relative?  
Where is she? And how is she doing? And what says  
My hidden lady to our canceled love?

Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy  
With blood remov'd but little from her own?  
Where is she? and how doth she/ and what says  
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse.

O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;  
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,  
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,  
And then down falls again.

Romeo.

As if that name,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
Murder'd her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me,  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack  
The hateful mansion.

[Drawing his sword.]

Friar.

Hold thy desperate hand:  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;  
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote  
The unreasonable fury of a beast;  
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!  
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!  
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?  
And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee,  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?  
Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet  
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.  
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;  
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,  
And usest none in that true use indeed  
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:  
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
Digressing from the valour of a man;  
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,  
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;  
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,  
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,  
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,  
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.

Nurse.

O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;  
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,  
And calls Tybalt, and then cries over Romeo,  
And then falls down again.

Romeo.

As if that name of Romeo,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Murdered her the same way as that name's cursed hand  
Murdered her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Does my name live? Tell me, that I may rip  
The hateful mansion apart.

[Drawing his sword.]

Friar.

Hold your desperate hand.  
Are you a man? your body cries out you are;  
Your tears are womanish; your wild acts resemble  
The unreasonable fury of a beast;  
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!  
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!  
You have amazed me. by my holy order,  
I thought your disposition was of a better temper.  
Have you killed Tybalt? Will you kill yourself?  
And kill your lady, too, who lives in you,  
By doing damned hate to yourself?  
Why do you complain about your birth, the heaven, and  
earth?  
Since birth is heaven and heaven is earth, all three meet  
In you at once, which you would lose at once.  
For shame, for shame! You shame your shape, your  
love, your wit,  
Which, like a loan shark, abounds in all of us,  
And you use nothing in that true use indeed  
Which should decorate your shape, your love, your wit.  
Your noble shape is only a form of wax,  
Deviating from the valor of a man;  
Your dear love sworn is empty lies,  
Killing that love which you have vowed to cherish;  
Your wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
Disfigured in the conduct of them both,  
Like powder in a recruit soldier's flask,  
Is set a-fire by your own ignorance,  
And you dismembered by your own defense.  
What, wake up, man! Your Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake you were but lately dead;  
There you are lucky. Tybalt would have killed you,

What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slewest Tybalt; there art thou happy too:  
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,  
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,  
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:—  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:  
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;  
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back  
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—  
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.  
Romeo is coming.

Nurse.

O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night  
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—  
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Romeo.

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse.

Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:  
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[Exit.]

Romeo.

How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Friar.

Go hence; good night! and here stands all your state:  
Either be gone before the watch be set,  
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.  
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,  
And he shall signify from time to time  
Every good hap to you that chances here:  
Give me thy hand; 'tis late; farewell; good night.

But you killed Tybalt. There you are lucky too.  
The law that threatened you with death becomes your  
friend

And turns it into exile. There you are lucky.

A pack of blessings settles on your back.

Happiness courts you in her best array;

But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,

You pout about your luck and your love.

Pay attention, pay attention, for such people die  
miserable.

Go, go to your love, as was decreed,

Ascend to her chamber there, and comfort her.

But, be careful that you don't stay after the guards are in  
place,

Because then, you cannot get to Mantua,

Where you shall live until we can find a time

To publicize your marriage, reconcile your friends,

Beg pardon of the prince, and call you back

With twenty hundred thousand times more joy

Than you left here in grief.

Go before, nurse. Commend me to thy lady;

And bid her to hurry the whole house to bed,

Which heavy sorrow makes them more likely to do.

Romeo is coming.

Nurse.

O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night  
To hear good counsel. O, what a great thing learning is!  
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Romeo.

Do so, and bid my sweet to prepare to scold me.

Nurse.

Here, sir, is a ring she asked me give you, sir.  
Hurry up, make haste, for it grows very late.

[Exit.]

Romeo.

How well my comfort is revived by this!

Friar.

Go there. Good night! And here is your situation.  
Either be gone before the guards are in place,  
Or, by the break of day, run away, disguised, from here.  
Travel to Mantua. I'll contact your man,  
And he shall bring, from time to time,  
News to you of every good event that happens here.  
Give me your hand. It's late. Farewell. Good night.

Romeo.  
But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
It were a grief so brief to part with thee:  
Farewell.

[Exeunt.]

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## Scene 4

A Room in Capulet's House.

[Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.]

Capulet.  
Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily  
That we have had no time to move our daughter:  
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I; well, we were born to die.  
'Tis very late; she'll not come down to-night:  
I promise you, but for your company,  
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Paris.  
These times of woe afford no tune to woo.—  
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

Lady Capulet.  
I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;  
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Capulet.  
Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd  
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.—  
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;  
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next,—  
But, soft! what day is this?

Paris.  
Monday, my lord.

Capulet.  
Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,  
Thursday let it be;—a Thursday, tell her,  
She shall be married to this noble earl.—

Romeo.  
Only that a joy beyond joy calls out to me,  
It's a grief so brief to part with you.  
Farewell.

[Exeunt.]

A Room in Capulet's House.

[Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.]

Capulet.  
Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily  
That we have had no time to talk to our daughter.  
Listen, she loved her cousin Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.  
It's very late. She won't come down tonight.  
I promise you, except for your company,  
I would have been in bed an hour ago.

Paris.  
These times of sorrow don't really give me a chance  
to pursue love.  
Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter.

Lady Capulet.  
I will, and I'll know her mind early tomorrow;  
Tonight she's shut up with her grief.

Capulet.  
Sir Paris, I will make a desperate offer  
Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled  
By me in all respects, no more, I don't doubt it.  
Wife, go you to her before you go to bed.  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;  
And bid her, listen carefully, on next Wednesday,  
But, my goodness! What day is this?

Paris.  
Monday, my lord.

Capulet.  
Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,  
Make it Thursday. On Thursday, tell her,

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?  
We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;  
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,  
It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:  
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paris.

My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Capulet.

Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it then.—  
Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed,  
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—  
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!—  
Afore me, it is so very very late  
That we may call it early by and by.—  
Good night.

[Exeunt.]

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## Scene 5

An open Gallery to Juliet's Chamber,  
overlooking the  
Garden.

[Enter Romeo and Juliet.]

Juliet.

Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree:  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo.

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale: look, love, what envious  
streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

She shall be married to this noble earl.  
Will you be ready? Do you like this speed?  
We'll make it a small wedding, a friend or two;  
Because, listen, Tybalt's being killed so recently,  
People may think we didn't care for him,  
Being our relative, if we party too much.  
So, we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
And that'll be it. But what do say you to Thursday?

Paris.

My lord, I wish that Thursday were tomorrow.

Capulet.

Well, go home. On Thursday, it'll be then.  
Go you to Juliet, before you go to bed.  
Prepare her, wife, for this wedding-day.  
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, hey!  
I swear that it is so very, very late  
That we should call it early by and by.  
Good night.

[Exeunt.]

An open Gallery to Juliet's Chamber, overlooking the  
Garden.

[Enter Romeo and Juliet.]

Juliet.

Are you going? It's not morning yet.  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That you heard;  
Nightly she sings on that pomegranate tree.  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo.

It was the lark, the messenger that says it's morning,  
No nightingale. Look, love, what jealous streaks of sunlight  
Lace the parting clouds over there in the east.  
Night's candles are burned out, and the joyful day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.  
I have to go and live, or stay and die.

Juliet.

Juliet.  
Yond light is not daylight, I know it, I:  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer  
And light thee on the way to Mantua:  
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Romeo.  
Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,  
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;  
Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat  
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:  
I have more care to stay than will to go.—  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—  
How is't, my soul? let's talk,—it is not day.

Juliet.  
It is, it is!—hie hence, be gone, away!  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.  
Some say the lark makes sweet division;  
This doth not so, for she divideth us:  
Some say the lark and loathed toad change  
eyes;  
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!  
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.  
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Romeo.  
More light and light,—more dark and dark our  
woes!

[Enter Nurse.]

Nurse.  
Madam!

Juliet.  
Nurse?

Nurse.  
Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:  
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[Exit.]

Juliet.

That light is not daylight, I just know it.  
It is some meteor that the sun spits out  
To be a torch-bearer for you tonight  
And light your way to Mantua.  
Therefore stay a bit longer, you don't need to go.

Romeo.  
Let me be taken prisoner, let me be put to death;  
I am content, so you will have it so.  
I'll say that that gray streak is not the morning sun,  
It's only the pale reflection of Cynthia's brow;  
And that's not the lark whose notes hit  
The high ceiling of heaven so high above our heads.  
I have more care to stay than will to go.  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.  
How is it, my soul? Let's talk. It is not day.

Juliet.  
It is, it is! Go quickly! Get going! Leave!  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining to sing horrible songs and unpleasing notes.  
Some say the lark makes sweet division in its songs;  
This isn't true, because she divides us.  
Some say the lark and hated toad change eyes;  
O, now I wish that they had changed voices too!  
Since that military voice frightens us,  
They'll be hunting you here with an early morning song  
today.  
O, now get going; it's getting lighter and lighter.

Romeo.  
Lighter and lighter, darker and darker our sorrows!

[Enter Nurse.]

Nurse.  
Madam!

Juliet.  
Nurse?

Nurse.  
Your lady mother is coming to your bedroom.  
It's morning. Be careful. Look around you.

[Exit.]

Juliet.  
Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Romeo.

Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[Descends.]

Juliet.

Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend!  
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,  
For in a minute there are many days:  
O, by this count I shall be much in years  
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Romeo.

Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Juliet.

O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Romeo.

I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Juliet.

O God! I have an ill-divining soul!  
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:  
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Romeo.

And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

[Exit below.]

Juliet.

O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;  
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long  
But send him back.

Lady Capulet.

[Within.] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Juliet.

Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?

Romeo.

Farewell, farewell! Just give me one more kiss, and I'll climb  
down.

[Descends.]

Juliet.

Are you going so soon? My lord, my love, my friend!  
I must hear from you every hour of the day,  
Because there are many days in just one minute.  
O, by this count I'll be very old  
Before I see my Romeo again!

Romeo.

Farewell!

I won't miss a chance  
To send you my greetings, love.

Juliet.

O, do you think we shall ever meet again?

Romeo.

I don't doubt it, and all these sorrows shall  
Become sweet memories that we can talk about in our  
future.

Juliet.

O God! I have a soul that predicts bad things!  
I think I see you, now you are below me,  
Looking like someone dead in the bottom of a tomb.  
Either my eyesight fails, or you look pale.

Romeo.

And trust me, love, in my eyes, so do you.  
Thirsty sorrow drinks our blood. Goodbye! Goodbye!

[Exit below.]

Juliet.

O Lady Luck! all men say you are changeable.  
If you are so fickle, what do you want with a guy  
Who is known for his faith? Be changeable, Luck,  
Because then, I hope, you won't keep him long,  
But send him back to me.

Lady Capulet.

[Within.] Hey, daughter! Are you up?

Juliet.

Who's calling me? Is it my lady mother?



Is she not down so late, or up so early?  
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

[Enter Lady Capulet.]

Lady Capulet.  
Why, how now, Juliet?

Juliet.  
Madam, I am not well.

Lady Capulet.  
Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?  
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with  
tears?  
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him  
live;  
Therefore have done: some grief shows much  
of love;  
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Juliet.  
Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

Lady Capulet.  
So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend  
Which you weep for.

Juliet.  
Feeling so the loss,  
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

Lady Capulet.  
Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his  
death  
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Juliet.  
What villain, madam?

Lady Capulet.  
That same villain Romeo.

Juliet.  
Villain and he be many miles asunder.—  
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;  
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

Lady Capulet.  
That is because the traitor murderer lives.

Isn't she down so late, or up so early?  
What unusual reason brings her here?

[Enter Lady Capulet.]

Lady Capulet.  
Why, how are you, Juliet?

Juliet.  
Madam, I am not well.

Lady Capulet.  
Endless weeping for your cousin's death?  
What, will you wash him from his grave with tears?  
And if you could, you couldn't bring him back to life.  
Therefore, stop grieving. A little grief shows much love;  
But too much of grief shows a little craziness.

Juliet.  
Let me weep for feeling such a loss.

Lady Capulet.  
You'll feel the loss, but not the loss of the friend  
You weep for.

Juliet.  
Feeling the loss so much,  
I can't help but weep for the friend forever.

Lady Capulet.  
Well, girl, you are weeping not so much for his death  
As for the villain who lives who slaughtered him.

Juliet.  
What villain, madam?

Lady Capulet.  
That same villain Romeo.

Juliet.  
The words "Villain" and his name are many miles apart.  
God pardon him! I pardon him, with all my heart;  
And yet no man like him makes my heart so sad.

Lady Capulet.  
That is because the traitor murderer lives.

Juliet.  
Yes, madam, from the reach of my hands.  
I wish that no one but me might avenge my cousin's death!

Juliet.

Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.  
Would none but I might venge my cousin's  
death!

Lady Capulet.

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:  
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in  
Mantua,—

Where that same banish'd runaway doth live,—  
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram  
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:  
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Juliet.

Indeed I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo till I behold him—dead—  
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:  
Madam, if you could find out but a man  
To bear a poison, I would temper it,  
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors  
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to  
him,—

To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt  
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

Lady Capulet.

Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.  
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Juliet.

And joy comes well in such a needy time:  
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

Lady Capulet.

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;  
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy  
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Juliet.

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

Lady Capulet.

Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn  
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,  
The County Paris, at St. Peter's Church,  
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Lady Capulet.

We will have vengeance for it, don't worry about that.  
So stop crying. I'll send a messenger to someone in Mantua,  
Where that same banished runaway lives,  
And he shall give him such an unusual vial of medicine  
That he will soon keep Tybalt company,  
And then I hope you'll be satisfied.

Juliet.

Indeed I'll never be satisfied  
With Romeo till I see him dead.  
My poor heart is so aggravated for a kinsman,  
Madam, that if you could only find a man  
To bear a poison, I would help to mix it,  
So that Romeo should, when he gets it,  
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart hates  
To hear his name, and I can't present myself to him,  
To vent the love I had for my cousin Tybalt  
Upon the body of the man that has slaughtered him!

Lady Capulet.

You find the means, and I'll find such a man.  
But now I have joyful news for you, girl.

Juliet.

And joy is welcomed in such a needy time.  
What is it, I beg your ladyship?

Lady Capulet.

Well, well, you have a careful father, child;  
One who, to put you past all this grief,  
Has sorted out a surprise happy day  
That you hadn't expected, and I hadn't looked for.

Juliet.

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

Lady Capulet.

By Mary, my child, early next Thursday morning,  
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,  
The Count Paris, at St. Peter's Church,  
Shall happily make you there a joyful bride.

Juliet.

Now by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,  
He shall not "make me there a joyful bride!"  
What's the rush that I must wed  
Before a husband-to-be comes to court me?  
Please tell my lord and father, madam,  
I will not marry yet. And when I do, I swear

Juliet.  
Now by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,  
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.  
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed  
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.  
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,  
I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear  
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
Rather than Paris:—these are news indeed!

Lady Capulet.  
Here comes your father: tell him so yourself,  
And see how he will take it at your hands.

[Enter Capulet and Nurse.]

Capulet.  
When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;  
But for the sunset of my brother's son  
It rains downright.—  
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?  
Evermore showering? In one little body  
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body  
is,  
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;  
Who,—raging with thy tears and they with  
them,—  
Without a sudden calm, will overset  
Thy tempest—tossed body.—How now, wife!  
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

Lady Capulet.  
Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.  
I would the fool were married to her grave!

Capulet.  
Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.  
How! will she none? doth she not give us  
thanks?  
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bles'd,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Juliet.  
Not proud you have; but thankful that you  
have:  
Proud can I never be of what I hate;  
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
Rather than Paris. This is news indeed!

Lady Capulet.  
Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,  
And see how he will take it from you.

[Enter Capulet and Nurse.]

Capulet.  
When the sun sets, the air drizzles dew,  
But for the funeral of my brother's son  
It pours rain.  
What's going on? Still a fountain, girl? What, still in tears?  
Forever showering? In one little body,  
You look like a ship, a sea, a wind, all in one,  
Because your eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Ebb and flow with a tide of tears. Your body is the ship,  
Sailing in this salt flood, the winds, your sighs.  
You, raging with your tears and they with the ship, sea, and  
wind,  
Without a sudden calm, will overturn  
Your tempest—tossed body. What's going on, wife!  
Have you told her what we have decided for her?

Lady Capulet.  
Yes, sir; but she won't have it. She gives you thanks.  
I wish the foolish girl were married to her grave!

Capulet.  
What! Catch me, catch me, wife.  
What do you mean "she won't have it?" Doesn't she give us  
thanks?  
Isn't she proud? Doesn't she count her blessings that  
Unworthy as she is, we have secured  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Juliet.  
I'm not proud that you have, but I'm thankful that you have.  
I can never be proud of what I hate,  
But I can be thankful even for hate that is meant to be love.

Capulet.  
So that's how it is now, arguing with choppy reasoning?  
What is this?  
"Proud," and, "I thank you," and "I thank you not,"  
And yet "not proud?" Mistress Darling, you —  
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,  
But get your fine joints ready for next Thursday  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,

Capulet.  
How now, how now, chop–logic! What is this?  
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and I thank you  
not;—  
And yet not proud:—mistress minion, you,  
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no  
prouds,  
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.  
Out, you green–sickness carrion! out, you  
baggage!  
You tallow–face!

Lady Capulet.  
Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Juliet.  
Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Capulet.  
Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!  
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o'  
Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face:  
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;  
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us  
bles'd  
That God had lent us but this only child;  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her:  
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse.  
God in heaven bless her!—  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Capulet.  
And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,  
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse.  
I speak no treason.

Capulet.  
O, God ye good–en!

Nurse.  
May not one speak?

Or I will drag you there on a cart made for traitors going to  
execution.

Get out, you green, diseased dead meat! Out, you bag of  
garbage!

You pale, ugly face!

Lady Capulet.  
For shame, for shame! What, are you crazy?

Juliet.  
Good father, I beg you on my knees,  
To listen to me with patience. I only want to speak a word.

Capulet.  
I'll see you hang first, young filth! Disobedient wretch!  
I'll tell you what. Get yourself to church on Thursday,  
Or never, after that, look me in the face.  
Don't speak, don't reply, don't answer me.  
My fingers itch. Wife, we were just thinking ourselves  
blessed  
That God had given us this only child,  
But now I see that this one is one too many,  
And that we are cursed in having her.  
Throw her out, the good for nothing!

Nurse.  
God in heaven bless her!  
You are to blame, my lord, to berate her like this.

Capulet.  
And why are you butting in, my lady wisdom? Hold your  
tongue,  
Good prudence; go chat with your gossips!

Nurse.  
I'm not telling a lie.

Capulet.  
O, God! You! Good night!

Nurse.  
Can't someone speak?

Capulet.  
Peace, you mumbling fool!  
Talk about your serious speech over a gossip's bowl,  
Because we don't need it here!

Lady Capulet.  
You are too hot under the collar.

Capulet.  
Peace, you mumbling fool!  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,  
For here we need it not.

Lady Capulet.  
You are too hot.

Capulet.  
God's bread! it makes me mad:  
Day, night, hour, time, tide, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd, and having now provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's heart would wish a  
man,—  
And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer, 'I'll not wed,—I cannot love,  
I am too young,—I pray you pardon me:—  
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with  
me:  
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:  
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the  
streets,  
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:  
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit.]

Juliet.  
Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;  
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

Lady Capulet.  
Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;  
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[Exit.]

Capulet.  
God's bread! It makes me angry.  
Day, night, hour, time, tide, work, play,  
Alone, or in company, still my main concern has been  
To have her matched to a good man, and now having  
provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of beautiful lands and estates, youthful, and with noble  
manners,  
Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,  
Proportioned as woman's heart would wish a man to be built,  
And then to have a wretched fool, crying like a baby,  
A whining child, in her luck's best offer,  
To answer, "I'll not wed, I cannot love,  
I am too young, I pray you pardon me."  
But, if you will not wed, I'll pardon you.  
Eat where you can, you won't live with me.  
Look to it. Think on it, I'm not joking.  
Thursday is near; swear to me, tell me.  
If you are mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
If you aren't, go hang yourself, beg, starve, die in the streets,  
Because, by my soul, I'll never acknowledge you exist,  
And you will cut off from your inheritance.  
Trust to it. Think about it. You won't make a liar out of me.

[Exit.]

Juliet.  
Is there no pity sitting in the clouds  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
O, sweet my mother, don't push me away!  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;  
Or, if you don't, make my bridal bed  
In that dim tomb where Tybalt lies.

Lady Capulet.  
Don't talk to me, because I won't answer you.  
Do what you want to do, because I'm finished with you.

[Exit.]

Juliet.  
O God! O nurse! How can this wedding be prevented?  
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven.  
How can I avoid committing a sin,  
Unless the husband that heaven sent me  
Dies? Comfort me. Advise me.  
What a pity, what a pity that heaven should practice its  
strategies  
On a weak subject such as I am!

Juliet. What do you say? Don't you have any word of joy?  
O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented? Give me some comfort, nurse.  
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;  
How shall that faith return again to earth, Nurse.  
Unless that husband send it me from heaven Well then, here it is. Romeo  
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.— Is banished, and all the world is nothing  
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise If he ever dares to come back to fight for you.  
stratagems Or if he does, he has to fight for you in secret.  
Upon so soft a subject as myself!— Then, since that's the story as it stands now,  
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy? I think it best for you to marry the count.  
Some comfort, nurse. O, he's a lovely gentleman!  
Romeo's a dish cloth compared to him. An eagle, madam,  
Is not as green, as quick, and hasn't so beautiful an eye  
As Paris has. Curse my very heart,  
I think you will be happy in this second marriage,  
For it surpasses your first. Or if it doesn't,  
Your first marriage is dead; or it's just as good that he was,  
Not living here, and you can't be a proper wife.

Nurse.  
Faith, here 'tis; Romeo  
Is banished; and all the world to nothing  
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;  
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I think it best you married with the county.  
O, he's a lovely gentleman!  
Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,  
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
I think you are happy in this second match,  
For it excels your first: or if it did not,  
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,  
As living here, and you no use of him.

Juliet.  
Speakest thou this from thy heart?

Nurse.  
And from my soul too;  
Or else beshrew them both.

Juliet.  
Amen!

Nurse.  
What?

Juliet.  
Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous  
much.  
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence' cell,  
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

Nurse.  
Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

Juliet.  
Do you say this from heart?

Nurse.  
And from my soul too  
Or else curse them both.

Juliet.  
Amen!

Nurse.  
What?

Juliet.  
Well, you have really comforted me a lot.  
Go inside, and tell my mother that I'm going  
to Lawrence' cell to make confession and be forgiven  
Because I've made my father so angry.

Nurse.  
By Mary, I will. And you're doing the right thing.

[Exit.]

Juliet.  
Damn, damn! O most wicked, evil woman!  
Is it more sin to wish me to be a liar,  
Or to curse my husband with the same tongue  
That she has praised him with, above compare  
So many thousand times? Go, advisor;  
Our relationship has been cut in two. It's over.

[Exit.]

I'll go to the friar to know his solution.  
If there isn't a solution, I have the power to kill myself.

Juliet.

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!  
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare  
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be  
twain.—  
I'll to the friar to know his remedy;  
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

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## Act IV

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### Scene 1

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

[Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris.]

[Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris.]

Friar.

On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Friar.

On Thursday, sir? That's very soon.

Paris.

My father Capulet will have it so;  
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Paris.

My father Capulet wants it that way;  
And I won't do anything to stop him from being so hasty.

Friar.

You say you do not know the lady's mind:  
Uneven is the course; I like it not.

Friar.

You say you don't know what the lady thinks about this.  
That's not good; I don't like it.

Paris.

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;  
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous

Paris.

She weeps excessively about Tybalt's death,  
And because of that, I haven't talked a lot about love,  
Because the goddess of love doesn't smile in a house of  
tears.

That she do give her sorrow so much sway;  
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,  
To stop the inundation of her tears;  
Which, too much minded by herself alone,  
May be put from her by society:  
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Friar.

[Aside.] I would I knew not why it should be  
slow'd.—  
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

[Enter Juliet.]

Paris.  
Happily met, my lady and my wife!

Juliet.  
That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Paris.  
That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

Juliet.  
What must be shall be.

Friar.  
That's a certain text.

Paris.  
Come you to make confession to this father?

Juliet.  
To answer that, I should confess to you.

Paris.  
Do not deny to him that you love me.

Juliet.  
I will confess to you that I love him.

Paris.  
So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Juliet.  
If I do so, it will be of more price,  
Being spoke behind your back than to your face.

Paris.  
Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Now, sir, her father thinks it's dangerous  
That she gives in so much to her grief;  
And, in his wisdom, hurries our marriage  
To stop the flood of her tears,  
Which, if she does too much crying by herself,  
May make her too depressed to function in society.  
Now you know why we're in a hurry.

Friar.

[Aside.] I wish I knew a reason this wedding should be  
slowed down.  
Look, sir, here the lady is coming toward my cell.

[Enter Juliet.]

Paris.  
I'm happy to see you, my lady and my wife!

Juliet.  
You may call me that, sir, when I may be a wife.

Paris.  
That "may be" must be, love, on next Thursday.

Juliet.  
What must be shall be

Friar.  
That's for sure!

Paris.  
Have you come to make confession to this father?

Juliet.  
To answer that question, I should confess to you.

Paris.  
Don't deny to him that you love me.

Juliet.  
I will confess to you that I love him.

Paris.  
So will you confess, I am sure, that you love me.

Juliet.  
If I do so, it will be more valuable,  
Being spoken behind your back than to your face.

Paris.



Juliet.  
The tears have got small victory by that;  
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Paris.  
Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

Juliet.  
That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;  
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Paris.  
Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Juliet.  
It may be so, for it is not mine own.—  
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;  
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Friar.  
My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—  
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Paris.  
God shield I should disturb devotion!—  
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:  
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit.]

Juliet.  
O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,  
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past  
help!

Friar.  
Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits:  
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Juliet.  
Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:  
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our  
hands;  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd,

Poor soul, your face is very wet with tears.

Juliet.  
The tears have gotten a small victory by that,  
My face was bad enough before my tears took their  
revenge.

Paris.  
You insult your face more than the tears did with that  
comment.

Juliet.  
It's not a lie, sir. It's true.  
And what I spoke, I spoke to my face.

Paris.  
Your face is mine, and you've lied about it.

Juliet.  
What you say may be true, because my face is not mine.  
Are you busy now, holy father,  
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Friar.  
I'm not busy now, nervous daughter.  
My lord, we must be alone now.

Paris.  
God forbid that I should interrupt religion!  
Juliet, I'll wake you up early on Thursday early.  
Until then, goodbye, and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit.]

Juliet.  
O, shut the door! And when you have closed it,  
Come weep with me. I am past hope, past cure, past help!

Friar.  
Ah, Juliet, I already know why you are upset.  
It pushes me beyond my ability to think.  
I hear that you must, and nothing can prevent it,  
Be married to this count on next Thursday.

Juliet.  
Don't tell me, friar, that you heard about this,  
Unless you can tell me how I can prevent it.  
If, in your wisdom, you can't help me,  
Only say that my solution is a wise one,  
And right now, with this knife, I'll help solve it.

Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:  
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,  
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,  
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
Shall play the empire; arbitrating that  
Which the commission of thy years and art  
Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Friar.  
Hold, daughter. I do spy a kind of hope,  
Which craves as desperate an execution  
As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
If, rather than to marry County Paris  
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;  
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Juliet.  
O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;  
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling  
bones,  
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;  
Things that, to hear them told, have made me  
tremble;  
And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Friar.  
Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,  
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:  
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:  
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;

God joined my heart and Romeo's. You joined our hands;  
And before this hand, sealed by you to Romeo's,  
Shall commit another sin,  
Before my true heart turns to another man in an evil revolt  
This hand shall kill them both.  
Therefore, from your many years of experience in these  
matters,  
Give me some advice now, or, look,  
Between my will to go the limit and me, this bloody knife  
Shall play the umpire, deciding the problem  
That your many years' experience  
Could bring to an honorable resolution.  
Don't take long to speak. I want to die,  
If what you're going to say is not a solution to this problem.

Friar.  
Stop, daughter. I do see a kind of hope,  
Which requires a plan as desperate  
As that event we want to prevent.  
If, rather than to marry Count Paris  
You have the strength of will to kill yourself,  
Then is it likely you will try  
Something like death to chase this shame away,  
Something that will cover you with death himself, to escape  
from it?  
And, if you will take the dare, I'll give you the solution.

Juliet.  
O, tell me to jump from off the battlements of  
That tower over there, rather than marry Paris.  
Or tell me to be a sneaky, dishonest thief, or tell me to hide  
out  
Where serpents are. Chain me in a cage with roaring bears.  
Or lock me up every night in a house where dead bodies are  
kept,  
Cover me completely with dead men's rattling bones,  
With smoky-smelling legs and yellow skulls without a  
body,  
Or tell me to get into a new-made grave,  
And hide myself with a dead man in his shroud,  
Things that, when I heard about them, made me tremble,  
And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an pure wife to my sweet love.

Friar.  
Stay, then. Go home, be merry, and agree  
To marry Paris. Tomorrow is Wednesday.  
Tomorrow night make sure you sleep alone.  
Don't let your nurse sleep with you in your bedroom.  
You take this vial, then get in bed,

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,  
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;  
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:  
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning  
comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:  
Then,—as the manner of our country is,—  
In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier,  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;  
And hither shall he come: and he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame,  
If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear  
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Juliet.

Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Friar.

Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous  
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Juliet.

Love give me strength! and strength shall help  
afford.  
Farewell, dear father.

[Exeunt.]

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## Scene 2

Hall in Capulet's House.

Scene 2

And drink all of this distilled liquor.  
Then, quickly, a cold feeling that will make you drowsy  
Will run through all your veins, because your pulse  
Will not be the way it always is, but stops.  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify you are alive,  
The roses in your lips and cheeks will fade  
To pale ashes. Your eyelids will close,  
Like death, when he closes the last day of life;  
Each part of your body, deprived of blood,  
Shall look like death, stiff and stark and cold.  
And, in this borrowed likeness of death that is reduced,  
You will remain for forty-two hours,  
And then awake as if you just had a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom comes in the morning  
To wake up from your bed, there you are, dead.  
Then, as it is the custom of our country,  
You will be carried to that same ancient tomb  
Where all the relatives of the Capulets lie,  
In your best robes, seen by all, on the funeral bier,  
In the meantime, before you wake up,  
I will write to Romeo to let him know our plan,  
And he'll come here. And he and I  
Will watch you wake up, and that very night  
Romeo take you there, to Mantua.  
And this plan will prevent your committing the sin of  
bigamy,  
Unless a trivial reason or womanish fear  
Gives you second thoughts in carrying out the plan..

Juliet.

Give it to me! Give it to me! O, don't tell me about fear!

Friar.

Stop it. Get going. Stay strong and fortunate  
In your determination. I'll send a friar to Mantua  
Quickly, with my letters to Romeo.

Juliet.

Love give me strength! And strength shall gives us help.  
Farewell, dear father.

[Exeunt.]

Hall in Capulet's House.

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[Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and Servants.]

Capulet.

So many guests invite as here are writ.--

[Exit first Servant.]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 Servant.

You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Capulet.

How canst thou try them so?

2 Servant.

Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Capulet.

Go, begone.--

[Exit second Servant.]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.--

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

Nurse.

Ay, forsooth.

Capulet.

Well, be may chance to do some good on her: A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse.

See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

[Enter Juliet.]

Capulet.

How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Juliet.

Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition  
To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd  
By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here,  
To beg your pardon:--pardon, I beseech you!  
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

[Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and Servants.]

Capulet.

Invite the many guests on this list.

[Exit first Servant.]

Servant, go hire me twenty great cooks.

2 Servant.

No one will get food poisoning, sir; I'll watch to see if they lick their fingers.

Capulet.

How can watch them?

2 Servant.

By Mary, sir, it's a sick cook that cannot lick his own fingers.

Therefore, he that cannot lick his fingers won't come back with me.

Capulet.

Go, get going.

[Exit second Servant.]

We will not have enough food and drink for this feast.

What, did my daughter go to Friar Lawrence?

Nurse.

Yes, she really did.

Capulet.

Well, maybe he'll do her some good.

A spiteful, self-willed, badly behaved child, she is.

Nurse.

See how she comes from confession with a happy face.

[Enter Juliet.]

Capulet.

Hello, my headstrong daughter! Where have you been wandering?

Capulet.  
Send for the county; go tell him of this:  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Juliet.  
I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell;  
And gave him what becomed love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Capulet.  
Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up,—  
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;  
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—  
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,  
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Juliet.  
Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,  
To help me sort such needful ornaments  
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

Lady Capulet.  
No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Capulet.  
Go, nurse, go with her.—We'll to church to-morrow.

[Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.]

Lady Capulet.  
We shall be short in our provision:  
'Tis now near night.

Capulet.  
Tush, I will stir about,  
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:  
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;  
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;  
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—  
They are all forth: well, I will walk myself  
To County Paris, to prepare him up  
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light  
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Exeunt.]

Juliet.  
Where I have learned how to repent the sin  
Of my stubbornness and disobedience  
To you and your requests; and I am commanded  
By holy Lawrence to fall flat on the floor here,  
To beg your forgiveness. Forgive me, I beg you!  
From this point forward, I will always obey you.

Capulet.  
Send for the Count. Go tell him about this.  
I'll have this marriage done tomorrow morning.

Juliet.  
I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell;  
And gave him what proper love I might,  
Not overstepping the bounds of modesty.

Capulet.  
Why, I am glad! This is great. Stand up.  
This is as it should be. Let me see the Count.  
Yes, by Mary, go, I tell you, and have him come  
here.  
Now, before God, everyone in our whole city is  
much bound to  
This reverend holy friar.

Juliet.  
Nurse, will you go with me to my closet,  
And help me pick out the things  
You think I will need for tomorrow?

Lady Capulet.  
No, not until Thursday. There's plenty of time.

Capulet.  
Go, nurse, go with her. We're going to church  
tomorrow.

[Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.]

Lady Capulet.  
We are not going to have enough food.  
It's almost night now.

Capulet.  
Don't worry about it. I will work it out,  
And everything will be fine, I guarantee you, wife.  
You go to Juliet, help her ready.  
I won't sleep tonight; leave me alone;  
I'll play the housewife for once. What, hey!

The servants are all working. Well, I will walk myself over  
To Count Paris' house, to prepare him  
For tomorrow. My heart is wonderfully light  
Since this same wayward girl is so reformed.

[Exeunt.]

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### Scene 3

Juliet's Chamber.

[Enter Juliet and Nurse.]

Juliet.

Ay, those attires are best:—but, gentle nurse,  
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;  
For I have need of many orisons  
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

[Enter Lady Capulet.]

Lady Capulet.

What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Juliet.

No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries  
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;  
For I am sure you have your hands full all  
In this so sudden business.

Lady Capulet.

Good night:

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Juliet.

Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.  
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins  
That almost freezes up the heat of life:

Juliet's Chamber.

[Enter Juliet and Nurse.]

Juliet.

Yes, those clothes are best. but, gentle nurse,  
I beg you, leave me to myself tonight;  
For I need to say many prayers  
To move the heavens to smile upon my situation,  
Which, you know well, is evil and full of sin.

[Enter Lady Capulet.]

Lady Capulet.

What, are you busy, hello? Do you need my help?

Juliet.

No, madam; we have selected the necessary things that  
Are useful for our event tomorrow.  
So please, leave me alone now,  
And let the nurse sit up with you this night;  
For I am sure you have your hands full  
In this so sudden business.

Lady Capulet.

Good night.

Go to bed and rest, because you need to rest.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Juliet.

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.  
I have a faint, cold fear that scares my veins  
And it almost freezes up the heat of life.  
I'll call them back again to comfort me;  
Nurse! What is she going to do here?

I'll call them back again to comfort me;—  
Nurse!—What should she do here?  
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—  
Come, vial.—  
What if this mixture do not work at all?  
Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning?—  
No, No!—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[Laying down her dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar  
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,  
Because he married me before to Romeo?  
I fear it is: and yet methinks it should not,  
For he hath still been tried a holy man:—  
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—  
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo  
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!  
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes  
in,  
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?  
Or, if I live, is it not very like  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place,—  
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
Where, for this many hundred years, the bones  
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,  
At some hours in the night spirits resort:—  
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,  
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,  
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,  
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:—  
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environed with all these hideous fears?  
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's  
bone,  
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?—  
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's point:—stay, Tybalt, stay!—  
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[Throws herself on the bed.]

I must act my dreadful scene alone.  
Come, vial.  
What if this mixture doesn't work at all?  
Shall I be married, then, tomorrow morning?  
No, No! This dagger shall forbid it. You lie there.  
[Laying down her dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar  
Has secretly given me to have me dead,  
so that he shouldn't be dishonored  
Because he married me to Romeo before Paris?  
I'm afraid it is. And yet, I think it shouldn't be poison,  
For he has always been a holy man.  
I won't entertain such a bad thought.  
What if, when I am laid in the tomb,  
I wake up before the time that Romeo  
Is supposed to come and get me? That's a scary thought!  
The, shouldn't I smother in the vault,  
Where there is no fresh air,  
And I will die there, strangled, before my Romeo comes?  
Or, if I live, isn't it very likely that  
The horrible notion of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place,  
In a vault, an ancient room for the dead,  
Where, for almost a hundred years, the bones  
Of all my buried ancestors are packed,  
Where bloody Tybalt, just murdered and new to death,  
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,  
Spirits play at some time in the night?  
For shame, for shame, isn't it likely that I,  
Waking up so early, what with rotten smells  
And screams like those of poisonous plants being torn out  
of the  
Earth, have made living mortals go crazy when they hear  
them—  
O, if I wake up early, won't I be distraught,  
Shut up and living with all these hideous fears?  
And play with my forefathers' joints like a crazy person?  
And take the mangled Tybalt out of his shroud?  
And, in this rage, with some great relative's bone,  
Using it as a club, beat my desperate brains out?  
O, look! I think I see my cousin's ghost  
Looking for Romeo who pierced his body  
With a sword's point. Wait, Tybalt, wait!  
Romeo, I'm coming! I drink this vial to you.

[Throws herself on the bed.]

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## Scene 4

Hall in Capulet's House.

[Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Lady Capulet.  
Hold, take these keys and fetch more spices,  
nurse.

Nurse.  
They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

[Enter Capulet.]

Capulet.  
Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath  
crow'd,  
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:--  
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica;  
Spare not for cost.

Nurse.  
Go, you cot-quean, go,  
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow  
For this night's watching.

Capulet.  
No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now  
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

Lady Capulet.  
Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;  
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Capulet.  
A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!--Now, fellow,

[Enter Servants, with spits, logs and baskets.]

What's there?

1 Servant.

Hall in Capulet's House.

[Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Lady Capulet.  
Hold on, take these keys and go get more spices, nurse.

Nurse.  
They're asking for dates and quinces in the pastry.

[Enter Capulet.]

Capulet.  
Come on, let's get going! The second rooster has crowed,  
The curfew bell has rung, It's three o'clock.  
Take care of the baked meats, good Angelica.  
Don't worry about the cost.

Nurse.  
Go, you husband acting like a housewife, go!  
Go to bed. In faith, you'll be sick tomorrow  
Because you stayed up all night, supervising.

Capulet.  
No, not a whit. what! I have supervised before now,  
All night for lesser cause, and I've never been sick.

Lady Capulet.  
Yeah, you have been a real weasel in your time,  
But I will watch you to keep you from staying up all night  
now.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Capulet.  
A jealous spy, a jealous spy! Now, fellow,  
[Enter Servants, with spits, logs and baskets.]

What's there?

1 Servant.  
Things for the cook, sir; but I don't know what.



Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Capulet.

Make haste, make haste. [Exit 1 Servant.]

—Sirrah, fetch drier logs:

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Servant.

I have a head, sir, that will find out logs

And never trouble Peter for the matter.

[Exit.]

Capulet.

Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!  
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis  
day.

The county will be here with music straight,  
For so he said he would:—I hear him near.

[Music within.]

Nurse!—wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

[Re-enter Nurse.]

Go, waken Juliet; go and trim her up;  
I'll go and chat with Paris:—hie, make haste,  
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:  
Make haste, I say.

[Exeunt.]

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## Scene 5

Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the bed.

[Enter Nurse.]

Nurse.

Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I  
warrant her, she:—

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-abed!—

Why, love, I say!—madam! sweetheart!—why,  
bride!—

What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths  
now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

Capulet.

Hurry up, hurry up!. [Exit 1 Servant.]

Servant, go get drier logs.

Call Peter, he'll show you where they are.

2 Servant.

I have a head, sir, that will find out where the logs are,  
I don't have to bother Peter.

[Exit.]

Capulet.

By the Mass, well said; a merry bastard, ha!

You shall be a "logger-head." Good faith, it's morning.

The Count will be here soon with music,

Because he said he would. I hear him nearby.

[Music within.]

Nurse! Wife! What, hello! What, nurse, I say!

[Re-enter Nurse.]

Go, wake up Juliet. Go and get her dressed.

I'll go and chat with Paris. Quickly, hurry,

Hurry. The bridegroom's already here.

Hurry, I say.

[Exeunt.]

The County Paris hath set up his rest  
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me!  
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!  
I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam,  
madam!—  
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;  
He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?  
What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!  
I must needs wake you.—lady! lady! lady!—  
Alas, alas!—Help, help! My lady's dead!—  
O, well—a—day that ever I was born!—  
Some aqua—vitae, ho!—my lord! my lady!

[Enter Lady Capulet.]

Lady Capulet  
What noise is here?

Nurse.  
O lamentable day!

Lady Capulet.  
What is the matter?

Nurse.  
Look, look! O heavy day!

Lady Capulet.  
O me, O me!—my child, my only life!  
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—  
Help, help!—call help.

[Enter Capulet.]

Capulet.  
For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse.  
She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!

Lady Capulet  
Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

Capulet.  
Ha! let me see her:—out alas! she's cold;  
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;  
Life and these lips have long been separated:  
Death lies on her like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.  
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

That you shall rest but little. God forgive me!  
By Mary, and amen, how sound asleep she is!  
I must wake her up. Madam, madam, madam!  
Yes, let the count get you out of your bed.  
He'll scare you awake, in faith. Won't you get up?  
What, you're dressed! And in your clothes! And down  
again!  
I must wake you up. Lady! Lady! Lady!  
For pity's sake, for pity's sake! Help, help! My lady's  
dead!  
O, pitiful day that I was ever born!  
Some whiskey, hello! My lord! My lady!

[Enter Lady Capulet.]

Lady Capulet  
What noise is here?

Nurse.  
O lamentable day!

Lady Capulet.  
What's the matter?

Nurse.  
Look, look! O heavy day!

Lady Capulet.  
O me, O me! My child, my only life!  
Wake up, look up, or I will die with you!  
Help, help! Call help.

[Enter Capulet.]

Capulet.  
For shame, bring Juliet out; her lord is here.

Nurse.  
She's dead, deceased! She's dead, pitiful day!

Lady Capulet  
Pitiful day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

Capulet.  
Ha! Let me see her. For mercy's sake! She's cold;  
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff.  
Life and these lips have long been separated.  
Death lies on her like an untimely frost  
On the sweetest flower in all the fields.  
Cursed time! Unlucky old man!

Nurse.  
O lamentable day!

Lady Capulet.  
O woful time!

Capulet.  
Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,  
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

[Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris, with Musicians.]

Friar.  
Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Capulet.  
Ready to go, but never to return:—  
O son, the night before thy wedding day  
Hath death lain with thy bride:—there she lies,  
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.  
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;  
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die.  
And leave him all; life, living, all is death's.

Paris.  
Have I thought long to see this morning's face,  
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

Lady Capulet.  
Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!  
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw  
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!  
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse.  
O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!  
Most lamentable day, most woeful day  
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!  
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!  
Never was seen so black a day as this:  
O woeful day! O woeful day!

Paris.  
Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!  
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,  
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—  
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Nurse.  
O lamentable day!

Lady Capulet.  
O sorrowful time!

Capulet.  
Death, that has taken her away to make me wail,  
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

[Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris, with Musicians.]

Friar.  
Let's go. Is the bride ready to go to church?

Capulet.  
Ready to go, but never to return.  
O son, the night before your wedding day  
Death has slept with your bride. She lies there,  
Like the flower that she was, her virginity taken by him.  
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir.  
He has married my daughter. I will die  
And leave him my entire estate. Life, living — Death  
has it all.

Paris.  
I have long thought I would see this morning's face,  
And does it give me such a sight as this?

Lady Capulet.  
Cursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!  
Most miserable hour that time ever saw  
In lasting work of his travels!  
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and take comfort in,  
And cruel death has taken it from my sight!

Nurse.  
O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!  
Most lamentable day, most woeful day  
That ever, ever, I have seen!  
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!  
A day as black as this has never been seen!  
O woeful day! O woeful day!

Paris.  
Deceived, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!  
Most detestable death, deceived by you.  
I am quite overthrown by cruel, cruel you!  
O love! O life! Not life, but love in death!

Capulet.  
Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!--  
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now  
To murder, murder our solemnity?--  
O child! O child!--my soul, and not my child!--  
Dead art thou, dead!--alack, my child is dead;  
And with my child my joys are buried!

Friar.  
Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not  
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,  
And all the better is it for the maid:  
Your part in her you could not keep from death;  
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
The most you sought was her promotion;  
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd:  
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd  
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?  
O, in this love, you love your child so ill  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:  
She's not well married that lives married long;  
But she's best married that dies married young.  
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,  
In all her best array bear her to church;  
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;--  
And go, Sir Paris;--every one prepare  
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:  
The heavens do lower upon you for some ill;  
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.]

1 Musician.  
Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Capulet.  
Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed!  
Uncomfortable time, why do you come now  
To murder, murder our solemnity?  
O child! O child! My soul, and not my child!  
Dead you are, dead! For pity, my child is dead;  
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Friar.  
Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure doesn't live  
In these confusions. Heaven and you yourself  
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven has everything,  
And all the better it is for the maid.  
Your part in her you could not keep from death,  
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
The most you sought was her promotion to marriage,  
For it was your "heaven" That she should be advanced.  
And you cry now, seeing she is advanced  
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?  
O, in this kind of love, you love your child so badly  
That you are going crazy, seeing that she is well.  
A woman is not well married if she lives married long.  
But a woman best married is she dies married young.  
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
On this fair corpse; and, as the custom is,  
In all her best array, carry her to church,  
Because, although foolish nature bids us all to grieve,  
Still nature's tears are sanity's happiness.

Capulet.  
All things that we put aside for the feast has  
Changed from white wedding to black funeral.  
Our instruments are changed from music to melancholy  
bells;  
Our wedding cheer is changed to a sad burial feast;  
Our solemn hymns are changed to sullen funeral  
hymns;  
Our bridal flowers will be used to honor a buried  
corpse,  
And all things are changed to their opposites.

Friar.  
Sir, you go inside, and, madam, go with him;  
And go, Sir Paris. Every one should prepare  
To follow this beautiful corpse to her grave.  
The heavens do put some sorrow on you.  
Don't make them angry by contradicting their high will.

[Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.]

Nurse.  
Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;  
For well you know this is a pitiful case.

[Exit.]

1 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.'

1 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.

1 Musician.  
Not a dump we: 'tis no time to play now.

Peter.  
You will not then?

1 Musician.  
No.

Peter.  
I will then give it you soundly.

1 Musician.  
What will you give us?

Peter.  
No money, on my faith; but the gleek,—I will give  
you the  
minstrel.

1 Musician.  
Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Peter.  
Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on

1 Musician.  
In faith, we may put up our pipes and go home.

Nurse.  
Honest good fellows, ah, put them up, put them up;  
Because you know well that this is a pitiful case.

[Exit.]

1 Musician.  
Yeah, by my truth, the case may be amended.

[Enter Peter.]

Peter.  
Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease," "Heart's ease."  
O, if you want me to live, play "Heart's ease."

1 Musician.  
Why "Heart's ease?"

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

1 Musician.  
We're not playing a merry tune. This is no time to play.

Peter.  
You won't play then?

1 Musician.  
No.

Peter.  
Then, I'll give it to you as payment.

1 Musician.  
What will you give us?

Peter.  
No money, on my faith, but the joke is, I will give you  
the  
musician.

1 Musician.  
Then will I give you the serving-creature.

your pate.  
I will carry no crotchets: I'll re you, I'll fa you: do  
you note  
me?

1 Musician.  
An you re us and fa us, you note us.

2 Musician.  
Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Peter.  
Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you  
with an  
iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.—Answer me  
like men:

'When griping grief the heart doth wound,  
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
Then music with her silver sound'—

why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver  
sound'?—  
What say you, Simon Catling?

1 Musician.  
Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Peter.  
Pretty!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 Musician.  
I say 'silver sound' because musicians sound for  
silver.

Peter.  
Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 Musician.  
Faith, I know not what to say.

Peter.  
O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for  
you.  
It is 'music with her silver sound' because musicians  
have no  
gold for sounding:—

'Then music with her silver sound  
With speedy help doth lend redress.'

Peter.  
Then I will lay the serving-creature's dagger on your  
head.  
I won't any hooked instruments. I'll "re" you, I'll "fa"  
you. Do you note  
me?

1 Musician.  
If you "re" us and "fa" us, you note us.

2 Musician.  
Please put away your dagger, and pull out your wit.

Peter.  
Then, I'll attack you with my wit! I will beat you  
severely with an  
iron wit, and put away my iron dagger. Answer me like  
men.

"When griping grief wounds the heart,  
"And doleful tunes persecute the mind,  
"Then music, with her silver sound..."

Why "silver sound?" Why "music with her silver  
sound?"  
What do you say, Simon Catling?

1 Musician.  
By Mary, sir, because silver has a sweet sound.

Peter.  
Pretty! What do you say, Hugh Rebeck?

2 Musician.  
I say "silver sound" because musicians makes sounds  
for silver.

Peter.  
Pretty too! What do you say, James Soundpost?

3 Musician.  
Faith, I don't know what to say.

Peter.  
O, have mercy! You are the singer. I will say it for you.  
It is "music with her silver sound" because musicians  
have no  
gold for making sounds.

"Then music with her silver sound

[Exit.]

1 Musician.

What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 Musician.

Hang him, Jack!—Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

[Exeunt.]

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## Act V

1. [Scene 1](#)

2. [Scene 2](#)

3. [Scene 3](#)

### Scene 1

Mantua. A Street.

[Enter Romeo.]

Romeo.

If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand;  
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;  
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.  
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,—  
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to  
think!—  
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.  
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

[Enter Balthasar.]

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?  
How doth my lady? Is my father well?

”With speedy help gives relief from sorrow.”

[Exit.]

1 Musician.

What kind of an annoying knave is this guy?!

2 Musician.

The hell with him, Jack! Come, we'll go in here, wait  
for the  
mourners, and stay for dinner.

[Exeunt.]

Mantua. A Street.

[Enter Romeo.]

Romeo.

If I may trust what happens while I sleep,  
My dreams predict some joyful news is coming.  
My heart is very light in my chest,  
And all this day an unusually happy spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.  
I dreamed that my lady came and found me dead,  
Strange dream, that gives a dead man a second thought!  
And she breathed such life with her kisses on my lips,  
That I was brought back to life, and I was an emperor.  
Ah me! How sweet love is when it is yours,  
When only love's shadows are so rich in joy!

[Enter Balthasar.]

News from Verona! How are you, Balthasar?  
Don't you bring me letters from the friar?  
How is my lady doing? Is my father well?  
How fares my Juliet? I'll ask that again;

How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;  
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Balthasar.  
Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:  
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,  
And her immortal part with angels lives.  
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,  
And presently took post to tell it you:  
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Romeo.  
Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!--  
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,  
And hire post-horses. I will hence to-night.

Balthasar.  
I do beseech you, sir, have patience:  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
Some misadventure.

Romeo.  
Tush, thou art deceiv'd:  
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.  
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Balthasar.  
No, my good lord.

Romeo.  
No matter: get thee gone,  
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit Balthasar.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
Let's see for means;--O mischief, thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!  
I do remember an apothecary,--  
And hereabouts he dwells,--which late I noted  
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;  
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins  
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves  
A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,

For nothing can be wrong if she is well.

Balthasar.  
Then she is well, and nothing can be wrong.  
Her body sleeps in the Capulet tomb,  
And her soul lives with the angels.  
I saw her burial in her relative's vault,  
And the I rushed to tell you.  
O, forgive me for bringing you this sad news,  
Since you did leave it all up to me, sir.

Romeo.  
Is it so? Then, I defy you, stars!  
You know where I live. Get me ink and paper,  
And hire some horses. I will leave here tonight.

Balthasar.  
I beg you, sir, have patience.  
You look pale and wild, and these signs  
Some bad luck.

Romeo.  
Don't worry about it. You're mistaken.  
Leave me, and do as I ask you.  
Don't you letters to me from the friar?

Balthasar.  
No, my good lord.

Romeo.  
No matter. Get going,  
And hire those horses. I'll be with you right away.

[Exit Balthasar.]

Well, Juliet, I'll sleep with you tonight.  
Let's figure out how to do this. O mischief, you are quick  
To enter into the thoughts of desperate men!  
I do remember a pharmacist,  
And lives near here, who I noticed was dressed in  
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming eyebrows,  
Choosing the simple life. He looked very thin,  
As if sharp misery had worn him down to the bones;  
And in his poor shop a turtle was hanging,  
And a stuffed alligator, and other skins  
Of ill-shaped fishes, and on his shelves he had  
A poverty-stricken collection of empty boxes, and  
Green earthen pots, animal bladders, and musty smelling  
seeds,  
Remnants of leftover twine, and old cakes of roses,



Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.  
Noting this penury, to myself I said,  
An if a man did need a poison now,  
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.  
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;  
And this same needy man must sell it me.  
As I remember, this should be the house:  
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.--  
What, ho! apothecary!

[Enter Apothecary.]

Apothecary.  
Who calls so loud?

Romeo.  
Come hither, man.--I see that thou art poor;  
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have  
A dram of poison; such soon--speeding gear  
As will disperse itself through all the veins  
That the life--weary taker shall fall dead;  
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath  
As violently as hasty powder fir'd  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Apothecary.  
Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law  
Is death to any he that utters them.

Romeo.  
Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness  
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,  
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:  
The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

Apothecary.  
My poverty, but not my will consents.

Romeo.  
I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Apothecary.  
Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Were thinly scattered around, to make up a display.  
Noting this poverty, I said to myself,  
"If a man did need a poison now,  
"The sale of which is punished by death in Mantua,  
"Here lives a poor wretch would sell it to him."  
O, this same thought only predicted my need,  
And this same needy man must sell it to me.  
As I remember, this should be the house.  
Being a holiday, the beggar's shop is closed.  
What, hello! Pharmacist!

[Enter Apothecary.]

Apothecary.  
Who is calling so loudly?

Romeo.  
Come here, man. I see that you are poor;  
Wait, here's few dollars. Let me have  
A small vial of poison, such quickly acting medicine  
That it will disperse itself throughout all the veins  
In order that the life--weary taker may fall dead,  
And that the body may suffocate  
As violently as speedy gunpowder  
Hurries a bullet from a gun barrel.

Apothecary.  
I have such deadly drugs, but Mantua's law  
Gives the death penalty to anybody who sells them.

Romeo.  
You are so naked and full of misery  
And you're afraid to die? Starvation is in your cheeks,  
Need and oppression starve in your eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hang on your back.  
The world is not your friend, neither is the world's law.  
The world does not support a law to make you rich.  
Then don't be poor, but break the law and take this  
money.

Apothecary.  
My poverty agrees to take it, but not my will.

Romeo.  
I pay your poverty, and not your will.

Apothecary.  
Put this poison into any liquid you want,  
And drink it all; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would kill you right away.

Romeo.  
There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,  
Doing more murders in this loathsome world  
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not  
sell:  
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.  
Farewell: buy food and get thyself in flesh.—  
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me  
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

[Exeunt.]

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## Scene 2

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

[Enter Friar John.]

Friar John.  
Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

[Enter Friar Lawrence.]

Friar Lawrence.  
This same should be the voice of Friar John.  
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Friar John.  
Going to find a barefoot brother out,  
One of our order, to associate me,  
Here in this city visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
Suspecting that we both were in a house  
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,  
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;  
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Friar Lawrence.  
Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

Friar John.  
I could not send it,—here it is again,—  
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,  
So fearful were they of infection.

Romeo.  
There is your gold. There are worse poisons to men's  
souls,  
That make them commit more murders in this hateful  
world  
Than these poor compounds that you can't sell.  
I sell you poison; you haven't sold me any.  
Farewell. Buy food and put on some weight.  
Come, invigorating beverage and not poison. Go with me  
To Juliet's grave; for there I must use you.

[Exeunt.]

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

[Enter Friar John.]

Friar John.  
Holy Franciscan friar! brother, hello!

[Enter Friar Lawrence.]

Friar Lawrence.  
This is the voice of Friar John.  
Welcome from Mantua. What does Romeo say?  
Or, if he wrote his mind, give me his letter.

Friar John.  
Going to find a fellow brother,  
One of our order, to help me  
Visit the sick here in this city,  
And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
Suspecting that we both were in a house  
Where the infectious plague was,  
Sealed up the doors, and wouldn't let us leave;  
So that my speed to Mantua was delayed by that.

Friar Lawrence.  
The, who took my letter to Romeo?

Friar John.  
I couldn't deliver it, so here it is again,  
I couldn't even get a messenger to bring it back to you,  
They were so afraid of getting infected with the plague.

Friar Lawrence.  
Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,  
The letter was not nice, but full of charge  
Of dear import; and the neglecting it  
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;  
Get me an iron crow and bring it straight  
Unto my cell.

Friar John.  
Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[Exit.]

Friar Lawrence.  
Now must I to the monument alone;  
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:  
She will beshrew me much that Romeo  
Hath had no notice of these accidents;  
But I will write again to Mantua,  
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;—  
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[Exit.]

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Friar Lawrence.  
Very bad luck! By my brotherhood,  
The letter was not a social one, but a message  
Of great importance, and failing to deliver it  
May do a lot of damage. Friar John, leave here.  
Get me an iron crowbar and bring it straight  
To my cell.

Friar John.  
Brother, I'll go and bring it to you.

[Exit.]

Friar Lawrence.  
Now I must go to the tomb alone;  
In three hours beautiful Juliet will wake up.  
She will really curse me that Romeo  
Has had no news of these events;  
But I will write to him again in Mantua,  
And keep her at my cell until Romeo comes to get her;  
Poor living corpse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

[Exit.]

### Scene 3

A churchyard; in it a Monument belonging to the  
Capulets.

[Enter Paris, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch.]

Paris.  
Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof;—  
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.  
Under yond yew tree lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,—  
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,—  
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page.  
[Aside.] I am almost afraid to stand alone  
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

A churchyard; in it a Monument belonging to  
the  
Capulets.

[Enter Paris, and his Page bearing flowers  
and a torch.]

Paris.  
Give me your torch, boy. Go away, and  
stand over there.  
Never mind, put it out. I don't want to be  
seen.  
You can go lie down under that yew tree  
over there and wait,  
Holding your ear close to the sacred ground,  
So that no foot can walk upon the  
churchyard,  
Which is loose and not hard with digging up  
of graves,  
Without your hearing it. Then whistle to me

[Retires.]

Paris.

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew:  
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones!  
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew;  
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:  
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,  
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[The Page whistles.]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.  
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?  
What, with a torch! muffle me, night, awhile.

[Retires.]

[Enter Romeo and Balthasar with a torch, mattock, &c.]

Romeo.

Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.  
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof  
And do not interrupt me in my course.  
Why I descend into this bed of death  
Is partly to behold my lady's face,  
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger  
A precious ring,—a ring that I must use  
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—  
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
In what I further shall intend to do,  
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:  
The time and my intents are savage-wild;  
More fierce and more inexorable far  
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Balthasar.

I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Romeo.

So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that:  
Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

Balthasar.

For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:

As signal that you hear something  
approaching.

Give me those flowers. Go, do what I have  
told you.

Page.

[Aside.] I am almost afraid to stand alone  
Here in the churchyard, but I will stay.

[Retires.]

Paris.

Sweet flower, I scatter flowers around your  
bridal bed.

O sorrow! Your bridal canopy is dust and  
stones!

I will cover them with sweet tears every  
night,

Or, deprived of that, with tears distilled by  
moans.

I will keep saying the funeral prayers for  
you, and I will come

Every night to put flowers on your grave  
and weep.

[The Page whistles.]

The boy gives the warning something is  
approaching.

What cursed foot wanders this way tonight,  
To disturb my funeral prayers and the rites  
of true love?

What, with a torch! Night, hide me awhile.

[Retires.]

[Enter Romeo and Balthasar with a torch,  
chisel-edged pick, etc.]

Romeo.

Give me that chisel-edged pick and the iron  
wrench.

Stop, take this letter. First thing in the  
morning,

See that you deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light; on your life I order you,  
No matter what you see or hear, stand far  
away

And don't interrupt me in my plan.

Why I'm going down into this tomb

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[Retires.]

Romeo.

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,  
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the door of the monument.]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Paris.

This is that banish'd haughty Montague  
That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which grief,  
It is supposed, the fair creature died,—  
And here is come to do some villanous shame  
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—

[Advances.]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!  
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?  
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;  
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Romeo.

I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.—  
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;  
Fly hence and leave me:—think upon these gone;  
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,  
Put not another sin upon my head  
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!  
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;  
For I come hither arm'd against myself:  
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say,  
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

Paris.

I do defy thy conjurations,  
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Romeo.

Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!

[They fight.]

Page.

O lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

Is partly to see my lady's face,

But mostly to take a precious ring  
from her dead finger, a ring that I must use  
In a very special errand. Therefore, go  
away. Get going.

But if you return, jealous, and try to find out  
What I intend to do,

By heaven, I will tear you limb from limb,  
And scatter your limbs all over this hungry  
churchyard!

The time and my intents are savage and  
wild,

So much ore fierce and more determined  
Than hungry tigers or the roaring sea.

Balthasar.

I'll go, sir, and not trouble you.

Romeo.

This way you show me friendship. You take  
that.

Live, and be prosperous, and, farewell, good  
fellow.

Balthasar.

Just the same, I'll hide close by.

I fear his looks, and I doubt his reasons.

[Retires.]

Romeo.

You hateful belly, you womb of death,  
Stuffed full with the dearest morsel of the  
earth,

I will force your rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the door of the monument.]

And, in spite, I'll cram you fuller with more  
food!

Paris.

This man is that banished, arrogant  
Montague

That murdered my love's cousin, by which  
grief,

It is supposed, the beautiful creature died,  
And he's come here to desecrate

The dead bodies. I will seize him.

[Exit.]

Paris.

O, I am slain! [Falls.] If thou be merciful,  
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

[Dies.]

Romeo.

In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face:—  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!—  
What said my man, when my betossed soul  
Did not attend him as we rode? I think  
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:  
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,  
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;—  
A grave? O, no, a lanthorn, slaught'ed youth,  
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying Paris in the monument.]

How oft when men are at the point of death  
Have they been merry! which their keepers call  
A lightning before death: O, how may I  
Call this a lightning?—O my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—  
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
O, what more favour can I do to thee  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain  
To sunder his that was thine enemy?  
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
That unsubstantial death is amorous;  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again: here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chambermaids: O, here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest;  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

[Advances.]

Stop your unholy work, vile Montague!  
Can vengeance be pursued any further than  
death?  
Condemned villain, I arrest you.  
Obey, and go with me, because you must  
die.

Romeo.

Indeed I must die. And that's why I came  
here.  
Good gentle youth, don't anger a desperate  
man;  
Fly from here and leave me. think about  
these dead people.  
Let them terrify you. I beg you, youth,  
Don't put another sin on my head  
By urging me to fight. O, go away!  
By heaven, I love you better than I love  
myself,  
Because I came here only armed against  
myself.  
Don't stay. Go away. Live, and later you  
will say,  
A madman's mercy made you run away.

Paris.

I defy your solemn appeal,  
And I here arrest you as a felon.

Romeo.

Will you still provoke me? Then, I'll get  
you, boy!

[They fight.]

Page.

O lord, they're fighting! I'll go call the  
guards.

[Exit.]

Paris.

O, I'm killed! [Falls.] If you are merciful,  
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

[Dies.]

Romeo.

From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!  
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—  
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!  
Here's to my love! [Drinks.]—O true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

[Dies.]

[Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, Friar Lawrence, with a lantern, crow, and spade.]

Friar.  
Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?  
Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?

Balthasar.  
Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Friar.  
Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,  
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light  
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,  
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Balthasar.  
It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,  
One that you love.

Friar.  
Who is it?

Balthasar.  
Romeo.

Friar.  
How long hath he been there?

Balthasar.  
Full half an hour.

Friar.  
Go with me to the vault.

Balthasar.  
I dare not, sir;

In faith, I will. Let me see this face.  
Mercutio's relative, noble Count Paris!  
What my man say, when my soul was  
tossing and turning  
And I didn't pay attention to him as we  
rode? I think  
He told me Paris was going to marry Juliet.  
Did he say it? Or did I dream it?  
Or I'm crazy to think it was so,  
Hearing him talk of Juliet? O, give me your  
hand,  
One written along with me in sour luck's  
book!  
I'll bury you in a triumphant grave;  
A grave? O, no, a lantern, slaughtered  
youth,  
Because Juliet lies here, and her beauty  
makes  
This tomb a party room full of light.  
Death, you lie there, buried by a dead man.

[Laying Paris in the monument.]

How often, when men are at the point of  
death  
Have they been happy?! Which their  
keepers call  
A lightening before death. O, how may I  
Call this a lightening? O my love! My wife!  
Death, that has sucked the honey of your  
breath,  
Has had no power yet on your beauty.  
You're not conquered. Beauty's officer  
Is still red on your lips and in your cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not yet planted  
there.  
Tybalt, do you lie there in your bloody  
sheet?  
O, what other favor can I do for you  
Than to end the youth of your enemy with  
the same hand  
that cut your youth half?  
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,  
Why are you still so beautiful? Shall I  
believe  
That death that has no substance is a lover,  
And that the lean ugly monster keeps  
You here in dark to be his mistress?  
Because I'm afraid of that, I still will stay  
with you,

My master knows not but I am gone hence;  
And fearfully did menace me with death  
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Friar.  
Stay then; I'll go alone:—fear comes upon me;  
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Balthasar.  
As I did sleep under this yew tree here,  
I dreamt my master and another fought,  
And that my master slew him.

Friar.  
Romeo! [Advances.]  
Alack, alack! what blood is this which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—  
What mean these masterless and gory swords  
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[Enters the monument.]

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?  
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—The lady stirs.

[Juliet wakes and stirs.]

Juliet.  
O comfortable friar! where is my lord?—  
I do remember well where I should be,  
And there I am:—where is my Romeo?

[Noise within.]

Friar.  
I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest  
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:  
A greater power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents:—come, come away!  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;  
And Paris too:—come, I'll dispose of thee  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.  
Come, go, good Juliet [noise within],—I dare no longer stay.

Juliet.  
Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—

[Exit Friar Lawrence.]

And never leave this palace of dim night  
Again. Here, here I will remain  
With the worms that are your maids. O, here  
I will set up my everlasting rest,  
And shake off the bonds of unlucky stars  
From my world-wearied body. Eyes, look  
your last!  
Arms, take your last embrace! And, lips, O  
you  
The doors of breath, seal a timeless bargain  
With death, who will take everything, with a  
righteous kiss!  
Come on, bitter escort. Come on, unsavory  
guide!  
You desperate sea captain, now run your  
sea-sick weary ship  
Onto the dashing rocks all at once!  
Here's to my love! [Drinks.] O, Pharmacist,  
you told the truth!  
Your drugs are quick. So, I die with a kiss.

[Dies.]

[Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard,  
Friar Lawrence, with  
a lantern, crow, and spade.]

Friar.  
Saint Francis be my speed! How often  
tonight  
Have my old feet stumbled over graves!  
Who's there?  
Who is it that hangs out so late among the  
dead?

Balthasar.  
It's me, a friend, and one that knows you  
well.

Friar.  
Blessings on you! Tell me, good my friend,  
What torch is over there that wastes giving  
his light  
To grubs and eyeless skulls? As far as I can  
see,  
It burns in the Capulet's tomb.

Balthasar.  
It does, holy sir; and my master is in there,  
One that you love.



What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?  
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—  
O churl! drink all, and left no friendly drop  
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;  
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,  
To make me die with a restorative.

[Kisses him.]

Thy lips are warm!

1 Watch.

[Within.] Lead, boy:—which way?

Juliet.

Yea, noise?—Then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!

[Snatching Romeo's dagger.]

This is thy sheath [stabs herself]; there rest, and let me die.

[Falls on Romeo's body and dies.]

[Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.]

Page.

This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 Watch.

The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:  
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.

[Exeunt some of the Watch.]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—  
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,  
Who here hath lain this two days buried.—  
Go, tell the prince;—run to the Capulets,—  
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search:—

[Exeunt others of the Watch.]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;  
But the true ground of all these piteous woes  
We cannot without circumstance descry.

[Re-enter some of the Watch with Balthasar.]

2 Watch.

Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

Friar.

Who is it?

Balthasar.

Romeo.

Friar.

How long has he been in there?

Balthasar.

A full half hour.

Friar.

Go with me to the tomb.

Balthasar.

I dare not, sir;

My master doesn't know anything except  
I've gone from here,  
And he fearfully threatened me with death  
If I stayed to look on his intentions.

Friar.

Stay then; I'll go alone. Fear comes over me.  
O, I'm very much afraid that some evil,  
unlucky thing has happened.

Balthasar.

As I was sleeping under this yew tree here,  
I dreamed that my master and another  
fought,  
And that my master killed him.

Friar.

Romeo! [Advances.]

For shame, for shame! Whose blood is this  
that stains  
The stony entrance of this tomb?  
What do these master-less and gory swords  
mean  
By lying here with blood on them in this  
place of peace?

[Enters the tomb.]

Romeo! O, you're pale! Who else? What,  
Paris too?  
And you're covered in blood? Ah, what an  
unlucky hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable event! The lady

1 Watch.  
Hold him in safety till the prince come hither.

[Re—enter others of the Watch with Friar Lawrence.]

3 Watch.  
Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:  
We took this mattock and this spade from him  
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 Watch.  
A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

[Enter the Prince and Attendants.]

Prince.  
What misadventure is so early up,  
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

[Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.]

Capulet.  
What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

Lady Capulet.  
The people in the street cry Romeo,  
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,  
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince.  
What fear is this which startles in our ears?

1 Watch.  
Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;  
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,  
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince.  
Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 Watch.  
Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,  
With instruments upon them fit to open  
These dead men's tombs.

Capulet.  
O heaven!—O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!  
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo, his house  
Is empty on the back of Montague,—  
And it mis—sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

is waking up.

[Juliet wakes and stirs.]

Juliet.  
O comfortable friar! Where is my lord?  
I remember well where I should be,  
And here I am. Where is my Romeo?

[Noise within.]

Friar.  
I hear some noise. Lady. Come away from  
that nest  
Of death, disease, and unnatural sleep.  
A greater power than we can contradict  
Has opposed our plans. Come, come away!  
Your husband in your bosom lies dead  
there,  
And Paris too. Come, I'll hide you  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.  
Don't stay to question what happened,  
because the guard is coming.  
Come, go, good Juliet. [noise within] I don't  
dare to stay longer.

Juliet.  
Go, get away from here, because I will not  
leave.

[Exit Friar Lawrence.]

What's here? A cup closed in my true love's  
hand?  
Poison, I see, has been his timeless end.  
O husband! You drank it all and Didn't  
leave just a friendly drop  
To help me join you? I will kiss your lips.  
Maybe some poison is still on them,  
To make me die by restoring me.

[Kisses him.]

Your lips are warm!

1 Watch.  
[Within.] Lead, boy. Which way is it?

Juliet.  
Yes, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy

Lady Capulet.  
O me! this sight of death is as a bell  
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

[Enter Montague and others.]

Prince.  
Come, Montague; for thou art early up,  
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Montague.  
Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;  
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:  
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince.  
Look, and thou shalt see.

Montague.  
O thou untaught! what manners is in this,  
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince.  
Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,  
Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;  
And then will I be general of your woes,  
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,  
And let mischance be slave to patience.--  
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Friar.  
I am the greatest, able to do least,  
Yet most suspected, as the time and place  
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;  
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince.  
Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Friar.  
I will be brief, for my short date of breath  
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.  
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;  
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:  
I married them; and their stol'n marriage day  
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death  
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;  
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

dagger!

[Snatching Romeo's dagger.]

This is you casing. [stabs herself] Rest  
there, and let me die.

[Falls on Romeo's body and dies.]

[Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.]

Page.  
This is the place, over there, where the torch  
is burning.

1 Watch.  
The ground is bloody; search about the  
churchyard.  
Go, some of you, whoever you find, arrest.

[Exeunt some of the Watch.]

Pitiful sight! Here the Count lies slain,  
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,  
Who has been buried in this tomb for two  
days.  
Go, tell the prince. Run to the Capulets,  
Wake up the Montagues, some of you  
others, search this place.

[Exeunt others of the Watch.]

We see the ground on which these sorrows  
lie,  
But we cannot find the true ground of all  
these piteous woes  
Without knowing what happened.

[Re-enter some of the Watch with  
Balthasar.]

2 Watch.  
Here's Romeo's man. We found him in the  
churchyard.

1 Watch.  
Hold him in safety until the prince arrives.

[Re-enter others of the Watch with Friar  
Lawrence.]

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,  
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,  
To County Paris:—then comes she to me,  
And with wild looks, bid me devise some means  
To rid her from this second marriage,  
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.  
Then gave I her, so tutored by my art,  
A sleeping potion; which so took effect  
As I intended, for it wrought on her  
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo  
That he should hither come as this dire night,  
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,  
Being the time the potion's force should cease.  
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,  
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight  
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone  
At the prefixed hour of her waking  
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;  
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell  
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:  
But when I came,—some minute ere the time  
Of her awaking,—here untimely lay  
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.  
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth  
And bear this work of heaven with patience:  
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;  
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,  
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.  
All this I know; and to the marriage  
Her nurse is privy: and if ought in this  
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,  
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince.  
We still have known thee for a holy man.—  
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Balthasar.  
I brought my master news of Juliet's death;  
And then in post he came from Mantua  
To this same place, to this same monument.  
This letter he early bid me give his father;  
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,  
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince.  
Give me the letter,—I will look on it.—  
Where is the county's page that rais'd the watch?—  
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

3 Watch.  
Here is a friar, trembling, sighing, and  
weeping.  
We took this chisel-edged pick and this  
shovel from him  
As he was coming from this side of the  
churchyard.

1 Watch.  
Very suspicious! Hold the friar too.

[Enter the Prince and Attendants.]

Prince.  
What unlucky event is up so early,  
That calls me from my morning's rest?

[Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.]

Capulet.  
What's the matter that they scream so  
loudly in the streets?

Lady Capulet.  
The people in the street cry "Romeo,"  
Some "Juliet," and some "Paris," and all run  
With open outcries toward our tomb.

Prince.  
What noise startles in our ears?

1 Watch.  
Sovereign, here lies Count Paris slain,  
And Romeo dead, and Juliet, who was dead  
before,  
No warm and newly killed.

Prince.  
Search, seek, and know how this foul  
murder happened.

1 Watch.  
Here is a friar, and dead Romeo's man,  
With instruments on him that are fit to open  
These dead men's tombs.

Capulet.  
O heaven! O wife, look how our daughter  
bleeds!  
This dagger has been mistaken, for, behold,

Boy.  
He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;  
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:  
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;  
And by—and—by my master drew on him;  
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince.  
This letter doth make good the friar's words,  
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:  
And here he writes that he did buy a poison  
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal  
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—  
Where be these enemies?—Capulet,—Montague,—  
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!  
And I, for winking at your discords too,  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Capulet.  
O brother Montague, give me thy hand:  
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
Can I demand.

Montague.  
But I can give thee more:  
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;  
That while Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at such rate be set  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Capulet.  
As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince.  
A glooming peace this morning with it brings;  
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.  
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;  
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished;  
For never was a story of more woe  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[Exeunt.]

his empty  
Case is on the back of Montague,  
And it's misplaced in my daughter's bosom!

Lady Capulet.  
O me! this sight of death is as a bell  
That warns my old age to a tomb.

[Enter Montague and others.]

Prince.  
Come, Montague; because you are up early  
To see your son and heir taken down even  
earlier.

Montague.  
For pity's sake, my lord, my wife died  
tonight.  
Grief of my son's exile has killed her.  
What additional sorrow conspires against  
my old age?

Prince.  
Look, and you'll see.

Montague.  
O you stupid boy! What kind of manners is  
it  
To go to a grave before your father?

Prince.  
Seal up the murder scene,  
Until we can clear these questions,  
And know how they began, who started it,  
and other details.  
And then I will be in charge of your  
sorrows,  
And lead you even to death. In the  
meantime, do nothing,  
And let the investigation be do patiently.  
Bring out the suspects.

Friar.  
I am the greatest, able to do least,  
Yet most suspected, as the time and place  
Cast suspicion on me as guilty of this sad  
murder;  
And here I stand, both to accuse and free  
Myself, condemned and myself excused.

Prince.

Then tell what you know about all of this.

Friar.

I will be brief, for I don't have enough  
breath to

This tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that  
Juliet;

And she, there dead, was Romeo's faithful  
wife.

I married them; and their secret wedding  
day

Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely  
death

Banished the new-made bridegroom from  
this city,

For whom Juliet pined, and not for Tybalt.  
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,  
Engaged and would have married her  
against her will,

To Count Paris. Then she comes to me,  
And with wild looks, asks me to devise  
some means

To get her of this second marriage,  
Or right there, in my cell, she would kill  
herself.

Then gave I her, according to my craft with  
herbs,

A sleeping potion; which took effect  
As I intended, for it made her  
Seem dead. In the meantime, I wrote to  
Romeo

That he should come home, this bad night,  
To help to take her from her borrowed  
grave,

At the time that the potion would wear off.  
But the man who carried my letter, Friar  
John,

Was delayed by accident, and last night  
Returned my letter to me. Then all alone  
At the prearranged hour of her waking up,  
I came to take her from her relative's tomb,  
Intending to keep her close at my cell  
Until I could easily send for Romeo.  
But when I got here, some minutes before  
the time

Of her waking up, here the noble Paris  
Lay and true Romeo, both untimely dead.  
She wakes up, and I entreated her come

with me,  
And bear this work of heaven with patience.  
But then a noise scared me away from the  
tomb;  
And she, too desperate, would not go with  
me,  
But, as it seems, did violence to herself.  
This is all I know, and her nurse knows  
About the marriage. And if any of this  
Went wrong through my fault, let my old  
life  
Be sacrificed, some hour before its time,  
Under the rigor of the severest law.

Prince.  
We still know you are a holy man.  
Where's Romeo's man? What can he say  
about this?

Balthasar.  
I brought news of Juliet's death to my  
master,  
And then he came from Mantua, by horse,  
To this same place, to this same tomb.  
He asked me to give his father this letter,  
And threatened me with death, going into  
the tomb,  
If I didn't leave, and I left him there.

Prince.  
Give me the letter. I will read it.  
Where is the Count's page who called the  
guards?  
Servant, what was your master doing in this  
place?

Boy.  
He came to scatter flowers on his lady's  
grave,  
And asked me to stand off to the side, and  
so I did.  
Then here comes one with light to open the  
tomb,  
And, by-and-by, my master drew his sword  
on him;  
And then I ran away to call the guards.

Prince.  
This letter makes the friar's words good,  
Their course of love, the tidings of her

death.

And here he writes that he bought a poison vial  
From a poor pharmacist, and then he  
Came to this tomb to die and lie with Juliet.  
Where are these enemies? Capulet,  
Montague,  
See what a cruel calamity is caused your  
hate,  
That heaven finds a way to kill your joys  
with love!  
And I, for disregarding your feud too,  
Have lost a number of relatives. We are all  
are punished.

Capulet.

O brother Montague, give me your hand.  
This is my daughter's dowry, for I can  
command  
No more.

Montague.

But I can give you more.  
For I will erect a statue of her in pure gold;  
That while Verona is known by that name,  
There shall be no other figure so valuable  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Capulet.

Romeo's shall be as rich, lying by his lady's  
side,  
Poor sacrifices of our hatred!

Prince.

This morning brings a gloomy peace with it.  
The sun will not show his head for sorrow.  
Go away from here to have more talk of  
these sad things.  
Some shall be pardoned, and some  
punished.  
For never was a story of more woe  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[Exeunt.]

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