

Romeo and Juliet

THE PROLOGUE

[Enter CHORUS]

CHORUS

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-crossed lovers take their life,
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-marked 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.

[Exit]

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

[Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY of the house of Capulet, with swords and bucklers]

SAMPSON

Gregory, on 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 of 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

The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

SAMPSON

'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. When I have fought with the men, I will be civil 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.

*[Enter **ABRAM** and another **SERVINGMAN**]*

GREGORY

Draw thy tool! Here comes 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 a disgrace to them, if they bear it. *[bites his thumb]*

ABRAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

[aside to GREGORY] Is the law of our side if I say "ay"?

GREGORY

[aside to SAMPSON] No.

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAM

Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

SAMPSON

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

ABRAM

No better.

[Enter BENVOLIO]

SAMPSON

Yes, better, sir.

ABRAM

You lie.

SAMPSON

Draw, if you be men.-- Gregory, remember thy washing blow.

[They fight]

BENVOLIO

[Draws his sword] Part, fools!

BENVOLIO CONT.

Put up your swords. You know not what you do.

[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 CITIZENS]

CITIZENS

Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

[Enter old CAPULET in his gown, and his wife, LADY CAPULET]

CAPULET

What noise is this? Give me my long sword!

LADY CAPULET

A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

[Enter old MONTAGUE, and his wife, LADY MONTAGUE]

CAPULET

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

MONTAGUE

Thou villain Capulet! Hold me not. Let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

[Enter PRINCE ESCALUS]

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stainèd steel!--
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets
And made Verona's ancient citizens part your cankered 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.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO]

MONTAGUE

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
Speak, nephew.

BENVOLIO

Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.
I drew to part them. In the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword swinging,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE

Oh, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO

Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad,
Where, underneath the grove of the sycamore
That westward rooteth from this city 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.

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.
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chambers pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial light.
Black and portentous must this humor 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.
Oh he, his own affections' counselor,
Is to himself-- I will not say how true,
But to himself so secret and so close,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

[Enter ROMEO]

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 MONTAGUE]

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?

ROMEO

Out.

BENVOLIO

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favor, where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

Here's much to do with hate but more with love.
Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
O anything of nothing first created!
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 pressed
With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO

Soft! I will go along.
And 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

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

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.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
Oh, she is rich in beauty, only poor
That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

BENVOLIO

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO

She hath, and in that sparing makes a huge waste.
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 ruled by me. Forget to think of her.

CAPULET CONT.

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 marred are those so early made.
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she.
She's the hopeful lady of my earth.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart.
My will to her consent is but a part.
This night I hold an accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest
Such as I love. Look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.
Hear all, all see, and like her most whose merit shall be--
Which on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none,
Come, go with me.

[Calling to PETER]

Come, Peter, trudge about
Through fair Verona. Find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS]

[Enter PETER]

PETER

Find them out whose names are written here? 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 away to the learned in good time!

[Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO]

BENVOLIO

Tut man, one fire burns out another's burning.
One pain is lessened by another's anguish.
Take thou some new infection of thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Why Romeo, are thou mad?

ROMEO

Not mad, but bound more than a madman is,
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipped and tormented and-- Good e'en, good fellow.

PETER

God 'i' good e'en. I pray sir, can you read?

ROMEO

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

PETER

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.

PETER

Ye say honestly. Rest you merry. *[he turns to go]*

ROMEO

Stay, fellow. I can read. *[he reads the letter]*
"Seigneur Martino and his wife and daughters;
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters;
The lady widow of Vitruvio;
Seigneur Placentio and his lovely nieces;
Mercutio and his brother Valentine;
My fair niece Rosaline and Livia;
Seigneur Valentio and his cousin Tybalt;
Lucio and the lively Helena."
A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

PETER

Up.

ROMEO

Whither? To supper?

PETER

To our house.

ROMEO

Whose house?

PETER

My master's.

ROMEO

Indeed, I should have asked thee that before.

PETER

Now I'll tell thee 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 PETER]

BENVOLIO

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves
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

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,
But in that crystal scales let there be weighed
Your lady's love against some other maid.

ROMEO

I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

[Exeunt]

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

[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 me leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.-- Nurse, come back again

LADY CAPULET CONT.

I have remembered me. Thou'st hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

Faith, I can tell her age unto an 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 weaned—I never shall forget it—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day.
My lord and you were then at Mantua.—
Nay, I do bear a brain.
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!
He 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,

NURSE CONT.

Wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holy dame,
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 years,
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

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 perilous knock, and it cried bitterly.
"Yea," quoth my husband, "Fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest 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!
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 honor that I dream not of.

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.
Nay, he's a flower. In faith, a very flower.

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.
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.

LADY CAPULET

Juliet, the county stays.

NURSE

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[Exeunt]

ACT ONE, SCENE 4

[Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with 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.
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

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO

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

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.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

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,
Or-- save your 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.

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 tonight.

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO

In bed asleep while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO

Oh, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

BENVOLIO

Queen Mab, what's she?

MERCUTIO

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 atomi
Over men's noses as they lie asleep.
Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs,
Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm.
She gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
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 driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, 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

MERCUTIO CONT.

That plaits the manes of horses in the night.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
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 angered, 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 despisèd life closed 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.

[March about the stage and exeunt]

ACT ONE, SCENE 5

[Enter CAPULET, TYBALT, LADY CAPULET, JULIET, and others of the house, meeting ROMEO, BENVOLIO, MERCUTIO, and other GUESTS]

CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes
Ah, my mistresses! She that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns.
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor 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. Music, music, play.
A hall, a hall, give room!-- And foot it, girls.--
More light, you knaves!

ROMEO

[to MERCUTIO] What lady is that which doth enrich the hand of yonder knight?

MERCUTIO

I know not, sir.

ROMEO

Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in a countess's ear,
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.
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.—
What, dares the boy come hither, covered up,
To flear and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,

TYBALT CONT.

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET

Why, how now, my 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

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-governed youth.
Therefore be patient. Take no note of him.
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 endured.
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall. Go to.
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,
You will set a cock-a-hoop. You'll be the man!

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET

You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what.
Be quiet, or I'll make you quiet.

TYBALT

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

[Exit TYBALT]

ROMEO

[taking JULIET's hand] If I profane with my unworhiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET

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 prayer's sake.

ROMEO

Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

[Kisses her]

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged!

Give me my sin again.

[They kiss again]

JULIET

You kiss by th' book.

NURSE

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

[JULIET moves away]

ROMEO

What is her mother?

NURSE

Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house.

ROMEO

[aside] Is she a Capulet?

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

BENVOLIO

[to ROMEO] Away, begone. The sport is at the best.

ROMEO

Ay, so I fear. The more is my unrest.

CAPULET

Good night. Come on then, let's to bed.
Ah, by my fay, it waxes late.
I'll to my rest.

[All but JULIET and NURSE move to exit]

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 here, 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

[aside] 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 loathèd enemy.

NURSE

What's this? What's this?

JULIET

A rhyme I learned even now
Of one I danced withal.

[LADY CAPULET calls within "Juliet!"]

NURSE

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

[Exeunt]

ACT TWO

PROLOGUE

[Enter CHORUS]

CHORUS

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir.
That fair for which love groaned for and would die
With tender Juliet matched, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
Alike bewitchèd by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed 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 use 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]

ACT TWO, SCENE 1

[Enter ROMEO alone]

ROMEO

Can I go forward when my heart is here?

[Moves away. Enter BENVOLIO with MERCUTIO]

BENVOLIO

Romeo, my cousin Romeo! Romeo!

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

He ran this way and leapt 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 "Ay me!" Pronounce but "love" and "dove."
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,
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
Till she had laid it and conjured it down.
That were some spite. My invocation
Is fair and honest. 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.
O Romeo, that she were! Oh, that she were
An open arse, and thou a poperin pear.
Romeo, good night. Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO

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

[Exeunt]

ACT TWO, SCENE 2

[ROMEO returns]

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[JULIET appears in a window alone]

ROMEO CONT.

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
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.
It is my lady. Oh, it is my love.
Oh, 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.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand.
Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand
That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks. O, speak again, bright angel!

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

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,
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 word would smell as sweet.

JULIET CONT.

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
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

[to JULIET] I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized.
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET

What man art thou that, thus bescreened 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 not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO

Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

If my kinsman see, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
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

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
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. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond.
I confess, thou overheard'st, ere was 'ware,
My true love's passion. Therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops--

JULIET

O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circle 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 tonight.
It is too rash, too sudden. Sweet, good night.

ROMEO

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO

Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JULIET

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it.
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.

[NURSE calls from within]

I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu.—
Anon, good Nurse!— Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little. I will come again.

[Exit JULIET, above]

ROMEO

O blessèd, blessèd 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 thy purpose be marriage, send me word,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

NURSE

[from within] Madam!

JULIET

I come, anon.— But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

NURSE

[from within] Madam!

JULIET

A thousand times good night!

[Exit JULIET, above]

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

[Moves to exit. Reenter JULIET, above]

JULIET

Hist! Romeo, hist! My Romeo!

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! What o'clock tomorrow
Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO

By the hour of nine.

JULIET

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 further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
And with a silken 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 JULIET, above]

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 friar's close cell,
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell.

[Exit]

ACT TWO, SCENE 3

[Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE, with a basket]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night.
Oh, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, 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, strained from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

[Enter ROMEO]

FRIAR LAWRENCE CONT.

Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power.
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.

ROMEO

Good morrow, Father.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Thou art uproused by some distemperature.
Or if not so, then here I hit it right:
Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.

ROMEO

That last is true. The sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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 LAWRENCE

That's my good son. But where hast thou been, then?

ROMEO

I have been feasting with mine enemy.
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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.
We met, we wooed and made exchange of vow.
I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray:
That thou consent to marry us today.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken?
How much salt water thrown away in waste
To season love that of it doth not taste!
And art thou changed? Pronounce this sentence then:
Women may fall when there's no strength in men.

ROMEO

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO

I pray thee, chide not. Her I love now.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

In one respect I'll thy assistant be,
For this alliance may so happy prove
To turn your household's rancor to pure love.

ROMEO

Oh, let us hence. I stand on sudden haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.

[Exeunt]

ACT TWO, SCENE 4

*[Enter **BENVOLIO** and **MERCUTIO**]*

MERCUTIO

Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home tonight?

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

Why, the 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

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

Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO

More than Prince of Cats. Oh, he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion. He rests his minim rests- one, two, and the third in your bosom. The very butcher of a silk button, a duelist, a duelist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal *passado*, the *punto reverso*, the *hai*!

BENVOLIO

The what?

MERCUTIO

"By Jesu, a very good blade! A very tall man! A very good whore!" Why, is not this a lamentable thing, that we should be thus afflicted with 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? Oh, their bones, their bones!

[Enter ROMEO]

BENVOLIO

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO

Signior Romeo, *bonjour*! 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 curtsy”?

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

Sure wit, follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing solely singular.

ROMEO

O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness.

MERCUTIO

Come between us, good Benvolio. My wits faints.

ROMEO

Switch and spurs, switch and spurs, or I'll cry a match.

MERCUTIO

Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am 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 well served into a sweet goose?

BENVOLIO

Stop there, stop there.

[Enter NURSE and her man PETER]

ROMEO

Here's goodly gear.

BENVOLIO

A sail, a sail!

NURSE

Peter!

PETER

Anon!

NURSE

My fan, Peter.

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO

Good ye good e'en, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE

Is it good e'en?

MERCUTIO

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

NURSE

Out upon you! What a man are you?

MERCUTIO

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

NURSE

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

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

BENVOLIO

She will indite him to supper.

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

I will follow you.

MERCUTIO

Farewell, ancient lady. Farewell, lady, lady, lady.

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO]

NURSE

Pray you, sir, a word. And as I told you, my young lady bid me inquire you out. What she bade me say, I will keep to myself.

ROMEO

Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress.

NURSE

Good heart, she will be a joyful woman.

ROMEO

Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon.
And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' cell
Be shrivel and married.

NURSE

This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

ROMEO

Farewell. Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

NURSE

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

ROMEO

What says thou, my dear Nurse?

NURSE

Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady. —Oh, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard. 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.

ROMEO

Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE

Any, a thousand times. —Peter!

PETER

Anon!

NURSE

Before and apace.

[Exeunt]

ACT TWO, SCENE 5

[Enter JULIET]

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse.
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so.
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 would be as swift in motion as a ball.
But old folks, many feign as they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

[Enter NURSE]

JULIET

O God, she comes. — O honey Nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him?
Now, good sweet Nurse— O lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily.

NURSE

I am aweary. Give me leave awhile.
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I!

JULIET

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?
Is thy news good, or bad? Answer to that.

NURSE

Well, you have made a simple choice. You know not how to choose a man. Romeo! He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench. Serve God.

JULIET

What says he of our marriage? What of that?

NURSE

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!
My back a' t' other side. Ah, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting 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?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET

Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE

Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET

I have.

NURSE

Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence’s cell.
There stays a husband to make you a wife.

JULIET

Hie to high fortune! Honest Nurse, farewell.

[Exeunt]

ACT TWO, SCENE 6

[Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and ROMEO]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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 LAWRENCE

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.

[Enter JULIET, somewhat fast, and embraceth ROMEO]

Here comes the lady.

JULIET

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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 heaped like mine, then let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JULIET

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 LAWRENCE

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]

ACT THREE

ACT THREE, SCENE 1

[Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and others]

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

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

Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. Thou hast quarreled with a man for coughing in the street because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. And yet thou wilt tutor me from Quarreling!

[Enter TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and other CAPULETS]

BENVOLIO

By my head, here comes the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT

Gentlemen, good e'en. 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?

TYBALT

Mercutio, thou consort'st 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.

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.

[Enter ROMEO]

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.

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 injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so, good Capulet— which name I tender
As dearly as my own— be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

O calm dishonourable, vile submission!
[draws his sword]
Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives.

TYBALT

I am for you. *[draws his sword]*

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO

Come, sir, your *passado*.

[MERCUTIO and TYBALT fight]

ROMEO

[draws his sword]

Draw, Benvolio. Beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame! Forbear this outrage.

Tybalt, Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

[ROMEO tries to break up the fight. TYBALT stabs MERCUTIO under ROMEO's arm]

PETRUCHIO

Away, Tybalt.

[Exeunt TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and the other CAPULETS]

MERCUTIO

I am hurt. A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.

Is he gone and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough.

Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

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 tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 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!

[Exeunt ~~MERCUTIO~~ and ~~BENVOLIO~~]

ROMEO

This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf. My reputation stained
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 softened valor's steel!

[Enter ~~BENVOLIO~~]

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead!

ROMEO

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

[Enter ~~TYBALT~~]

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

Alive in triumph— and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now.
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 amazed. The Prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

ROMEO

Oh, I am fortune’s fool!

BENVOLIO

Why dost thou stay?

[Exit ROMEO]

[Enter PRINCE, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, ~~LADY MONTAGUE~~, LADY CAPULET, and OTHERS]

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET

Tybalt, my cousin! O, Prince!
Oh, the blood is spilled
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, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was and urged withal
Your high displeasure. All this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace.
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertained revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain.

LADY CAPULET

He is a kinsman to the Montague.
Affection makes him false. He speaks not true.
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 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's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will.
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[Exeunt]

ACT THREE, SCENE 2

[Enter JULIET alone]

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
And bring in cloudy night immediately. Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.
Come night.
Give me my Romeo. And when I 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.

[Enter NURSE]

Now, Nurse, what news?
Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE

Ah, welladay! He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day! He's gone, he's killed, 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 roared in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself?

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.

JULIET

O, break, my heart, poor bankrupt, break at once!
Vile earth, to earth resign. End motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier.

NURSE

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 slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest cousin and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living if those two are gone?

NURSE

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishèd.
Romeo that killed him— he is banishèd.

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!
Beautiful tyrant! Fiend angelical!
Dove-feathered raven, wolvish-ravening lamb!
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In moral paradise of such sweet flesh?

NURSE

There's no trust, no faith, no honesty in men.
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET

Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish! He was not born to shame.
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned.

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 smooth thy name,
When I, thy three hours' wife, have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,

JULIET CONT.

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banishèd."
That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there.
No words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother, Nurse?

NURSE

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.

JULIET

Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Come, Nurse. I'll to my wedding bed.
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE

Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.

JULIET

[gives the NURSE a ring]
O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[Exeunt]

ACT THREE, SCENE 3

[Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo, come forth. Come forth, thou fearful man.

[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 LAWRENCE

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."

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hence from Verona art thou banishèd.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

There is no world without Verona walls
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden ax
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
And turned that black word "death" to "banishment."
This is dear mercy, and thou seest 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. They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,

ROMEO CONT.

Who even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
But Romeo may not. He is banishèd.
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But "banishèd" to kill me?— "Banishèd"!

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

ROMEO

Oh, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Oh, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO

How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.

[Knocking from within]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Arise. One knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO

Not I, unless the breath of heartsick groans,
Mistlike, infold me from the search of eyes.

[Knocking]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hark, how they knock!— Who's there?— Romeo, arise.
Thou wilt be taken.— Stand up.

[Knocking]

Run to my study.— By and by!— God's will,
What simpleness is this!— I come, I come.

[Knocking]

Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's your will?

NURSE

[From within] Let me come in. I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

[Opens the door] Welcome then.

[Enter NURSE]

NURSE

O holy Friar, O, tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? Where's Romeo?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

NURSE

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. Death's the end of all.

ROMEO

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?

NURSE

Oh, 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
Murdered 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. [*draws his dagger*]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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,
And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt— there art thou happy.
The law that threatened death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile— there art thou happy.
A pack of blessings light upon thy back.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed.

FRIAR LAWRENCE CONT.

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

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.
[gives ROMEO JULIET's ring]
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[Exit NURSE]

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this!

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Go hence. Good night. And here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised 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.

ROMEO

But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee.
Farewell.

[Exeunt]

ACT THREE, SCENE 4

[Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS]

CAPULET

Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late. She'll not come down tonight.
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been abed an hour ago.

PARIS

These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET

I will, and know her mind early tomorrow.
Tonight she is 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 ruled
In all respects by me. Nay, more, I doubt it not.—
But, soft! What day is this?

PARIS

Monday, my lord.

CAPULET

Monday! Ha, ha. Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be.— O' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.

PARIS

My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET

Well get you gone. O' Thursday be it, then.—
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—
Good night.

[Exeunt]

ACT THREE, SCENE 5

[Enter ROMEO and JULIET aloft]

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.

ROMEO

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET

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 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!
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 NURSE]

JULIET

Then, window, let day in and let life out.

ROMEO

Farewell, farewell. One kiss, and I'll descend.

[Kiss. ROMEO goes down]

JULIET

Oh, 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

Oh, 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 so low
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 ROMEO]

JULIET

O fortune, fortune!

LADY CAPULET

[From within] Ho, daughter, are you up?

[Enter 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?

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET

Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

JULIET

What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET

That same villain, Romeo.

JULIET

[aside] Villain and he be many miles asunder.
[to LADY CAPULET] God pardon him! I do, with all my heart,
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAPULET

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
Then weep no more. I'll send one to Mantua.
Shall give him such an unaccustomed 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.
Oh, how my heart abhors
To hear him named, and cannot come to him.
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that slaughtered him!

LADY CAPULET

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JULIET

And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, beseech your ladyship?

LADY CAPULET

Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn.
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JULIET

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
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

How now? Have you delivered 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 blessed,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?

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.

CAPULET

“Proud,” and “I thank you,” and “I thank you not,”
And yet “not proud”? Mistress minion you,
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.

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.

NURSE

God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

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.
To answer “I'll not wed,” “I cannot love,”
“I am too young,” “I pray you, pardon me.”—
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.

CAPULET CONT.

Hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.

[Exit CAPULET]

JULIET

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
That sees into the bottom of my grief?

LADY CAPULET

Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[Exit LADY CAPULET]

JULIET

O God!— O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven.

NURSE

Faith, here it is. Romeo is banishèd.
I think it best you married with the county.
I think you are happy in this second match.
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET

Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE

And from my soul too, else beshrew them both.

JULIET

Amen!

NURSE

What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence's cell
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

NURSE

Marry, I will, and this is wisely done.

[Exit NURSE]

JULIET

Ancient damnation!
I'll to the friar to know his remedy.
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[Exit]

ACT FOUR

ACT FOUR, SCENE 1

[Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and PARIS]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS

My father Capulet will have it so.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

You say you do not know the lady's mind.

PARIS

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
Four Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

[aside] I would I knew not why it should be slowed.

[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 LAWRENCE

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.

JULIET CONT.

Are you at leisure, holy Father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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 ye.
[kisses her] Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit PARIS]

JULIET

O, shut the door! And when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O 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.
[shows him a knife] God joined my heart and Romeo's.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold, daughter. I do spy a kind of hope.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake

FRIAR LAWRENCE CONT.

A thing like death to chide away this shame.
An if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET

O, shut me nightly in a charnel house,
O'ercovered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold, then. Go home, be merry. Give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.
Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone.
Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.

[shows her a vial]

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 humor, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest.
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
And in this borrowed 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.
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, 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.

JULIET

Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

FRIAR LAWRENCE

[gives her a vial] Hold. 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, separately]

ACT FOUR, SCENE 2

[Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and NURSE]

CAPULET

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

NURSE

Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET

Well, he may chance to do some good on her.

[Enter JULIET]

NURSE

See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

CAPULET

How now, my headstrong? Where have you been gadding?

JULIET

Where I have learned me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition. [*falls to her knees*]
Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

CAPULET

Send for the county. Go tell him of this.
I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning.

JULIET

I met the youthful Lord at Lawrence' cell,
And gave him what becomèd love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAPULET

Why, I am glad on't. This is well. Stand up.

[*JULIET stands up*]

This is as't should be.
Go, Nurse. Go with her. We'll to church tomorrow.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT FOUR, SCENE 3

[*Enter JULIET and NURSE*]

JULIET

I pray thee, leave me to myself tonight,
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

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.
Come, vial. *[holds out the vial]*
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
No, no. This shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

[lays her knife down]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored
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.
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
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.
Oh, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out some desperate brains?
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink! I drink to thee.

[She drinks and falls down on the bed, hidden by the bed curtains]

ACT FOUR, SCENE 4

[Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and NURSE]

CAPULET

The curfew bell hath rung. 'Tis three o'clock.

NURSE

Go, you cot-queen, go.
Get you to bed, faith. You'll be sick tomorrow
For this night's watching.

CAPULET

No, not a whit, what. I have watched ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

LADY CAPULET

Ay, I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exeunt LADY CAPULET and NURSE]

CAPULET

Good faith, 'tis day.
The county will be here. I hear him near.—
Nurse! Wife! What, ho? What, Nurse, I say!

[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]

ACT FOUR, SCENE 5

[Enter NURSE]

NURSE

Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!-Fast, I warrant her, she.—
Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slug-a-bed.
Why, love, I say. Madam! Sweet-heart! Why, bride!
What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now.
Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant,
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!
What, dressed and in your clothes, and down again?
I must needs wake you. Lady, lady, lady!—
Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!—
Oh, welladay, that ever I was born!

[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, deceased, 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.
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

NURSE

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

O woeful 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 County PARIS]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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 wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law. Death is my heir.

PARIS

Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

LADY CAPULET

But one, poor one, poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath caught it from my sight!

NURSE

Most lamentable day, most woeful day
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

PARIS

Most detestable Death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!

CAPULET

O child! Dead art thou! O, my child is dead,
And with my child my joys are buried.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Peace! Peace, ho, for shame! Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid. Now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid.
Dry up your tears, and, as the custom is,
And in her best array, bear her to church.

CAPULET

All things that we ordained festival
Turn from their office to black funeral.
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Sir, go you in, and madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris. Every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.

FRIAR LAWRENCE CONT.

The heavens do lour upon you for some ill.
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[Exeunt]

ACT FIVE

ACT FIVE, SCENE 1

[Enter ROMEO]

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think—
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips
That I revived and was an emperor.

[Enter ROMEO's man BALTHASAR]

News from Verona!— How now, Balthasar?
How doth my lady?
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 Capels' 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.

ROMEO

Is it e'en so? Then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging. Get me ink and paper,
And hire post horses. I will hence tonight.

BALTHASAR

I do beseech you, sir, have patience.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

ROMEO

Leave me and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letter 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 tonight.
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—
"An if a man did need a poison now,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him."
What, ho! Apothecary!

*[Enter **APOTHECARY**]*

APOTHECARY

Who calls so loud?

ROMEO

Come hither, man. There is forty ducats.
Let me have a dram of poison, such gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead.

APOTHECARY

Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

ROMEO

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.
[holds out money]

APOTHECARY

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROMEO

I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

APOTHECARY

[gives ROMEO poison]
Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO

[gives APOTHECARY money]
There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[Exeunt]

ACT FIVE, SCENE 2

[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,
Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth.
So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

I could not send it— here it is again—
[gives FRIAR LAWRENCE a letter]
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

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 JOHN]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Now must I to the monument alone.
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

[Exit]

ACT FIVE, SCENE 3

[Enter PARIS]

PARIS

[scatters flowers at JULIET's closed tomb]
Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew—
O woe! Thy canopy is dust and stones—
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.
Something doth approach.
What cursèd foot wanders this way tonight
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What with a torch! Muffle me, night, awhile.

*[PARIS moves away from the tomb.
Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR]*

ROMEO

Hold, take this letter. Early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
[gives letter to and takes torch from BALTHASAR]
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 farther shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.

BALTHASAR

I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

ROMEO

So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that.
[gives BALTHASAR money]
Live and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.

BALTHASAR

[aside] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[BALTHASAR moves aside, falls asleep]

ROMEO

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
I'll cram thee with more food!
[begins to open the tomb with his tools]

PARIS

[aside] This is that banished haughty Montague,
That murdered my love's cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed the fair creature died.

[to ROMEO] Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemnèd 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.
Think upon these gone. Let them affright thee.
Put not another sin upon my head
By urging me to fury.
By heaven, I love thee better than myself.
Stay not, be gone. Live, and hereafter say
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

PARIS

I do defy thy combination
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO

Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!

[ROMEO and PARIS fight]

PARIS

[falls] Oh, I am slain! If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb. Lay me with Juliet.

[PARIS dies]

ROMEO

In faith, I will.— Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris.
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.

ROMEO CONT.

Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.

[ROMEO opens the tomb to reveal JULIET inside]

Oh, here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.

[lays PARIS in the tomb]

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry? O my love, my wife!
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty,
Thou art not conquered. 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?
Forgive me, cousin.— Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorrèd monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour.
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee.
Oh, here will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
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.
[kisses JULIET, takes out the poison]
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide.
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy seasick, weary bark.
Here's to my love! *[drinks the poison]* O true apothecary,
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

[ROMEO dies]

[Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE with lantern, crow, and spade]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Saint Francis be my speed! How oft tonight
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!— Who's there?

BALTHASAR

Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch burneth in Capels' monument?

BALTHASAR

One that you love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Who is it?

BALTHASAR

Romeo.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

How long hath he been there?

BALTHASAR

Full half an hour.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Go with me to the vault.

BALTHASAR

I dare not, sir.

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 LAWRENCE

Stay, then. I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me.

Oh, much I fear some ill unthrifty thing.

[approaches the tomb]

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains

The stony entrance of the sepulcher?

[looks inside the tomb]

Romeo! O, pale!— Who else? What, Paris too?

And steeped in blood?— Ah, what an unkind hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

[JULIET wakes]

JULIET

Where is my lord? I do remember well

Where I should be. Where is my Romeo?

[A noise sounds from outside the tomb]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay.

JULIET

Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—

[Exit FRIAR LAWRENCE]

What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—

O churl, drunk 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 ROMEO] Thy lips are warm.

BALTHASAR

[offstage] Hark! A voice!

JULIET

Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger,
This is thy sheath. There rust and let me die.
[stabs herself with ROMEO's dagger and dies]

[Enter BALTHASAR]

BALTHASAR

Pitiful sight! Go tell the Prince.
Run to the Capulets. Raise up the Montagues.

[Enter the PRINCE]

PRINCE

What misadventure is so early up
That calls our person from our morning rest?

[Enter CAPULET and LADY CAPULET]

What fear is this which startles in our ears?

BALTHASAR

Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new killed.

CAPULET

O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!

[Enter MONTAGUE and FRIAR LAWRENCE]

MONTAGUE

Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight.
Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?

PRINCE

Look, and thou shalt see.

MONTAGUE

[to ROMEO] O thou untaught! What manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

PRINCE

Say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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
Banished the new-made bridegroom from the city—
Then comes she to me,
And with wild looks bid me devise some mean
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,
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Returned my letter back.
When I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes, and she, to desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.

BALTHASAR

[shows a letter]
This letter her early bid me give his father,
And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

[gives letter to MONTAGUE]

This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death.

PRINCE

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 punished.

CAPULET

O brother Montague, give me thy hand.
This is my daughter's joint urge, for no more
Can I demand.

MONTAGUE

But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That whiles 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 pardoned, and some punished.
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[Exeunt]

with lines

lines offstage*

(without lines)

Pro	1	The Journal	Chorus
1.1	1 - 5 5 - 6 6 - 7 7 - 11	Public Brawl Ancient Feud Where's Romeo? Who Do You Love?	Sampson, Gregory, Abram, Benvolio, Tybalt, Citizens Capulet, Lady Capulet, Montague, Lady Montague, Prince, Benvolio Benvolio, Montague, Lady Montague Benvolio, Romeo
1.2	11 - 12 12 - 15	My Suit? I Can't Read.	Capulet, Paris Peter, Benvolio, Romeo
1.3	15 - 18	Not Fourteen.	Lady Capulet, Nurse, Juliet
1.4	19 - 22	Queen Mab	Mercutio, Romeo, Benvolio
1.5	23 - 25 25 - 26 26 - 28	The Party Crashers Palm to Palm Who Was That??	Capulet, Romeo, Mercutio, Tybalt, <i>(Benvolio, Lady Capulet, Juliet, Guests)</i> Romeo, Juliet, Nurse, <i>(Capulet, Mercutio, Tybalt, Benvolio, Lady Capulet, Guests)</i> Romeo, Juliet, Nurse, Benvolio, Capulet, Lady Capulet, <i>(Mercutio, Guests)</i>

Pro	28	#2	Chorus
2.1	29 - 30	Conjuration	Romeo, Benvolio, Mercutio
2.2	30 - 37	Juliet is the Sun	Romeo, Juliet, Nurse*
2.3	37 - 39	Rosaline's Forgotten	Friar Lawrence, Romeo
2.4	40 - 41 41 - 43 43 - 45 45 - 46	Immortal Passado Witty geese A Sail, a Sail! Commend Me	Mercutio, Benvolio Mercutio, Romeo, Benvolio Mercutio, Romeo, Benvolio, Nurse, Peter Romeo, Nurse, Peter
2.5	46 - 48	Good News	Juliet, Nurse
2.6	48 - 50	Marriage	Friar Lawrence, Romeo, Juliet

3.1	50 - 52 53 - 55 55 - 57	Consort w/ Romeo The Fight Banished	Mercutio, Benvolio, Tybalt, Romeo (<i>Petruchio, others</i>) Mercutio, Tybalt, Romeo, Benvolio, Petruchio Prince, Benvolio, Lady Capulet, Montague, (<i>Capulet, Mercutio, Tybalt</i>)
3.2	57 - 60	Tybalt is Dead	Juliet, Nurse
3.3	60 - 63 63 - 66	Prince's Doom Go to Her	Friar Lawrence, Romeo, Nurse* Friar Lawrence, Romeo, Nurse
3.4	66 - 67	No Time to Woo	Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris
3.5	67 - 69 69 - 74	It's Morning "I'll Not Wed"	Juliet, Romeo, Nurse Juliet, Lady Capulet, Capulet, Nurse

4.1	74 - 76 76 - 78	Here to Confess? The Plan	Friar Lawrence, Paris, Juliet Friar Lawrence, Juliet
4.2	78 - 79	I'll Marry Paris	Capulet, Nurse, Juliet, (<i>Lady Capulet</i>)
4.3	79 - 80	Come, Vial.	Juliet, Lady Capulet, (<i>Nurse</i>)
4.4	81	Wake Juliet Up	Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse
4.5	82 - 85	She's Cold.	Nurse, Lady Capulet, Capulet, Friar Lawrence, Paris, (<i>Juliet</i>)

5.1	85 - 86 86 - 87	No Letter? Strength of Twenty	Romeo, Balthasar Romeo, Apothecary
5.2	88 - 89	Neglected Letter	Friar Lawrence, Friar John
5.3	89 - 90 90 - 91 91 - 92 93 - 94 94 - 95 95 - 97	At the Tomb Lay Me with Juliet Eyes, Look Your Last Romeo! O Happy Dagger Exeunt	Paris, Romeo, Benvolio Paris, Romeo, (<i>Benvolio</i>) Romeo, (<i>Juliet, Paris, Tybalt, Mercutio</i>) Friar Lawrence, Balthasar, (<i>Juliet, Romeo, Paris, Tybalt, Mercutio</i>) Juliet, Friar Lawrence, Balthasar, (<i>Romeo, Paris, Tybalt, Mercutio</i>) Prince, Balthasar, Capulet, Montague, Friar Lawrence (<i>Lady Capulet, Juliet, Romeo, Paris, Tybalt, Mercutio</i>)