



# Romeo and Juliet

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616

Release date: 1997-11-01

Source: Bebook

1595

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

by William Shakespeare

## Dramatis Personae

### Chorus.

Escalus, Prince of Verona. Paris, a young Count, kinsman to the Prince. Montague, heads of two houses at variance with each other. Capulet, heads of two houses at variance with each other. An old Man, of the Capulet family. Romeo, son to Montague. Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet. Mercutio, kinsman to the Prince and friend to Romeo. Benvolio, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet. Friar Laurence, Franciscan. Friar John, Franciscan. Balthasar, servant to Romeo. Abram, servant to Montague. Sampson, servant to Capulet. Gregory, servant to Capulet. Peter, servant to Juliet's nurse. An Apothecary. Three Musicians. An Officer.

Lady Montague, wife to Montague. Lady Capulet, wife to Capulet. Juliet, daughter to Capulet. Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; Gentlemen and  
Gentlewomen of both houses; Maskers,  
Torchbearers, Pages, Guards, Watchmen,  
Servants, and Attendants.

SCENE.--Verona; Mantua.

## THE 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.

[Exit.]

ACT I. Scene I. Verona. A public place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory (with swords and bucklers) of the house of Capulet.

Samp. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals. Greg. No, for then we should be colliers. Samp. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw. Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar. Samp. I strike quickly, being moved. Greg. But thou art not quickly moved to strike. Samp. A dog of the house of Montague moves me. Greg. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand. Therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away. Samp. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's. Greg. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall. Samp. 'Tis 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. Greg. The quarrel is between our masters and

us their men. Samp. '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. Greg. The heads of the maids? Samp. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads. Take it in what sense thou wilt. Greg. They must take it in sense that feel it. Samp. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh. Greg. '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.

Enter two other Servingmen [Abram and Balthasar].

Samp. My naked weapon is out. Quarrel! I will back thee. Greg. How? turn thy back and run? Samp. Fear me not. Greg. No, marry. I fear thee! Samp. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin. Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list. Samp. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb

at them; which is disgrace to them, if they bear it. Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do bite my thumb, sir. Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. [aside to Gregory] Is the law of our side if I say ay? Greg. [aside to Sampson] No. Samp. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir. Greg. Do you quarrel, sir? Abr. Quarrel, sir? No, sir. Samp. But if you do, sir, am for you. I serve as good a man as you. Abr. No better. Samp. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. [aside to Sampson] Say 'better.' Here comes one of my master's kinsmen. Samp. Yes, better, sir. Abr. You lie. Samp. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.

They fight. Ben. Part, fools! [Beats down their swords.] Put up your swords. You know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.



Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these  
heartless hinds? Turn thee Benvolio! look  
upon thy death. Ben. I do but keep the peace.  
Put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these  
men with me. Tyb. 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 an officer, and three or four Citizens  
with clubs or partisans.

Officer. Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike!  
beat them down! Citizens. Down with the  
Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

Enter Old Capulet in his gown, and his  
Wife.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long  
sword, ho! Wife. A crutch, a crutch! Why call  
you for a sword? Cap. My sword, I say! Old  
Montague is come And flourishes his blade

in spite of me.

Enter Old Montague and his Wife.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!- Hold me not, let me go. M. Wife. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Escalus, with his Train.

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 mistempered 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 beseeming ornaments To wield old

partisans, in hands as old, Cank'red with  
peace, to part your cank'red 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 Freetown, our  
common judgment place. Once more, on  
pain of death, all men depart. Exeunt  
[all but Montague, his Wife, and Benvolio].

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new  
abroach? Speak, nephew, were you by when  
it began? Ben. 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  
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. M. Wife. O,

where is Romeo? Saw you him to-day? Right  
glad I am he was not at this fray. Ben. 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, Which then most  
sought where most might not be found,  
Being one too many by my weary self-  
Pursu'd my humour, not Pursuing his, And  
gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me. Mon.  
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  
bean 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 And makes himself an artificial  
night. Black and portentous must this  
humour prove Unless good counsel may the  
cause remove. Ben. My noble uncle, do you  
know the cause? Mon. I neither know it nor  
can learn of him Ben. Have you importun'd  
him by any means? Mon. Both by myself and  
many other friend; 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.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes. So please you  
step aside, I'll know his grievance, or be  
much denied. Mon. I would thou wert so  
happy by thy stay To hear true shrift. Come,  
madam, let's away, Exeunt

[Montague and Wife]. Ben. Good morrow,  
cousin. Rom. Is the day so young? Ben. But  
new struck nine. Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem  
long. Was that my father that went hence so  
fast? Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens  
Romeo's hours? Rom. Not having that which  
having makes them short. Ben. In love? Rom.  
Out- Ben. Of love? Rom. Out of her favour  
where I am in love. Ben. Alas that love, so  
gentle in his view, Should be so tyrannous  
and rough in proof! Rom. 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! Misshapen 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?  
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep. Rom. Good

heart, at what? Ben. At thy good heart's  
oppression. Rom. Why, such is love's  
transgression. Grievs 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, A choking  
gall, and a preserving sweet. Farewell, my  
coz. Ben. Soft! I will go along. An if you  
leave me so, you do me wrong. Rom. Tut! I  
have lost myself; I am not here: This is not  
Romeo, he's some other where. Ben. Tell me  
in sadness, who is that you love? Rom. What,  
shall I groan and tell thee? Ben. Groan? Why,  
no; But sadly tell me who. Rom. 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. Ben. I aim'd so near when I  
suppos'd you lov'd. Rom. A right good  
markman! And she's fair I love. Ben. A right

fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit. Rom. 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. Ben. Then  
she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

Rom. 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. Ben. Be rul'd by me: forget to

think of her. Rom. O, teach me how I should  
forget to think! Ben. By giving liberty unto  
thine eyes. Examine other beauties. Rom.

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

## Scene II. A Street.

Enter Capulet, County Paris, and [Servant]  
-the Clown.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,  
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think, For  
men so old as we to keep the peace. Par. 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? Cap. 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. Par.

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. 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, on more view of many,  
mine, being one,    May stand in number,  
though in reck'ning none.    Come, go with  
me. [To Servant, giving him a paper] Go,  
sirrah,    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].    Serv.

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

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's  
burning; One pain is lessened by another's  
anguish; Turn giddy, and be holp 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. Rom. Your plantain  
leaf is excellent for that. Ben. For what, I pray  
thee? Rom. For your broken shin. Ben. Why,  
Romeo, art thou mad? Rom. 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. Serv.  
God gi' go-den. I pray, sir, can you read?  
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.  
Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without

book. But I pray, can you read anything you see? Rom. Ay, If I know the letters and the language. Serv. Ye say honestly. Rest you merry! Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

He 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 and Livia; Signior Valentio and His cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.'

[Gives back the paper.] A fair assembly. Whither should they come? Serv. Up. Rom. Whither? Serv. To supper, to our house. Rom. Whose house? Serv. My master's. Rom. Indeed I should have ask'd you that before. Serv. 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. Ben. At this same ancient feast of  
Capulet's Sups 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. Rom. 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! One fairer than my love? The  
all-seeing sun Ne'er saw her match since  
first the world begun. Ben. 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 seems best. Rom. I'll go  
along, no such sight to be shown, But to  
rejoice in splendour of my own.

[Exeunt.]

### Scene III. Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet's Wife, and Nurse.

Wife. 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.

Jul. How now? Who calls? Nurse. Your mother. Jul. Madam, I am here. What is your will? Wife. This is the matter- Nurse, give leave awhile, We must talk in secret. Nurse, come back again; I have rememb'ed 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. Wife. 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 Lammastide? Wife. 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 dovehouse 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 dovehouse! 'Twas no need, I trow, To bid me trudge. And since that time it is eleven years, For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by th' 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 holidam, 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.' Wife. 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 bad upon it brow A bump as big as a  
young cock'rel'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.' Jul.  
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. Wife. Marry,

that 'marry' is the very theme I came to talk  
of. Tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your  
disposition to be married? Jul. 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. Wife. 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. Wife. Verona's summer  
hath not such a flower. Nurse. Nay, he's a  
flower, in faith- a very flower. Wife. 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 Wife. Speak  
briefly, can you like of Paris' love? Jul. 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 Servingman.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper  
serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd  
for, the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and  
everything in extremity. I must hence to wait. I  
beseech you follow straight. Wife. We  
follow thee. Exit [Servingman].  
Juliet, the County stays. Nurse. Go, girl, seek  
happy nights to happy days.

Exeunt.

#### Scene IV. A street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers; Torchbearers.

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

Ben. 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 crowkeeper; 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. Rom. Give me a torch. I am not for this ambling. Being but heavy, I will bear the light. Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance. Rom. 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. Mer. You are a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings And soar with them above a common bound. Rom. 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  
burthen do I sink. Mer. And, to sink in it,  
should you burthen love- Too great  
oppression for a tender thing. Rom. Is love a  
tender thing? It is too rough, Too rude, too  
boist'rous, and it pricks like thorn. Mer. 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.  
A visor for a visor! What care I What curious  
eye doth quote deformities? Here are the  
beetle brows shall blush for me. Ben. Come,  
knock and enter; and no sooner in But every  
man betake him to his legs. Rom. 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. Mer. 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! Rom.

Nay, that's not so. Mer. 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. Rom. And we mean well, in going to this  
masque; But 'tis no wit to go. Mer. Why,  
may one ask? Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I. Rom. Well, what was  
yours? Mer. That dreamers often lie. Rom. In  
bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. 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 atomies Athwart  
men's noses as they lie asleep; Her wagon  
spokes made of long spinners' legs, The  
cover, of the wings of grasshoppers; Her  
traces, of the smallest spider's web; Her  
collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;  
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;  
Her wagoner, 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 hazelnut,    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 cursies  
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.  
Sometimes 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 elflocks 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, Making them women of good  
carriage. This is she- Rom. Peace, peace,  
Mercutio, peace! Thou talk'st of nothing.  
Mer. 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. Ben. This  
wind you talk of blows us from ourselves.  
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.  
Rom. 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! Ben. Strike, drum.

They march about the stage. [Exeunt.]

Scene V. Capulet's house.

Servingsmen come forth with napkins.

1. Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher! 2. Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing. 1. Serv. Away with the join-stools, remove the court-cubbert, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane and, as thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.

Anthony, and Potpan! 2. Serv. Ay, boy, ready. 1. Serv. You are look'd for and call'd for, ask'd for and sought for, in the great chamber. 3. Serv. We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys! Be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all. Exeunt.

Enter the Maskers, Enter, [with Servants,] Capulet, his Wife, Juliet, Tybalt, and all the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

Cap. 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 ye now? 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! 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. Cap. By'r Lady, thirty years. Cap. 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.   2. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more! His  
son is elder, sir;   His son is thirty.   Cap. Will  
you tell me that?   His son was but a ward two  
years ago.   Rom. [to a Servingman] What  
lady's that, which doth enrich the hand   Of  
yonder knight?   Serv. I know not, sir.   Rom. 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.   Tyb. 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.  
Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore

storm you so? Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague,  
our foe; A villain, that is hither come in spite  
To scorn at our solemnity this night. Cap.  
Young Romeo is it? Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain  
Romeo. Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him  
alone. 'A 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 this 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. Tyb. It  
fits when such a villain is a guest. I'll not  
endure him. Cap. 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! Tyb.  
Why, uncle, 'tis a shame. Cap. 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 princox- go! Be  
quiet, or- More light, more light!- For shame!  
I'll make you quiet; what!- Cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. 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 bitt'rest gall. Exit. Rom. If I profane  
with my unworhiest 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. Jul. Good pilgrim,  
you do wrong your hand too much, Which  
mannerly devotion shows in this; For saints  
have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,  
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss. Rom.  
Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in  
pray'r. Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do  
what hands do! They pray; grant thou, lest  
faith turn to despair. Jul. Saints do not move,  
though grant for prayers' sake. Rom. Then  
move not while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.  
[Kisses her.] Jul. Then have my lips the sin  
that they have took. Rom. Sin from my lips? O  
trespass sweetly urg'd! Give me my sin  
again. [Kisses her.] Jul. You kiss  
by th' book. Nurse. Madam, your mother  
craves a word with you. Rom. 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. Rom. Is she a Capulet? O dear  
account! my life is my foe's debt. Ben. Away,  
be gone; the sport is at the best. Rom. Ay, so I  
fear; the more is my unrest. Cap. Nay,  
gentlemen, prepare not to be gone; We  
have a trifling foolish banquet towards. Is it  
e'en so? Why then, I thank you all. I thank  
you, honest gentlemen. Good night. More  
torches here! [Exeunt Maskers.] Come on  
then, let's to bed. Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it  
waxes late; I'll to my rest.  
Exeunt [all but Juliet and Nurse]. Jul. Come



hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

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

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

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

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance? Nurse. I know not. Jul. 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. Jul. 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. What's this? what's this? Jul. A rhyme I learnt 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.

## PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. 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 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, Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. Exit.

ACT II. Scene I. A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here? Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out. [Climbs the wall and leaps down within it.]

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!  
Mer. He is wise, And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed. Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this orchard wall. Call, good Mercutio.  
Mer. 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'; Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word, One nickname for her purblind son and heir, Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim When King Cophetua

lov'd the beggar maid! He heareth not, he  
stirreth not, be 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! Ben. An if he hear thee,  
thou wilt anger him. Mer. 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: in his mistress'  
name, I conjure only but to raise up him.  
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these  
trees To be consorted with the humorous  
night. Blind is his love and best befits the  
dark. Mer. 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.  
O, Romeo, that she were, O that she were  
An open et cetera, thou a pop'rin pear!

Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle-bed;  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.  
Come, shall we go? Ben. Go then, for 'tis in  
vain 'To seek him here that means not to be  
found. Exeunt.

## Scene II. Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

Enter Juliet above at a window.

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. 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! Jul. Ay me! Rom. 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 wond'ring 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. Jul. 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. Rom. [aside] Shall I hear more,  
or shall I speak at this? Jul. '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 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. Rom. I take  
thee at thy word.    Call me but love, and I'll be  
new baptiz'd;    Henceforth I never will be  
Romeo. Jul. What man art thou that, thus  
bescreen'd in night,    So stumblest on my  
counsel? Rom. 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.  
Jul. 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? Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either  
thee dislike. Jul. 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. Rom. 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. Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee. Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye Than twenty of their swords! Look thou but sweet, And I am proof against their enmity. Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here. Rom. 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. Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place? Rom. 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 farthest sea, I would adventure for such merchandise. Jul. 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. Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed  
moon I swear,    That tips with silver all these  
fruit-tree tops- Jul. O, swear not by the moon,  
th' inconstant moon,    That monthly changes in  
her circled orb,    Lest that thy love prove

likewise variable. Rom. What shall I swear by? Jul. 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. Rom. If my heart's dear love- Jul. 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 flow'r when next we meet. Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied? Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine. Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it; And yet I would it were to give again. Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love? Jul. 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.  
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.] Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am  
afear'd, Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Enter Juliet above.

Jul. 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!

Jul. I come, anon.- But if thou meanest not  
well, I do beseech thee- Nurse. (within)  
Madam! Jul. By-and-by I come.- To cease  
thy suit and leave me to my grief.  
To-morrow will I send. Rom. So thrive my

soul- Jul. A thousand times good night!

Exit. Rom. 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.

Enter Juliet again, [above].

Jul. 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! Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my  
name. How silver-sweet sound lovers'  
tongues by night, Like softest music to  
attending ears! Jul. Romeo! Rom. My dear?  
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow Shall I send to  
thee? Rom. By the hour of nine. Jul. I will not  
fail. 'Tis twenty years till then. I have forgot  
why I did call thee back. Rom. Let me stand  
here till thou remember it. Jul. I shall forget,  
to have thee still stand there, Rememb'ring

how I love thy company. Rom. And I'll still  
stay, to have thee still forget, Forgetting any  
other home but this. Jul. '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, And with a silk thread plucks  
it back again, So loving-jealous of his  
liberty. Rom. I would I were thy bird. Jul.  
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.] Rom. 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

### Scene III. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar, [Laurence] alone, with a basket.

Friar. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the  
frowning night, Check'ring 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  
ought so good but, strain'd from that fair use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,  
And vice sometime's 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.

Rom. Good morrow, father. Friar.  
Benedicite! What early tongue so sweet  
saluteth me? Young son, it argues a  
distempered head 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 distemp'rature;    Or if  
not so, then here I hit it right-    Our Romeo  
hath not been in bed to-night.    Rom. That last  
is true-the sweeter rest was mine.    Friar. God  
pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?    Rom.  
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?    Rom. 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.    Rom. 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! 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. Rom. Thou chid'st  
me oft for loving Rosaline. Friar. For doting,  
not for loving, pupil mine. Rom. And bad'st  
me bury love. Friar. Not in a grave To lay  
one in, another out to have. Rom. 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. Rom. O, let  
us hence! I stand on sudden haste. Friar.  
Wisely, and slow. They stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

## Scene IV. A street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?

Came he not home to-night? Ben. Not to his father's. I spoke with his man. Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline, Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet, Hath sent a letter to his father's house. Mer. A challenge, on my life. Ben. Romeo will answer it. Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter. Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared. Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd 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? Ben. Why, what is Tybalt? Mer. 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    minim 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 reverse! the hay. Ben. The  
what? Mer. The pox of such antic, lispings,  
affecting fantasticoes- these    new tuners of  
accent! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall  
man! a very good whore!' Why, is not this a  
lamentable thing,    grandsir, that we should  
be thus afflicted with these strange    flies,  
these fashion-mongers, these pardona-mi's,  
who stand so    much on the new form that they  
cannot sit at ease on the old    bench? O, their  
bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo! here comes  
Romeo! Mer. 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  
berhyme her), Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a  
gypsy, Helen and Hero hildings and harlots,  
This be a gray eye or so, but not to the  
purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! There's a  
French salutation to your French slop. You  
gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.  
Rom. Good morrow to you both. What  
counterfeit did I give you? Mer. The slip, sir,  
the slip. Can you not conceive? Rom. Pardon,  
good Mercutio. My business was great, and in  
such a case as mine a man may strain  
courtesy. Mer. That's as much as to say, such  
a case as yours constrains a man to bow in  
the hams. Rom. Meaning, to cursy. Mer.  
Thou hast most kindly hit it. Rom. A most  
courteous exposition. Mer. Nay, I am the very  
pink of courtesy. Rom. Pink for flower. Mer.  
Right. Rom. Why, then is my pump  
well-flower'd. Mer. 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 remain, after the wearing, solely  
singular. Rom. O single-sold jest, solely

singular for the singleness! Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio! My wits faint.

Rom. Swits and spurs, swits and spurs! or I'll cry a match. Mer. 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? Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose. Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest. Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not! Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce. Rom. And is it not, then, well serv'd in to a sweet goose? Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad! Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad,' which, added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose. Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature. For this drivelling love is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down to hide

his bauble in a hole. Ben. Stop there, stop there! Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair. Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large. Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd! I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer. Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and her Man [Peter].

Mer. A sail, a sail! Ben. Two, two! a shirt and a smock. Nurse. Peter! Peter. Anon. Nurse. My fan, Peter. Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face of the two. Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen. Mer. God ye good-den, fair gentlewoman. Nurse. Is it good-den? Mer. '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! Rom. 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? Rom. 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. Mer. Yea, is the worst  
well? Very well took, i' faith! wisely, wisely.  
Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some  
confidence with you. Ben. She will endite him  
to some supper. Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a  
bawd! So ho! Rom. What hast thou found?  
Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten  
pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it  
be spent He walks by  
them and 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. Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady. Farewell,  
[sings] lady, lady, lady.

Exeunt Mercutio, Benvolio. Nurse. Marry,  
farewell! I Pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant  
was this that was so full of his ropery? Rom.  
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! 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 bid 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. Rom. 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. Rom. 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.

Rom. Bid her devise Some means to come to shrift this afternoon; And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell Be shriv'd and married.

Here is for thy pains. Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny. Rom. Go to! I say you shall. Nurse. This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

Rom. 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 topgallant 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. Rom. 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? Rom. 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 is a  
nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain  
lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as  
lieve 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? Rom. Ay,  
nurse; what of that? Both with an R. Nurse. Ah,  
mock! that's the dog's name. R is for the- 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. Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [Exit Romeo.]

Peter! Peter. Anon. Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and apace.

Exeunt.

Scene V. Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. 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 low'ring 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 would 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- Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse [and Peter].

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news? Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away. Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate.

[Exit Peter.] Jul. Now, good sweet nurse- O Lord, why look'st thou sad? Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily; If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news By playing it to me with so sour a face. Nurse. I am weary, give me leave awhile. Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I had! Jul. 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? Jul. 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. Though 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 talk'd 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; serve God.

What, have you din'd at home? Jul. 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,- ah, my back, my back! Beshrew your heart for sending me about To catch my death with jauncing up and down! Jul. 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? Jul. 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.

Jul. Here's such a coil! Come, what says Romeo? Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day? Jul. I have. Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' 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, 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 burthen soon at night. Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell. Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

Exeunt.

Scene VI. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar [Laurence] and Romeo.

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

Enter Juliet.

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. Jul. Good even to my  
ghostly confessor. Friar. Romeo shall thank  
thee, daughter, for us both. Jul. As much to  
him, else is his thanks too much. Rom. 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. Jul. Conceit,  
more rich in matter than in words, Brags of  
his substance, not of ornament. They are but  
beggars that can count their worth; But my  
true love is grown to such excess 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.]

ACT III. Scene I. A public place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and Men.

Ben. 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.

Mer. 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.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow? Mer. 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. Ben. And  
what to? Mer. 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 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 a mallet as an egg for  
quarrelling. Thou hast quarrell'd 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! Ben. 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.  
Mer. The fee simple? O simple!

Enter Tybalt and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.  
Mer. By my heel, I care not. Tyb. Follow me  
close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen,  
good den. A word with one of you. Mer. And  
but one word with one of us? Couple it with

something; make it a word and a blow. Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, and you will give me occasion. Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo. Mer. 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! Ben. 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. Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze. I will not budge for no man's pleasure,

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man. Mer. But I'll be hang'd, 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. Tyb. Romeo, the

love I bear thee can afford No better term  
than this: thou art a villain. Rom. 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 knowest me not. Tyb. Boy,  
this shall not excuse the injuries That thou  
hast done me; therefore turn and draw. Rom. 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; And so good  
Capulet, which name I tender As dearly as  
mine own, be satisfied. Mer. O calm,  
dishonourable, vile submission! Alla  
stoccata carries it away. [Draws.]  
Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk? Tyb.  
What wouldst thou have with me? Mer. 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. Tyb. I am for you.

[Draws.] Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up. Mer. Come, sir, your passado!

[They fight.] Rom.

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! Tybalt

under Romeo's arm thrusts Mercutio in, and

flies

[with his

Followers]. Mer. I am hurt. A plague o' both

your houses! I am sped. Is he gone and hath

nothing? Ben. What, art thou hurt? Mer. Ay,

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

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a

surgeon.

[Exit

Page.] Rom. Courage, man. The hurt cannot

be much. Mer. 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. Rom.  
I thought all for the best. Mer. 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.

[supported by Benvolio]. Rom. This  
gentleman, the Prince's near ally, My very  
friend, hath got this 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 soft'ned  
valour's steel

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's  
dead! That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the  
clouds, Which too untimely here did scorn  
the earth. Rom. This day's black fate on moe

days doth depend; This but begins the woe  
others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back  
again. Rom. Alive in triumph, and Mercutio  
slain? Away to heaven respective lenity,  
And fire-ey'd 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. Tyb. Thou, wretched  
boy, that didst consort him here, Shalt with  
him hence. Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falls. Ben.  
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! Rom. O, I am fortune's  
fool! Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter

Citizens.

Citizen. Which way ran he that kill'd  
Mercutio? Tybalt, that murtherer, which way  
ran he? Ben. There lies that Tybalt. Citizen.  
Up, sir, go with me. I charge thee in the  
Prince's name obey.

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

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this  
fray? Ben. 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. Cap.  
Wife. 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? Ben. Tybalt, here  
slain, whom Romeo's hand did stay. 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; 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.  
Cap. Wife. 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? Mon. 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.

## Scene II. Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging! Such a wagoner  
As Phaeton would whip you to the West And  
bring in cloudy night immediately. Spread  
thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That runaway 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,

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue  
that speaks But Romeo's name speaks  
heavenly eloquence. Now, nurse, what  
news? What hast thou there? the cords That  
Romeo bid thee fetch? Nurse. Ay, ay, the  
cords. [Throws them  
down.] Jul. Ay me! what news? Why dost thou  
wring thy hands Nurse. Ah, weraday! 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! Jul. Can heaven  
be so envious? Nurse. Romeo can, Though  
heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo! Who ever  
would have thought it? Romeo! Jul. 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  
swounded at the sight. Jul. O, break, my  
heart! poor bankrout, 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! Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary? Is Romeo slaught' red, and is Tybalt dead? My dear-lov'd 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 banished; Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished. Jul. O God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood? Nurse. It did, it did! alas the day, it did! Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face! Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! Dove-feather'd raven! wolvisish-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! Jul. 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? Jul.  
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? 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, worser than Tybalt's death, That

murd' red 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 followed 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 rearward 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. Jul. 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. 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 Laurence' cell. Jul. O, find him! give this  
ring to my true knight And bid him come to  
take his last farewell.

Exeunt.

Scene III. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar [Laurence].

Friar. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man. Affliction is enanmour'd of thy parts, And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. 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. Rom. 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. Rom. Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say 'death'; For exile hath 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. Rom. 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 'banishment' Is death misterm'd.  
Calling death 'banishment,' Thou cut'st my  
head off with a golden axe And smilest 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 rush'd aside the law, And turn'd  
that black word death to banishment. This is  
dear mercy, and thou seest it not. Rom. '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; They are free men,  
but I am banished. 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; Howling  
attends 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 'banished'? Friar. Thou fond mad  
man, hear me a little speak. Rom. O, thou wilt  
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. Rom.  
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. Rom. How  
should they, when that wise men have no  
eyes? Friar. Let me dispute with thee of thy  
estate. Rom. 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.

Knock [within]. Friar. Arise; one knocks.  
Good Romeo, hide thyself. Rom. Not I; unless  
the breath of heartsick groans, Mist-like  
infolde me from the search of eyes. Knock.

Friar. Hark, how they knock! Who's there?  
Romeo, arise; Thou wilt be taken.- Stay  
awhile!- Stand up; Knock. Run to my  
study.- By-and-by!- God's will, What  
simpleness is this.- I come, I come!

Knock. 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, Blubb'ring 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? Rom.  
(rises) Nurse- Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well,  
death's the end of all. Rom. Spakest thou of  
Juliet? How is it with her? Doth not she think  
me an old murtherer, 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. Rom. As if that name,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun, Did  
murther 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. [Draws his

dagger.] 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 that in thy life lives, 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 shamest 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,  
Misshapen in the conduct of them both, Like  
powder in a skilless soldier's flask, is get  
afire by thine own ignorance, And thou  
dismemb' red with thine own defence. 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 threat'ned death, becomes  
thy friend And turns it to exile. There art  
thou happy. A pack of blessings light upon  
thy back; Happiness courts thee in her best  
array; But, like a misbhav'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. Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet  
prepare to chide. Nurse. Here is a ring she  
bid me give you, sir. Hie you, make haste,  
for it grows very late. Exit. Rom. 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. Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on  
me, It were a grief so brief to part with thee.

Farewell.

Exeunt.

## Scene IV. Capulet's house

Enter Old Capulet, his Wife, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fall'n 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 abed an hour  
ago. Par. These times of woe afford no tune to  
woo. Madam, good night. Commend me to  
your daughter. Lady. I will, and know her  
mind early to-morrow; To-night she's mew'd  
up to her heaviness. Cap. 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? Par. Monday, my lord. Cap. Monday!  
ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon.

Thursday let it be- a Thursday, tell her She  
shall be married to this noble earl. 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? Par. My lord, I  
would that Thursday were to-morrow. Cap.  
Well, get you gone. A 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

## Scene V. Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft, at the Window.

Jul. 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. Rom.  
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. Jul.  
Yond light is not daylight; I know it, I. It is  
some meteor that the sun exhales To be to  
thee this night a torchbearer And light thee  
on the way to Mantua. Therefore stay yet;  
thou need'st not to be gone. Rom. Let me be  
ta'en, let me be put to death. I am content, so  
thou wilt have it so. I'll say yon grey 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. Jul. It is, it is! Hie  
hence, be gone, away! It is the lark that  
sings so out of tune, Straining harsh discords  
and displeasing sharps. Some say the lark  
makes sweet division; This doth not so, for  
she divideth us. Some say the lark and  
loathed toad chang'd 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. Rom.  
More light and light- more dark and dark our  
woes!

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam! Jul. Nurse? Nurse. Your  
lady mother is coming to your chamber. The  
day is broke; be wary, look about. Jul. Then,  
window, let day in, and let life out.

[Exit.] Rom. Farewell,  
farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend.

He goeth down. Jul. Art thou gone so, my lord, my love, my friend? I must hear from thee every day in 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! Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity That may convey my greetings, love, to thee. Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again? Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve For sweet discourses in our time to come. Jul. 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. Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you. Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! Exit. Jul. 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. [within] Ho, daughter!

are you up? Jul. Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother. Is she not down so late, or up so early? What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Mother.

Lady. Why, how now, Juliet? Jul. Madam, I am not well. Lady. 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. Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss. Lady. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend Which you weep for. Jul. Feeling so the loss, I cannot choose but ever weep the friend. Lady. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him. Jul. What villain, madam? Lady. That same villain Romeo. Jul. [aside] 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. That is because the  
traitor murderer lives. Jul. Ay, madam, from  
the reach of these my hands. Would none  
but I might venge my cousin's death! Lady.  
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 runagate 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. Jul. 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. Find thou the  
means, and I'll find such a man. But now I'll  
tell thee joyful tidings, girl. Jul. And joy  
comes well in such a needy time. What are

they, I beseech your ladyship? Lady. 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 expects not nor I look'd not for. Jul. Madam, in happy time! What day is that? Lady. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn The gallant, young, and noble gentleman, The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church, Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride. Jul. 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. Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself, And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. 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 show'ring? 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 delivered to her our  
decree? Lady. Ay, sir; but she will none, she  
gives you thanks. I would the fool were  
married to her grave! Cap. 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 blest,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought So  
worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?  
Jul. 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.  
Cap. How, how, how, how, choplogic? 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 I out, you baggage! You tallow-face!  
Lady. Fie, fie! what, are you mad? Jul. Good  
father, I beseech you on my knees, Hear me  
with patience but to speak a word. Cap. Hang  
thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch! I  
tell thee what- get thee to church a 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 blest 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.  
Cap. And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your  
tongue, Good Prudence. Smatter with your  
gossips, go! Nurse. I speak no treason. Cap.  
O, God-i-god-en! Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool! Utter your  
gravity o'er a gossip's bowl, For here we  
need it not. Lady. You are too hot. Cap.  
God's bread I it makes me mad. Day, night,  
late, early, At home, abroad, alone, in  
company, Waking or sleeping, still my care  
hath been To have her match'd; and having  
now provided A gentleman of princely  
parentage, Of fair demesnes, youthful, and  
nobly train'd, Stuff'd, as they say, with  
honourable parts, Proportion'd as one's  
thought 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 in 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. Jul. 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. Talk not to me, for I'll not  
speak a word. Do as thou wilt, for I have  
done with thee. Exit. Jul. O God!-

O nurse, how shall this be prevented? My  
husband is on earth, my faith in heaven. How  
shall that faith return again to earth Unless  
that husband send it me from heaven By  
leaving earth? Comfort me, counsel me.

Alack, alack, that heaven should practise  
stratagems Upon so soft a subject as myself!

What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, nurse. Nurse. Faith, here it  
is. Romeo is banish'd; 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. Jul. Speak'st thou  
this from thy heart? Nurse. And from my soul  
too; else beshrew them both. Jul. Amen!  
Nurse. What? Jul. Well, thou hast comforted  
me marvellous much. Go in; and tell my lady  
I am gone, Having displeas'd my father, to  
Laurence' cell, To make confession and to be  
absolv'd. Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is  
wisely done. Exit. Jul. 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.

ACT IV. Scene I. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar, [Laurence] and County Paris.

Friar. On Thursday, sir? The time is very short. Par. My father Capulet will have it so, And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Friar. You say you do not know the lady's mind. Uneven is the course; I like it not.

Par. 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 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.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife! Jul.  
That may be, sir, when I may be a wife. Par.  
That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.  
Jul. What must be shall be. Friar. That's a  
certain text. Par. Come you to make  
confession to this father? Jul. To answer that, I  
should confess to you. Par. Do not deny to  
him that you love me. Jul. I will confess to you  
that I love him. Par. So will ye, I am sure, that  
you love me. Jul. If I do so, it will be of more  
price, Being spoke behind your back, than  
to your face. Par. Poor soul, thy face is much  
abus'd with tears. Jul. The tears have got  
small victory by that, For it was bad enough  
before their spite. Par. Thou wrong'st it more  
than tears with that report. Jul. That is no  
slander, sir, which is a truth; And what I  
spake, I spake it to my face. Par. Thy face is  
mine, and thou hast sland' red it. Jul. 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. Par. God shield I

should disturb devotion! Juliet, on Thursday  
early will I rouse ye. Till then, adieu, and  
keep this holy kiss. Exit. Jul. 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.

Jul. 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, 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. Jul. 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'ercover'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 the  
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;  
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 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. Then, as the manner of our  
country is, In thy best robes uncovered 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. Jul. 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. Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford. Farewell, dear father.

Exeunt.



Scene II. Capulet's house.

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and  
Servingmen, two or three.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.

[Exit a Servingman.]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if  
they can lick their fingers. Cap. How canst  
thou try them so? Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill  
cook that cannot lick his own fingers.

Therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes  
not with me. Cap. Go, begone.

Exit Servingman. We shall be  
much unfurnish'd for this time. What, is my  
daughter gone to Friar Laurence? Nurse. Ay,  
forsooth. Cap. Well, be may chance to do  
some good on her. A peevish self-will'd  
harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with

merry look. Cap. How now, my headstrong?  
Where have you been gadding? Jul. Where I  
have learnt me to repent the sin Of  
disobedient opposition To you and your  
behests, and am enjoin'd By holy Laurence  
to fall prostrate here To beg your pardon.  
Pardon, I beseech you! Henceforward I am  
ever rul'd by you. Cap. Send for the County.  
Go tell him of this. I'll have this knot knit up  
to-morrow morning. Jul. I met the youthful  
lord at Laurence' cell And gave him what  
becomed love I might, Not stepping o'er the  
bounds of modesty. Cap. 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. Jul. 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? Mother. No, not till Thursday.  
There is time enough. Cap. Go, nurse, go  
with her. We'll to church to-morrow.

Exeunt Juliet and Nurse. Mother.

We shall be short in our provision. 'Tis now  
near night. Cap. 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.

Scene III. Juliet's chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. 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 knowest, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Mother.

Mother. What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help? Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries As are behooffull 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. Mother. Good night. Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need. Exeunt [Mother and Nurse.] Jul. 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. 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.

Lays down a dagger. What if it be a poison  
which the friar Subtilly hath minist'ed 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 fest'ring  
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 desp'rate 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.

She [drinks and] falls upon her bed  
within the curtains.

## Scene IV. Capulet's house.

Enter Lady of the House and Nurse.

Lady. Hold, take these keys and fetch more spices, nurse. Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Old Capulet.

Cap. 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.

Cap. No, not a whit. What, I have watch'd ere now All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick. Lady. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time; But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exeunt Lady and Nurse. Cap. A jealous hood, a jealous hood!

Enter three or four [Fellows, with spits and logs and baskets.

What is there? Now, fellow, Fellow. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what. Cap. Make haste, make haste. [Exit Fellow.] Sirrah, fetch drier logs. Call Peter; he will show thee where they are. Fellow. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs And never trouble Peter for the matter. Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha! Thou shalt be loggerhead. [Exit Fellow.] Good faith, 'tis day. The County will be here with music straight, For so he said he would. Play music. 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.]



Scene V. Juliet's chamber.

[Enter Nurse.]

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! Fast, I warrant her, she. Why, lamb! why, lady! Fie, you slug-abad! 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, 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?

[Draws aside the curtains.] 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 weraday that ever I was born! Some aqua-vitae, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter Mother.

Mother. What noise is here? Nurse. O lamentable day! Mother. What is the matter? Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day! Mother. O me, O me! My child, my only life! Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! Help, help! Call help.

Enter Father.

Father. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come. Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd; she's dead! Alack the day! Mother. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead! Cap. 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. Nurse. O lamentable day! Mother. O woful time! Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail, Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar [Laurence] and the County [Paris], with Musicians.

Friar. Come, is the bride ready to go to church? Cap. Ready to go, but never to return. O son, the night before thy wedding day Hath Death lain with thy wife. See, 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. Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face, And doth it give me such a sight as this? Mother. 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 woful, woful, woful day! Most lamentable day, most woful 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 woful day! O woful day! Par.

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 Cap. 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. Cap. 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 low'r upon  
you for some ill; Move them no more by  
crossing their high will. Exeunt.

Manent Musicians [and Nurse]. 1. Mus. Faith,  
we may put up our pipes and be gone. Nurse.  
Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up! For  
well you know this is a pitiful case. [Exit.]

1. Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be  
amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease,'  
'Heart's ease!' O, an you will have me live,  
play 'Heart's ease.' 1. Mus. Why 'Heart's ease',

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself  
plays 'My heart is full of woe.' O, play me  
some merry dump to comfort me. 1. Mus. Not  
a dump we! 'Tis no time to play now. Pet. You  
will not then? 1. Mus. No. Pet. I will then give  
it you soundly. 1. Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the glee. I  
will give you the minstrel. 1. Mus. Then will  
I give you the serving-creature. Pet. Then will  
I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your  
pate. I will carry no crotchets. I'll re you, I'll  
fa you. Do you note me? 1. Mus. An you re  
us and fa us, you note us. 2. Mus. Pray you put  
up your dagger, and put out your wit. Pet.  
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. Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet  
sound.   Pet. Pretty! What say You, Hugh

Rebeck?   2. Mus. I say 'silver sound' because  
musicians sound for silver.   Pet. Pretty too!

What say you, James Soundpost?   3. Mus.

Faith, I know not what to say.   Pet. 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.'

[Exit.

1. Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same?

2. Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here,  
tarry for the   mourners, and stay dinner.

**Exeunt.**



ACT V. Scene I. Mantua. A street.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth 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 Romeo's Man Balthasar,  
booted.

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar?  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?  
How doth my lady? Is my father well? How  
fares my Juliet? That I ask again, For nothing

can be ill if she be well. Man. 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. Rom. Is it e'en so? Then I defy you, stars! Thou knowest my lodging. Get me ink and paper And hire posthorses. I will hence to-night. Man. I do beseech you, sir, have patience. Your looks are pale and wild and do import Some misadventure. Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd. Leave me and do the thing I bid thee do. Hast thou no letters to me from the friar? Man. No, my good lord. Rom. 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 'a dwells, which late I noted In tatt'ed 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 Were thinly scattered, 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.

Apoth. Who calls so loud? Rom. 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. Apoth. Such  
mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law Is  
death to any he that utters them. Rom. Art  
thou so bare and full of wretchedness And  
fearest 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. Apoth. My poverty but not my will  
consents. Rom. I pay thy poverty and not thy  
will. Apoth. 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. Rom. 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. 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.

Scene II. Verona. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar John to Friar Laurence.

John. Holy Franciscan friar, brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Laur. 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. 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. Laur. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo? John. I could not send it- here it is again- Nor get a messenger to bring it thee, So fearful were they of infection. Laur. 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. John. Brother,  
I'll go and bring it thee.                      Exit. Laur.

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.

Scene III. Verona. A churchyard; in it the monument of the Capulets.

Enter Paris and his Page with flowers and [a torch].

Par. 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. [Retires.] Par. 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.



Whistle Boy. 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, a  
mattock, and a crow of iron.

Rom. 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 hearest 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. The time and my  
intents are savage-wild, More fierce and  
more inexorable far Than empty tigers or  
the roaring sea. Bal. I will be gone, sir, and  
not trouble you. Rom. So shalt thou show me  
friendship. Take thou that. Live, and be  
prosperous; and farewell, good fellow. Bal.  
[aside] For all this same, I'll hide me  
hereabout. His looks I fear, and his intents I  
doubt. [Retires.] Rom. Thou detestable  
maw, thou womb of death, Gorg'd with the  
dearest morsel of the earth, Thus I enforce  
thy rotten jaws to open, And in despite I'll  
cram thee with more food.

Romeo opens the tomb. Par. This is that  
banish'd haughty Montague That murd' red  
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. Stop thy  
unhallowed 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.

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I  
hither. Good gentle youth, tempt not a  
desp'rate man. Fly hence and leave me.  
Think upon these gone; Let them affright  
thee. I beseech thee, youth, But 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. Par. I do defy thy, conjuration  
And apprehend thee for a felon here. Rom.  
Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!

They fight. Page.

O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

[Exit. Paris falls.] Par. O, I  
am slain! If thou be merciful, Open the tomb,  
lay me with Juliet. [Dies.] Rom. 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.

[Lays him in the tomb.] 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 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 seasick weary bark!  
Here's to my love! [Drinks.] O true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.  
Falls.

Enter Friar [Laurence], with lanthorn, crow,  
and spade.

Friar. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft

to-night Have my old feet stumbled at  
graves! Who's there? Bal. 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. Bal. It doth  
so, holy sir; and there's my master, One that  
you love. Friar. Who is it? Bal. Romeo. Friar.  
How long hath he been there? Bal. Full half an  
hour. Friar. Go with me to the vault. Bal. 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. Stay then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon  
me. O, much I fear some ill unthrifty thing.  
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew tree here, I  
dreamt my master and another fought, And  
that my master slew him. Friar. Romeo!  
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 tomb.] 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 rises. Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord? I do remember well where I should be, And there I am. Where is my Romeo? 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. I dare no longer stay. Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. Exit

[Friar]. What's here? A cup, clos'd 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 him.] Thy lips are warm! Chief

Watch. [within] Lead, boy. Which way? Yea,  
noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

[Snatches Romeo's dagger.]

This is thy sheath; there rest, and let me die.

She stabs herself and falls [on Romeo's  
body].

Enter [Paris's] Boy and Watch.

Boy. This is the place. There, where the  
torch doth burn. Chief 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.



Enter [some of the Watch,] with Romeo's Man [Balthasar].

2. Watch. Here's Romeo's man. We found him in the churchyard. Chief Watch. Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.

Enter Friar [Laurence] and another Watchman.

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. Chief 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 rest?

Enter Capulet and his Wife [with others].

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek  
abroad? Wife. 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? Chief 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. Chief Watch.  
Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,  
With instruments upon them fit to open  
These dead men's tombs. Cap. O heavens! 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  
missheathed in my daughter's bosom! Wife. 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.

Mon. 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.

Mon. 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 murther;  
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say it 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. 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  
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 That he  
should hither come as this dire night To help  
to take her from her borrowed 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 aught 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? Bal. 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 threat'ned 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? 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 you, discords too, Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punish'd. Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand.

This is my daughter's jointure, for no more Can I demand. Mon. 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. Cap. 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 omnes.

THE END



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