

Enhanced WordPlay Shakespeare

Romeo & Juliet



**COMPLETE FILM
& TEXT**

Romeo and Juliet

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THE WORDPLAY SHAKESPEARE

THE NEW BOOK PRESS

ENHANCED EDITION

Foreword

Shakespeare wrote his plays to be performed and watched: information crucial for understanding them is contained in body language, oratory, emphasis, and positioning. This is why just reading his works often presents difficulties for students and adults.

But the brilliance of Shakespeare's writing has ensured that reading his plays on the page continues to be an important (but often daunting) way to appreciate his work.

The WordPlay Shakespeare Series seeks to give readers the best of these two experiences by presenting Shakespeare's peerless verse and prose next to carefully filmed performances. Each version reinforces the value of the other, providing the reader (and, now, viewer) with a clearer, richer, and more enjoyable experience.

This series does not minimize the value and importance of Shakespeare's written words. For the text itself, we have employed the compiled version presented under GNU license, whose sources include the first folio of 1623, and the Globe edition of 1866. On the few occasions where lines are omitted from the performance we have indicated this by showing the text with strikethroughs: ~~thus~~. We acknowledge and thank the curators of that text, which is available for download at playshakespeare.com.

For the filmed performance, we hired and worked with a group of dedicated and talented Shakespearean actors, demanding of them near-word-perfect performances. We also purposefully staged the performance in a "neutral" setting and with minimal costuming.

Again, we did this so that the actors could focus themselves - and future readers - on the text and meaning of the play. This elegant, minimalist aesthetic we hope underscores our unswerving dedication to the power and value of Shakespeare's text.

This edition of Shakespeare does then what no book before has done, by bringing together a full and faithful performance of every line of the play with the full text of the play. Not a few scenes. Not the famous soliloquies. The whole play.

We have included other innovative features in the Wordplay Series including a full page-by-page text translation of the play into "modern" English.

We hope you agree that the results are uniquely helpful to anyone grappling anew, or for the first time, with Shakespeare's astonishing plays.



The New Book Press

Credits

Cast

Lady Capulet/Friar John.....	Heidi Armbruster
Friar Lawrence.....	Ramsey Faragallah
Mercutio/Samson.....	Carman Lacivita
Benvolio/Balthazar.....	Leicester Landon
Romeo/Gregory.....	Drew Ledbetter
Capulet.....	David McCann
Nurse/Lady Montague.....	Myra Lucretia Taylor
Montague/Cousin Capulet/Apothecary.....	John Leonard Thompson
Prince/Peter.....	Raphael Nash Thompson
Juliet/Abram.....	Kristin Villanueva
Tybalt/Paris.....	Landon Woodson

Credits

Production

Director.....	Jessica Bauman
Video Production and Editing.....	Rick Siegel
Associate Director.....	Samantha Tella
Script Supervisor.....	Debbie Goodstein
Stage Manager.....	Emily Paige Ballou
Assistant Stage Manager.....	Hannah Barudin
Sound Producer.....	Jeff Santana
Casting Director.....	Judy Bowman, CSA
Video Editor.....	Isabel Sadurni
Digital Post Production.....	Loic DeLame
Costume Designer.....	Nicole Slaven
Photography.....	Julie Markes



Montague, Apothecary
John Leonard Thompson



Benvolio, Balthazar
Leicester Landon



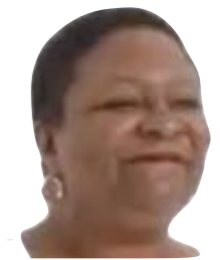
Mercutio, Samson
Carman Lacivita



Prince, Peter
Raphael Nash Thompson



Friar Lawrence
Ramsey Faragallah



Nurse, Lady Montague
Myra Lucretia Taylor



Lady Capulet, Friar John
Heidi Armbruster



Capulet
David McCann

Romeo
Drew Ledbetter

Juliet
Kristin Villanueva



Tybalt, Paris
Landon Woodson

The Prologue

SYNOPSIS

Chorus describes the situation in Verona, as the play opens, here performed by Capulet, Montague, Romeo, and Juliet.



The Prologue

(Chorus)

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

5 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,
10 And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought 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 1 Scene 1

SYNOPSIS

Two Capulet servants are exchanging banter, when they spot two Montague servants. They pick a fight (1), and more members of both households join the brawl until the citizens of Verona and its Prince, **Escalus**, break them apart (2). After being told to report at different times to the Prince to discuss their respective punishments, **Romeo's** mother and father talk with **Benvolio**, to find out why **Romeo** has been avoiding people's company recently (3). After **Romeo** appears, **Benvolio** gently quizzes **Romeo**, and discovers that **Romeo** is in love (4) - but that the woman that he loves, does not love him. **Benvolio** promises to help him fix the situation - by showing him that there are other women with whom he could fall in love.



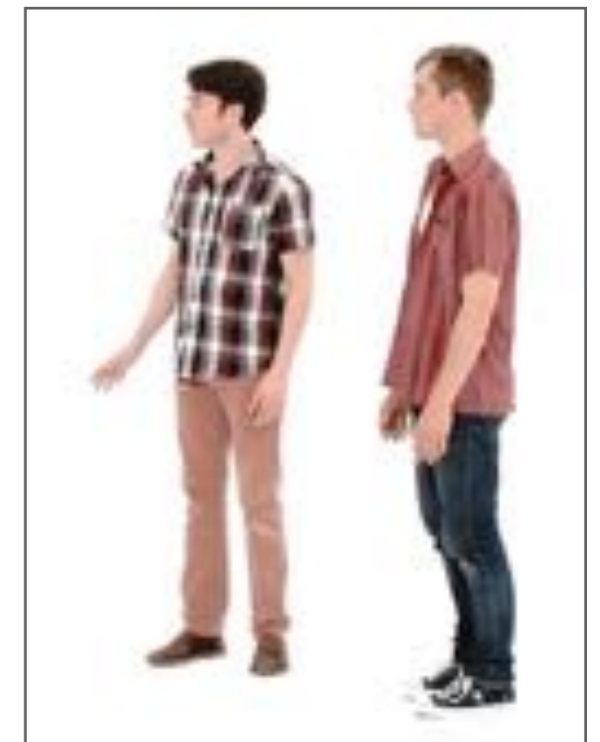
1



2



3



4

Verona. A public place.

*(Sampson; Gregory; Abram; Balthasar; Benvolio; Tybalt;
Citizens; Montague; Lady Montague; Prince Escalus; Romeo)
Enter Sampson and Gregory, with swords and bucklers, of the
house of Capulet.*

SAMPSON

Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

GREGORY

No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON

I mean, and we be in choler, we'll draw.

GREGORY

Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar.

SAMPSON

5 I strike quickly, being mov'd.

GREGORY

But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

SAMPSON

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY

To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if
thou art mov'd, thou run'st away.

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

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

SAMPSON

15 '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.

GREGORY

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

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

The heads of the maids?

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

They must take it in sense that feel it.



SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor-John. Draw thy tool, here comes of the house of Montagues.

Enter two other servingmen: Abram and Balthasar.

SAMPSON

30 My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back thee.

GREGORY

How, turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON

Fear me not.

GREGORY

No, marry, I fear thee!

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

35 I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

SAMPSON

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



ABRAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAM

40 Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON *Aside to Gregory*

Is the law of our side if I say ay?

GREGORY *Aside to Sampson*

No.

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

45 Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAM

Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

SAMPSON

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

ABRAM

No better.



SAMPSON

Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

GREGORY

50 Say “better,” here comes one of my master’s kinsmen.

SAMPSON

Yes, better, sir.

ABRAM

You lie.

SAMPSON

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

They fight.

BENVOLIO

Part, fools!

55 Put up your swords, you know not what you do.

Beats down their swords. Enter Tybalt.

TYBALT

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO

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



TYBALT

- 60 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 three or four Citizens with clubs or partisans.

CITIZENS OF VERONA

Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and his wife, Lady Capulet.

CAPULET

- 65 What noise is this? Give me my long sword ho!

LADY CAPULET

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

CAPULET

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

Enter old Montague and his wife, Lady Montague.

MONTAGUE

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

LADY MONTAGUE

- 70 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 neighbor-stained steel—
Will they not hear?—What ho, you men, you beasts!

75 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.

80 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

85 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.

90 You, Capulet, shall go along with me,
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio.

MONTAGUE

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?

95 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?



BENVOLIO

Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.
I drew to part them. In the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd,
100 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,
105 Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE

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

BENVOLIO

Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
110 A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad,
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from this city side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
115 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,
Pursued my humor not pursuing his,
120 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.



MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs,
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun

125 Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
130 And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portendous must this humor prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO

135 Have you importun'd him by any means?

MONTAGUE

Both by myself and many other friends,
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself (I will not say how true)
But to himself so secret and so close,
140 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,
145 We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

BENVOLIO

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

MONTAGUE

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

Exeunt Montague and Lady.

BENVOLIO

150 Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?



ROMEO

Not having that which, having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO

155 In love?

ROMEO

Out—

BENVOLIO

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favor where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all:
165 Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness, serious vanity,
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,
170 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!



This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO

No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO

At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO

175 Why, such is love's transgression.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to have it press'd
With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
180 Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes,
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with loving tears.
What is it else? A madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
185 Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO

Soft, I will go along;
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO

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



BENVOLIO

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

ROMEO

190 What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO

Groan? Why, no;

But sadly tell me, who?

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
200 And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From Love's weak childish bow she lives uncharm'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.

205 O, she is rich in beauty, only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

BENVOLIO

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO

She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty starv'd with her severity

210 Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair.
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

O, teach me how I should forget to think.

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Examine other beauties.



ROMEO

'Tis the way

To call hers (exquisite) in question more.

- 220 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,
225 What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

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

Exeunt.



Act 1 Scene 2

SYNOPSIS

Capulet speaks with **Paris**, a suitor for his daughter **Juliet's** hand. **Capulet** does not wish to hurry Juliet into marriage, but suggests (1) that **Paris** get to know Juliet better at a ball he is putting on that evening. He sends a servant out with a list of people to invite. The servant, who cannot read (2), asks **Benvolio** and **Romeo** for help in reading the list of names, not knowing that they are Montagues, and enemies of his master. When **Benvolio** and **Romeo** read the list (3), they realize that **Rosaline** - the current object of **Romeo's** love - will attend. They decide to attend the ball themselves, where **Benvolio** hopes to convince **Romeo** (4) that there are more beautiful women for him to fall in love with, than **Rosaline**.



1



2



3



4



Verona. A street.

(Capulet; County Paris; Second Servingman; Benvolio; Romeo)

Enter Capulet, County Paris, and Second Servingman, the clown.

CAPULET

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.

PARIS

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

CAPULET

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

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET

And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;
15 She's the hopeful lady of my earth.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;

And she agreed, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.

20 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
25 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
30 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 Second Servingman.

Go, sirrah, trudge about
35 Through fair Verona, find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

Exit with Paris.

SECOND SERVANT

Find them out whose names are written here! It is written
that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard and the tai-
40 lor with his last, the fisher with his pencil and the painter
with his nets;



but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. In good time!

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO

For what, I pray thee?

ROMEO

For your broken shin.

BENVOLIO

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO

Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
55 Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented, and—God-den, good fellow.



SECOND SERVANT

God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SECOND SERVANT

Perhaps you have learn'd it without book.

60 But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

ROMEO

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

SECOND SERVANT

Ye say honestly, rest you merry!

ROMEO

Stay, fellow, I can read.

He reads the letter.

65 "Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme 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."

70 A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

SECOND SERVANT

Up.



ROMEO

Whither? To supper?

SECOND SERVANT

To our house.

ROMEO

Whose house?

SECOND SERVANT

75 My master's.

ROMEO

Indeed I should have ask'd thee that before.

SECOND SERVANT

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

Exit.

BENVOLIO

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



ROMEO

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

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

BENVOLIO

Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye;
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd

95 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.

ROMEO

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

Exeunt.



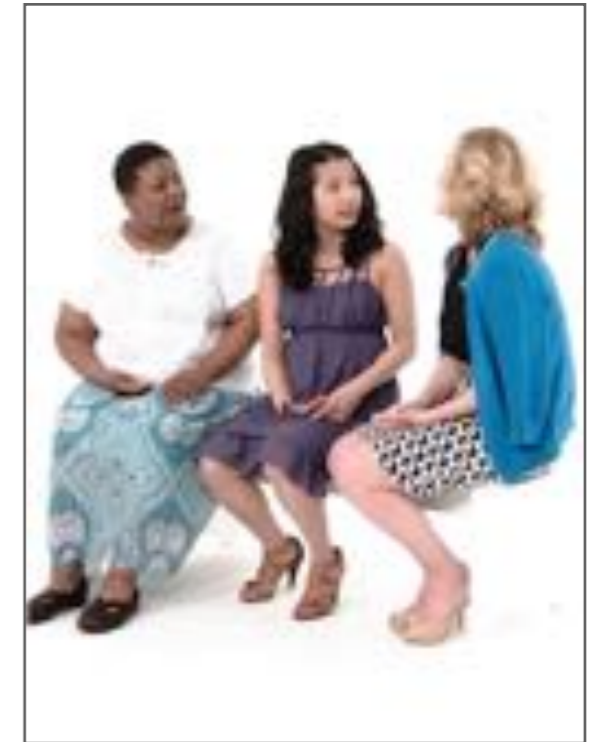
Act 1 Scene 3

SYNOPSIS

Lady Capulet asks **Juliet's** nurse to call **Juliet** (1). When **Juliet** arrives, **Lady Capulet** asks her how she feels about marriage (2) - and how she would feel about marrying **Paris**. After telling **Juliet** of the planned evening ball, she suggests that **Juliet** look **Paris** over (3), and see what she makes of him. **Juliet** says that she will observe him as closely as her parents will allow (4).



1



2



3



4



Verona. A room in Capulet's house.

(Lady Capulet; Nurse; Juliet; First Servingman)

Enter Capulet's Wife, and Nurse.

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

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

Enter Juliet.

JULIET

5 How now, who calls?

NURSE

Your mother.

JULIET

Madam, I am here,
What is your will?

LADY CAPULET

This is the matter. Nurse, give leave a while,
We must talk in secret. Nurse, come back again,
I have rememb'rd me, thou 's hear our counsel.

10 Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET

She's not fourteen.

NURSE

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth—

And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four—

She's not fourteen. How long is it now

15 To Lammas-tide?

LADY CAPULET

A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE

Even or odd, of all days in the year,

Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—

Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God,

20 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—

25 Of all the days of the year, upon that day;

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall.

My lord and you were then at Mantua—

Nay, I do bear a brain—but as I said,



30 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 wi' th' dug!
Shake, quoth the dove-house; 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
35 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!
40 '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.”
45 To see now how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, and I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: “Wilt thou not, Jule?” quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said, “Ay.”

LADY CAPULET

Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

NURSE

50 Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh
To think it should leave crying and say, “Ay.”
And yet I warrant it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cock'rel's stone—
A perilous knock—and it cried bitterly.



55 “Yea,” quoth my husband, “fall’st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age,
Wilt thou not, Jule?” It stinted and said, “Ay.”

JULIET

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

NURSE

Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!

60 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e’er I nurs’d.
And I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET

Marry, that “marry” is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,

65 How stands your disposition to be married?

JULIET

It is an honor that I dream not of.

NURSE

An honor! Were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck’d wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAPULET

Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
70 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

75 A man, young lady! Lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he’s a man of wax.

LADY CAPULET

Verona’s summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE

Nay, he’s a flower, in faith, a very flower.

LADY CAPULET

What say you? Can you love the gentleman?
80 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;
85 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
90 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

95 No less! Nay, bigger: women grow by men.



LADY CAPULET

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

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

Enter First Servingman.

FIRST SERVANT

100 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
every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you
follow straight.

Exit.

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee. Juliet, the County stays.

NURSE

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

Exeunt



Act 1 Scene 4

SYNOPSIS

Romeo, **Benvolio**, and **Mercutio** head towards the ball, and as they banter back and forth (1), **Romeo** claims he has had a dream, to which **Mercutio** responds that he has had one too (2). Prompted to say more, **Mercutio** talks wildly (3) about the feverish visions and visitation that men and women have in their dreams. **Romeo** finally stops him, gently telling **Mercutio** that he is talking about nothing. As they stride on to the ball, **Romeo** mentions that he has a feeling something bad may happen (4), based on events of the evening.



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4



Verona. A street.

(Romeo; Mercutio; Benvolio; Maskers; Torch-Bearers)

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers; Torch-Bearers.

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

25 Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous, and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in,

Puts on a mask.

30 A visor for a visor! What care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

BENVOLIO

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



ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

- 40 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 stickest
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

ROMEO

Nay, that's not so.

MERCUTIO

I mean, sir, in delay

- 45 We waste our lights in vain, like lights by day!
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

Why, may one ask?



ROMEO

50 I dreamt a dream tonight.

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO

O then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

55 In shape no bigger than an agot-stone

On the forefinger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomi

Over men's noses as they lie asleep.

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

60 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,

Time out a' mind the fairies' coachmakers.

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,

Her traces of the smallest spider web,

65 Her collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams,

Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,



Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.

70 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 cur'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
75 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breath 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
80 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then he dreams of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
85 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
90 And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
95 This is she—

ROMEO

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!



Thou talk'st of nothing.

MERCUTIO

True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
100 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 side to the dew-dropping south.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

Strike, drum.

They march about the stage and stand to one side.



Act 1 Scene 5

SYNOPSIS

The Capulet ball begins, and as servants scurry to put out food, and as **Capulet** reminisces about his more youthful days, **Romeo** spots **Juliet** - and **Tybalt** spots **Romeo** (1). **Tybalt**, thinking **Romeo** has come to disrupt the party, reacts angrily, but **Capulet** tells **Tybalt** to calm down - that he has heard good reports about **Romeo** (2). **Tybalt** storms out. **Romeo**, meanwhile, approaches **Juliet**, and kisses her hands (3) - he has fallen deeply in love. He then hears that she is a **Capulet**, and as he leaves the ball, **Juliet** in turn learns from the **Nurse** that the young man who was kissing her hand only moments before is named **Romeo** - and is a **Montague** (4).



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4



Verona. A hall in Capulet's house. (Anthony; Potpan; Capulet; Lady Capulet; Old Capulet; Juliet; Tybalt; Nurse; First Servingman; Second Servingman; Third Servingman; Guests; Gentlewomen; Maskers) Servingmen come forth with napkins.

FIRST SERVANT

Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher? He scrape a trencher?

SECOND SERVANT

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

FIRST SERVANT

- 5 Away with the join-stools, remove the court-cubbert, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marzipan, and, as thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell - Anthony and Potpan!

Enter Anthony and Potpan.

ANTHONY

Ay, boy, ready.

FIRST SERVANT

- 10 You are look'd for and call'd for, ask'd for and sought for, in the great chamber.

POTPAN

We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys, be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.



Exeunt. Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Cousin Capulet, Juliet, Tybalt, Nurse, Servingmen, and all the Guests and Gentlewomen.

CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes
15 Unplagu'd with corns will walk a bout with you.
Ah, 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
20 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.

Music plays, and they dance.

A hall, a hall! Give room! And foot it, girls.
25 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.
30 How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

COUSIN CAPULET

By'r lady, thirty years.

CAPULET

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

COUSIN CAPULET

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

CAPULET

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

ROMEO *To Third Servingman.*

40 What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

THIRD SERVINGMAN

I know not, sir.

ROMEO

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
45 As 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,
50 And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.



TYBALT

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

CAPULET

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

TYBALT

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

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
65 '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;



70 Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT

It fits when such a villain is a guest.

75 I'll not endure him.

CAPULET

He shall be endured.

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!

80 You will set cock-a-hoop! You'll be the man!

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET

Go to, go to,

You are a saucy boy. Is't so indeed?

This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what.

You must contrary me! Marry, 'tis time.—

85 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!

TYBALT

Patience perforce with willful choler meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.



90 I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt' rest gall.

Exit.

ROMEO *To Juliet.*

If I profane with my unworhiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

95 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this:
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROMEO

100 Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in pray'r.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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



JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

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

Kissing her again.

JULIET

You kiss by th' book.

NURSE

110 Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROMEO

What is her mother?

NURSE

Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk'd withal;
115 I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

ROMEO

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



BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

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

CAPULET

120 Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

They whisper in his ear.

Is it e'en so? Why then I thank you all.
I thank you, honest gentlemen, good night.
More torches here! Come on, then let's to bed.

To Second Capulet.

125 Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late,
I'll to my rest.

Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.

JULIET

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE

The son and heir of old Tiberio.



JULIET

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

What's he that follows here, that would not dance?

NURSE

I know not.

JULIET

Go ask his name.—If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

NURSE

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

JULIET

My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me

140 That I must love a loathed enemy.



NURSE

What's this? What's this?

JULIET

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



Act 2 Chorus

SYNOPSIS

Chorus explains that **Romeo** is now in love - no longer with **Rosaline**, but with a different person. And with the love, comes great danger for both **Romeo** and **Juliet**.



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4



(Chorus)

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS

Now old desire doth in his death-bed 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.

- 5 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
- 10 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear,
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where.
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

Exit.

Act 2 Scene 1

SYNOPSIS

Near the **Capulet** orchard wall **Romeo** struggles (1) over whether he should return secretly to **Ju-
liet's** home, while **Benvolio** and **Mercutio** call out for him (2). After searching and calling for a while (3), they give up, and go home. **Romeo** emerges from hiding (4), and rues the fact that they do not know what it feels like to be in love.



1



2



3



4



A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.

(Romeo; Benvolio; Mercutio)

Enter Romeo alone.

ROMEO

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

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio. Romeo withdraws.

BENVOLIO

Romeo! My cousin Romeo! Romeo!

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

5 He ran this way and leapt this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO

Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo! Humors! Madman! Passion! Lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh!
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
10 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 Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid!

15 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not,
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
20 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

BENVOLIO

And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MERCUTIO

This cannot anger him; 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle,
25 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.

BENVOLIO

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



MERCUTIO

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,

35 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-arse, thou a pop'rin pear!

Romeo, good night, I'll to my truckle-bed,

40 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO

Go then, for 'tis in vain

To seek him here that means not to be found.

Exit Benvolio with Mercutio.

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.



Act 2 Scene 2

SYNOPSIS

Romeo approaches the balcony outside **Juliet's** room (1). After listening to her speak, he reveals himself (2). They talk and exchange vows of love. **Juliet** then tells **Romeo** that she will send someone to meet him for details of how they will get married (3). As they continue speaking, not wanting to part, the **Nurse** calls insistently from within (4). And so they part.



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4



Capulet's orchard. (Romeo; Juliet; Nurse) Romeo advances.

Enter Juliet above at her 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

5 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!

10 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,

15 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

20 Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks!

25 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,
30 When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JULIET

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

ROMEO *Aside.*

Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand nor foot,
40 Nor arm nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!



What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other word would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
45 Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

ROMEO

I take thee at thy word.

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
50 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

By a name

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

60 Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.



JULIET

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

ROMEO

65 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 stop to me.

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

By whose direction foundst thou out this place?



ROMEO

By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
80 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 should adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET

Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
85 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
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,"
90 And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayest 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,
95 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 mayest think my 'havior light,
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
100 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheardst, ere I was ware,
My true-love passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
105 Which the dark night hath so discovered.



ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?

JULIET

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

ROMEO

If my heart's dear love—

JULIET

115 Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract tonight,
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!
120 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!



ROMEO

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

125 What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

JULIET

130 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.

Nurse calls within.

135 I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

Exit above.



ROMEO

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

Enter Juliet above.

JULIET

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

NURSE *Within.*

Madam!

JULIET

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

NURSE *Within.*

Madam!

JULIET

By and by, I come—
To cease thy strife, and leave me to my grief.
Tomorrow will I send.



ROMEO

So thrive my soul—

JULIET

A thousand times good night!

Exit above.

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

155 Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

Retiring. Enter Juliet again above.

JULIET

Hist, Romeo, hist! O, for a falc'ner's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,

160 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!

ROMEO

It is my soul that calls upon my name.

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,

165 Like softest music to attending ears!



JULIET

Romeo!

ROMEO

My sweet?

JULIET

What a' clock tomorrow

Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO

By the hour of nine.

JULIET

I will not fail. 'Tis twenty year till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO

170 Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET

I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

ROMEO

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



JULIET

175 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone—
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silken thread plucks it back again,
180 So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROMEO

I would I were thy bird.

JULIET

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

Exit above.

ROMEO

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

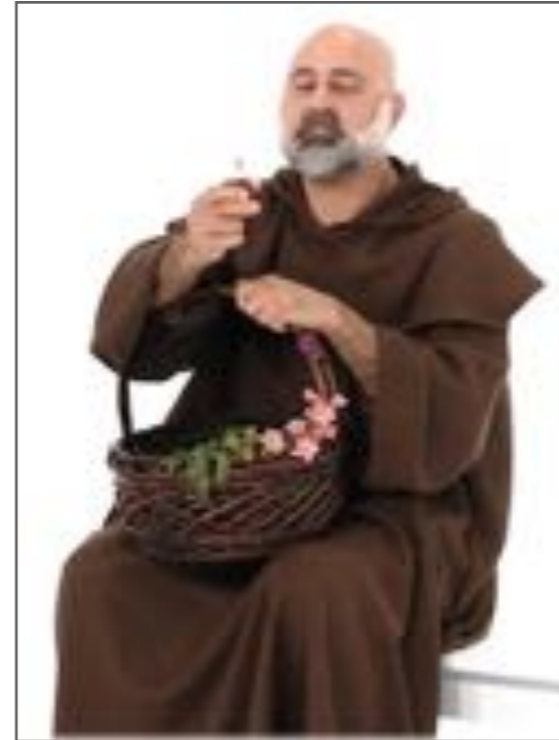
Exit



Act 2 Scene 3

SYNOPSIS

As **Romeo** arrives at **Friar Lawrence's** cell, **Friar Lawrence** is examining various medicinal -and poisonous -weeds (1). **Romeo** tells **Lawrence** that he wishes to be married to the woman he loves - not **Rosaline**, but **Juliet** (2). Although initially apprehensive about **Romeo's** new found love (3), **Friar Lawrence** sees the possibility of uniting the **Capulets** and the **Montagues** through **Romeo** and **Juliet's** love for each other (4).



1



2



3



4



Friar Lawrence's cell.

(Friar Lawrence; Romeo)

Enter Friar Lawrence alone, with a basket.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the Eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.

5 Now 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.

10 The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, 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.

15 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities;
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use,
20 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.



Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power;
25 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,
Being tasted, stays 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,
30 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distempered head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
35 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
40 Thou art up-rous'd with some distemp'rature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.

ROMEO

That last is true—the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?



ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

ROMEO

I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
50 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 LAWRENCE

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

ROMEO

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
60 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 today.



FRIAR LAWRENCE

- 65 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
- 70 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 yet ringing in mine ancient ears;
- 75 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:
- 80 Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

ROMEO

Thou chidst me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO

And badst me bury love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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



ROMEO

85 I pray thee chide me not. Her I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.



Act 2 Scene 4

SYNOPSIS

In the street, **Mercutio** and **Benvolio** joke about where **Romeo** might be (1), whereupon **Romeo** appears. As they exchange banter (2), **The Nurse** and her servant **Peter** arrive (3), and are roundly mocked by **Benvolio**, **Mercutio**, and even **Romeo**. Once **Mercutio** and **Benvolio** move away, **Romeo** instructs **The Nurse** (4) to have Juliet come to church that afternoon, where **Friar Lawrence** will marry the two of them.



1



2



3



4



Verona. A street.

(Benvolio; Mercutio; Romeo; Nurse; Peter)

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

MERCUTIO

Where the dev' I should this Romeo be?
Came he not home tonight?

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

5 Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO

Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO

10 Any man that can write may answer a letter.

BENVOLIO

Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being
dar'd.



MERCUTIO

15 Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead, stabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

BENVOLIO

Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO

20 More than Prince of Cats. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; he rests his minim rests, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal pasado, the punto reverso, the hay!

BENVOLIO

25 The what?

MERCUTIO

30 The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting phantasies, 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, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardon-me's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.



BENVOLIO

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO

35 Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art
thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch
flow'd in. Laura to his lady was a kitchen wench (marry, she
had a better love to berhyme her), Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra
a gypsy, Helen and Hero hildings and harlots, Thisby a grey
40 eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, *bonjour!*
There's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us
the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

The slip, sir, the slip, can you not conceive?

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

Meaning to cur'sy.

MERCUTIO

Thou hast most kindly hit it.



ROMEO

50 A most courteous exposition.

MERCUTIO

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROMEO

Pink for flower.

MERCUTIO

Right.

ROMEO

Why then is my pump well flower'd.

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

O single-sol'd jest, solely singular for the singleness!

MERCUTIO

Come between us, good Benvolio, my wits faint.

ROMEO

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



MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

65 Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose.

MERCUTIO

I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROMEO

Nay, good goose, bite not.

MERCUTIO

Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting, it is a most sharp sauce.

ROMEO

70 And is it not then well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

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



MERCUTIO

75 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.

BENVOLIO

80 Stop there, stop there.

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

MERCUTIO

O, thou art deceiv'd; I would have made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to
85 occupy the argument no longer.

ROMEO

Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and her man, Peter.

A sail, a sail!

MERCUTIO

Two, two: a shirt and a smock.



NURSE

Peter!

PETER

90 Anon!

NURSE

My fan, Peter.

MERCUTIO

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

NURSE

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE

95 Is it good den?

MERCUTIO

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

NURSE

Out upon you, what a man are you?

ROMEO

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



NURSE

100 By my troth, it is well said; “for himself to mar,” quoth ‘a!
Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the
young Romeo?

ROMEO

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

NURSE

You say well.

MERCUTIO

Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i’ faith, wisely, wisely.

NURSE

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

BENVOLIO

She will indite him to some supper.

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

What hast thou found?

MERCUTIO

No hare, sir, unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is some-
thing stale and hoar ere it be spent.



He walks by them and sings.

115 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.

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

ROMEO

I will follow you.

MERCUTIO

Farewell, ancient lady, farewell,

Singing.

"lady, lady, lady."

Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.

NURSE

125 I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full
of his ropery?

ROMEO

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



NURSE

And 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, and 'a
130 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.

She turns to Peter, her man.

And thou must stand by too and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!

PETER

135 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 vex'd that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my
140 young lady bid me inquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young; and
145 therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be off'red to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

ROMEO

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



NURSE

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

ROMEO

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

NURSE

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

ROMEO

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

NURSE

No, truly, sir, not a penny.

ROMEO

160 Go to, I say you shall.

NURSE

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

ROMEO

And stay, good nurse—behind the abbey wall
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
165 Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.



Farewell, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewell, commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE

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

ROMEO

170 What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

NURSE

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

ROMEO

'Warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

NURSE

Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord!

175 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
180 any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

ROMEO

Ay, nurse, what of that? Both with an R.



NURSE

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

ROMEO

Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE

Ay, a thousand times.

Exit Romeo.

Peter!

PETER

190 Anon!

NURSE *Handing him her fan.*

Before, and apace.

Exit after Peter.



Act 2 Scene 5

SYNOPSIS

Juliet waits impatiently (1) for **The Nurse** to bring her news from her meeting with **Romeo**. When **The Nurse** arrives (2), she delays and teases **Juliet** (3), until finally she reveals that **Juliet** must meet **Romeo** at Church that afternoon, to get married (4).



1



2



3



4



Capulet's orchard.
(Juliet; Nurse; Peter)
Enter Juliet.

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him—that's not so.
O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,
5 Which ten times faster glides 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
10 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,
15 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

20 Peter, stay at the gate.

Exit Peter.

JULIET

Now, good sweet nurse—O Lord, why lookest 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

25 I am a-weary, give me leave a while.
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I!

JULIET

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

NURSE

Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay a while?
30 Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JULIET

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
35 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
40 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?

JULIET

45 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 a' t' other side—ah, my back, my back!
50 Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

JULIET

I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

NURSE

Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
55 An' a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous—Where is your mother?

JULIET

Where is my mother! Why, she is within,
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!



60 “Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
‘Where is your mother?’”

NURSE

O God’s lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET

Here’s such a coil! Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE

65 Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET

I have.

NURSE

Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence’s cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
70 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;
75 But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I’ll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

JULIET

Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

Exeunt



Act 2 Scene 6

SYNOPSIS

Friar Lawrence and **Romeo** wait in the church (1) and (2). **Juliet** arrives, and they go in to the chapel, to get married (3) and (4).



1



2



3



4



Friar Lawrence's cell.

(Friar Lawrence; Romeo; Juliet)

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

These violent delights have violent ends,
10 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;
15 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 gossamers
That idles in the wanton summer air,
20 And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

JULIET

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

30 Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament;
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

35 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 3 Scene 1

SYNOPSIS

As **Mercutio** and **Benvolio** talk in the street, **Tybalt** appears, looking for Romeo (1). **Mercutio** and **Tybalt** exchange tense words, when **Romeo** appears. **Tybalt** goads **Romeo**, but **Romeo** avoids a fight (2) - at which point **Mercutio** challenges **Tybalt**. They fight, and as **Romeo** tries to break them apart, **Tybalt** mortally wounds **Mercutio** (3) and leaves. **Mercutio** curses both the Capulets and the Montagues and dies. **Tybalt** reappears, and **Romeo** and **Tybalt** fight. Romeo kills **Tybalt**, and flees, as citizens and then the **Prince** arrive on the scene. **Benvolio** explains what happened, the Capulets protest that he is biased - and the **Prince** decides that Romeo should be exiled (4).



1



2



3



4



Verona. A street.

(Mercutio; Benvolio; Mercutio's Page; Men; Tybalt; Petruchio; Romeo; Citizens; Prince Escalus; Montague; Capulet; Lady Capulet; Lady Montague)

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Men.

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

- 10 Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

And what to?

MERCUTIO

15 Nay, and 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
20 eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy out such a quar-
rel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat,
and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for
quarrelling. Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in
the street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain
25 asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for
wearing his new doublet before Easter? With another for ty-
ing his new shoes with old riband? And yet thou wilt tutor
me from quarrelling!

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

BENVOLIO

By my head, here comes the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.



TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

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

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

40 Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT

Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo—

MERCUTIO

Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels? And thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick, here's that shall make you dance.

45 'Zounds, consort!

BENVOLIO

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



MERCUTIO

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

Enter Romeo.

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

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

TYBALT

Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: thou art a villain.

ROMEO

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

TYBALT

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



ROMEO

I do protest I never injured thee,
65 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.

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!
70 *Alla stoccato* carries it away.

Draws.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I
mean to make bold withal, and as you shall use me hereaf-
75 ter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword
out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be
about your ears ere it be out.

TYBALT

I am for you.

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.



MERCUTIO

80 Come, sir, your passado.

They fight.

ROMEO

Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.

Romeo steps between them.

85 Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

Tybalt under Romeo's arm thrusts Mercutio in. Away Tybalt with his followers.

MERCUTIO

I am hurt.

A plague a' both houses! I am sped.
Is he gone and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch, marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

Exit Page



ROMEO

90 Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

Help me into some house, Benvolio,
100 Or I shall faint. A plague a' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me. I have it,
And soundly too. Your houses!

Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.

ROMEO

This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
105 In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soft'ned valor's steel!

Enter Benvolio.



BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

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

Enter Tybalt.

BENVOLIO

115 Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

He gone 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

120 That late thou gavest me, for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company.
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

TYBALT

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

ROMEO

This shall determine that.

They fight; Tybalt falls.



BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed, the Prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken. Hence be gone, away!

ROMEO

130 O, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO

Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo. Enter Citizens.

FIRST CITIZEN OF VERONA

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

BENVOLIO

There lies that Tybalt.

FIRST CITIZEN OF VERONA

Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wives, and all.

PRINCE

135 Where are the vile beginners of this fray?



BENVOLIO

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

LADY CAPULET

140 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

145 Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay!
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure; all this, uttered
150 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed,
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,
155 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,
160 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,
165 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LADY CAPULET

170 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:
175 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

PRINCE

Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

MONTAGUE

Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
180 The life of Tybalt.

PRINCE

And for that offense
Immediately we do exile him hence.
I have an interest in your hearts' proceeding;
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;



But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
185 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.
190 Bear hence this body and attend our will;
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt.



Act 3 Scene 2

SYNOPSIS

Impatiently awaiting **The Nurse** (1), **Juliet** receives the unwelcome news of **Tybalt's** death at **Romeo's** hands (2). After initially cursing **Romeo**, and getting chastised by **Juliet** (3), **Nurse** offers to fetch **Romeo**, so that he can visit **Juliet** before he leaves into exile (4).



1



2



3



4



JULIET (*Capulet's orchard. (Juliet; Nurse) Enter Juliet alone.*)

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging; such a waggoner
As Phaëton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.

- 5 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That th' runaway's 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,
10 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,
15 With thy black mantle, till strange love grow 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.
20 Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo, and, when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
25 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
30 To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder of cords in her lap.

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
35 That Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE

Ay, ay, the cords.

Throws them down.

JULIET

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!

JULIET

40 Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE

Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!



JULIET

What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
45 Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but ay,
And that bare vowel I shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
I am not I, if there be such an ay,
Or those eyes shut, that makes thee answer ay.
50 If he be slain, say ay, or if not, no.
Brief sounds determine 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 corpse, a bloody piteous corpse,
55 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood; I swooned at the sight.

JULIET

O, break, my heart, poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign, end motion here,
60 And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

NURSE

O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman,
That ever I should live to see thee dead!



JULIET

What storm is this that blows so contrary?

- 65 Is Romeo slaught'ed? And is Tybalt dead?
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom,
For who is living, if those two are gone?

NURSE

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished,

- 70 Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

JULIET

O God, did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

NURSE

It did, it did, alas the day, it did!

JULIET

O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

- 75 Beautiful tyrant! Fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! Wolvish ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honorable villain!
80 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
85 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.
90 Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET

Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! He was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
95 O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

NURSE

Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

JULIET

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
100 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.
105 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,
110 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
115 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,
120 Which modern lamentation might have moved?
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"!
125 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 corpse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.



JULIET

130 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,
135 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.
140 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.
I'll to him, he is hid at Lawrence' cell.

JULIET

O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

Exeunt.



Act 3 Scene 3

SYNOPSIS

In **Friar Lawrence's** cell and wracked by guilt, **Romeo** is inconsolable. **Friar Lawrence** tells **Romeo** of his sentence - he is banished, and will be executed if found in Verona after night fall (1). As **Romeo** wails and wishes for death, **Friar Lawrence** loses patience (2), and explains all the ways in which **Romeo** is, comparatively, lucky. As they speak, there is a knock on the door (3), and **The Nurse** enters, bringing news that **Juliet** wishes to see **Romeo** before he goes into exile. **Friar Lawrence** encourages him to go, adding that **Romeo** must leave **Juliet** for Mantua before day break (4). He promises to send **Romeo** news of any favorable developments.



1



2



3



4



Friar Lawrence's cell.

(Friar Lawrence; Romeo; Nurse)

Enter Friar Lawrence.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

Enter Romeo.

ROMEO

Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom?
5 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company!
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

ROMEO

What less than dooms-day is the Prince's doom?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

10 A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips—
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO

Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say "death";
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say "banishment"!

FRIAR LAWRENCE

- 15 Here from Verona art thou banished.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

- There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence “banished” is banish’d from the world,
20 And world’s exile is death; then “banished”
Is death misterm’d. Calling death “banished,”
Thou cut’st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

- O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
25 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.

ROMEO

- ’Tis torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here
30 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 honorable state, more courtship lives
35 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;



40 But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Flies may do this, but 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,
45 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,
50 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word "banished"?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

ROMEO

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I'll give thee armor to keep off that word:

55 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee though thou art banished.

ROMEO

Yet "banished"? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,

60 It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O then I see that madmen have no ears.



ROMEO

How should they when that wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.

- 65 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,
70 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Enter Nurse within and knock.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Arise, one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO

Not I, unless the breath of heart-sick groans
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

Knock.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

- Hark how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise,
75 Thou wilt be taken.—Stay a while!—Stand up;

Loud 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.

80 I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Welcome then.

Unlocks the door. Enter Nurse.

NURSE

O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where’s my lady’s lord? Where’s Romeo?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

NURSE

85 O, he is even in my mistress’ case,
Just in her case. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubb’ring and weeping, weeping and blubb’ring.
Stand up, stand up, stand, and you be a man.
For Juliet’s sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
90 Why should you fall into so deep an O?



ROMEO

Nurse!

NURSE

Ah sir, ah sir, death's the end of all.

ROMEO

Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?

Doth not she think me an old murderer,

95 Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood removed 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,

100 And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

ROMEO

As if that name,

Shot from the deadly level of a gun,

Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand

105 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.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold thy desperate hand!



Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art;
110 Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly woman in a seeming man,
And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me! By my holy order,
115 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 railst thou on thy birth? The heaven and earth?
120 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
125 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valor of a man;
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
130 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismemb'red with thine own defense.
135 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.



The law that threat'ned death becomes thy friend,

140 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 mishaved and sullen wench,

Thou pouts upon thy fortune and thy love.

145 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,

150 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.

155 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 sta'd here all the night

160 To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROMEO

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.



NURSE

Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

ROMEO

165 How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Exit Nurse.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Go hence, good night; and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.
Sojourn in Mantua. I'll find out your man,
170 And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand. 'Tis late; farewell, good night.

ROMEO

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

175 Farewell.

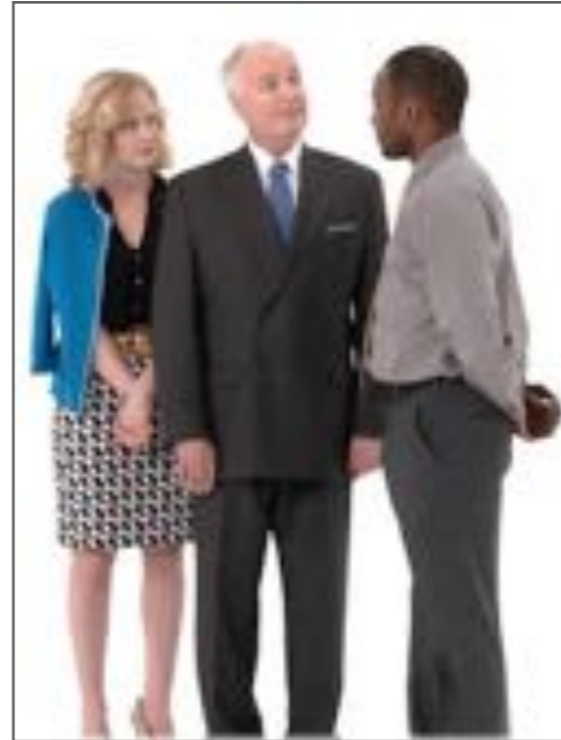
Exeunt.



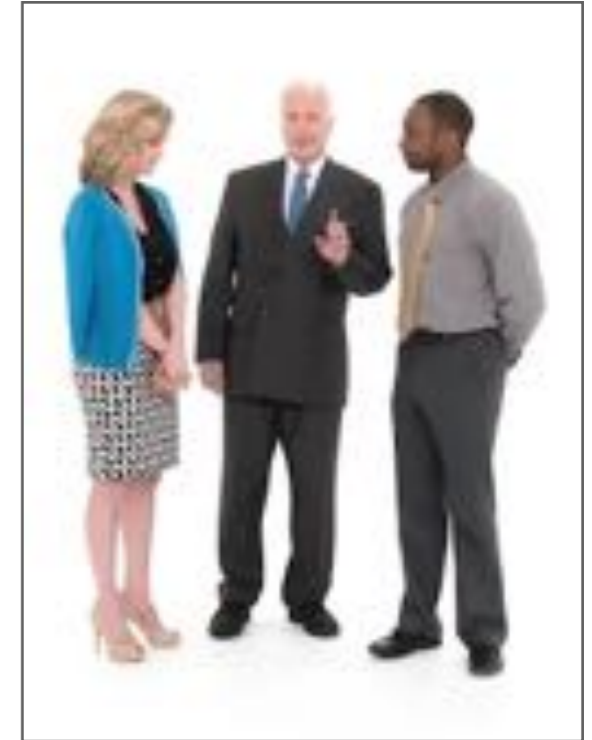
Act 3 Scene 4

SYNOPSIS

In the hopes of relieving the general misery, and as he explains to **Paris** (1) how things have gone so badly wrong - and also wholly unaware that **Juliet** is now married to **Romeo**, **Capulet** hits on the idea (2) that the wedding of **Paris** to **Juliet** should go ahead. After some calculations (3) he lands on a wedding in three day's time. He tells **Lady Capulet** to deliver the news to **Juliet** (4).



1



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4



CAPULET

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.

5 'Tis very late, she'll not come down tonight.
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

PARIS

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

LADY CAPULET

10 I will, and know her mind early tomorrow;
Tonight she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

CAPULET

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love. I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.

15 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 We'n'sday next—
But soft, what day is this?

PARIS

Monday, my lord.

CAPULET

Monday! Ha, ha! Well, We'n'sday is too soon,
20 A' 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,
25 It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS

My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET

30 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 late that we
35 May call it early by and by. Good night.

Exeunt.



Act 3 Scene 5

SYNOPSIS

Romeo leaves **Juliet's** home as dawn approaches (1). **Juliet's** mother comes in, and after speaking of her misery at **Tybalt's** death, **Juliet** hears that the family will try and poison **Romeo** for killing **Tybalt**. After this, **Lady Capulet** reveals that **Juliet** will be married to **Paris** three days from that morning. When **Juliet** refuses (2), **Lady Capulet** calls in **Capulet**, who is furious at **Juliet's** disobedience (3). He gives **Juliet** an ultimatum - either marry **Paris**, or be ejected from her own home. When **The Nurse** advises Juliet to reject **Romeo** and marry **Paris**, **Juliet**, feeling betrayed by all, tells **The Nurse** she is going to **Friar Lawrence's** cell, to seek forgiveness for displeasing her father. If **Friar Lawrence** cannot help her, **Juliet** is determined to kill herself (4).



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4



Capulet's orchard and Juliet's chamber.
(Romeo; Juliet; Nurse; Lady Capulet; Capulet)
Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft at the window.

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree.

5 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.

10 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.

JULIET

Yond light is not day-light, I know it, I;
It is some meteor that the sun exhal'd
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer

15 And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

20 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.
25 How is't, my soul? Let's talk, it is not day.

JULIET

It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
30 This doth not so, for she divideth us.
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O now I would they had chang'd voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
35 O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

ROMEO

More light and light, more dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse hastily.

NURSE

Madam!

JULIET

Nurse?



NURSE

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.

40 The day is broke, be wary, look about.

Exit.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

He goeth down.

JULIET

Art thou gone so, love, lord, ay, husband, friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

45 For in a minute there are many days.

O, by this count I shall be much in years

Ere I again behold my Romeo!

ROMEO *From below.*

Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity

50 That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JULIET

O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO

I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our times to come.



JULIET

O God, I have an ill-divining soul!

- 55 Methinks I see thee now, thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.
Either my eyesight fails, or thou lookest pale.

ROMEO

And trust me, love, in my eye so do you;
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

Exit.

JULIET

- 60 O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle;
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

LADY CAPULET *Within.*

Ho, daughter, are you up?

JULIET

- 65 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?

She goeth down from the window. Enter Mother, Lady Capulet.

LADY CAPULET

Why, how now, Juliet?



JULIET

Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

70 What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore have done. Some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET

75 So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

JULIET

Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

80 What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET

That same villain Romeo.



JULIET *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 CAPULET

That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET

85 Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

LADY CAPULET

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
90 Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET

Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
95 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
100 To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!



LADY CAPULET

Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child,
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
110 That thou expects not, nor I look'd not for.

JULIET

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
120 I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!



LADY CAPULET

Here comes your father, tell him so yourself;

125 And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

CAPULET

When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew,
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.

How now, a conduit, girl? What, still in tears?

130 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,

135 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 CAPULET

Ay, sir, but she will none, she gives you thanks.

140 I would the fool were married to her grave!

CAPULET

Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How, will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

145 So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?



JULIET

Not proud you have, but thankful that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

CAPULET

How how, how how, chopp'd logic! What is this?
150 "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,
155 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

LADY CAPULET

Fie, fie, what, are you mad?

JULIET

Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

She kneels down.

CAPULET

160 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
165 That God had lent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding!

NURSE

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

CAPULET

170 And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.

NURSE

I speak no treason.

CAPULET

O, God-i-goden!

NURSE

May not one speak?

CAPULET

Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
175 For here we need it not.

LADY CAPULET

You are too hot.



CAPULET

God's bread, it makes me mad!

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided

180 A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful and nobly lien'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honorable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
185 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 and you will not wed, I'll pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
190 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near, lay hand on heart, advise.
And you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
195 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

Exit.

JULIET

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O sweet my mother, cast me not away!

200 Delay this marriage for a month, a week,
Or if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.



LADY CAPULET

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

Exit.

JULIET

205 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!
210 Alack, alack, that heaven should practice 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 banished, and all the world to nothing
215 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!
220 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,
225 Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were
As living here and you no use of him.



JULIET

Speak'st thou from thy heart?

NURSE

And from my soul too, else beshrew them both.

JULIET

Amen!

NURSE

230 What?

JULIET

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

NURSE

235 Marry, I will, and this is wisely done.
Exit.

JULIET *She looks after Nurse.*

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
240 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.



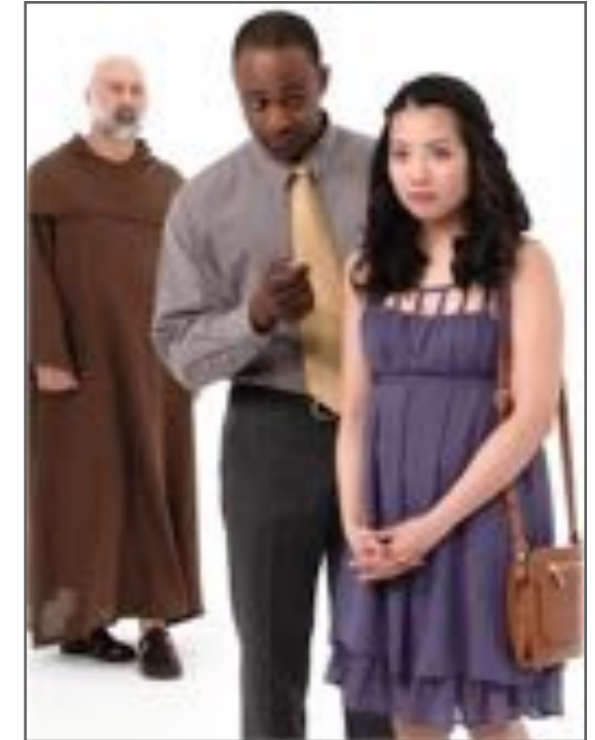
Act 4 Scene 1

SYNOPSIS

Arriving at **Friar Lawrence's** cell, **Juliet** find that **Paris** is making marriage arrangements for his wedding to **Juliet** (1). Asking for privacy (2) so she may confess herself to **Friar Lawrence**, **Paris** leaves, and **Friar Lawrence** devises a new approach - he gives **Juliet** a vial (3) containing a concoction that once drunk, will make her appear dead. Thinking she is dead, her family will take her out to the family cemetery. **Friar Lawrence** will have **Romeo** come to the cemetery, so that when **Juliet** wakes up, he and she can go to Mantua (4).



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3



4



Friar Lawrence's cell.

(Friar Lawrence; County Paris; Juliet)

Enter Friar Lawrence and County Paris.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS

My father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

You say you do not know the lady's mind?
5 Uneven is the course, I like it not.

PARIS

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
10 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.

15 Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE, *Aside.*

I would I knew not why it should be slowed.—
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter Juliet.



PARIS

Happily met, my lady and my wife!

JULIET

That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PARIS

20 That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

JULIET

What must be shall be.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

That's a certain text.

PARIS

Come you to make confession to this father?

JULIET

To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS

Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET

25 I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS

So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.



JULIET

If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

PARIS

Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

JULIET

30 The tears have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.

PARIS

Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

JULIET

That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

PARIS

35 Thy face is mine, and thou hast sland'ered it.

JULIET

It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
40 My lord, we must entreat the time alone.



PARIS

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

Exit.

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O Juliet, I already know thy grief,
It strains me past the compass of my wits.
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this County.

JULIET

50 Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest 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.
55 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.
60 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 umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
65 Could to no issue of true honor bring.
Be not so long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
70 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,
75 That cop'st with Death himself to scape from it;
And if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of any tower,
Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk
80 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,
Or hide 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,
85 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 LAWRENCE

Hold then.



Go home, be merry, give consent

90 To marry Paris. We'n'sday is tomorrow;
Tomorrow 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 distilling liquor drink thou off,
95 When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
100 To wanny 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
105 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,
110 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,
115 And hither shall he come, an' 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,
120 Abate thy valor in the acting it.

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold, get you gone. Be strong and prosperous
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

JULIET

125 Love give me strength! And strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father!

Exeunt.



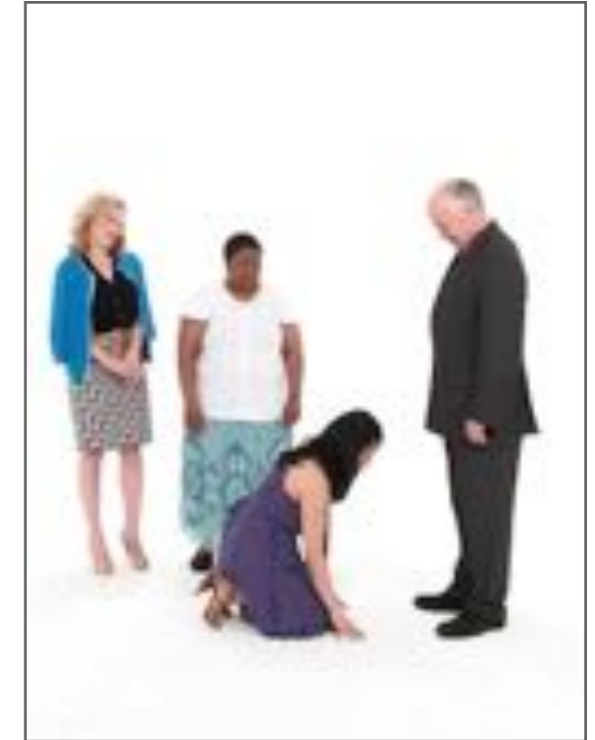
Act 4 Scene 2

SYNOPSIS

Capulet is planning the wedding ceremony (1) when **Juliet** returns home, and asks for forgiveness for her disobedience (2), and confirms that she will marry **Paris**. Overjoyed (3), **Capulet** sets to work lining up details for the wedding feast with renewed vigor - including telling **Paris** the good news (4).



1



2



3



4



A hall in Capulet's house.

(Capulet; Lady Capulet; Nurse; Servingmen; Juliet)

*Enter Capulet, Mother Lady Capulet, Nurse, and Servingmen,
two or three.*

CAPULET

So many guests invite as here are writ.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

SECOND SERVANT

You shall have none ill, sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

CAPULET

5 How canst thou try them so?

SECOND SERVANT

Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers;
therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

CAPULET

Go, be gone.

Exit Second Servant

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.

10 What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

NURSE

Ay forsooth.

CAPULET

Well, he 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.

CAPULET

15 How now, my headstrong, where have you been gadding?

JULIET

Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd
By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here

20 To beg your pardon.

She kneels down.

Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

CAPULET

Send for the County, go tell him of this.
I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning.



JULIET

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

CAPULET

Why, I am glad on't, this is well, stand up.
This is as't should be. Let me see the County;
30 Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

JULIET

Nurse, will you go with me into my closet
To help me sort such needful ornaments
35 As you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET

No, not till Thursday, there is time enough.

CAPULET

Go, nurse, go with her, we'll to church tomorrow.

Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.



LADY CAPULET

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

CAPULET

Tush, I will stir about,

- 40 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife;
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her.
I'll not to bed tonight; let me alone,
I'll play the huswife for this once. What ho!
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
45 To County Paris, to prepare up him
Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt.



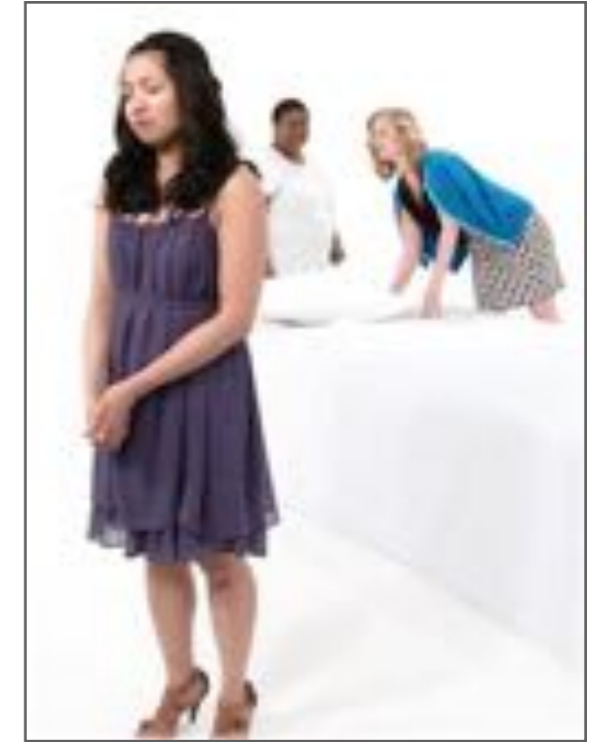
Act 4 Scene 3

SYNOPSIS

Juliet goes to her room (1), dismisses **The Nurse**, and asks her mother to leave her alone (3) so that she may prepare for the wedding. Once alone, **Juliet** takes out the vial of sleeping potion, and, after hesitating - wondering whether it may not work (3), or whether perhaps it is a poison - she drinks the mixture (4), and lays down.



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2



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4



Juliet's chamber.

(Juliet; Nurse; Lady Capulet)

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

JULIET

Ay, those attires are best, but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee leave me to myself tonight,

For I have need of many orisons

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,

5 Which, well thou knowest, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Mother, Lady Capulet.

LADY CAPULET

What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

JULIET

No, madam, we have cull'd such necessaries

As are behoofeful for our state tomorrow.

So please you, let me now be left alone,

10 And let the nurse this night sit up with you,

For I am sure you have your hands full all,

In this so sudden business.

LADY CAPULET

Good night.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.

JULIET

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

15 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.

20 Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?

No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

Laying down her dagger.

What if it be a poison which the friar

25 Subtly hath minist'ed to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonor'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.

30 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,

35 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,
40 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—
45 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,
50 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?
55 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, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink—I drink to thee.

She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.



Act 4 Scene 4

SYNOPSIS

As preparations continue to be made for the wedding and feast (1), **Capulet** gets chastised by both **The Nurse** and **Lady Capulet** for being a meddler (2). As servants go here and there with supplies (3) Capulet hears the music that announces the arrival of Paris and his retinue. **Capulet** heads off to meet them. He tells **The Nurse** to fetch **Juliet** (4).



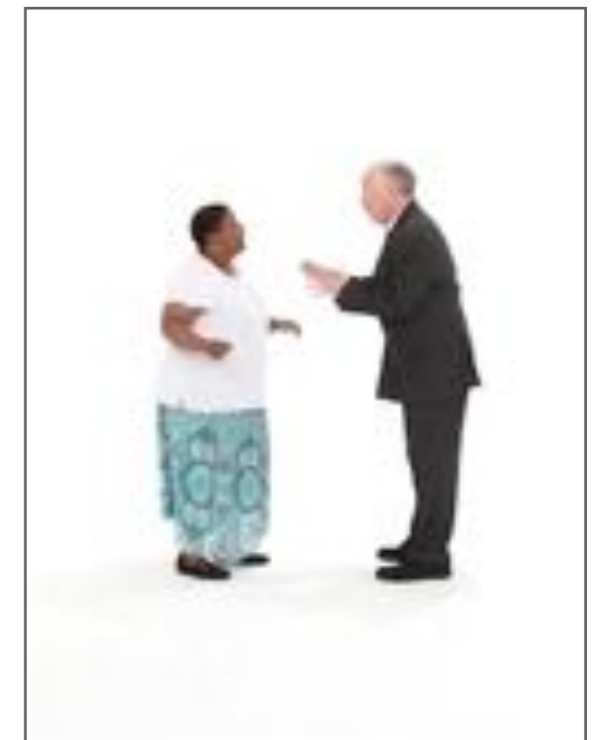
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4



A hall in Capulet's house.

(Lady Capulet; Nurse; Capulet; First Servingman; Second Servingman)

Enter lady of the house Lady Capulet and Nurse with herbs.

LADY CAPULET

Hold, take these keys and fetch more spices, nurse.

NURSE

They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter old Capulet.

CAPULET

Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crowed,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three a' clock.

5 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 tomorrow
For this night's watching.

CAPULET

No, not a whit. What, I have watch'd ere now
10 All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

LADY CAPULET

Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.

CAPULET

A jealous hood, a jealous hood!

Enter three or four Servingmen with spits and logs and baskets.

Now, fellow, what is there?

FIRST SERVANT

15 Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.

CAPULET

Make haste, make haste.

Exit First Servant

Sirrah, fetch drier logs.

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

SECOND SERVANT

I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,

20 And never trouble Peter for the matter.

CAPULET

Mass, and well said, a merry whoreson, ha!

Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 'tis day.

Exit Second Servant



The County will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would.

Play music within.

25 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,
30 Make haste, I say.

Exit.



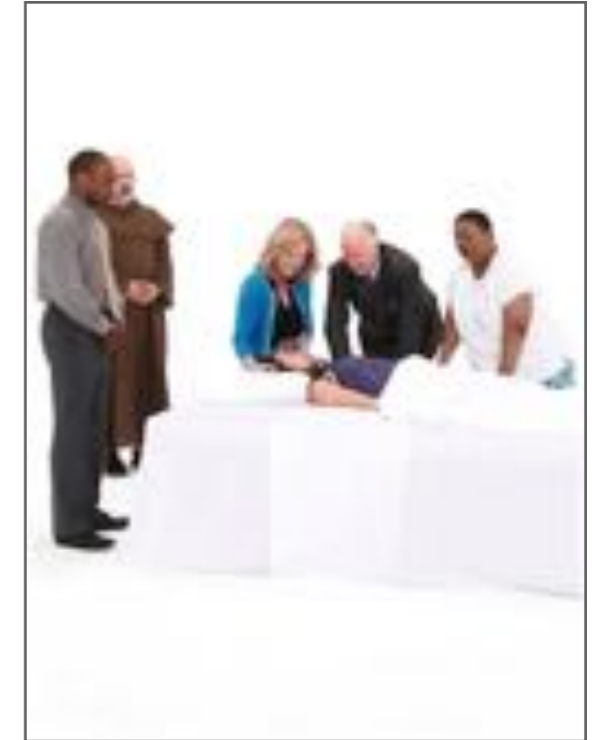
Act 4 Scene 5

SYNOPSIS

The Nurse tries to wake **Juliet** - and discovers that she is “dead.” (1) **Capulet**, **Lady Capulet**, **Paris**, and **Friar Lawrence** all gather around, and what was meant to be a festive occasion is immediately thrown into dark unhappiness and mourning (2). **Friar Lawrence** orders everybody to move with speed, to take **Juliet’s** body to the family burial place (3). Musicians who were expecting to play at the party, sit around sadly, and are pestered by **Peter** (4).



1



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4



Juliet's chamber.

(Nurse; Juliet; Lady Capulet; Capulet; Friar Lawrence; County Paris; Musicians; Peter)

NURSE

Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!—Fast, I warrant her, she.—

Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slug-a-bed!

Why, love, I say! Madam! Sweet heart! Why, bride!

What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now;

5 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!

10 Ay, let the County take you in your bed,

He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

Draws back 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!

15 O, weraday, that ever I was born!

Some aqua-vitae ho! My lord! My lady!

Enter Mother, Lady Capulet.

LADY CAPULET

What noise is here?

NURSE

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

What is the matter?

NURSE

Look, look! O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET

O me, O me, my child, my only life!
20 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! Call help.

Enter Father Capulet.

CAPULET

For shame, bring Juliet forth, her lord is come.

NURSE

She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead, alack the day!

LADY CAPULET

Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

CAPULET

25 Hah, 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

30 O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

O woeful time!

CAPULET

Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Lawrence and the County Paris.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET

Ready to go, but never to return.—

35 O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law. Death is my heir,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
40 And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.

PARIS

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

LADY CAPULET

Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
45 In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!



But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel Death hath catch'd it from my sight!

NURSE

O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
50 Most lamentable day, most woeful day
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day, O day, O day, O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this.
O woeful day, O woeful day!

PARIS

55 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!

CAPULET

60 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! Alack, my child is dead,
And with my child my joys are buried.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

65 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,
70 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?
75 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
80 On this fair corpse, and as the custom is,
And in her best array, bear her to church;
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAPULET

All things that we ordained festival,
85 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 corpse;
90 And all things change them to the contrary.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris. Every one prepare
To follow this fair corpse unto her grave.
The heavens do low'r upon you for some ill;
95 Move them no more by crossing their high will.



FIRST MUSICIAN

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

NURSE

Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up,
For well you know this is a pitiful case.

Exit.

FIRST MUSICIAN

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

Enter Peter.

PETER

100 Musicians, O musicians, “Heart’s ease,” “Heart’s ease”! O,
and you will have me live, play “Heart’s ease.”

FIRST MUSICIAN

Why “Heart’s ease”?

PETER

O musicians, because my heart itself plays “My heart is full.”
O, play me some merry dump to comfort me.

FIRST MUSICIAN

105 Not a dump we, ’tis no time to play now.

PETER

You will not then?



FIRST MUSICIAN

No.

PETER

I will then give it you soundly.

FIRST MUSICIAN

What will you give us?

PETER

110 No money, on my faith, but the glee; I will give you the minstrel.

FIRST MUSICIAN

Then will I give you the serving-creature.

PETER

115 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?

FIRST MUSICIAN

And you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us.

SECOND MUSICIAN

Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

PETER

Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:



120 “When griping griefs 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?

FIRST MUSICIAN

125 Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PETER

Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

SECOND MUSICIAN

I say, “silver sound,” because musicians sound for silver.

PETER

Pretty too! What say you, James Sound-post?

THIRD MUSICIAN

Faith, I know not what to say.

PETER

130 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.



FIRST MUSICIAN

135 What a pestilent knave is this same!

SECOND MUSICIAN

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

Exeunt.



Act 5 Scene 1

SYNOPSIS

Expecting news (1) from **Friar Lawrence**, **Romeo** instead receives the news of **Juliet's** death and placement in the family tomb from **Balthazar** (2). **Romeo** purchases poison from an impoverished apothecary (3), and determines to kill himself besides **Juliet's** body (4) - not having received the news from **Friar Lawrence** that she is only in a deep sleep.



1



2



3



4



Mantua. A street. (Romeo; Balthasar; Apothecary)

Enter Romeo.

ROMEO

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

5 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.

10 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?

15 How doth my Juliet? That I ask again,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

BALTHASAR

Then she is well and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.

20 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.

O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

ROMEO

Is it e'en so? Then I defy you, stars!

- 25 Thou knowest my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence tonight.

BALTHASAR

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

ROMEO

Tush, thou art deceiv'd.

- 30 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

BALTHASAR

No, my good lord.

ROMEO

No matter, get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

Exit Balthasar.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.

- 35 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' red weeds, with overwhelming brows,
40 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-shap'd fishes, and about his shelves
45 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,
50 "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.
55 As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What ho, apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

APOTHECARY

Who calls so loud?



ROMEO

Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.

Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have

60 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear

As will disperse itself through all the veins

That the life-weary taker may fall dead,

And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath

As violently as hasty powder fir'd

65 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

APOTHECARY

Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law

Is death to any he that utters them.

ROMEO

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,

And fearest to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,

70 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,

Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law,

The world affords no law to make thee rich;

Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

APOTHECARY

75 My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROMEO

I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.



APOTHECARY

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

ROMEO

- 80 There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayest not sell.
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell! Buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

Exit Apothecary.

- 85 Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

Exit



Act 5 Scene 2

SYNOPSIS

Friar Lawrence hears from Friar John (1) that his letter to **Romeo** - explaining that **Juliet** is not dead but just in a deep sleep - did not get delivered because Friar John (and the letter) were quarantined (2) in a house suspected of being infected by the plague. Realizing that **Juliet** will soon wake up (3) - and that **Romeo** won't be there - he orders **Friar John** to get a crow bar (4), since he must get to the tomb himself, before **Juliet** wakes up, alone, in her family tomb.



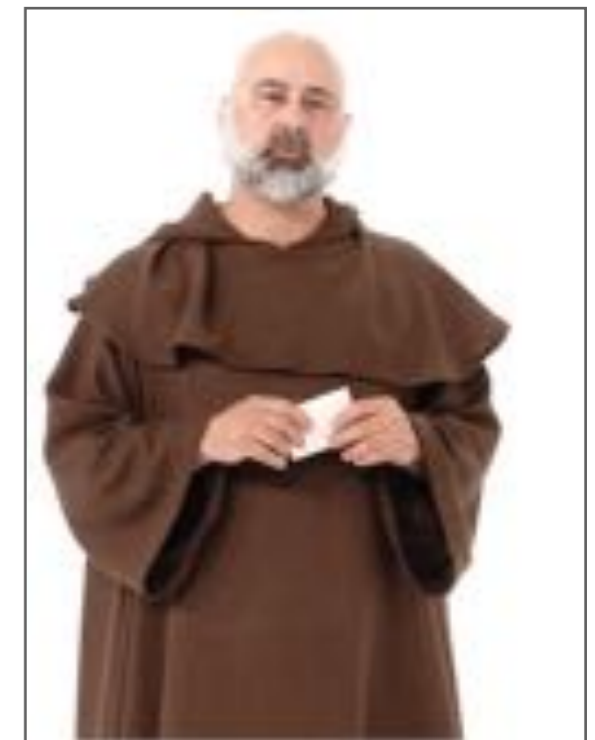
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4



Friar Lawrence's cell.
(Friar John; Friar Lawrence)
Enter Friar John.

FRIAR JOHN

Holy Franciscan friar! Brother, ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua! What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

FRIAR JOHN

5 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
10 Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

I could not send it—here it is again—
15 Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.



FRIAR LAWRENCE

Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice but full of charge,
Of dear import, and the neglecting it

20 May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

FRIAR JOHN

Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

Exit.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Now must I to the monument alone,
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.

25 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 corpse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

Exit.



Act 5 Scene 3

SYNOPSIS

Romeo arrives at **Juliet's** tomb, and finds **Paris** mourning. They fight, and **Paris** dies (1). **Romeo** enters the tomb, finds **Juliet's** body, drinks the poison, and dies (2). **Friar Lawrence** approaches and enters the tomb, seeing **Paris'** blood at the entrance, and then discovers **Romeo** and **Paris** dead, near **Juliet**, who awakes. **Lawrence** tries to persuade **Juliet** to leave, she refuses, and **Friar Lawrence** flees - leaving **Juliet** alone. Discovering **Romeo** and **Paris**, and that there is no poison left, she stabs herself to death (3). As townspeople and the **Prince** converge, **Montague** announces that **Romeo's** mother died of grief that evening. **Friar Lawrence** explains what happened (4), and the play ends with all mortified, resolving to set aside their "ancient grudge".



1



2



3



4



*A churchyard; before a tomb belonging to the Capulets.
(Paris; Page; Romeo; Balthasar; Friar Lawrence; Juliet; Page;
First Watchman; Second Watchman; Third Watchman; Prince
Escalus; Attendants; Montague)
Enter Paris and his Page with flowers and sweet water and a
torch.*

PARIS

Give me thy torch, boy. Hence, and stand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground,
5 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 hearest something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE *Aside.*

10 I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard, yet I will adventure.

Retires. Paris strews the tomb with flowers.

PARIS

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew—
O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones!—
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
15 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 tonight,
20 To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch? Muffle me, night, a while.

*Retires. Enter Romeo and Balthasar with a torch, a mattock,
and a crow of iron.*

ROMEO

Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
25 Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,
What e'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,
30 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,
35 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

BALTHASAR

40 I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye.



ROMEO

So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that;
Live and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.

BALTHASAR *Aside.*

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

Retires.

ROMEO

45 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 begins to open the tomb.

PARIS

50 This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murd'ring my love's cousin, with which grief
It is supposed the fair creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.

Steps forth.

55 Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.



ROMEO

I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man.

60 Fly hence and leave me, think upon these gone,

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,

Put not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury: O, be gone!

By heaven, I love thee better than myself,

65 For I come hither arm'd against myself.

Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say

A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

PARIS

I do defy thy conjuration,

And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO

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

They fight.

PAGE

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

Exit.

PARIS

O, I am slain! If thou be merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

Dies.



ROMEO

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.

- 75 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?
80 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 lantern, slaught' red youth;
85 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

Laying Paris in the tomb.

- How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry, which their keepers call
90 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
95 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 favor can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
100 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
105 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
110 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
115 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!

Drinks.

O true apothecary!

120 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

Dies. Enter Friar Lawrence with lantern, crow, and spade.



FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

BALTHASAR

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
125 What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

BALTHASAR

It doth so, holy sir, and there's my master,
One that you love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Who is it?

BALTHASAR

Romeo.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

130 How long hath he been there?

BALTHASAR

Full half an hour.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Go with me to the vault.

BALTHASAR

I dare not, sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death
If I did stay to look on his intents.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

135 Stay then, I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me.
O, much I fear some ill unthrifty thing.

BALTHASAR

As I did sleep under this yew tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo!

Friar stoops and looks on the blood and weapons.

140 Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolor'd by this place of peace?

Enters the tomb.



Romeo, O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too?
145 And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs.

Juliet rises.

JULIET

O comfortable friar! Where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
150 And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

Noise within.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I hear some noise, lady. Come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
155 Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.
Come go, good Juliet,

Noise again.

I dare no longer stay.

JULIET

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

Exit.



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,
165 Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warm.

FIRST WATCHMAN *Within.*

Lead, boy, which way?

JULIET

Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger,

Taking Romeo's dagger.

170 This is thy sheath;

Stabs herself.

there rust, and let me die.

Falls on Romeo's body and dies. Enter Paris' Page and Watch.

PAGE

This is the place, there where the torch doth burn.

FIRST WATCHMAN

The ground is bloody, search about the churchyard.
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.

Exeunt some.



Pitiful sight! Here lies the County slain,
175 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.

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,
180 But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch with Romeo's man, Balthasar.

SECOND WATCHMAN

Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the churchyard.

FIRST WATCHMAN

Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.

Enter Friar Lawrence and another Watchman.

THIRD WATCHMAN

Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps.
185 We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard's side.

FIRST WATCHMAN

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 Capels (Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others).

CAPULET

190 What should it be that is so shrieked abroad?

LADY CAPULET

O, 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 your ears?

FIRST WATCHMAN

195 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.

FIRST WATCHMAN

200 Here is a friar, and slaughter’d Romeo’s man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men’s tombs.



CAPULET

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,
205 And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

LADY CAPULET

O me, this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague and others.

PRINCE

Come, Montague, for thou art early up
To see thy son and heir now early down.

MONTAGUE

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

PRINCE

Look and thou shalt see.

MONTAGUE

O thou untaught! What manners is in this,
215 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,
220 And lead you even to death. Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
225 Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

PRINCE

Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I will be brief, for my short date of breath
230 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 dooms-day, whose untimely death
235 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
240 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 tutor'd by my art)
245 A sleeping potion, which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death. Mean time I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
250 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
255 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 awakening, here untimely lay
260 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,
265 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,
270 Unto the rigor of severest law.



PRINCE

We still have known thee for a holy man.
Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?

BALTHASAR

I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua
275 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.
280 Where is the County's page that rais'd the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

PAGE

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,
285 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
290 Of a poor apothecary, 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.

295 And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punish'd.

CAPULET

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

MONTAGUE

But I can give thee more,
300 For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAPULET

As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie,
305 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:
310 For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Exeunt omnes.

