

# **ROMEO AND JULIET**

**William Shakespeare**

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## SYNOPSIS OF ROMEO AND JULIET

Romeo and Juliet is perhaps one of the most important love works of all time. There are many lessons left to readers, such as the social weight that prejudices and rivalries can have against the full realization of love.

When Romeo and Juliet met, it was love at first sight. The problem is that she was a Capulet and he was a Montague, surnames that were marked by the conflict between the two families.

Being natural enemies, they were destined to live a secret love. An escape plan and a series of unfortunate events lead this young pair of lovers to a tragic end that has transcended time and space.

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## ACT I

### Prologue

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  
handsunclean. From forth the fatal loins  
of these two foes  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their  
life; Whole misadventured piteous  
overthrows Do with their death bury  
their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd  
love, And the continuance of their  
parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, 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.

### SCENE I. Verona. A public place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY<sub>4</sub>, of the house of Capulet, armed

with swords and bucklers

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

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

I strike quickly, being moved. GREGORY

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON

A dog of the house of Montague moves me. GREGORY

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

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

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

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

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

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

GREGORY

The heads of the maids?

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

They must take it in sense that feel  
it. SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

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

SAMPSON

My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back  
thee. GREGORY

How! turn thy back and  
run? SAMPSON

Fear me  
not.

GREGORY

No, marry; I fear  
thee! SAMPSON

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

I will frown as I pass by, and let them



take it as they list.

SAMPSON

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

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

[Aside to GREGORY] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

GREGORY

No.

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM

Quarrel sir! no, sir.

SAMPSON

If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you. ABRAHAM

No better.

SAMPSON

Well, sir.

GREGORY

Say 'better:' here comes one of my master's kinsmen. SAMPSON

Yes, better, sir.

ABRAHAM

You lie.

SAMPSON

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

Enter BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO

Part, fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what you  
do. Beats down their swords

Enter TYBALT

TYBALT

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

BENVOLIO

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

TYBALT

What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the  
word, As I hate hell, all Montagues, and  
thee:

Have at thee,

coward! They fight

Enter, several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter  
Citizens, with clubs

First Citizen

Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them  
down! Down with the Capulets! down with the  
Montagues! Enter CAPULET in his gown, and

LADY CAPULET CAPULET

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

LADY CAPULET

A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a  
sword? CAPULET

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

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE  
MONTAGUE

Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me  
go. LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a  
foe. Enter PRINCE, with

Attendants PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained  
steel,—

Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you  
beasts, That quench the fire of your  
pernicious rage

With purple fountains issuing from your  
veins, On pain of torture, from those  
bloody hands Throw your mistemper'd  
weapons to the ground, And hear the  
sentence of your moved prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy  
word, By thee, old Capulet, and  
Montague,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our  
streets, And made Verona's ancient  
citizens

Cast by their grave beseeching  
ornaments, To wield old partisans, in  
hands as old,

Canker'd with peace, to part your  
canker'd hate: If ever you disturb our  
streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the  
peace. For this time, all the rest depart  
away:  
You Capulet; shall go along with me:  
And, Montague, come you this  
afternoon, To know our further  
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  
abroach? 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  
prepared, Which, as he breathed  
defiance to my ears, He swung about  
his head and cut the winds, Who  
nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn:

While we were interchanging thrusts and  
blows, Came more and more and fought on  
part and part, Till the prince came, who  
parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE

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

BENVOLIO

Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd  
sun Peer'd forth the golden window of  
the east, A troubled mind drove me to



walk abroad; Where, underneath the  
grove of sycamore That westward  
rooteth from the city's side, So early  
walking did I see your son: Towards  
him I made, but he was ware of me  
And stole into the covert of the wood:  
I, measuring his affections by my own,

That most are busied when they're most  
alone, Pursued my humour not pursuing  
his,

And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from  
me. MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there been  
seen, With tears augmenting the fresh  
morning dew.

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep  
sighs; But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
Should in the furthest east begin to  
draw The shady curtains from

Aurora's bed,

Away from the light steals home my  
heavy son, And private in his chamber  
pens himself,

Shuts up his windows, locks far daylight  
out And makes himself an artificial night:

Black and portentous must this humour  
prove, Unless good counsel may the  
cause remove.

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of  
him. BENVOLIO

Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE

Both by myself and many other

friends: But he, his own affections'  
counsellor, Is to himself—I will not  
say how true— But to himself so  
secret and so close, So far from  
sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows  
grow. We would as willingly give cure as  
know.

Enter ROMEO

BENVOLIO

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

MONTAGUE

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

Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE

BENVOLIO

Good-morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence  
so fast? BENVOLIO

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

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

In love?

ROMEO

Out—

BENVOLIO

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favour, where I am in  
love. BENVOLIO

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

Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his  
will! Where shall we dine? O me! What fray  
was here? Yet tell me not, for I have heard  
it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with  
love. Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!  
O any thing, of nothing first  
create! O heavy lightness!  
serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming  
forms! Feather of lead, bright  
smoke, cold fire, sick health!  
Still-waking sleep, that is not what  
it is! This love feel I, that feel no  
love in this. Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO

No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO

At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO

Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,  
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it  
prest

With more of thine: this love that thou hast  
shown Doth add more grief to too much of  
mine own.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of  
sighs; Being purged, a fire sparkling in  
lovers' eyes; Being vex'd a sea nourish'd  
with lovers' tears: What is it else? a  
madness most discreet,  
A choking gall and a preserving  
sweet. Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO

Soft! I will go along;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO

Tut, I have lost myself; I am not  
here; This is not Romeo, he's some  
otherwhere. BENVOLIO

Tell me in sadness, who is that you  
love. ROMEO

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO

Groan! why, no.

But sadly tell me who.

ROMEO

Bid a sick man in sadness make his  
will: Ah, word ill urged to one that is so  
ill!

In sadness, cousin, I do love a  
woman. BENVOLIO



I aim'd so near, when I supposed you  
loved. 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; And, in strong proof of chastity  
wellarm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives  
unharm'd. She will not stay the siege of loving  
terms,

Nor bide the encounter of assailing  
eyes, Nor ope her lap to saint-  
seducing gold: 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 starved with her severity  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too  
fair, To merit bliss by making me  
despair:

She hath forsworn to love, and in that  
vow Do I live dead that live to tell it  
now.

BENVOLIO

Be ruled by me, forget to think of  
her. ROMEO

O, teach me how I should forget to think.

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty unto thine eyes;

Examine other beauties.

ROMEO

'Tis the way

To call hers exquisite, in question more:  
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies'  
brows Being black put us in mind they  
hide the fair; He that is stricken blind  
cannot forget

The precious treasure of his  
eyesight lost: Show me a mistress  
that is passing fair, What doth her  
beauty serve, but as a note  
Where I may read who pass'd that  
passing fair? Farewell: thou canst not  
teach me to forget.

**BENVOLIO**

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

## **SCENE II. A street.**

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and  
Servant 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 honourable reckoning are you  
both; And pity 'tis you lived at  
odds so long.

But now, my lord, what say you to my  
suit? CAPULET

But saying o'er what I have said  
before: My child is yet a stranger in  
the world;

She hath not seen the change of fourteen  
years, Let two more summers wither in  
their pride,

Ere we may think her ripe to be a  
bride. PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers  
made. CAPULET

And too soon marr'd are those so early  
made. The earth hath swallow'd all my  
hopes but she, She is the hopeful lady of  
my earth:

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her  
heart, My will to her consent is but  
a part;

An she agree, within her scope of  
choice Lies my consent and fair  
according voice. This night I hold an  
old accustom'd feast, Whereto I  
have invited many a guest, Such as  
I love; and you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number  
more. At my poor house look to behold this  
night

Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven  
light: Such comfort as do lusty young men  
feel

When well-apparell'd April on the heel

Of limping winter treads, even such  
delight Among fresh female buds shall  
you this night Inherit at my house; hear  
all, all see,

And like her most whose merit most shall

be: Which on more view, of many mine  
being one May stand in number, though in  
reckoning none, Come, go with me.

To Servant, giving a  
paper Go, sirrah, trudge  
about

Through fair Verona; find those persons  
out Whose names are written there, and to  
them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure  
stay. Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS

Servant

Find them out whose names are written here! It  
is written, that the shoemaker should meddle  
with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the  
fisher with

his pencil, and the painter with his nets;  
but I am sent to find those persons whose  
names are here writ, and can never find  
what names the writing

person hath here writ. I must to the learned.—In good  
time. Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO

BENVOLIO

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's  
burning, One pain is lessen'd by  
another's anguish; Turn giddy, and be  
holp by backward turning;

One desperate grief cures with another's  
languish: Take thou some new infection to thy  
eye,

And the rank poison of the old will  
die. ROMEO

Your plaintain-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 mad-  
man is; Shut up in prison, kept without my  
food,

Whipp'd and tormented and—God-den, good fellow.

Servant

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

Ay, mine own fortune in my  
misery. Servant

Perhaps you have learned it without book:  
but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

ROMEO

Ay, if I know the letters and the  
language. Servant

Ye say honestly: rest you  
merry! ROMEO

Stay, fellow; I can read.

Reads

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;  
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters;  
the lady widow of Vitravio; Signior Placentio  
and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his  
brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his  
wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline;  
Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt,  
Lucio and the lively Helena.' A fair assembly:  
whither should they come?

Servant

Up.

ROMEO

Whither?

Servant

To supper; to our house.

ROMEO

Whose house?

Servant

My master's.

ROMEO

Indeed, I should have ask'd you that  
before. Servant

Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is  
the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the  
house

of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup  
of wine. Rest you merry!

Exit

BENVOLIO

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's

Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so  
lovest, With all the admired beauties  
of Verona: Go thither; and, with  
unattainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall  
show, And I will make thee think thy  
swan a crow.

ROMEO

When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to  
fires; And these, who often drown'd could  
never die, Transparent heretics, be burnt for  
liars!

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 poised with herself in either  
eye: But in that crystal scales let there  
be weigh'd Your lady's love against  
some other maid That I will show you  
shining at this feast,

And she shall scant show well that now shows  
best. ROMEO  
I'll go along, no such sight to be  
shown, But to rejoice in splendor  
of mine own. Exeunt

### SCENE III. A room in Capulet's house.

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse

LADY CAPULET

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

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

Enter JULIET

JULIET

How now! who  
calls? Nurse

Your  
mother.

JULIET

Madam, I am  
here. What is  
your will? LADY

CAPULET

This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave

awhile, We must talk in secret:—nurse,  
come back again; I have remember'd me,  
thou's hear our counsel.

Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty  
age. Nurse

Faith, I can tell her age unto an  
hour. LADY CAPULET

She's not fourteen.

Nurse

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—

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

LADY CAPULET

A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse

Even or odd, of all days in the year,

Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be  
fourteen. Susan and she—God rest all  
Christian souls!— Were of an age: well, Susan  
is with God;

She was too good for me: but, as I said,

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be  
fourteen; That shall she, marry; I  
remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven  
years; And she was wean'd,—I never shall  
forget it,— Of all the days of the year,  
upon that day:

For I had then laid wormwood to my  
dug, Sitting in the sun under the dove-  
housewall; My lord and you were then  
at Mantua:— Nay, I do bear a brain:—

but, as I said,



When it did taste the wormwood on the  
nipple Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty  
fool,  
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!  
Shake quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need,  
I trow, To bid me trudge:

And since that time it is eleven years;  
For then she could stand alone; nay, by  
the rood, She could have run and waddled  
all about;

For even the day before, she broke her  
brow: And then my husband—God be with  
his soul! A' was a merry man—took up the  
child:

'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy  
face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou  
hast more wit; Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by  
my holidame,

The pretty wretch left crying and said  
'Ay.' To see, now, how a jest shall  
come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?'  
quoth he; And, pretty fool, it stinted and said  
'Ay.'

LADY CAPULET

Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy  
peace. Nurse

Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but  
laugh, To think it should leave crying  
and say 'Ay.' And yet, I warrant, it had  
upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockerel's  
stone; A parlous knock; and it cried  
bitterly:

'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy  
face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou  
comest to age; Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted  
and said 'Ay.' JULIET

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

I. Nurse

Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his  
grace! Thou wast the prettiest babe that  
e'er I nursed:

An I might live to see thee married  
once, I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET

Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme

I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter  
Juliet, How stands your disposition to  
be married? JULIET

It is an honour that I dream not  
of. Nurse

An honour! were not I thine only nurse,

I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy  
teat. LADY CAPULET

Well, think of marriage now; younger than  
you, Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
Are made already mothers: by my  
count, I was your mother much  
upon these years

That you are now a maid. Thus then in  
brief: The valiant Paris seeks you for  
his love.

Nurse

A man, young lady! lady, such a man

As all the world—why, he's a man of  
wax. LADY CAPULET

Verona's summer hath not such a  
flower. Nurse

Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very  
flower. LADY CAPULET

What say you? can you love the  
gentleman? This night you shall behold  
him at our feast; Read o'er the volume  
of young Paris' face, And find delight  
writ there with beauty's pen;

Examine every married lineament,  
And see how one another lends  
content

And what obscured in this fair volume  
lies Find written in the margent of his  
eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound  
lover, To beautify him, only lacks a cover:  
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much  
pride For fair without the fair within to  
hide:

That book in many's eyes doth share the  
glory, That in gold clasps locks in the  
golden story; So shall you share all that  
he doth possess,

By having him, making yourself no  
less. Nurse

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

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris'  
love? JULIET

I'll look to like, if looking liking move:  
But no more deep will I endart mine  
eye

Than your consent gives strength to make  
it fly. Enter a Servant

Servant

Madam, the guests are come, supper served  
up, you called, my young lady asked for, the

nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in  
extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech  
you, follow straight.

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee.

Exit Servant

Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Exeunt

#### SCENE IV. A street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers,  
Torch-bearers, and others

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

The date is out of such prolixity:

We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a  
scarf, Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of  
lath, Scaring the ladies like a crow-  
keeper;

Nor no without-book prologue, faintly  
spoke After the prompter, for our  
entrance:

But let them measure us by what they  
will; We'll measure them a measure,  
and be gone. ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO



Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you  
dance. ROMEO

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

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

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

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

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

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

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

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

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am  
done. MERCUTIO

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

Come, we burn daylight, ho!

ROMEO

Nay, that's not so.

MERCUTIO

I mean, sir, in delay

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

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

I dream'd a dream to-night.

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

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little  
atomies Athwart men's noses as  
they lie asleep;  
Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders'  
legs, The cover of the wings of  
grasshoppers,  
The traces of the smallest spider's web,  
The collars of the moonshine's watery  
beams, Her whip of cricket's bone, the  
lash of film, Her wagoner a small grey-  
coated gnat,  
Not so big as a round little worm  
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a  
maid; Her chariot is an empty  
hazel-nut Made by the joiner  
squirrel or old grub,  
Time out o' mind the fairies'  
coachmakers. And in this state she  
gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of  
love; O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on  
court'sies straight, O'er lawyers' fingers, who  
straight dream on fees, O'er ladies' lips, who  
straight on kisses dream, Which oft the angry  
Mab with blisters plagues, Because their  
breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:  
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;

And sometime comes she with a tithe-  
pig's tail Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies  
asleep,

Then dreams, he of another benefice:

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's  
neck, And then dreams he of cutting

foreign throats, Of breaches,

ambuscadoes, Spanish blades, Of

healths five-fathom deep; and then

anon

Drums in his ear, at which he starts and  
wakes, And being thus frightened swears a  
prayer or two And sleeps again. This is  
that very Mab

That plats the manes of horses in the  
night, And bakes the elflocks in foul  
sluttish hairs,

Which once untangled, much misfortune  
bodes: This is the hag, when maids lie on  
their backs, That presses them and learns  
them first to bear, Making them women of  
good carriage:

This is she—

ROMEO

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!

Thou talk'st of nothing.

MERCUTIO

True, I talk of dreams,

Which are the children of an idle  
brain, Begot of nothing but vain  
fantasy, Which is as thin of  
substance as the air

And more inconstant than the wind, who  
wooes Even now the frozen bosom of the  
north,

And, being anger'd, puffs away from  
thence, Turning his face to the dew-  
dropping south. BENVOLIO

This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;



Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

ROMEO

I fear, too early: for my mind misgives

Some consequence yet hanging in the

stars Shall bitterly begin his fearful

date

With this night's revels and expire the term

Of a despised life closed in my  
breast By some vile forfeit of  
untimely death.

But He, that hath the steerage of my  
course, Direct my sail! On, lusty  
gentlemen.

BENVOLIO

Strike, drum.

Exeunt

#### **SCENE V. A hall in Capulet's house.**

Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen 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 unwashed too, 'tis a foul  
thing.

First Servant

Away with the joint-stools, remove the  
court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou,  
save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou  
lovest me, let the porter let in Susan  
Grindstone and Nell.

Antony, and

Potpan! Second

Servant

Ay, boy,

ready. First

Servant

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

Second Servant

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

Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house, meeting the  
Guests and Maskers

CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their  
toes Unplagued with corns will have a bout  
with you. Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you  
all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes  
dainty, She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come  
near ye now? Welcome, gentlemen! I have  
seen the day

That I have worn a visor and could  
tell A whispering tale in a fair  
lady's ear,

Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis  
gone: You are welcome, gentlemen! come,  
musicians, play. A hall, a hall! give room! and  
foot it, girls.

Music plays, and they dance

More light, you knaves; and turn the  
tables up, And quench the fire, the room  
is grown too hot. Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-  
for sport comes well. Nay, sit, nay, sit,  
good cousin Capulet;

For you and I are past our dancing  
days: How long is't now since ~~169~~

yourself and I Were in a mask?

Second Capulet

By'r lady, thirty years.

CAPULET

What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so  
much: 'Tis since the nuptials of Lucentio,  
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

Second 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 a Servingman] What lady is that, which  
doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder knight?

Servant

I know not, sir.

ROMEO

O, she doth teach the torches to burn  
bright! It seems she hangs upon the  
cheek of night Like a rich jewel in an  
Ethiophe's ear; Beauty too rich for use,  
for earth too dear!

So shows a snowy dove trooping with  
crows, As yonder lady o'er her fellows  
shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of  
stand, And, touching hers, make blessed my  
rude hand. Did my heart love till now?  
forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.  
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the  
slave Come hither, cover'd with an antic  
face,  
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?  
Now, by the stock and honour of  
my kin,

To strike him dead, I hold it not a  
sin. CAPULET

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

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

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

Content thee, gentle coz, let him  
alone; He bears him like a portly  
gentleman; And, to say truth,  
Verona brags of him

To be a virtuous and well-govern'd  
youth: I would not for the wealth of  
all the town Here in my house do  
him disparagement: Therefore be  
patient, take no note of him: It is my  
will, the which if thou respect,

Show a fair presence and put off these  
frowns, And ill-beseeming semblance  
for a feast.

TYBALT

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

CAPULET



He shall be endured:

What, goodman boy! I say, he shall:

go to; Am I the master here, or you?

go to.

You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!

You'll make a mutiny among my  
guests! You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll  
be the man! TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET

Go to, go to;

You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?

This trick may chance to scathe you, I know  
what: You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.

Well said, my hearts! You are a princox; go:

Be quiet, or—More light, more light! For  
shame! I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my  
hearts!

TYBALT

Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different  
greeting. I will withdraw: but this intrusion  
shall

Now seeming sweet convert to bitter  
gall. Exit

ROMEO

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

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too  
much, Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do  
touch, And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROMEO

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET

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

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

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

Then move not, while my prayer's effect I  
take. Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin  
is purged. JULIET

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

Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly  
urged! Give me my sin again.

JULIET

You kiss by the  
book. Nurse

Madam, your mother craves a word with  
you. ROMEO

What is her  
mother? Nurse

Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous

I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd  
withal; I tell you, he that can lay hold  
of her

Shall have the chinks.

ROMEO

Is she a Capulet?

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

BENVOLIO

Away, begone; the sport is at the  
best. ROMEO

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

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be  
gone; We have a trifling foolish  
banquet towards. Is it e'en so? why,  
then, I thank you all

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good  
night. More torches here! Come on then,  
let's to bed. Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes  
late:

I'll to my rest.

Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse

JULIET

Come hither, nurse. What is yond  
gentleman? Nurse

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET

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

Marry, that, I think, be young

Petrucio. JULIET

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

I know

not.

JULIET

Go ask his name: if he be married.

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse

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

**JULIET**

My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too  
late! Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse

What's this? what's this?

**JULIET**

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

One calls within 'Juliet.'

Nurse

Anon, anon!

Come, let's away; the strangers all are  
gone. Exeunt

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## **ACT II**

### **Prologue**

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.

Now Romeo is beloved and loves  
again, Alike betwitched by the charm  
of looks, But to his foe supposed he  
must complain,  
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful  
hooks: Being held a foe, he may not have  
access

To breathe such vows as lovers use to  
swear; And she as much in love, her  
means much less To meet her new-  
beloved any where:

But passion lends them power, time means, to  
meet Tempering extremities with extreme  
sweet.

Exit

**SCENE I. A lane by the wall of Capulet's  
orchard.**

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

Can I go forward when my heart is  
here? Turn back, dull earth, and find thy  
centre out. He climbs the wall, and leaps  
down within it Enter BENVOLIO and

MERCUTIO BENVOLIO

Romeo! my cousin

Romeo! MERCUTIO

He is wise;

And, on my lie, hath stol'n him home to  
bed. BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo! humours! madman! passion!  
lover! Appear thou in the likeness of a  
sigh: Speak but one rhyme, and I am  
satisfied;

Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and  
'dove;' Speak to my gossip Venus one fair  
word,

One nick-name for her purblind son and  
heir, Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so  
trim, When King Cophetua loved the  
beggar-maid! He heareth not, he  
stirreth not, he moveth not; The ape is  
dead, and I must conjure him.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright  
eyes, By her high forehead and her  
scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering  
thigh And the demesnes that there adjacent  
lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to  
us! BENVOLIO

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

Of some strange nature, letting it there  
stand Till she had laid it and conjured it

down; That were some spite: my  
invocation

Is fair and honest, and in his mistres s'  
name I conjure only but to raise up  
him.

**BENVOLIO**

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

MERCUTIO

If love be blind, love cannot hit the  
mark. Now will he sit under a medlar  
tree,

And wish his mistress were that kind of  
fruit As maids call medlars, when they  
laugh alone. Romeo, that she were, O,  
that she were

An open et caetera, thou a poperin  
pear! Romeo, good night: I'll to my  
truckle-bed; This field-bed is too cold  
for me to sleep: Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO

Go, then; for 'tis in vain

To seek him here that means not to be  
found. Exeunt

## SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a  
wound. JULIET appears above at a  
window

But, soft! what light through yonder window  
breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious  
moon, Who is already sick and pale

with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than  
she: Be not her maid, since she is envious;  
Her vestal livery is but sick and  
green And none but fools do wear it;  
cast it off.

It is my lady, O, it is my  
love! O, that she knew she  
were!

She speaks yet she says nothing: what of  
that? Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she  
speaks: Two of the fairest stars in all  
the heaven, Having some business, do  
entreat her eyes To twinkle in their  
spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those  
stars, As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in  
heaven

Would through the airy region stream so  
bright That birds would sing and think it were  
not night. See, how she leans her cheek upon  
her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that  
hand, That I might touch that  
cheek!

**JULIET**

Ay me!

**ROMEO**

She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my  
head As is a winged messenger of



heaven

Unto the white-upturned wondering  
eyes Of mortals that fall back to  
gaze on him When he bestrides the  
lazy-pacing clouds And sails upon  
the bosom of the air.

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou  
Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy  
name;

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my  
love, And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO

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

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
Thou art thyself, though not a  
Montague.

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

ROMEO

I take thee at thy word:

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

By a name

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Neither, fair saint, if either thee  
dislike. JULIET

How 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

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

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

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

By whose direction found'st thou out this  
place? ROMEO

By love, who first did prompt me to  
inquire; He lent me counsel and I lent  
him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the  
farthest sea, I would adventure for such  
merchandise.

JULIET

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my  
face, Else would a maiden blush bepaint  
my cheek For that which thou hast heard  
me speak to-night Fain would I dwell on  
form, fain, fain deny What I have spoke:  
but farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say  
'Ay,' And I will take thy word: yet if thou  
swear'st, Thou mayst prove false; at  
lovers' perjuries Then say, Jove laughs.

O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it  
faithfully: Or if thou think'st I am too  
quickly won, I'll frown and be  
perverse an say theenay,

So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the  
world. In truth, fair Montague, I am too  
fond,

And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior

light: But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove  
more true Than those that have more  
cunning to be strange. I should have been  
more strange, I must confess, But that  
thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,  
My true love's passion: therefore pardon  
me, And not impute this yielding to light  
love, Which the dark night hath so  
discovered.

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree  
tops— JULIET

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant  
moon, That monthly changes in her  
circled orb,

Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?

JULIET

Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

ROMEO

If my heart's dear love—

JULIET

Well, do not swear: although I joy in  
thee, I have no joy of this contract  
to-night:

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to  
be Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet,  
good night! This bud of love, by summer's  
ripening breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next we  
meet. Good night, good night! as sweet repose



and rest Come to thy heart as that within my  
breast!

ROMEO

O, wilt thou leave me so  
unsatisfied? JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

ROMEO

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

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

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love? JULIET

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

Nurse calls within

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true. Stay but a little, I will come again.

Exit,

above

ROMEO

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

JULIET, above

JULIET

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

And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse

[Within] Madam!

JULIET

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

Nurse

[Within] Madam!

JULIET

By and by, I come:—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my  
grief: To-morrow will I send.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul—

JULIET

A thousand times good  
night! Exit, above

ROMEO

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

Re-enter JULIET,

above JULIET

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

again!

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak

aloud; Else would I tear the cave where

Echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,

With repetition of my Romeo's

name. ROMEO

It is my soul that calls upon my name:

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by  
night, Like softest music to attending ears!

JULIET

Romeo!

ROMEO

My dear?

JULIET

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

ROMEO

At the hour of nine.

JULIET

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

Let me stand here till thou  
remember it. JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

## JULIET

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

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

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

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

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

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket

FRIAR LAURENCE

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning  
night, Chequering the eastern clouds with  
streaks of light, And flecked darkness like a  
drunkard reels



From forth day's path and Titan's fiery  
wheels: 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. 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. O, mickle is the powerful  
grace that lies

In herbs, plants, 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  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on  
abuse: Virtue itself turns vice, being  
misapplied;

And vice sometimes by action  
dignified. Within the infant rind of this  
small flower Poison hath residence and  
medicinepower:

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers  
each part; Being tasted, slays all senses with  
the heart.

Two such opposed kings encamp them  
still In man as well as herbs, grace and  
rude will; And where the worsers is  
predominant,

Full soon the canker death eats up that  
plant. Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

Good morrow,  
father. FRIAR

LAURENCE

Benedicite!

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

So soon to bid good morrow to thy  
bed: Care keeps his watch in every old  
man's eye, And where care lodges,  
sleep will never lie;

But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd  
brain Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep  
doth reign: Therefore thy earliness doth me  
assure

Thou art up-roused by some  
distemperature; Or if not so, then here  
I hit it right,  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

ROMEO

That last is true; the sweeter rest was  
mine. FRIAR LAURENCE

God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO

With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;

I have forgot that name, and that name's  
woe. FRIAR LAURENCE

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

I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy,  
Where on a sudden one hath wounded  
me, That's by me wounded: both our  
remedies Within thy help and holy  
physic lies:

I bear no hatred, blessed man, for,

lo, My intercession likewise steads

myfoe. FRIAR LAURENCE

Be plain, good son, and homely in thy

drift; Riddling confession finds but

riddlingshrift. ROMEO

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

And all combined, save what thou must  
combine By holy marriage: when and  
where and how

We met, we woo'd and made exchange  
of vow, I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I  
pray,

That thou consent to marry us to-  
day. FRIAR LAURENCE

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is  
here! Is Rosaline, whom thou didst  
love so dear,

So soon forsaken? young men's love then  
lies Not truly in their hearts, but in their  
eyes.

Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine

Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for  
Rosaline! How much salt water thrown  
away in waste, To season love, that of  
it doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven  
clears, Thy old groans ring yet in my  
ancient ears; Lo, here upon thy cheek  
the stain doth sit

Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:

If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes  
thine, Thou and these woes were all for

Rosaline:

And art thou changed? pronounce this  
sentence then, Women may fall, when there's  
no strength in men.

ROMEO

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAURENCE

For doting, not for loving, pupil  
mine. ROMEO

And bad'st me bury love.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

ROMEO

I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love  
now Doth grace for grace and love for  
loveallow; The other did not so.

FRIAR LAURENCE

O, she knew well

Thy love did read by rote and could not  
spell. But come, young waverer, come,  
go with me, In one respect I'll thy  
assistant be;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure  
love. ROMEO

O, let us hence; I stand on sudden

haste. FRIAR LAURENCE

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run  
fast. Exeunt

#### SCENE IV. A street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

MERCUTIO

Where the devil should this Romeo be?



Came he not home to-night?

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

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

A challenge, on my  
life. BENVOLIO

Romeo will answer  
it. MERCUTIO

Any man that can write may answer a  
letter. BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

Why, what is  
Tybalt?

MERCUTIO

More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is  
the courageous captain of compliments. He

fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time,  
distance, and proportion; rests me his minim  
rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom:  
the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a  
duellist; a gentleman of the

very first house, of the first and second  
cause: ah, the immortal passado! the  
punto reverso! the hai!

BENVOLIO

The what?

MERCUTIO

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

Enter

ROMEO

BENVOLIO

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO

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

Signior

Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation

to your French slop. You gave us the

counterfeit fairly last night.

ROMEO

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

The ship, sir, the slip; can you not conceive? ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

Meaning, to court'sy.

MERCUTIO

Thou hast most kindly hit it. ROMEO

A most courteous exposition.

MERCUTIO

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy. ROMEO

Pink for flower.

MERCUTIO

Right.

ROMEO

Why, then is my pump well flowered. MERCUTIO

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

is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole  
singular. ROMEO  
O single-soled jest, solely singular for the  
singleness.

MERCUTIO

Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits  
faint. ROMEO

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

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

ROMEO

Thou wast never with me for 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

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

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

ROMEO

I stretch it out for that word 'broad;' which added  
to the goose, proves thee far ~~112~~ wide a broad



goose. MERCUTIO

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

Stop there, stop  
there. MERCUTIO

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

Thou wouldst else have made thy tale  
large. MERCUTIO

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

Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and  
PETER MERCUTIO

A sail, a  
sail!

BENVOLIO

Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse

Peter!

PETER

Anon!

Nurs

e

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

Is it good den?

MERCUTIO

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

Nurse

Out upon you! what a man are  
you! ROMEO

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

Nurse

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

ROMEO

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

Nurse

You say well.

MERCUTIO

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

Nurse

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

BENVOLIO

She will indite him to some supper.

MERCUTIO

A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! so ho!

ROMEO

What hast thou found?

MERCUTIO

No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten  
pie, that is something stale and hoar ere  
it be spent. Sings

An old hare hoar,

And an old hare

hoar,

Is very good meat in

lent But a hare that is

hoar

Is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be

spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's?

we'll to dinner, thither.

ROMEO

I will follow you.

MERCUTIO

Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,

Singing

'lady, lady, lady.'

Exeunt MERCUTIO and

BENVOLIO Nurse

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

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

to in a  
month. Nurse

An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take  
him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and  
twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find  
those that shall.

Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I  
am none of his skains-mates. And thou  
must stand by  
too, and suffer every knave to use me at his  
pleasure? PETER

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

Nurse

Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part  
about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir,  
a word:

and as I told you, my young lady bade me  
inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will  
keep to myself:

but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her  
into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a  
very gross

kind of behavior, as they say: for the  
gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if  
you should deal double with her, truly it were



an ill thing to be offered  
to any gentlewoman, and very weak  
dealing. ROMEO

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

Nurse

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

ROMEO

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

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

ROMEO

Bid her devise

Some means to come to shrift this  
afternoon; And there she shall at Friar  
Laurence' cell

Be shrived and married. Here is for thy  
pains. Nurse

No truly sir; not a penny.

ROMEO

Go to; I say you  
shall. Nurse

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

And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey  
wall: Within this hour my man shall be  
with thee And bring thee cords made like  
a tackled stair; Which to the high top-  
gallant of my joy

Must be my convoy in the secret  
night. Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit  
thy pains: Farewell; commend me to  
thy mistress.

Nurse

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

What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse

Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one  
away? ROMEO

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

NURSE

Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—  
Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating  
thing:—O, there is a nobleman in town, one  
Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but  
she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very  
toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes  
and tell her that Paris is the properer man;  
but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks  
as pale as any clout in the versal world.

Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both  
with a letter?

ROMEO

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

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  
sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that  
it would do you good to hear it.

ROMEO

Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse

Ay, a thousand  
times. Exit Romeo

Peter!

PETER

Anon!

Nurs

e

Peter, take my fan, and go before and  
apace. Exeunt

### SCENE V. Capulet's orchard.

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, Which ten times faster glide than  
the sun's beams, Driving back shadows over  
louring hills: Therefore do nimble-pinion'd  
doves draw love, And therefore hath the  
wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey, and from nine till  
twelve Is three long hours, yet she is not  
come.

Had she affections and warm youthful  
blood, She would be as swift in motion as  
a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet  
love, And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were  
dead; Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as

lead.

O God, she comes!

Enter Nurse and

PETER

O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man  
away. Nurse

Peter, stay at the  
gate. Exit PETER

JULIET

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

Nurse

I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:

Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I  
had! JULIET

I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse,  
speak. Nurse

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

JULIET

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast  
breath To say to me that thou art out of  
breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this  
delay Is longer than the tale thou dost  
excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer  
to that; Say either, and I'll stay the  
circumstance: Let me be satisfied,



is't good or bad?

Nurse

Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels

all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are

past compare: he is not the flower of  
courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as  
a lamb. Go thy  
ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at  
home? JULIET

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

What says he of our marriage? what of  
that? Nurse

Lord, how my head aches! what a head  
have I! It beats as it would fall in twenty  
pieces.

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

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,  
To catch my death with jaunting up and  
down! JULIET

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

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

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

JULIET

Where is my mother! why, she is within;  
Where should she be? How oddly thou  
repliest! 'Your love says, like an honest  
gentleman, Where is your mother?'

Nurse

O God's lady dear!

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

Here's such a coil! come, what says

Romeo? Nurse

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

JULIET

I

have.

Nurse

Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence'  
cell; There stays a husband to make  
you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your  
cheeks, They'll be in scarlet straight at any  
news.

Hie you to church; I must another  
way, To fetch a ladder, by the which  
your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is  
dark: I am the drudge and toil in your  
delight,

But you shall bear the burden soon at  
night. Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the  
cell.

JULIET

Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse,  
farewell. Exeunt

**SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's cell.**

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

Amen, amen! but come what sorrow  
can, It cannot countervail the  
exchange of joy

That one short minute gives me in her  
sight: Do thou but close our hands with  
holy words, Then love-devouring death  
do what he dare; It is enough I may but  
call her mine.

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

Enter JULIET

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

JULIET

Good even to my ghostly  
confessor. FRIAR LAURENCE

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

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

Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy

Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be  
more To blazon it, then sweeten with thy  
breath This neighbour air, and let rich  
music's tongue Unfold the imagined  
happiness that both

Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JULIET

Conceit, more rich in matter than in  
words, Brags of his substance, not of  
ornament:

They are but beggars that can count their  
worth; But my true love is grown to such  
excess

I cannot sum up sum of half my  
wealth. FRIAR LAURENCE

Come, come with me, and we will make short  
work; For, by your leaves, you shall not stay  
alone

Till holy church incorporate two in one.

Exeunt

\*\*\*\*

## ACT III

### SCENE I. A public place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and  
Servants BENVOLIO

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's  
retire: The day is hot, the Capulets  
abroad,

And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;

For now, these hot days, is the mad blood



stirring. MERCUTIO

Thou art like one of those 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

it on the drawer, when indeed there is no  
need. BENVOLIO

Am I like such a  
fellow? MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

And what  
to?

MERCUTIO

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

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is  
full of meat, and yet thy head hath been  
beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling:  
thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing  
in the street, because he hath wakened thy  
dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst  
thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing  
his new doublet before Easter? with another,  
for tying his new shoes with old riband? and

yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

BENVOLIO

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

The fee-simple! O

simple! BENVOLIO

By my head, here come the

Capulets. MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT and

others TYBALT

Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of  
you. MERCUTIO

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

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

Could you not take some occasion without  
giving? TYBALT

Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

We talk here in the public haunt of  
men: Either withdraw unto some

private place, And reason coldly of  
your grievances, Or else depart;  
here all eyes gaze on us.

MERCUTIO

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

Enter ROMEO

TYBALT

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

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

Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford

No better term than this,—thou art a  
villain. ROMEO

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

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

I do protest, I never injured thee,  
But love thee better than thou canst  
devise, Till thou shalt know the reason  
of my love: And so, good Capulet,—  
which name I tender As dearly as my  
own,—be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonourable, vile  
submission! Alla stoccata carries it  
away.

Draws

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you  
walk? TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

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

TYBALT

I am for you.

Drawing

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO

Come, sir, your passado.

They fight

ROMEO

Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this  
outrage! Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince  
expressly hath Forbidden bandying in  
Verona streets:

Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

TYBALT under ROMEO's arm stabs MERCUTIO, and flies with his  
followers



MERCUTIO

I am hurt.

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

BENVOLIO

What, art thou

hurt? MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

Help me into some house, Benvolio,

Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your  
houses! They have made worms' meat  
of me: I have it, And soundly too: your  
houses!

Exeunt MERCUTIO and

BENVOLIO ROMEO

This gentleman, the prince's near  
ally, My very friend, hath got his  
mortal hurt In my behalf; my  
reputation stain'd

With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an  
hour Hath been my kinsman! O sweet  
Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me  
effeminate

And in my temper soften'd valour's  
steel! Re-enter BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's  
dead! That gallant spirit hath aspired  
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.

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back  
again. ROMEO

Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio  
slain! Away to heaven, respective  
lenity,

And fire-eyed fury be my conduct  
now! Re-enter TYBALT

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back  
again, That late thou gavest me; for  
Mercutio's soul Is but a little way  
above our heads,

Staying for thine to keep him  
company: Either thou, or I, or both,  
must go with him. TYBALT

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

ROMEO

This shall determine

that. They fight;

TYBALT falls

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.

Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee  
death, If thou art taken: hence, be gone,  
away!

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO

Why dost thou  
stay? Exit ROMEO

Enter Citizens, & c

First Citizen

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

There lies that  
Tybalt. First Citizen

Up, sir, go with me;

I charge thee in the princes name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives, and  
others PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO

O noble prince, I can discover all  
The unlucky manage of this fatal  
brawl: There lies the man, slain by

young Romeo, That slew thy kinsman,  
brave Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET

Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!

O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt

O my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.  
O cousin, cousin!

PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?  
BENVOLIO

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;  
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink  
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal  
Your high displeasure: all this uttered

With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,  
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,  
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,

And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats  
Cold death aside, and with the other sends

It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity,  
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,

'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm  
An envious thrust



from Tybalt hit the life  
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt  
fled; But by and by comes back to  
Romeo, Who had but newly  
entertain'd revenge, And to 't they  
go like lightning, for, ere I  
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt  
slain. And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and  
fly.

This is the truth, or let Benvolio

die. LADY CAPULET

He is a kinsman to the Montague;

Affection makes him false; he speaks not true: Some twenty of them fought in this black strife, And all those twenty could but kill one life.

I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give; Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

PRINCE

Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;

Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe? MONTAGUE

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

PRINCE

And for that offence

Immediately we do exile him hence:

I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,

My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding; But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine

That you shall all repent the loss of mine: I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;

Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out  
abuses: Therefore use none: let Romeo  
hence in haste, Else, when he's found, that  
hour is his last.

Bear hence this body and attend our will:  
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that  
kill. Exeunt

## SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.

Enter JULIET

JULIET

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

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing  
night, That 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, It best agrees with night.

Come, civil night, Thou sober-suited  
matron, all in black,

And learn me how to lose a winning  
match, Play'd for a pair of stainless  
maidenhoods: Hood my unmann'd blood,  
bating in my cheeks,

With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown  
bold, Think true love acted simple modesty.

Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in  
night; For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.

Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd

night, Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little  
stars, And he will make the face of  
heaven so fine That all the world will  
be in love with night And pay no  
worship to the garish sun.

O, I have bought the mansion of a  
love, But not possess'd it, and,  
though I am sold, Not yet enjoy'd: so  
tedious is this day

As is the night before some festival

To an impatient child that hath new robes

And may not wear them. O, here comes my  
nurse, And she brings news; and every tongue  
that speaks But Romeo's name speaks  
heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?  
the cords That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse

Ay, ay, the cords.

Throws them down

JULIET

Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy  
hands? Nurse

Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's  
dead! We are undone, lady, we are  
undone!

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's  
dead! JULIET

Can heaven be so  
envious? Nurse

Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot: O Romeo,

Romeo! Who ever would have thought

it? Romeo! JULIET

What devil art thou, that dost torment me

thus? This torture should be roar'd in

dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,'

And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison  
more Than the death-darting eye of  
cockatrice: I am not I, if there be  
such an I;

Or those eyes shut, that make thee  
answer 'I.' If he be slain, say 'I'; or if  
not, no:

Brief sounds determine of my weal or  
woe. Nurse

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine  
eyes,— God save the mark!—here on his  
manly breast: A piteous corse, a bloody  
piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in  
blood, All in gore-blood; I 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; And thou and Romeo press one  
heavybier! Nurse

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

What storm is this that blows so  
contrary? Is Romeo slaughter'd, and  
is Tybalt dead? My dear-loved cousin,  
and my dearer lord?



Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general  
doom! For who is living, if those two are  
gone?

Nurse

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo  
banished; Romeo that kill'd him,  
he is banished.

JULIET

O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's  
blood? Nurse

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

JULIET

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering  
face! Did ever dragon keep so fair a  
cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolvis-ravening  
lamb! Despised substance of divinest  
show!

Just opposite to what thou justly  
seem'st, A damned saint, an  
honourable villain!

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,  
When thou didst bower the spirit of a  
fiend In moral paradise of such sweet  
flesh?

Was ever book containing such vile  
matter So fairly bound? O that deceit  
should dwell In such a gorgeous  
palace!

Nurse

There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all  
perjured, All forsworn, all naught, all  
dissemblers.

Ah, where's my man? give me some aqua  
vitae: These griefs, these woes, these sorrows  
make me old. Shame come to Romeo!

**JULIET**

Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish! he was not born to  
shame: Upon his brow shame is ashamed  
to sit;

For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal  
earth. O, what a beast was I to  
chide at him! Nurse  
Will you speak well of him that kill'd your  
cousin? JULIET  
Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy  
name, When I, thy three-hours wife, have  
mangled it?

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my  
cousin? That villain cousin would have kill'd  
my husband: Back, foolish tears, back to  
your native spring; Your tributary drops  
belong to woe,  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my  
husband: All this is comfort; wherefore weep I  
then?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's  
death, That murder'd me: I would forget it  
fain;

But, O, it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners'  
minds: 'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—  
banished;' That 'banished,' that one  
word 'banished,'

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's

death Was woe enough, if it had ended  
there:

Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,

Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's  
dead,' Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or  
both,

Which modern lamentations might have  
moved? But with a rear-ward following  
Tybalt's death,

'Romeo is banished,' to speak that  
word, Is father, mother, Tybalt,  
Romeo, Juliet, All slain, all dead.

'Romeo is banished!' There is no end,  
no limit, measure, bound,  
In that word's death; no words can that woe  
sound. Where is my father, and my mother,  
nurse?

Nurse

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's  
corse: Will you go to them? I will bring  
you thither. JULIET

Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be  
spent, When theirs are dry, for Romeo's  
banishment.

Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are  
beguiled, Both you and I; for Romeo is  
exiled:

He made you for a highway to my  
bed; But I, a maid, die maiden-  
widowed.

Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-  
bed; And death, not Romeo, take my  
maidenhead!

Nurse

Hie to your chamber: I'll find  
Romeo To comfort you: I wot well  
where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at

night: I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence'  
cell.

**JULIET**

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

**SCENE III. Friar Laurence's cell.**

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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 LAURENCE

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 LAURENCE

Hence from Verona art thou banished:



Be patient, for the world is broad and  
wide. ROMEO

There is no world without Verona  
walls, But purgatory, torture, hell  
itself.

Hence-banished is banish'd from the  
world, And world's exile is death: then  
banished,  
Is death mis-term'd: calling death  
banishment, Thou cutt'st my head off  
with a golden axe, And smilest upon the  
stroke that murders me. FRIAR

LAURENCE

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!

Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind  
prince, Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the  
law,

And turn'd that black word death to  
banishment: This is dear mercy, and thou  
seest it not.

ROMEO

'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is  
here, Where Juliet lives; and every cat  
and dog And little mouse, every  
unworthy thing, Live here in heaven  
and may look on her; But Romeo may  
not: more validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship  
lives In carrion-flies than Romeo: they  
my seize On the white wonder of dear  
Juliet's hand And steal immortal  
blessing from her lips, Who even in  
pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses

sin; But Romeo may not; he is

banished:

Flies may do this, but I from this must

fly: They are free men, but I am

banished.

And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?

Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground

knife, No sudden mean of death, though

ne'er so mean, But 'banished' to kill me?—

'banished'?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the  
heart, Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend  
profess'd, To mangle me with that  
word 'banished'? FRIAR LAURENCE

Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a  
word. ROMEO

O, thou wilt speak again of  
banishment. FRIAR LAURENCE

I'll give thee armour to keep off that  
word: Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art  
banished. ROMEO

Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!  
Unless philosophy can make a  
Juliet, Displant a town, reverse a  
prince's doom, It helps not, it  
prevails not: talk no more. FRIAR  
LAURENCE

O, then I see that madmen have no ears.  
ROMEO

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

Let me dispute with thee of thy  
estate. ROMEO

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost  
not feel: Wert thou as young as I, Juliet  
thy love,

An hour but married, Tybalt 172

murdered, Doting like me and like

me banished,

Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do  
now, Taking the measure of an  
unmade grave. Knocking within

FRIAR LAURENCE

Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide  
thyself. ROMEO

Not I; unless the breath of heartsick  
groans, Mist-like, infold me from the  
search of eyes. Knocking

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

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

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse

[Within] Let me come in, and you shall  
know my errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse

Nurse

O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,

Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

O, he is even in my mistress'  
case, Just in her case! O woful  
sympathy! Piteous predicament!  
Even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and  
blubbering. Stand up, stand up; stand, and you  
be a man:

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and  
stand; Why should you fall into so deep  
an O?

ROMEO

Nurse!

Nurse

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

Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with  
her? Doth she not think me an old  
murderer, 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; And now falls on her bed; and  
then starts up, And Tybalt calls; and then  
on Romeo cries, And then down falls  
again.



ROMEO

As if that name,

Shot from the deadly level of a gun,

Did murder her; as that name's cursed  
hand Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me,  
friar, tell me, In what vile part of this  
anatomy

Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack

The hateful  
mansion. Drawing  
his sword FRIAR

LAURENCE

Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou  
art: Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts  
denote The unreasonable fury of a beast:

Unseemly woman in a seeming  
man! Or ill-beseeming beast in  
seeming both!

Thou hast amazed me: by my holy  
order, I thought thy disposition  
better temper'd.

Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay  
thyself? And stay thy lady too that lives  
in thee,

By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and  
earth? Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all  
three do meet In thee at once; which thou at  
once wouldst lose.

Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy  
wit; Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,  
And usest none in that true use indeed

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy  
wit: Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
Digressing from the valour of a  
man; Thy dear love sworn but 178

hollow perjury,  
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to  
cherish; Thy wit, that ornament to shape and  
love, Misshapen in the conduct of them both,  
Like powder in a skitless soldier's  
flask, Is set afire by thine own  
ignorance,  
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.

What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately  
dead; There art thou happy: Tybalt  
would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there are thou  
happy too: The law that threaten'd death  
becomes thy friend And turns it to exile;  
there art thou happy:  
A pack of blessings lights up upon thy  
back; Happiness courts thee in her  
best array;  
But, like a misbehaved and sullen  
wench, Thou pout'st upon thy fortune  
and thy love: Take heed, take heed, for  
such die miserable. Go, get thee to thy  
love, as was decreed, Ascend her  
chamber, hence and comfort her: But  
look thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to  
Mantua; Where thou shalt live, till we  
can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your  
friends, Beg pardon of the prince, and  
call thee back With twenty hundred  
thousand times more joy Than thou  
went'st forth in lamentation.  
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy  
lady; And bid her hasten all the house  
to bed, Which heavy sorrow makes

them apt unto: Romeo is coming.

Nurse

O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the  
night To hear good counsel: O, what  
learning is!

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

ROMEO

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse

Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you,  
sir: Hie you, make haste, for it grows  
verylate. Exit

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this!

FRIAR LAURENCE

Go hence; good night; and here stands all your  
state: Either be gone before the watch be set,  
Or by the break of day disguised from  
hence: Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out  
your man, And he shall signify from  
time to time

Every good hap to you that chances here:

Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

ROMEO

But that a joy past joy calls out on me,

It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:

Farewell. Exeunt

#### SCENE IV. A room in Capulet's house.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS

CAPULET

Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,

That we have had no time to move our  
daughter: Look you, she loved her kinsman

Tybalt dearly, And so did I:—Well, we were  
born to die.

'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-  
night: I promise you, but for your  
company,

I would have been a-bed an hour  
ago. PARIS

These times of woe afford no time to woo.

Madam, good night: commend me to your  
daughter. LADY CAPULET

I will, and know her mind early to-  
morrow; To-night she is mew'd up to  
her heaviness. CAPULET

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender

Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled

In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt  
it not. Wife, go you to her ere you go to  
bed; Acquaint her here of my son Paris'  
love;

And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday  
next— But, soft! what day is this?

PARIS

Monday, my lord,

CAPULET

Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too  
soon, O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday,  
tell her,

She shall be married to this noble  
earl. Will you be ready? do you like  
this haste? We'll keep no great  
ado,—a friend or two; For, hark you,  
Tybalt being slain so late, It may be  
thought we held him carelessly,



Being our kinsman, if we revel much:  
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen  
friends, And there an end. But what say you  
to Thursday? PARIS  
My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

CAPULET

Well get you gone: o' Thursday be it,  
then. Go you to Juliet ere you go to  
bed,

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-  
day. Farewell, my lord. Light to my  
chamber, ho! Afore me! it is so very very  
late,

That we may call it early by and  
by. Good night.

Exeunt

#### SCENE V. Capulet's orchard.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET above, at the  
window JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near  
day: It was the nightingale, and  
not the lark,

That pierced the fearful hollow of  
thine ear; Nightly she sings on yon  
pomegranate-tree: Believe me, love, it  
was the nightingale.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

No nightingale: look, love, what envious  
streaks Do lace the severing clouds in

yonder east: Night's candles are burnt out,  
and jocund day Stands tiptoe on the misty  
mountain tops.

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

Yon light is not day-light, I know  
it, I: It is some meteor that the sun  
exhales,

To be to thee this night a torch-  
bearer, And light thee on 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.

I'll say yon grey is not the morning's  
eye, 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's  
brow; Nor that is not the lark, whose  
notes do beat The vaulty heaven so  
high above our heads: I have more  
care to stay than will to go: Come,  
death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.  
How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not  
day.

JULIET

It is, it is: hie hence, be gone,  
away! It is the lark that sings so  
out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing  
sharps. Some say the lark makes sweet  
division;

This doth not so, for she divideth us:

Some say the lark and loathed toad  
change eyes, O, now I would they had  
changed voices too!

Since arm from arm that voice doth us

affray, Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up  
to the day, O, now be gone; more light  
and light it grows. ROMEO

More light and light; more dark and dark our  
woes! Enter Nurse, to the chamber

Nurse

Madam!

JULIET

Nurse?

Nurse

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber: 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,

For in a minute there are many days:

O, by this count I shall be much in years Ere I again behold my Romeo!

ROMEO

Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity

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

O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO

I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve For sweet discourses in our time to come.

JULIET

O God, I have an ill-divining soul!

Methinks I see thee, now thou art

below, As one dead in the bottom

of a tomb:

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

ROMEO

And trust me, love, in my eye so do  
you: Dry sorrow drinks our blood.

Adieu, adieu! Exit

JULIET

O fortune, fortune! all men call thee  
fickle: If thou art fickle, what dost  
thou with him.

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle,  
fortune; For then, I hope, thou wilt not  
keep him long, But send him back.

LADY CAPULET

[Within] Ho, daughter! are you up?

JULIET

Who is't that calls? is it my lady  
mother? Is she not down so late, or  
up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her  
hither? Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

Why, how now,

Juliet! JULIET

Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with  
tears? An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make  
him live; Therefore, have done; some grief



shows much of love; But much of grief shows  
still some want of wit.

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling

loss. LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

Feeling so the loss,

Cannot choose but ever weep the  
friend. LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

What villain

madam? LADY

CAPULET

That same villain, Romeo.

JULIET

[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

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, Shall give ~~him~~ such an

unaccustom'd dram, That he shall soon  
keep Tybalt company:

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

**JULIET**

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo, till I behold him—  
dead— Is my poor heart for a  
kinsman vex'd.

Madam, if you could find out but a  
man To bear a poison, I would  
temper it;

That Romeo should, upon receipt  
thereof, Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my  
heart abhors To hear him named, and  
cannot come to him. To wreak the love I  
bore my cousin

Upon his body that slaughter'd  
him! LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

Well, well, thou hast a careful father,  
child; One who, to put thee from thy  
heaviness, Hath sorted out a sudden  
day of joy,

That thou expect'st not nor I look'd  
not for. JULIET

Madam, in happy time, what day is  
that? LADY CAPULET

Marry, my child, early next Thursday  
morn, The gallant, young and noble  
gentleman, The County Paris, at Saint  
Peter's Church, Shall happily make  
thee there a joyfulbride. JULIET  
Now, by Saint Peter's Church and  
Peter too, He shall not make me there  
a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed  
Ere he, that should be husband, comes  
to woo. I pray you, tell my lord and  
father, madam,  
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I  
swear, It shall be Romeo, whom you  
know I hate, Rather than Paris. These  
are news indeed!

LADY CAPULET

Here comes your father; tell him so  
yourself, And see how he will take it at  
your hands.

Enter CAPULET and

Nurse CAPULET

When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle  
dew; But for the sunset of my brother's  
son

It rains downright.

How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in  
tears? Evermore showering? In one little  
body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a  
wind; For still thy eyes, which I may  
call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy  
body is, Sailing in this salt flood; the winds,  
thy sighs; Who, raging with thy tears, and  
they with them, Without a sudden calm, will  
overset

Thy tempest-tossed body. How now,  
wife! Have you deliver'd to her our  
decree?

LADY CAPULET

Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you  
thanks. I would the fool were married to  
her grave!

CAPULET

Soft! take me with you, take me with you,  
wife. How! will she none? doth she not give us  
thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her  
blest, Unworthy as she is, that we have  
wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her  
bridegroom? JULIET

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

How now, how now, chop-logic! What is  
this? 'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I  
thank you not;' And yet 'not proud,'  
mistress minion, you,  
Thank me no thankings, nor, proud me no  
prouds, But fettle your fine joints 'gainst  
Thursday next, To go with Paris to Saint  
Peter's Church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you  
baggage! You tallow-face!

LADY CAPULET

Fie, fie! what, are you  
mad? JULIET

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

Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient  
wretch! I tell thee what: get thee to church  
o' Thursday, Or never after look me in the



face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us  
blest That God had lent us but this only  
child;

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having  
her: Out on her, hilding!

Nurse

God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate  
her so. CAPULET

And why, my lady wisdom? hold your  
tongue, Good prudence; smatter with  
your gossips, go. Nurse

I speak no  
treason.

CAPULET

O, God ye god-den.

Nurse

May not one speak?

CAPULET

Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's  
bowl; For here we need it not.

LADY CAPULET

You are too hot.

CAPULET

God's bread! it makes me mad:

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work,  
play, Alone, in company, still my care  
hath been

To have her match'd: and having now  
provided A gentleman of noble

parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,

Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,

Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a

man; And then to have a wretched puling

fool,

A whining mammet, in her fortune's  
tender, To answer 'I'll not wed; I  
cannot love,

I am too young; I pray you, pardon  
me.' But, as you will not wed, I'll  
pardon you:

Graze where you will you shall not house with  
me: Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near; lay hand on heart,  
advise: An you be mine, I'll give you  
to my friend; And you be not, hang,  
beg, starve, die in the streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge  
thee, Nor what is mine shall never do  
thee good: Trust to't, bethink you; I'll  
not be forsworn. Exit

JULIET

Is there no pity sitting in the  
clouds, That sees into the bottom  
of my grief? O, sweet my mother,  
cast me not away! Delay this  
marriage for a month, a week; Or, if  
you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where  
Tybalt lies. LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

O God!—O nurse, how shall this be  
prevented? My husband is on earth, my  
faith in heaven; How shall that faith  
return again to earth, Unless that  
husband send it me from heaven

By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.

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

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of  
joy? Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse

Faith, here it is.

Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to  
nothing, That he dares ne'er come back to  
challenge you; Or, if he do, it needs must  
be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it  
doth, I think it best you married with  
the county.

O, he's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle,  
madam, Hath not so green, so quick, so  
fair an eye

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second  
match, For it excels your first: or if it  
did not,

Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he  
were, As living here and you no use of  
him.

JULIET

Speakest thou from thy

heart? Nurse

And from my soul too;

Or else beshrew them

both. JULIET

Amen!

Nurse

What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous  
much. Go in: and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeased my father, to  
Laurence' cell, To make confession and  
to be absolved.

Nurse

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

JULIET

Ancient damnation! O most wicked  
fiend! Is it more sin to wish me thus  
forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same  
tongue Which she hath praised him with  
above compare So many thousand times?  
Go, counsellor;  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be  
twain. I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:  
If all else fail, myself have power to  
die. Exit

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## ACT IV

### SCENE I. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and



PARIS FRIAR LAURENCE

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 LAURENCE

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

That she doth give her sorrow so much  
sway, And in his wisdom hastes our  
marriage,

To stop the inundation of her tears;  
Which, too much minded by herself  
alone, May be put from her by  
society:

Now do you know the reason of this  
haste. FRIAR LAURENCE

[Aside] I would I knew not why it should be  
slow'd. Look, sir, here comes the lady towards  
my cell.

Enter JULIET

PARIS

Happily met, my lady and my wife!

JULIET

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

That may be must be, love, on Thursday

next. JULIET

What must be shall be.

FRIAR LAURENCE

That's a certain

text. PARIS

Come you to make confession to this father?

JULIET

To answer that, I should confess to  
you. PARIS

Do not deny to him that you love  
me. JULIET

I will confess to you that I love  
him. PARIS

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

If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your  
face. PARIS

Poor soul, thy face is much abused with  
tears. JULIET

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

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

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

Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd  
it. JULIET

It may be so, for it is not mine  
own. Are you at leisure, holy  
father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening  
mass? FRIAR LAURENCE

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

PARIS

God shield I should disturb devotion!

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse

ye: Till then, adieu; and keep this

holy kiss. Exit

JULIET

O shut the door! and when thou hast done so,

Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past

help! FRIAR LAURENCE

Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

It strains me past the compass of my wits:

I hear thou must, and nothing may

prorogue it, On Thursday next be married

to this county.

JULIET

Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of

this, Unless thou tell me how I may

prevent it: If, in thy wisdom, thou

canst give no help, Do thou but call

my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our

hands; And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo

seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous

revolt Turn to another, this shall slay

them both: Therefore, out of thy long-  
experienced time, Give me some  
present counsel, or, behold, 'Twixt my  
extremes and me this bloodyknife  
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that  
Which the commission of thy years and  
art Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Be not so long to speak; I long to die,

If what thou speak'st speak not of  
remedy. FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of  
hope, Which craves as desperate an  
execution.

As that is desperate which we would  
prevent. If, rather than to marry County  
Paris,

Thou hast the strength of will to slay  
thyself, Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this  
shame, That copest 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  
yonder tower; Or walk in thievish  
ways; or bid me lurk

Where serpents are; chain me with roaring  
bears; Or shut me nightly in a charnel-  
house,

O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling  
bones, With reeky shanks and yellow  
chapless skulls; Or bid me go into a new-  
made grave

And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;



Things that, to hear them told, have made me  
tremble; And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet  
love. FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, then; go home, be merry, give  
consent To marry Paris: Wednesday is  
to-morrow: To-morrow night look that  
thou lie alone;

Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:

Take thou this vial, being then in  
bed, And this distilled liquor drink  
thou off;

When presently through all thy veins shall  
run A cold and drowsy humour, for no  
pulse

Shall keep his native progress, but  
surcease: No warmth, no breath, shall  
testify thou livest; The roses in thy lips  
and cheeks shall fade

To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,

Like death, when he shuts up the day of  
life; Each part, deprived of supple  
government, Shall, stiff and stark and  
cold, appear like death: And in this  
borrow'd likeness of shrunk death Thou  
shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now, when the bridegroom in the morning  
comes To rouse thee from thy bed, there  
art thou dead: Then, as the manner of our  
country is,

In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient  
vault Where all the kindred of the  
Capulets lie.

In the mean time, against thou shalt  
awake, Shall Romeo by my letters  
know our drift, And hither shall ~~216~~

come: and he and I Will watch thy  
waking, and that very night Shall  
Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present  
shame; If no inconstant toy, nor womanish  
fear,  
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

**JULIET**

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold; get you gone, be strong and  
prosperous In this resolve: I'll send a friar  
with speed

To Mantua, with my letters to thy  
lord. JULIET

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

Exeunt

**SCENE II. Hall in Capulet's house.**

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and two Servingmen

CAPULET

So many guests invite as here are  
writ. Exit First Servant

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

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 unfurnished for this time.

What, is my daughter gone to Friar

Laurence? Nurse

Ay,

forsooth.

CAPULET

Well, he may chance to do some good  
on her: A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse

See where she comes from shrift with merry  
look. Enter JULIET

CAPULET

How now, my headstrong! where have you been  
gadding? JULIET

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

And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech  
you! Henceforward I am ever ruled by  
you.

CAPULET

Send for the county; go tell him of this:

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow  
morning. JULIET

I met the youthful lord at Laurence'  
cell; And gave him what becomed  
love I might, Not step o'er the bounds

of modesty.

CAPULET

Why, I am glad on't; this is well: stand  
up: This is as't should be. Let me see  
the county; Ay, marry, go, I say, and  
fetch him hither.

Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,

Our whole city is much bound to  
him. JULIET

Nurse, will you go with me into my  
closet, To help me sort such needful  
ornaments As you think fit to furnish  
me to-morrow? LADY CAPULET

No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

CAPULET

Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-  
morrow. Exeunt JULIET and Nurse

LADY CAPULET

We shall be short in our provision:

'Tis now near night.

CAPULET

Tush, I will stir about,

And all things shall be well, I warrant thee,  
wife: Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;  
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;

I'll play the housewife for this once. What,  
ho! They are all forth. Well, I will walk  
myself

To County Paris, to prepare him up

Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous  
light, Since this same wayward girl is so  
reclaim'd.

Exeunt



**SCENE III. Juliet's chamber.**

Enter JULIET and Nurse

JULIET

Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse, I pray thee, leave me to my self to-night, For I have need of many orisons

To move the heavens to smile upon my state, Which, well thou know'st, is cross, and full of sin. Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

What, are you busy, ho? need you my help? JULIET

No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries As are behoveful for our state to-morrow: So please you, let me now be left alone, And let the nurse this night sit up with you; For, I am sure, you have your hands full all, In this so sudden business.

LADY CAPULET

Good night:

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need. Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse JULIET

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again. I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins, That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me: Nurse! What should

she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act  
alone. Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow  
morning? No, no: this shall forbid it: lie  
thou there.

Laying down her dagger

What if it be a poison, which the friar  
Subtly hath minister'd to have me  
dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be  
dishonour'd, Because he married me  
before to Romeo?

I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should  
not, For he hath still been tried a holy  
man.

How if, when I am laid into the  
tomb, I wake before the time  
that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful  
point! Shall I not, then, be stifled in the  
vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air  
breathes in, And there die strangled ere my  
Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and  
night, Together with the terror of  
the place,— As in a vault, an  
ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the  
bones Of all my buried ancestors are  
packed:

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in  
earth, Lies festering in his shroud; where,

as they say, At some hours in the night  
spirits resort;— Alack, alack, is it not like  
that I,  
So early waking, what with loathsome  
smells, And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out  
of the earth, That living mortals, hearing  
them, run mad:—  
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environed with all these hideous  
fears? And madly play with my  
forefather's joints?  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's  
bone, As with a club, dash out my  
desperate brains?

O, look! methinks I see my cousin's  
ghost Seeking out Romeo, that did  
spit his body Upon a rapier's point:  
stay, Tybalt, stay!

Romeo, I come! this do I drink to  
thee. She falls upon her bed, within  
the curtains

#### SCENE IV. Hall in Capulet's house.

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse

LADY CAPULET

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

They call for dates and quinces in the  
pastry. Enter CAPULET

CAPULET

Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath  
crow'd, The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three  
o'clock: Look to the baked meats, good  
Angelica:

Spare not for the  
cost. Nurse

Go, you cot-quean, go,

Get you to bed; faith, You'll be sick to-

morrow For this night's watching.

CAPULET

No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere  
now All night for lesser cause, and ne'er  
been sick. LADY CAPULET

Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your  
time; But I will watch you from such  
watching now. Exeunt LADY CAPULET and  
Nurse CAPULET

A jealous hood, a jealous hood!

Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, logs, and  
baskets Now, fellow,

What's

there? First

Servant

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, And never trouble Peter for the  
matter. Exit

CAPULET

Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson,

ha! Thou shalt be logger-head. Good

faith, 'tis day: The county will be here with  
music straight, For so he said he would: I  
hear him near.

Music within

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, ~~232~~ 232, I



say! Re-enter Nurse

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;

I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make  
haste, Make haste; the bridegroom he is  
come already:

Make haste, I say.

Exeunt

**SCENE V. Juliet's chamber.**

Enter

Nurse

Nurse

Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she: Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!

Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride! What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now; Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

The County Paris hath set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little. God forgive me, Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!

I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam! Ay, let the county take you in your bed;

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

Undraws the curtains

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again! I must needs wake you; Lady! lady! lady!

Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's  
dead! O, well-a-day, that ever I  
was born!

Some aqua vitae, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

What noise is here?

Nurse

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

What is the  
matter? Nurse

Look, look! O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET

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

Enter CAPULET

CAPULET

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

She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack  
the day! LADY CAPULET

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

Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she's  
cold: Her blood is settled, and her  
joints are stiff;

Life and these lips have long been  
separated: Death lies on her like an  
untimely frost Upon the sweetest  
flower of all the field.

Nurse

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

O woful time!

CAPULET

Death, that hath ta'en her hence, to make me

wail, Ties up my tongue, and will not let me  
speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with  
Musicians FRIAR LAURENCE

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET

Ready to go, but never to return.

O son! the night before thy wedding-day  
Hath Death lain with thy wife.

There she lies, Flower as she was,  
deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, Death is my  
heir; My daughter he hath wedded: I  
will die, And leave him all; life, living, all  
is Death's. PARIS

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

LADY CAPULET

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful  
day! Most miserable hour that e'er  
time saw

In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving  
child, But one thing to rejoice and solace  
in,

And cruel death hath catch'd it from my  
sight! Nurse

O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!

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

O day! O day! O day! O hateful  
day! Never was seen so black a  
day as this: O woful day, O woful  
day!

PARIS

Beguiled, 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

Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd,  
kill'd! Uncomfortable time, why  
camest 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 LAURENCE

Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure  
lives not In these confusions. Heaven and  
yourself

Had part in this fair maid; now heaven  
hath all, And all the better is it for the  
maid:

Your part in her you could not keep from  
death, But heaven keeps his part in  
eternal life.

The most you sought was her promotion;

For 'twas your heaven she should be  
advanced: And weep ye now, seeing she is  
advanced Above the clouds, as high as  
heaven itself?

O, in this love, you love your child so ill,  
That you run mad, seeing that she is  
well: She's not well married that lives  
married long;



But she's best married that dies married  
young. Dry up your tears, and stick your  
rosemary

On this fair corse; and, as the  
custom is, In all her best array bear  
her to church: For though fond  
nature bids us an lament, Yet  
nature's tears are reason's  
merriment. CAPULET

All things that we ordained festival,

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

Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with  
him; And go, Sir Paris; every one  
prepare

To follow this fair corse unto her grave:

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

Exeunt CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR LAURENCE

First Musician

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

Honest goodfellows, ah, put up, put  
up; For, well you know, this is a  
pitiful case. Exit

First Musician

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

PETER

Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease, Heart's

ease:' O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's

ease.' First Musician

Why 'Heart's ease?'

PETER

O, musicians, because my heart itself plays

'My heart is full of woe:' O, play me some

merry dump,

to comfort

me. First

Musician

Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play

now. PETER

You will not, then?

First Musician

No.

PETER

I will then give it you

soundly. First Musician

What will you give us?

PETER

No money, on my faith, but the

gleek; I will give you the minstrel.

First Musician

Then I will give you the serving-creature.

PETER

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

An 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:

'When griping grief the heart doth  
wound, And doleful dumps the mind  
oppress,

Then music with her silver sound'—

why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her  
silver sound'? What say you, Simon  
Catling?

Musician

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  
Soundpost? Third Musician

Faith, I know not what to say.

PETER

O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will  
say for you. It is 'music with her silver  
sound,' because musicians have no gold for  
sounding: 'Then music with her silver sound  
With speedy help doth lend  
redress.' Exit

First Musician

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

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## ACT V

SCENE I. Mantua. A street.

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

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 breathed such life with kisses in my lips, That I revived, and was an emperor.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd, When but love's shadows are so rich in joy! Enter BALTHASAR, booted

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!

Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar? How doth my lady? Is my father well?

How fares my Juliet? that I ask again; For nothing can be ill, if she be well. BALTHASAR

Then she is well, and nothing can



be ill: Her body sleeps in Capel's  
monument, And her immortal part  
with angels lives. I saw her laid low  
in her kindred's vault, And  
presently took post to tell it you:  
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,

Since you did leave it for my  
office, sir. ROMEO

Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!

Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and  
paper, And hire post-horses; I will hence  
to-night.

BALTHASAR

I do beseech you, sir, have patience:

Your looks are pale and wild, and do  
import Some misadventure.

ROMEO

Tush, thou art deceived:

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

No, my good lord.

ROMEO

No matter: get thee gone,

And hire those horses; I'll be with thee  
straight. Exit BALTHASAR

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

Let's see for means: O mischief, thou art  
swift To enter in the thoughts of  
desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary,—

And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I  
noted In tatter'd weeds, with

overwhelming brows, Culling of simples;  
meagre were his looks, Sharp misery had  
worn him to the bones:

And in his needy shop a tortoise  
hung, An alligator stuff'd, and  
other skins

Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves

A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty  
seeds, Remnants of packthread and old  
cakes of roses, Were thinly scatter'd, to  
make up a show.

Noting this penury, to myself I  
said 'An if a man did need a  
poison now, Whose sale is present  
death in Mantua,  
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it  
him.' O, this same thought did but  
forerun my need; And this same needy  
man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the  
house. Being holiday, the beggar's  
shop is shut. What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary

Apothecary

Who calls so loud?

ROMEO

Come hither, man. I see that thou art  
poor: Hold, there is forty ducats: let  
me have

A dram of poison, such soon-  
speeding gear As will disperse itself  
through all the veins That the life-  
weary taker may fall dead

And that the trunk may be discharged of  
breath As violently as hasty powder fired

Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Apothecary

Such mortal drugs I have; but

Mantua's law Is death to any he that  
utters them.

ROMEO

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy  
cheeks, Need and oppression starveth in  
thine eyes, Contempt and beggary hangs  
upon thy back; The world is not thy friend  
nor the world's law; The world affords no  
law to make thee rich; Then be not poor,  
but break it, and take this.

Apothecary

My poverty, but not my will,  
consents. ROMEO

I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Apothecary

Put this in any liquid thing you will,

And drink it off; and, if you had the  
strength Of twenty men, it would  
dispatch you straight. ROMEO

There is thy gold, worse poison to men's  
souls, Doing more murders in this  
loathsome world,

Than these poor compounds that thou mayst  
not sell. I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me  
none.

Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in  
flesh. Come, cordial and not poison,  
go with me To Juliet's grave; for there  
must I use thee. Exeunt

Enter FRIAR JOHN

FRIAR JOHN

Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

FRIAR JOHN

Going to find a bare-foot brother  
out One of our order, to  
associate me, Here in this city  
visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the searchers of the  
town, Suspecting that we both were in a  
house Where the infectious pestilence  
did reign, Seal'd up the doors, and would  
not let us forth; So that my speed to  
Mantua there was stay'd. FRIAR

LAURENCE

Who bare my letter, then, to

Romeo? FRIAR JOHN

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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



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

FRIAR JOHN

Brother, I'll go and bring it  
thee. Exit

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Now must I to the monument alone;  
Within three hours will fair Juliet  
wake:  
She will beshrew me much that  
Romeo Hath had no notice of  
these accidents; But I will write  
again to Mantua,  
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;  
Poor living corpse, closed in a dead man's  
tomb! Exit

**SCENE III. A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.**

Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers and a  
torch PARIS

Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand  
aloof: Yet put it out, for I would not be  
seen.

Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow  
ground; So shall no foot upon the  
churchyard tread, Being loose, unfirm,  
with digging up of graves, But thou shalt  
hear it: whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something  
approach. Give me those flowers. Do as I

bid thee, go.

PAGE

[Aside] I am almost afraid to stand  
alone Here in the churchyard; yet I will  
adventure. Retires

PARIS

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,—

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;—  
Which with sweet water nightly I will  
dew, Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd  
bymoans: The obsequies that I for thee  
will keep Nightly shall be to strew thy  
grave and weep. The Page whistles  
The boy gives warning something doth  
approach. What cursed foot wanders this way  
to-night,  
To cross my obsequies and true love's  
rite? What with a torch! muffle me, night,  
awhile. Retires  
Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, mattock,  
& c ROMEO  
Give me that mattock and the  
wrenching iron. Hold, take this letter;  
early in the morning See thou deliver it  
to my lord and father.  
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge  
thee, Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand  
all aloof, And do not interrupt me in my  
course.  
Why I descend into this bed of  
death, Is partly to behold my  
lady's face;  
But chiefly to take thence from her dead  
finger A precious ring, a ring that I must  
use  
In dear employment: therefore hence, be  
gone: But if thou, jealous, dost return to

pry

In what I further shall intend to do,

By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint

And strew this hungry churchyard with thy  
limbs: The time and my intents are savage-  
wild,

More fierce and more inexorable far

Than empty tigers or the roaring  
sea. BALTHASAR

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

So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou  
that: Live, and be prosperous: and farewell,  
goodfellow. BALTHASAR

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

Retires

ROMEO

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of  
death, Gorged 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! Opens the tomb

PARIS

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

Comes forward

Stop thy unhallow'd 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  
desperateman;

Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these  
gone; Let them affright thee. I beseech  
thee, youth, Put not another sin upon my  
head,

By urging me to fury: O, be gone!

By heaven, I love thee better than  
myself; For I come hither arm'd  
against myself: Stay not, be gone;  
live, and hereafter say, A madman's  
mercy bade thee run away.

PARIS

I do defy thy conjurations,

And apprehend thee for a felon  
here. ROMEO

Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,  
boy! They fight

PAGE

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

PARIS

O, I am slain!

Falls

If thou be merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with

Juliet. Dies

ROMEO

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



Mercutio's kinsman, noble County

Paris! What said my man, when my

betossed soul Did not attend him as we

rode? I think

He told me Paris should have married

Juliet: Said he not so? or did I dream it

so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of  
Juliet, To think it was so? O, give  
me thy hand,  
One writ with me in sour misfortune's  
book! I'll bury thee in a triumphant  
grave;

A grave? O no! a lantern, slaughter'd  
youth, For here lies Juliet, and her  
beauty makes This vault a feasting  
presence full of light. Death, lie thou  
there, by a dead man interr'd. Laying  
PARIS in the tomb

How oft when men are at the point of  
death Have they been merry! which their  
keepers call A lightning before death: O,  
how may I

Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy  
breath, Hath had no power yet upon thy  
beauty:

Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's  
ensign yet Is crimson in thy lips and  
in thy cheeks, And death's pale flag is  
not advanced there. Tybalt, liest thou  
there in thy bloody sheet? O, what  
more favour can I do to thee,  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in  
twain To sunder his that was thine enemy?  
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear  
Juliet, Why art thou yet so fair?

shall I believe That unsubstantial  
death is amorous,  
And that the lean abhorred monster  
keeps Thee here in dark to be his  
paramour?  
For fear of that, I still will stay with  
thee; And never from this palace of  
dim night Depart again: here, here will  
I remain

With worms that are thy chamber-maids;  
O, here Will I set up my everlasting rest,  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your  
last! Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O  
you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous  
kiss A dateless bargain to engrossing  
death!

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury  
guide! Thou desperate pilot, now at once  
run on

The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary  
bark! Here's to my love!

Drinks

O true apothecary!

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

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE, with  
a lantern, crow, and spade

FRIAR LAURENCE

Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night

Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's  
there? BALTHASAR

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

Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my  
friend, What torch is yond, that mainly

lends his light To grubs and eyeless skulls?

as I discern,

It burneth in the Capel's

monument. BALTHASAR

It doth so, holy sir; and there's my

master, One that you love.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Who is it?

BALTHASAR

Romeo.

FRIAR LAURENCE

How long hath he been there?

BALTHASAR

Full half an hour.

FRIAR LAURENCE

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 LAURENCE

Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear comes  
upon me: O, much I fear some ill  
unlucky thing.

BALTHASAR

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Romeo!

Advances

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which  
stains The stony entrance of this  
sepulchre?

What mean these masterless and gory  
swords To lie discolour'd by this place of  
peace?

Enters the tomb

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

The lady  
stirs. JULIET

wakes

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

I hear some noise. Lady, come from  
that nest Of death, contagion, and  
unnatural sleep:

A greater power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come  
away. Thy husband in thy bosom there  
lies dead; And Paris too. Come, I'll  
dispose of thee Among a sisterhood of  
holy nuns:

Stay not to question, for the watch is  
coming; Come, go, good Juliet,

Noise again

I dare no longer stay.

JULIET

Go, get thee hence, for I will not  
away. Exit FRIAR LAURENCE 272



What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's  
hand? Poison, I see, hath been his timeless  
end:

O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly  
drop To help me after? I will kiss thy  
lips;

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make die with a restorative.

Kisses him

Thy lips are warm.

First Watchman

[Within] Lead, boy: which way?

JULIET

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

dagger! Snatching ROMEO's dagger

This is thy sheath;

Stabs herself

there rust, and let me die.

Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies

Enter Watch, with the Page of

PARIS PAGE

This is the place; there, where the torch doth

burn. First Watchman

The ground is bloody; search about the

churtyard: Go, some of you, whoe'er you find

attach.

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain,

And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly

dead, Who here hath lain these two days

buried.

Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:

Raise up the Montagues: some others

search:

We see the ground whereon these woes

do lie; But the true ground of ~~all~~ these

piteous woes We cannot without  
circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR

Second Watchman

Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the  
churchyard. First Watchman

Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch, with FRIAR

LAURENCE Third Watchman

Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs and weeps: We took this mattock and this spade from him, As he was coming from this churchyard side. 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's rest? Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others CAPULET

What should it be, that they so shriek abroad? LADY CAPULET

The people in the street cry Romeo, Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run, With open outcry toward our monument. PRINCE

What fear is this which startles in our ears? First Watchman

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

Here is a friar, and slaughterer of 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,—

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 more  
early down. MONTAGUE

Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;

Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her  
breath: What further woe conspires  
against mine age? PRINCE

Look, and thou shalt see.

MONTAGUE

O thou untaught! what manners is in  
this? To press before thy father to a  
grave?

PRINCE

Seal up the mouth of outrage for a  
while, Till we can clear these  
ambiguities,

And know their spring, their he~~276~~,

their true descent;  
And then will I be general of your woes,  
And lead you even to death: meantime  
forbear, And let mischance be slave to  
patience.

Bring forth the parties of  
suspicion. FRIAR LAURENCE

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

PRINCE

Then say at once what thou dost know in  
this. FRIAR LAURENCE

I will be brief, for my short date of  
breath Is not so long as is a tedious  
tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that  
Juliet; And she, there dead, that Romeo's  
faithful wife: I married them; and their  
stol'n marriage-day Was Tybalt's dooms-  
day, whose untimely death  
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from the  
city, For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet  
pined.

You, to remove that siege of grief from  
her, Betroth'd and would have married  
her perforce To County Paris: then comes  
she to me,

And, with wild looks, bid me devise some  
mean To rid her from this second  
marriage,



Or in my cell there would she kill  
herself. Then gave I her, so tutor'd by  
my art,  
A sleeping potion; which so took  
effect As I intended, for it wrought  
on her  
The form of death: meantime I writ to  
Romeo, That he should hither come as  
this dire night, To help to take her from  
her borrow'd grave,

Being the time the potion's force should  
cease. But he which bore my letter, Friar  
John,

Was stay'd by accident, and  
yesternight Return'd my letter  
back. Then all alone At the  
prefixed hour of her waking,

Came I to take her from her kindred's  
vault; Meaning to keep her closely at my  
cell,

Till I conveniently could send to  
Romeo: But when I came, some  
minute ere the time Of her awaking,  
here untimely lay

The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.

She wakes; and I entreated her come  
forth, And bear this work of heaven with  
patience: But then a noise did scare me  
from the tomb; And she, too desperate,  
would not go with me, But, as it seems,  
did violence on herself.

All this I know; and to the  
marriage Her nurse is privy: and,  
if aught in this Miscarried by my  
fault, let my old life

Be sacrificed, some hour before his  
time, Unto the rigour of severest law.

PRINCE

We still have known thee for a holy man.

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say  
in this? BALTHASAR

I brought my master news of Juliet's  
death; And then in post he came from  
Mantua

To this same place, to this same  
monument. This letter he early bid me  
give his father,

And threatened me with death, going in the vault,

I departed not and left him there.

PRINCE

Give me the letter; I will look on it.

Where is the county's page, that raised 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; And by and by my master drew  
on him; And then I ran away to call  
the watch.

PRINCE

This letter doth make good the friar's  
words, Their course of love, the tidings  
of her death: And here he writes that he  
did buy a poison Of a poor 'pothecary,  
and therewithal

Came to this vault to die, and lie with  
Juliet. Where be these enemies? Capulet!  
Montague! See, what a scourge is laid  
upon your hate,  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with  
love. And I for winking at your discords too  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are  
punish'd. CAPULET

O brother Montague, give me ~~204~~

hand: This is my daughter's jointure,  
for no more Can I demand.

MONTAGUE

But I can give thee more:

For I will raise her statue in pure  
gold; That while Verona by that name  
is known,

There shall no figure at such rate  
be set As that of true and faithful  
Juliet.

CAPULET

As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's  
lie; Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

PRINCE

A glooming peace this morning with it  
brings; The sun, for sorrow, will not show  
his head:

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad  
things; Some shall be pardon'd, and some  
punished: For never was a story of more  
woe

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Exeunt

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