

CHARACTERS

The House of Capulet

Capulet	Juliet's Father
Lady Capulet	Juliet's Mother
Juliet	Daughter to Capulet
Nurse	Nurse to Juliet
Peter.....	Servant to Juliet's Nurse
Tybalt	Nephew of Lady Capulet
Sampson	Servant to Capulet
Gregory	Servant to Capulet
Servingman	Servant to Capulet

The House of Montague

Romeo	Son of House of Montague
Lady Montague	Romeo's Mother
Benvolio	Nephew to Lady Montague
Abraham	Servant to Romeo

Verona's Citizenry

Prince.....	Verona's Law
Mercutio	Friend to Romeo, Kin to Prince
Paris	Suitor to Juliet, Kin to Prince
Friar Laurence	A Young Franciscan
Citizens, Maskers, Musicians	

In Mantua, Where Romeo is Banished

An Apothecary	Sells Romeo Poison
Balthazar	Romeo's Servant

BLOCK/SCENE BREAKDOWN FOR ROMEO & JULIET

BLOCK I

Sampson, Gregory, Benvolio, Tybalt, Abraham, Prince, Capulet, Lady Capulet, Lady Montague, Romeo, Paris, Peter, Nurse, Juliet, Citizens.

I, i	Verona. A public street. Sampson and Gregory enter. A street brawl is in progress. Benvolio enters and separates the combattants. Tybalt enters. He and Benvolio fight. The brawl continues. Capulet and Lady Capulet enter. Lady Montague enters. Prince enters and stops the fight. Lady Montague talks to Benvolio about Romeo. Romeo enters and tells Benvolio that he is in love.
I, ii	Verona. A street. Capulet, Paris, and Servants enter. Paris proposes to marry Juliet. Capulet invites Paris to a masked ball. Romeo and Benvolio enter and are approached by Peter, who asks them to read the guest list for him.
I, iii	Verona. Capulet's House. Lady Capulet and Nurse. Juliet enters and Lady Capulet tells her of Paris' offer of marriage.

BLOCK II

Romeo, Benvolio, Mercutio, Capulet, Lady Capulet, Servants, Tybalt, Juliet, Nurse, Musicians, Guests

I, iv	Verona. A street. Romeo, Benvolio, Mercutio, and others enter on their way to the Capulet's ball.
I, v	Verona. A hall in Capulet's house. Musicians are present. Servants prepare for the masked ball, then exit. Capulet, Lady Capulet, Juliet, Tybalt, and others of the house enter, including maskers, among whom are Romeo, Benvolio and Mercutio. Romeo sees Juliet for the first time. Tybalt recognizes Romeo. Romeo and Juliet meet, fall in love, and learn from the Nurse who the other is.
II, i	Verona. A lane by the wall of Capulet's house. Romeo enters and climbs the wall to hide from Mercutio and Benvolio. They cannot find him, so they exit.
II, ii	Outside Juliet's balcony. Juliet enters and pronounces her love for Romeo. Romeo

	responds. They decide to marry.
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BLOCK III

Friar, Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, Nurse, Peter, Juliet.

II, iii	Verona. Friar Laurence's cell. Romeo enters and asks the Friar to marry him to Juliet. Friar agrees.
II, iv	Verona. A street. Benvolio and Mercutio talk about Romeo. Romeo enters. Nurse and Peter enter. Romeo tells the Nurse of the marriage plans.
II, v	Verona. Capulet's garden. Juliet enters, followed by the Nurse. The Nurse tells Juliet of the marriage plans.
II, vi	Verona. Friar Laurence's cell. The Friar and Romeo speak. Juliet enters. Friar leads the couple off to be married.

BLOCK IV

Benvolio, Mercutio, Tybalt, Romeo, Prince, Lady Capulet, Lady Montague, Citizens, Juliet, Nurse, Friar.

III, i	Verona. A Public Place. Mercutio, Benvolio, Servants enter followed by Tybalt, seeking Romeo. Romeo enters and ignores Tybalt's insults. Mercutio and Tybalt fight. Romeo intervenes and wounds Mercutio. Tybalt flees. Mercutio dies. Tybalt re-enters and he and Romeo fight. Romeo kills Tybalt. Benvolio convinces Romeo to flee for his life. Citizens, Prince, Lady Montague enter with others. Benvolio describes the fight to the Prince. Prince exiles Romeo.
III, ii	Verona. Capulet's orchard. Juliet is waiting for Romeo. Nurse enters and tells her of the fight. Juliet weeps for Romeo and Tybalt. Nurse tells Juliet that Romeo will visit her that night.
III, iii	Verona. Friar Laurence's cell. Romeo learns from Friar that he is banished. Nurse enters with a message and a ring from Juliet. Friar tells Romeo to go to Mantua and wait for instructions from him.

BLOCKV

Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, Juliet, Romeo, Nurse, Friar.

III, iv	Verona. A room in Capulet's house. Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris enter. Capulet agrees to give Juliet to Paris in marriage.
III, v	Verona. Juliet's chamber. Romeo and Juliet are together, reluctant to part. Nurse enters to warn them that Lady Capulet is coming to see Juliet. Romeo exits. Lady Capulet enters and tells Juliet that she will marry Paris on Thursday. Juliet refuses. Capulet enters and insists on the marriage. Nurse tells Juliet to accept Paris.
IV, i	Verona. Friar Laurence's cell. Friar Laurence proposes a plan in which Juliet is to feign death. He gives Juliet a potion. She exits.
IV, ii	Verona. A hall in Capulet's house. Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and servants plan the wedding celebration. Juliet enters and promises to obey Capulet.
IV, iii	Verona. Juliet's chamber. Juliet asks Lady Capulet and Nurse to leave. Juliet drinks the potion.

BLOCKVI

Nurse, Lady Capulet, Capulet, Friar, Romeo, Abram, Apothecary, Peter, Paris, Juliet, Prince, Citizens, Servants, Etc. Etc.

IV, iv	Verona. Juliet's chamber. Nurse, unable to awaken Juliet, calls for help. Capulet and Lady Capulet mourn their daughter. Paris and Friar enter. Friar gets them all to leave and prepare for the funeral of Juliet.
V, i	Mantua. A street. Balthazar tells Romeo that Juliet is dead. Romeo buys poison from an apothecary. Romeo leaves to go back to Verona to Juliet's tomb.
V, ii	Verona. Friar Laurence's cell. Peter tells Friar that he was unable to deliver the letter to Romeo in Mantua. Friar Laurence goes to Juliet's tomb to be there when she awakens.
V, iii	Verona. A churchyard. Juliet's tomb. Paris enters to mourn Juliet. He hides as Romeo enters. Romeo, sensing that someone is in the tomb, attacks and kills Paris, not knowing who he is. Romeo kisses Juliet, drinks the poison, and dies. Friar

enters. Juliet awakes, finds Romeo dead, kisses him, and stabs herself and dies. All enter and bring this thing to an end.

PROLOGUE

CHORUS: Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose 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.

ACT I, Scene i

A Street in Verona.

[ENTER SAMPSON, GREGORY, VARIOUS MEMBERS OF HOUSES OF CAPULET AND MONTAGUE.]

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 you are moved, you run 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 you a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

SAMPSON: 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, Are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore, I will push Montague's Men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall. I will cut off their heads.

GREGORY: The heads of the maids?

SAMPSON: Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads. Take it in what sense you will.

GREGORY: Draw thy tool! Here comes of the house of Montagues.

SAMSON: My naked weapon is out. Quarrel! I will back you!

GREGORY: How? Turn your back and run?

SAMPSON: Fear me not.

GREGORY: No, sure. I fear you.

SAMPSON: Let us take the law of our sides. Let them begin.

- GREGORY: I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.
- SAMPSON: Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it. (bites his thumb)
- 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: [to GREGORY] Is the law on our side, if I say yes?
- 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!

[ENTER TYBALT.]

TYBALT: What, are you drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn, you, Benvolio! Look upon your death!

BENVOLIO: I do but keep the peace. Put up your 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 you. Have at it, you coward!

[FIGHT CONTINUES.]

[ENTER LORD & 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?

[Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE]

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

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

LADY MONTAGUE: Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

[ENTER PRINCE & GUARDS]

PRINCE: Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel -- Will they not hear? What, ho! On pain of torture, From those bloody hands, Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground. Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word By you, old Capulet, have thrice Disturbed the quiet of our streets. If ever you disturb again, Your lives shall pay for the forfeit of the Peace. For this time, all the rest depart. You, Capulet, shall go with me. Once more, on pain of death, all Men depart.

[EXEUNT.]

LADY MONTAGUE: Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad? 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; While we were interchanging thrusts and blows, Came more and more, and fought part and part, Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE: Where is Romeo? Saw you him today? Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO: Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun Peered forth the golden window of the East, Did I see your son. Towards him I made, but he was wary of me And stole into the covert of the wood. I, measuring his affections by my own, Pursued my humor, And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE: Many a morning has he there been seen, With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep

sighs. Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself, Shuts
up his windows, locks fair daylight out, And
makes himself an artificial night. Black and
portentous must this humor prove Unless good
counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO: My noble uncle, Do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE: I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO: Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE: Both my myself and many other friends; But he,
his own affections' counsellor, Is to himself -

[ENTER ROMEO]

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

MONTAGUE: Hear the truth. Come, madam, let's away.

[EXIT MONTAGUES]

BENVOLIO: Good morning, cousin.

ROMEO: Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO: It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO: Not having that which having makes them short.

BENVOLIO: In love?

ROMEO: Out -

BENVOLIO: Of love?

ROMEO: Out of her favor where I am in love.

BENVOLIO: Oh, that love, so gentle in its view, Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO: Oh, that love, whose view is muffled still, Should without eyes see pathways to its will! What fray was here? Tell me not, for I have heard it all before. Do you not laugh?

BENVOLIO: No, cousin, I rather weep.

ROMEO: At what?

BENVOLIO: At your oppression.

ROMEO: Such is love's transgression. Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs. Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' tears. What is it else? A madness most discreet, a choking gall, and a preserving sweet. Farewell, cousin.

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

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

BENVOLIO: Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

ROMEO: What, shall I groan and tell you?

BENVOLIO: Groan? Why, no, But sadly, tell me who.

ROMEO: Bid a sick man in sadness make his will. In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO: I aimed so near, when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO: Well, in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit with Cupid's arrow. She has Dian's wit, And, in strong proof of chastity well armed, From Love's weak childish bow she lives uncharmed.

BENVOLIO: Then she has sworn that she will ever live
chaste?

ROMEO: She has, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starved with her severity, Cuts
beauty off from all posterity. She has 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: Teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO: By giving liberty unto your eyes. Examine other
beauties.

ROMEO: It is the way to call hers - exquisite - in question
more. These happy masks that kiss fair ladies'
brows, Being black puts us in mind they hide the
fair. He that is struck blind cannot forget The
precious treasure of his eyesight lost. Show me a
mistress that is passing fair, What does her
beauty serve but as a note where I may read who
passed that passing fair? Farewell. YOu cannot
teach me to forget.

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

[EXEUNT.]

ACT I, Scene ii

The same.

[ENTER CAPULET, PARIS, AND PETER.]

PARIS: But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAPULET: My child is yet a stranger in the world, She has 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 marred are those so early made. Earth has swallowed all my hopes but she. She is the hopeful lady of my earth. But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart; My will to her consent is but a part. If she agrees within her scope of choice, Lies my consent and fair according voice. This night I hold an old accustomed feast, Whereto I have invited many a guest, Such as I love, and you among the store, O Ne more, most welcome, makes my number more. Come, go with me - Peter!

[GIVES PETER A PAPER.]

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

[EXEUNT WITH PARIS.]

SERVINGMAN: 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 written and can never find what names the writing person has here written. I must to the learned. In good time!

[ENTER BENVOLIO AND ROMEO.]

BENVOLIO: Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning.
Take you some new infection to your eye, And
the rank poison of the old will die.

ROMEO: Your plaintain leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO: For what, I pray?

ROMEO: For your broken shin.

BENVOLIO: Why, Romeo, are you mad?

ROMEO: Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipped and tormented and - Good-even, good fellow.

SERVINGMAN: God give good even. I pray, sir - can you read?

ROMEO: Ay, my own fortune in my misery.

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

ROMEO: If I know the letters and the language.

SERVINGMAN: You say honestly.

ROMEO: Stay, fellow; I can read.

[HE READS LETTER.]

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; My uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters, My fair cousin Rosaline and

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

A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

SERVINGMAN: Up.

ROMEO: Whither? To supper?

SERVINGMAN: To our house.

ROMEO: Whose house?

SERVINGMAN: My master's!

ROMEO: Indeed. I should have asked that before.

SERVINGMAN: Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great Capulet; and if you are not of the house of Montague, I pray come and crush a cup of wine.

[EXEUNT.]

BENVOLIO: At this same ancient feast of Capulet's Sups the fair Rosaline whom you so love; 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 you think your swan a crow.

ROMEO: One fairer than my love? The all-seeing sun never saw her match since first the world begun. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, But to rejoice in splendor of my own.

[EXEUNT.]

ACT I, Scene iii

Capulet's House.

[ENTER CAPULET, WIFE, AND NURSE.]

LADY CAPULET: Nurse, where is 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 remembered, you shall hear our counsel. You know my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE: Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET: She's not yet fourteen.

NURSE: I'll lay fourteen of my teeth - Yet - to my grief - I have but four - she's not fourteen. How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

LADY CAPULET: A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE: Even or odd, of all the days in the year, Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen. I remember the day she broke her brow; And then my husband (God be with his soul! He was a merry man!) Took up the child. 'Yea' said he, 'do

you fall upon your face? You will fall backward when you have more wit; Will you not Jule?" and, by my holy word, The pretty wench left crying and said 'Ay.' To see now how a jest shall come about! I warrant, if I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it. 'Will you not, Jule?' said he, and pretty fool, it answered and said 'Ay.'

LADY CAPULET: Enough of this. I pray you hold your peace.

NURSE: Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay.' And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone; A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly. 'Yea' said my husband, 'fall upon your face? You will fall backward when you come to age; Will you not, Jule? It ceased then and said 'Ay.'

JULIET: And cease you too, I pray you, nurse, say I.

NURSE: Peace, I have done. God mark you to his grace! You were the prettiest babe that ever I nursed. If I might live to see you married once, I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET: Indeed, that 'marry' is the very theme I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your disposition to be married?

JULIET: It is an honor that I dream not of.

NURSE: An honor? Were not I your only nurse, I would say you had sucked wisdom from your teat.

LADY CAPULET: Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you, here in Verona, Ladies of esteem, are made already mothers. Be 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 has 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 over
the volume of young Paris' face, And find delight
writ there with beauty's pen. So shall you share
all that he does 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 my eye Than your
consent gives strength to make it fly.

LADY CAPULET: Juliet -

[EXEUNT.]

NURSE: Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy day.s

[EXEUNT.]

ACT I, Scene iv

Verona. A street.

[ENTER ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO WITH MASKERS,
TORCHBEARERS.]

ROMEO: What, shall this speech be spoken for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

BENVOLIO: The date is out of such prolixity. We'll have no
Cupid blindfolded with a scarf, Bearing a Tartar's
painted bow of lath, Scaring the ladies like a
crowkeeper; And no without-book prologue,
faintly spoken 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 souls; 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 is 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 does note
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
proverbed with grandsire phrase, I'll be a
candle-holder and look on; The game was never
so fair, and I am done.
- MERCUTIO: Quiet as a mouse! - the constable's own word! If
you are Dun, we'll draw you from the mire!
- ROMEO: We mean well in going to this mask, But it is no
wit to go.
- MERCUTIO: Why, may one ask?
- ROMEO: I dreamt 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 has been with you. She
is the fairies' mid-wife, and she comes In shape
no bigger than an agate stone On the forefinger
of an alderman, Drawn with a team of little tiny
midgets Over men's noses as they lie asleep. Her
wagon spokes made of long spiders' legs The
cover, of the wings of grasshoppers; Her traces,

of the smallest spider web; Her 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 half so big as a round little worm Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid. And in this state she gallops night by night Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;

MERCUTIO:

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream, Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, Because their breaths will sweetmeats tainted are. Sometimes she drives over a soldier's neck And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats, Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades, Of healths five fathoms 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. That 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 teaches them to bear, Making them women of good carriage. This is she -

ROMEO:

Peace! Mercutio, peace! You talk of nothing.

MERCUTIO:

True, I talk of dreams; Which are the children of an idle brain, Begotten of nothing but vain fantasy.

BENVOLIO:

This talk 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. But

he that has the steerage of my course Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen!

[EXEUNT.]

ACT I, Scene v

A Hall in Capulet's House.

[MUSICIANS, MASKERS.]

[ENTER CAPULET, WIFE, JULIET, TYBALT, NURSE.]

CAPULET: Welcome! Welcome!

[MUSIC PLAYS, DANCING.]

Give room! Foot it, girls!

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Si, good cousin, -wife- For you and I are past our dancing days. How long is it now since last yourself and I were in a mask?

LADY CAPULET: Thirty years.

[ENTER ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO.]

[DANCING CONTINUES.]

ROMEO: [TO A SERVINGMAN.]

What lady's that, who does enrich the hand of younger knight?

SERVINGMAN: I know not, sir.

ROMEO: She does teach the torches to burn bright. If seems she hangs up on the cheek of night As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear - Beauty too rich for use, for earth, too dear. Did my heart love till now? Forswear it sight! For I never saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT: This, by his voice, should be Montague. Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave come hither, covered by a fancy face, To sneer and scorn at our solemnity? Now, by the stock and honor of my kin, To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

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

TYBALT: Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe; A villain, that is hither come in spite.

CAPULET: Young Romeo, is it? Content you, gentle cousin, let him alone. He bears him like a goodly gentleman, And, to say truth, Verona brags of him to be a virtuous and well-governed youth. I would not for the wealth of all this town Here in my house do him disparagement. Therefore, be patient, take no note of him.

TYBALT: I'll not endure him!

CAPULET: He shall be endured!

TYBALT: Why, uncle, it is a shame.

CAPULET: Go to, go to!

You are a saucy boy. Be quiet, or I'll make you quiet.

TYBALT: I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall.

[EXEUNT.]

ROMEO: If I profane with my unworthiest hand This holy shrine, The gentle sin is this; My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand to smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

- JULIET: Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this; For
saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
- ROMEO: Then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do! They
pray; grant you, lest faith turns 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.
- [KISSES HER.]
- JULIET: Now have my lips the sin that they then took.
- ROMEO: Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged. Give
me my sin again.
- [KISSES HER.]
- JULIET: You kiss by the book.
- NURSE: Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
- ROMEO: What is her mother?
- NURSE: Sure, bachelor, Her mother is the lady of the
house, And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nursed her daughter that you talked with now. I
tell you, that can lay hold of her Shall have the
cash.
- ROMEO: Is she a Capulet? My life is my foe's debt.
- BENVOLIO: Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.
- ROMEO: So I fear; the more is my unrest.

CAPULET: Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone; We have
a trifling foolish banquet towards. More torches
here!

[EXEUNT ALL BUT NURSE AND JULIET.]

JULIET: Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman?

NURSE: The son and heir of old Tiberio.

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

NURSE: Sure, that I think, is young Petruchio.

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

NURSE: [WITH BENVOLIO.]

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

JULIET: My owly love, sprung from my only hate! Too
early seen unknown, and know too late! I must
love a loathed enemy.

NURSE: What's this? What's this?

JULIET: A rhyme I learnt even now Of one I danced with.

[CALL FROM WITHIN, 'JULIET']

NURSE: Coming, coming! Come, let's away; the strangers
all are gone.

[EXEUNT.]

ACT II, Scene i

Capulet's Orchard.

[ENTER ROMEO.]

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

[ENTER BENVOLIO, MERCUTIO.]

[ROMEO RETREATS.]

BENVOLIO:
Romeo! Cousin! Romeo, Romeo!

MERCUTIO:
He is wise, and on my life has stolen home to
bed.

BENVOLIO:
He ran this way and leaped this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio!

MERCUTIO:
Nay, I'll conjure too. Romeo! Madman! Passion!
Lover! Appear you in the likeness of a sigh; Speak
but one rhyme, and I am satisfied! He hears not;
he stirs not; nor does he move; The ape is dead,
and I must conjure him. I conjure you by
Rosalind's bright eyes, By her high forehead and
her scarlet lip, By her fine foot, straight leg, and
quivering thigh, And in the demesnes that there
adjacent lie, That in your likeness you appear to
us!

BENVOLIO:
If he hears you, you will anger him.

MERCUTIO:
This cannot anger him. It would anger him to
raise a spirit in his mistress' circle of some
strange nature, letting it stand there Till she had
laid it and conjured it down. That were some
spite; my invocation is fair and honest:

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

MERCUTIO: If love is blind, love cannot hit the mark. Romeo, good night. I'll to my trundle-bed; This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep. Shall we go?

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

[EXEUNT, WITH MERCUTIO.]

ACT II, Scene ii

Capulet's Orchard - The "Balcony Scene"

[ROMEO, COMING OUT OF HIDING.]

ROMEO: He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[ENTER JULIET.]

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 you her
maid are 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; 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 does
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 you are As
glorious to this night, being over 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: Oh Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore are you, Romeo?
Deny your father and refuse to your name; Or, if
you will not, be but sworn my love, And I'll no
longer be a Capulet.

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

JULIET: It is but your name that is my enemy. You are
yourself, though not a Montague. What's a
Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot, Nor arm, nor
face, nor any other part belonging to a man.

O, be some other name! What's in a name? That
which we call a rose by any other name would
smell as sweet. Romeo, doff your name; and for
your name, which is no part of you, Take all
myself.

ROMEO: I take you at your word. Call me but love, and I'll
be new baptized; Henceforth I never will be
Romeo.

JULIET: What man are you that, thus bescreened in night,
So stumble on my counsel?

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

- JULIET: My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words Of your tongue's uttering, yet I know the sounds. Are you not Romeo, and a Montague?
- ROMEO: Neither, fair maid, if either you dislike.
- JULIET: How came you hither, tell me, and wherefore? The orchard walls are high and hard to climb, And the place death, considering who you are.
- ROMEO: With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls, For stony limits can not hold love out. And what love can do, that dares love attempt. Therefore your kinsmen are no stop to me.
- JULIET: If they do see you, they will murder you.
- ROMEO: Alas, there lies more peril in your eye Than twenty of their swords! Look you but sweet, And I am proof against their enmity.
- JULIET: I would not for the world they saw you here.
- ROMEO: I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes; If but you love me, let them find me here. My life were better ended by their hate Than death prorogued, wanting of your love.
- JULIET: By whose direction found you out this place?
- ROMEO: By love, that first did prompt me to inquire. He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes. I am no pilot; yet were you as far As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea, I should adventure for such merchandise.
- JULIET: You know the mask of night is on my face; Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek For that which you have heard me speak to-night.

O, gentle Romeo, if you do love, pronounce it faithfully.

ROMEO: Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow, 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 your love proves likewise variable.

ROMEO: What shall I swear by?

JULIET: Do not swear at all; Or if you will, swear by your gracious self, Which is the god of my idolatry, And I will believe you.

ROMEO: If my heart's dear love -

JULIET: Well, do not swear. Although I joy in you, I have no joy of this contract to-night. It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden. Sweet good-night!

ROMEO: Will you leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET: What satisfaction can you have to-night?

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

JULIET: I gave you mine before you did request it; And yet I would it were to give again.

ROMEO: Would you withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

JULIET: But to be frank and give it you again. My bounty is as boundless as the sea, My love as deep the more I give to you, The more I have, for both are infinite.

[NURSE CALLS FROM WITHIN.]

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

[EXEUNT.]

ROMEO:
Oh, blesséd, bleséd night! I am afraid, being in
the night, all this is but a dream!

[ENTER JULIET.]

JULIET:
Three words, dear Romeo, and good night
indeed. If your bent of love is honorable, Your
purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow, By
one that I'll procure to come to you, Where and
what time you will perform the rite.

NURSE:
Madam!

JULIET:
To-morrow, I will send.

ROMEO:
So thrive my soul -

JULIET:
A thousand times good night!

[EXEUNT.]

ROMEO:
A thousand times the worse, to want your light!
Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their
books; But love from love, toward school with
heavy books.

[ENTER JULIET.]

JULIET:
Hist! Romeo! Hist!

ROMEO:
It is my soul that calls upon my name.

JULIET:
Romeo!

ROMEO:
My sweet!

JULIET:
At what o'clock tomorrow shall I send to you?

ROMEO: By the hour of nine.

JULIET: I will not fail. 'Tis twenty years till then. I have forgotten why I did call you back.

ROMEO: Let me stand here till you remember it.

JULIET: I shall forget, to have you still stand there,
Remembering how I love your company.

ROMEO: And I'll still stay, to have you still forget,
Forgetting any other home but theis.

JULIET: It is almost morning. I would have you gone -
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird, That lets
it hop a little from her had, Like a poor prisoner
in his twisted bonds, And with a silken thread
plucks it back again.

ROMEO: I would I were your bird.

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

[EXEUNT.]

ROMEO: Sleep dwell upon your eyes, peace in your 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.

[EXEUNT.]

ACT II, Scene iii

Friar Laurence's Cell.

[ENTER FRIAR LAURENCE.]

FRIAR:

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning
night, Cheering the Eastern clouds with streaks
of light; Now, ere the sun advances 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 juicéd flowers. O, so large is
the powerful grace that lies In plants, herbs,
stones, and their true qualities.

[ENTER ROMEO.]

Within the infant rind of this weak flower Poison
has residence, and medicine power.

ROMEO:

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR:

What early tongue salutes me now? You are
up-roused with some distemperature; Or if not
so, then here I hit it right - Our Romeo has not
been in bed to-night.

ROMEO:

That last is true - the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR:

God pardon sin! Were you with Rosaline?

ROMEO:

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

FRIAR:

That's my good son. But where have you been
then?

ROMEO:

I'll tell you ere you ask it to me again. I have been
feasting with my enemy, Where on a sudden one
has wounded me That's by me wounded. Both

our remedies within your help and holy physic lie. I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo, My intercession likewise helps my foe.

FRIAR: Be plain, good, son, and homely in your drift.

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 you must combine By holy marriage. When, and where, and how We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow, I'll tell you as we pass; but this I pray, That you consent to marry us to-day.

FRIAR: Holy Saint Francis! What a change is here! Is Rosaline, that you did love so dear, So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. Are you changed? Pronounce this sentence then. Women may fall when there's no strength in men.

ROME: You chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR: For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO: And bad me bury love.

FRIAR: Not in a grave.

ROMEO: I pray you chide not. She whom I love not does grace for grace, and love for love allow. The other did not so.

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

ROMEO: Let us hence! I stand on sudden haste.

FRIAR: Wisely, and slow. They stumble that run fast.
[EXEUNT.]

ACT II, Scene iv

Verona. 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: Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosalie, Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

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

MERCUTIO: A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO: Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO: Any man that can write may answer a letter.

BENVOLIO: Nay, he will answer the letter's master, How he dares, benign dared.

MERCUTIO: Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! Stabbed with a white wench's black eye; Run through the ear with a love song; The very bulls-eye 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. He's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing pricksong - keeps time, distance, and proportion; He rests his minim rests, one, two, and the third in your bosom! The very butcher of a silk button, a duelist, a duelist! A gentleman of the very first school, of the first and second challenge. Ah, the immortal lunge! The backward stroke! The home-thrust!

[ENTER ROMEO.]

BENVOLIO: Here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO: Without his roe, like a dried herring. Now is he for Laura, to his lady, was a kitchen wench (sure she had a better love to berhyme her) Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gypsy, Helen and Hero bitches and harlots, Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

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

MERCUTIO: The slip, sir, the slip.

ROMEO: Pardon, good Marcutio. My business was great And in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

[ENTER NURSE AND HER MAN PETER.]

MERCUTIO: A sail! A sail!

NURSE: Peter! My fan, Peter.

MERCUTIO: Good Peter, to hide her face; For her fan is the fairer face.

NURSE: God give you good morrow, gentlemen.

- MERCUTIO: God give you good-even, gentlewoman.
- NURSE: It it good-even?
- 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 you are!
- ROMEO: One, gentlewoman, that God has made for
himself to mar.
- NURSE: By my truth, it is well said. 'For himself to mar,'
says he? Gentleman, 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?
-
- NURSE: If you are he, sir, I desire some confidence with
you.
- BENVOLIO: She will invite him to some supper.
- MERCUTIO: A bawd! A bawd!
- NURSE: I pray you sir, what saucy merchant is this so full
of rougery?
- 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: If he speaks anything against me, I'll take Him down, if he were lustier than he is, and twenty Such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of your flirt-girls; I am one of your molls. And you must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?
- PETER: I saw no man use you at his pleasure. If I had, my weapon would quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion.
- NURSE: Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word; My young lady bid me inquire you out. What she bid me say, I will keep to myself; But first let me tell you, if you should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, It 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 your lady and mistress. I protest unto you -
- NURSE: Good heart, and in faith I will tell her a much. Lord, lord! She will be a joyful woman.
- ROMEO: What will you tell her, nurse? You do 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 your pains.

- NURSE: No, truly, sir; not a penny.
- ROMEO: Go to! I say you shall.
- NURSE: This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be here.
- ROMEO: And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall,
Within this hour my man shall be with you, And
bring you cords made like a rope ladder, Which
to the high topgallant of my joy Must be my
convoy in the secret night. Farewell. Be trusty,
and I'll quit your pains. Farewell. Commend me
to your mistress.
- NURSE: Now God in heaven bless you! Hark you, sir.
- ROMEO: What say you, my dear nurse?
- NURSE: Is your man secret? Did you never hear say, Two
may keep counsel, putting one away?
- ROMEO: I warrant you my man is as true as steel.
- NURSE: Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady. Lord,
Lord! When it was 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 Soon
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. Do
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 has the prettiest sentences of it, Of you and
rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

ROMEO: Commend me to your lady.

NURSE: Ay, a thousand times.

[EXEUNT ROMEO.]

Peter!

PETER: Here.

NURSE: Peter, take my fan, and go before, and apace.

[EXEUNT.]

ACT II, Scene iv

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 lowering hills.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood, She
would be as swift in motion as a ball; My words
would hurry her to my sweet love, And his to me.
But old folks, many feign as they were dead -
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

[ENTER NURSE AND PETER.]

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?
Have you met with him? Send your man away.

NURSE: Peter, stay at the gate.

[EXEUNT PETER.]

- JULIET: Now, good sweet nurse - O Lord, why look you sad? Though news are sad, yet tell them merrily; If good, you shame the music of sweet news By playing it to me with so sour a face.
- NURSE: I am aweary, give me leave awhile. How my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!
- JULIET: I would you had my bones, and I your news. Nay, come, I pray you 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 are you out of breath when you have breath To say to me that you are out of breath? The excuse that you do make in this delay Is longer than the tale you do excuse. Are your news good or bad? Answer to that?
- NURSE: Well, you have made a simple choice; you Know not how to choose a man. Romeo? No, not he. Though his face is 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 your ways, wench; serve God. What, have you Dined at home?
- JULIET: No, no. But all this did I now 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. Shame on your heart for sending me about To catch my death with jaunting up and down!
- JULIET: In faith, I am sorry that you are not well. 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 you reply. 'Your love says, like an honest gentleman, Where is your mother?'

NURSE: O God's Lady dear! Are you so hot?

JULIET: 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 wonton blood up in your cheeks: They'll be scarlet straight at any news. Hie you to church; I must another way, To fetch a ladder, by which now 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.]

ACT II, Scene vi

Friar Laurence' Cell.

[ENTER FRIAR LAURENCE AND ROMEO.]

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

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

FRIAR: These violent delights have violent ends, And in their triumph die, like fire and powder, Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey Is loathsome in its own deliciousness And in the taste confounds the appetite. Therefore, love moderately.

[ENTER JULIET.]

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot Will never 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: Romeo shall thank you, daughter, for us both.

JULIET: As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

ROMEO: Juliet, if the measure of your joy Be heaped like mine, and if your skill be more To brighten it, then sweeten with your breath This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue Unfold the imagined

happiness that both Receive in either by this dear encounter.

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

FRIAR: Come, come with me, and we will make short
work; For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till Holy Church incorporate two in one.

[EXEUNT.]

ACT III, Scene i

A street. Verona.

[ENTER MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO.]

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

MERCUTIO: You are like one of these fellows that, When he enters the confines of a tavern, claps his Sword upon the table and says, 'God send me no Need of you!' and by the operation of the second Cup, draws on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

BENVOLIO: Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO: You? Why, you will quarrel with a man that has a Hair more or a hair less in his beard than you have. You will quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, Having no other reason but because you have hazel eyes.

[ENTER TYBALT AND OTHERS.]

BENVOLIO: Here come the Capulets!

MERCUTIO: I care not.

TYBALT: Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
Gentlemen, good-even. 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, If you will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO: Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT: Mercutio, you consort with Romeo.

MERCUTIO: Consort? What, do you make us minstrels? If you make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. HEre's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance! God's wounds, consort!

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

MERCUTIO: Men's eyes were made to look, and let them graze. I will not budge for any man's pleasure.

[ENTER ROMEO.]

TYBALT: Romeo, the love I bear you can afford No better term than this: you are a villian.

ROMEO: Tybalt, the reason that I have to love you Does much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting. Villain I am none. Therefore, farewell. I see you know me not.

TYBALT: Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That you have done me; therefore turn and draw.

ROMEO: I do protest I never injured you, But love you better than you can devise Till you shall know the reason of my love; And so, good Capulet, which name I tender As dearly as my own, be satisfied.

MERCUTIO: O calm, dishonorable, vile submission! 'At the thrust' then carries it away.

[DRAWS.]

Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?

TYBALT: What would you have with me?

MERCUTIO: Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives. That I mean to make bold with, And, as you shall use me hereafter, thrash the rest of the eight.

TYBALT: [DRAWS.]

ROMEO: Mercutio, put your rapier up.

MERCUTIO: Come, sir, your pass!

[THEY FIGHT.]

ROMEO: Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame! Forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, MErcutio, the Prince expressly has
forbidden this bandying in Verona streets! Hold,
Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

[TYBALT THRUSTS MERCUTIO AND FLIES WITH OTHERS.]

MERCUTIO: I am hurt! A plague on both your houses! I am sped! Has he gone and has nothing?

BENVOLIO: Are you hurt?

MERCUTIO: A scratch, a scratch. Sure, 'tis enough. Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[EXEUNT BOY.]

ROMEO: Courage, man. The hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO: No, 'tis not so deep as a well, not so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, it will serve. Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man.

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 on both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me. Your houses!

[THEY STAY ON STAGE.]

ROMEO: My very friend has got this mortal hurt in my behalf - my reputation stained with Tybalt's slander - Tybalt, that an hour has been my cousin. Juliet, your beauty has made me effeminate, And in my temper softened valor's steel!

[ENTER BENVOLIO.]

BENVOLIO: Mercutio is dead!

ROMEO: This day's black fate on more days does depend; This but begins the woe others must end.

[ENTER TYBALT.]

Alive in triumph, and Mercutio slain? Fire-eyed fury by my conduct now!

[TAKES MERCUTIO'S SWORD UP.]

Now, Tybalt, take the 'villian' back again That late you gave me; For Mercutio's soul is but a little way above our heads. Staying for yours to keep him company. Either you or I, or both, must go with him.

[THEY FIGHT. TYBALT FALLS.]

BENVOLIO: Romeo, be gone! The Prince will allot you death if you are taken. Hence, be gone! Why do you stay!?

[EXEUNT ROMEO.]

[ENTER PRINCE, CAPULET, ALL.]

PRINCE: Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO: Tybalt, deaf to peace, put piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast: Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point, Romeo cries out aloud, 'Hold, friends! Friends apart!' and swifter Than his tongue, His agile arm beats down their fatal points, Between them rushes; Underneath whose arm an under-thrust from Tybalt hit the life of stout Mercutio, And then Tybalt fled, but by and by, come back to Romeo. And to it they go light lightning. 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. I beg for justice, which you, 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 does owe?

LADY 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 offense Immediately we do exile him hence. I will be deaf to pleading and excuses! Let Romeo hence in haste, Else, when he is found, That hour is his last. Bear hence this body! And attend our will.

[EXEUNT ALL.]

ACT III, Scene ii

Capulet's Orchard.

[ENTER JULIET, ALONE.]

JULIET:

Callop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, Towards Pheobus' lodging! Such a wagoner As Phaeton would whip you to the west And bring in cloudy night immediately. Spread your close curtain, love-performing night, That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo Leap to these arms untalked of and unseen. Lovers can see to do their amorous rites By their own beauties; or, if love is blind, It best agrees with night. Come, civil night, You sober-suited matron, all in black, And teach me how to lose a winning match. Come, gentle night; come, 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.

[ENTER NURSE WITH CORDS.]

Now, nurse, what news? What have you there, the Cords that Romeo bid you fetch?

NURSE:

Ay, ay, the cords.

[THROWS THEM DOWN.]

JULIET:

What news? Why do you wring your hands!

NURSE:

He's dead, he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone! He's gone, he's killed, he's dead! O Romeo, Romeo! Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

- JULIET: What devil are you that do torment me thus? Has Romeo slain himself?
- NURSE: I saw the wound. I saw it with my eyes, here, on his manly breast. Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood, I swoonded at the sight.
- JULIET: Oh, vile earth!
- NURSE: Oh, Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had! That ever I should live to see you dead!
- JULIET: What storm is this that blows so contrary? Is Romeo slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead? My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord? Then dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom! For who is living, if those two are gone?
- NURSE: Tybalt is gone, and Romeo, banishéd; Romeo that killed him, he is banishéd.
- JULIET: O, God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
- NURSE: It did, it did!
- JULIET: O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face! Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? O, that deceit should swell in such a gorgeous palace!
- NURSE: There's no trust, No Faith, no honesty in men; Ay, where's Peter? Give me some aqua vitae. Shame come to Romeo!
- JULIET: Blistered be your tongue for such a wish! He was not born to shame. Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit; What a beast was I to chide at him!
- NURSE: Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

- JULIET: Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Romeo, what tongue shall smooth your name
When I, your three-hours wife, have mangled it?
That villian cousin would have killed my
husband. Back foolish tears, back to your native
spring! Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished.
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, In
that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where are my father and my mother, nurse?
- NURSE: Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corpse. Will
you go to them? I will bring you 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 know well where he is. Hard you, your
Romeo will be here at night. I'll to him; he is
hidden at Laurence's cell.
- JULIET: O, find him! Give him this ring to my true knight
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[EXEUNT.]

ACT III, Scene iii

Friar Laurence's Cell.

[ENTER FRIAR LAURENCE.]

FRIAR: Romeo, come forth! Affliction is enamored of your parts, And you are wedded to calamity.

[ENTER ROMEO.]

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

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

ROMEO: What less than doomsday is the Prince's doom?

FRIAR: A gentler judgment vanished from his lips - Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO: Banishment? Be merciful, say 'death;' For exile has more terror in its look. Much more than death. Do not say 'banishment.'

FRIAR: Hence from Verona are you banishéd. Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO: There is no world without Verona walls, But purgatory, torture, hell itself. Hence banishéd is banished from the world, And world's exile is death. Then 'banishéd' is death mistermed. Calling death 'banishéd,' You cut my head off with a golden axe And smile upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR: Deadly sin! Rude unthankfulness! Your fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince, Taking your part, has rushed aside the law, And turned that black word ‘death’ to banishment. This is dear mercy, and you see it not.

ROMEO: It is 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. I am banishéd. And you say that exile is not death? Had you no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife, No sudden means of death, though never so mean, But ‘banishéd’ to kill me - ‘banishéd’? O, friar, the damned use that word in hell; Howling attends it. How have you the heart To mangle me with that word ‘banishéd’?

FRIAR: Hear me a little speak, Romeo.

ROMEO: No, you will speak again of banishment.

FRIAR: I’ll give you armor to keep off that word; Adversity’s sweet milk, philosophy, To comfort you, though you are banished.

ROMEO: Yet ‘banishéd’? 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: I see that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO: How should they? When then wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR: Let me dispute with you your prospect now.

ROMEO: You can not speak of that you do not feel. Were you as young as I, Juliet your love, An hour but

married, Tybalt murderéd, Doting like me, and like me, banishéd, Then might you speak, then might you tear your hair, And fall upon the ground, as I do now.

[NURSE KNOCKS.]

FRIAR: Arise; one knocks. Good Romeo, hide yourself!

ROMEO: Not I; unless the breath of heartsick groans Mist-like infold me from the search of yees.

[KNOCK.]

FRIAR: Hark! Who's there? Romeo arise; You will be taken. - Stay awhile! - Stand up;

[KNOCK.]

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

[ENTER NURSE.]

NURSE: Let me come in, and you shall know my errand. I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR: Welcome, then.

NURSE: O, holy friar, tell me, Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

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

NURSE: Just as in my mistress's case. Even so she lies, Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering. Stand up! Stand if you are a man. For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand!

ROMEO: Nurse -

NURSE: Sir, sir, death is the end of all.

ROMEO: Spoke you of Juliet? How is it with her? Does not she think me an old murderer? Where is she? And how does she! And what says My concealed lady to our cancelled love?

NURSE: O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps; And now falls on her bed, and then starts up, And then on Romeo cries, and then falls down again.

ROMEO: As if that name, shot from the deadly level of a gun, Did murder her; Tell me, friar, in what vile part of this anatomy Does my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack The hateful mansion.

[DRAWS A DAGGER.]

FRIAR: Hold your desperate hand. Are you a man? Your form cries out you are; YOur tears are womanish, your wild acts denote The unreasonable fury of a beast. Unseemly woman in a seeming man! By my holy order, I thought your disposition better tempered. Have you slain Tybalt? Will you slay yourself? And slay your lady that in your life lives, By doming damned hate upon yourself? Why rail you on your birth, the heaven and earth? Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet In you at once? Which you at once would lose. You shame your shape and pout upon your fortune. Go, get you to your love, as was decreed, Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her. But look you stay not till the watch is set, For then you can not pass to Mantua where you shall live will we can find a time to Blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends, Beg pardon of the Prince, and call you back With twenty hundred thousand times more joy Than you went forth in lamentation. Go before, Nurse. Commend me to

your lady. And bid her hasten all the house to bed, Which heavy sorrow makes them apt to. Romeo is coming.

NURSE: O Lord, I could have stayed 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 is a ring she bids me give you, sir. Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[EXEUNT.]

FRIAR: Go hence; good night, and here stands your case: Either be gone before the watch is 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 your hand. 'Tis late. Farewell; good night.

ROMEO: Farewell.

[EXEUNT.]

ACT III, Scene iv

A Hall in Capulet's House.

[ENTER CAPULET, HIS WIFE, AND PARIS.]

CAPULET: Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily That we have had no time to move our daughter.

PARIS: These times of woe afford no times to woo. Good night. Commend me to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET: I will, and know her mind early tomorrow.

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; 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 - What day is this?

PARIS: Monday, my lord.

CAPULET: Monday, ah, well, Wednesday is too soon. On Thursday, let it be - on Thursday, tell her, She shall be married to this noble earl. What say you to Thursday?

PARIS: I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET: Well, get you gone. On Thursday be it then. Go to Juliet, prepare her against this wedding day. Good night.

[EXEUNT.]

ACT III, Scene iv

Juliet's Chamber.

[ROMEO AND JULIET ARE ASLEEP.]

JULIET: Will you be gone? It is not yet near day. It was the nightingale, and not the lark, That pierced the fearful hollow of your ear. 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, I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET: Yon light is not daylight; I know it, I. It is some meteor that the sun exhales To be to you this night a torchbearer And light you on your way to Mantua. Therefore stay yet; you need not to be gone.

ROMEO: Let me be taken, let me be put to death. I am content so you will have it so. I have more care to stay than will to go. Come death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so. How is it, my soul? Let's talk; it is not day.

JULIET: It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away! It is the lark that sings so out of tune, O, now be gone! More light and light it grows.

ROMEO: More light and light - more dark and dark our woes.

[ENTER NURSE.]

NURSE: Madam!

JULIET: Nurse?

NURSE: Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.
The day is broken; be wary, look about.

[EXEUNT.]

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

ROMEO: Farewell. One kiss, and I'll descend.

[HE STARTS TO PREPARE TO EXIT.]

JULIET: Are you gone so, love? I must hear from you
every day in the hour, For in a minute there are
many days.

ROMEO: Farewell! I will omit no opportunity That may
convey my greetings, love, to you.

JULIET: O, think you we shall ever meet again?

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

JULIET: O God, I have an ill-divining soul! I think I see
you, now you are so low, As one dead in the
bottom of a tomb. Either my eyesight fails, or you
look pale.

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

LADY CAPULET: Daughter, are you up?

JULIET: Who is it that calls? It is my lady mother. Is she
not down so late, or up so early? What
unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

LADY CAPULET: Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET: Madam, I am not well.

- LADY CAPULET: Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, will you wash him from his grave with
tears? Weep not so much for his death As that
villian lives who slaughtered him.
- JULIET: What villian, madam?
- LADY CAPULET: That same villain Romeo.
- JULIET: Villain and he are many miles asunder. - God
pardon him! I do, with all my heart. And yet no
man like him does 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 you not. Then
weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua, Where
that same banished runagate does live, Shall give
him such an unaccustomed dram That he shall
soon keep Tybalt company. And then I hope you
will be satisfied.
- JULIET: Indeed I never shall be satisfied With Romeo till I
behold him - dead - Is my poor heart so for a
kinsman vexed.
- LADY CAPULET: Now, I'll tell you joyful tidings, girl.
- JULIET: Joy comes well in such a needy time. What are
they, beseech your ladyship?
- LADY CAPULET: Well, well, you have a careful father, child; One
who, to put you from your heaviness, Has sorted
out a sudden day of joy That you expect not, nor
did I look out for.
- JULIET: Madam, in happy time! What day is that?

LADY CAPULET: Indeed my child, early next Thursday morn, The gallant, young, and noble gentlemen, The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church, Shall happily make you there a joyful bride.

JULIET: Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter, too, He shall not make me there a joyful bride! 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 sweat It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate, Rather than Paris. There 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: What, still in tears? Evermore showering? In one little body You counterfeit a bark, a sea, a wind: For still your eyes, which I may call the sea, Do ebb and flow with tears. How now, wife? Have you delivered to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET: Ay, sir; but she will none; she gives you thanks.

CAPULET: Is she not proud? Does she not count her blest, Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?

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

CAPULET: 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 before

Thursday next To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church, Or I will drag you on a hurdle thither.

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

CAPULET: Hang you, young baggage! Disobedient wretch! I tell you what - get you to church on Thursday Or never after look me in the face. Wife, we scarce thought us blest That God had lent us but this only child; But now I see this is one too much, And that we have a curse in having her. Out on her, bitch!

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. Chatter with your gossips, go!

NURSE: I speak no treason.

CAPULET: Oh, for God's sake.

NURSE: May one not speak?

CAPULET: Peace, you mumbling fool! Utter your gravity over a gossip's bowl, For here, we need it not!

LADY CAPULET: Are you mad?

CAPULET: God's bread! It makes me mad. Day, night, hour; tide, time; work, play; Alone in company; ever my care has been To have her matched. And having now provided A gentleman of noble parentage, Of fair domains, youthful, and nobly trained, Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts, Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man - And then to have a wretched puling fool, A whining mommet, in her fortune's tender, To

answer 'I'll not wed, I cannot love; I am too young, I pray you pardon me!' Graze where you will, you shall not house with me. Look to it, think on it; I do not use to jest. Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise: If you are mine, I'll give you my friend; If you are not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets, For by my soul, I'll never acknowledge you, Nor what is mine shall ever do you good. Trust to it, bethink you, I'll not be made a fool of.

[EXEUNT.]

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 you will, for I have done with you.

[EXEUNT.]

JULIET: O God! - O nurse, how shall this be prevented? My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven. Comfort me, counsel me. Alas, that heaven should practise stratagems Upon so soft a subject as myself! What say you? Have you not a word of joy? Some comfort, nurse!

NURSE: Faith, here it is. Romeo is banished; and all the world to nothing That he dares ever come back to challenge you; Or, if he does, it needs must be by stealth. Then, since the case so stands as now it does, I think it best you married with the Count. O, he's a lovely gentleman!

JULIET: Speak you from your heart?

NURSE: And from my soul too; else curse them both.

JULIET: Amen!

NURSE: What?

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

NURSE: Sure, I will; and this is wisely done.

[EXEUNT.]

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 So many
thousand times? Go, counsellor! You and my
bosom henceforth shall be twain. I'll to the friar
to know his remedy. If all else fails, myself have
power to die.

[EXEUNT.]

ACT IV, Scene i

Verona. Friar Laurence's cell.

[ENTER FRIAR.]

[ENTER JULIET.]

FRIAR: Ah, Juliet, I already know your grief; It strains me past the compass of my wits. I hear you must, and nothing may prorogue it, On Thursday next, be married to Paris.

JULIET: Tell me not, friar, that you heard of this, Unless you tell me how I may prevent it. If in your wisdom you can give no help, Do you but call my resolution wise And with this knife I'll help it instantly. God joined my heart and Romeo's, you our hands; Give me some present counsel. Be not so long to speak. I long to die If what you speak speaks not of remedy.

FRIAR: Hold, daughter. I do spy a kind of hope, Which craves as desperate an execution As that is desperate which we would prevent. If, rather than to marry the Count Paris, You have the strength of will to slay yourself, Then it is likely you will undertake A thing like death to chide away this shame, That cope with death himself to escape from it. And, if you dare, I'll give you remedy.

JULIET: I will do it without fear or doubt.

FRIAR: Hold, then. Go home, be merry, give consent To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow. To-morrow night look that you lie alone; Let not the nurse lie with you in your chamber. Take you this vial, being then in bed, And this distilling

liquor drink you off. When presently through all your veins shall run A cold and drowsy humor; for no pulse Shall keep its native progress, but surcease. No warmth, no breath, shall testify you live. The roses in your lips and cheeks shall fade To wan ashes, your eyes' windows fall Like death when it shuts up the day of life. Each part, deprived of supple government, Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death; And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death You shall continue for two-and-forty hours, And then awake as from a pleasant sleep. Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes To rouse you from your bed, there you are dead. Then, as the manner of our country is, In your best robes uncovered on the bier You shall be borne to that same ancient vault Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie. In the meantime, before you shall awake, Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift; And hither shall he come; and he and I Will watch your waking, and that very night Shall Romeo bear you hence to Mantua. And this shall free you from this present shame. If no inconstant whim nor womanish fear Abates your valor in the acting it.

JULIET:

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

FRIAR:

Hold! Get you gone, be strong and prosperous In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed To Mantua, with my letters to your lord.

JULIET:

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

[JULIET EXEUNT.]

ACT IV, Scene ii

Verona. A hall in Capulet's house.

[ENTER CAPULET AND LADY CAPULET.]

[ENTER JULIET.]

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

JULIET: Where I have learnt now to repent the sin Of disobedient opposition To you and your behests, and am enjoined By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here To beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you! Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

[ENTER NURSE.]

CAPULET: This is well. Stand up. This is as it should be.

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, with her. We'll to church tomorrow.

[EXEUNT JULIET AND NURSE.]

[EXEUNT CAPULET AND LADY CAPULET.]

ACT IV, Scene iii

Juliet's Chamber.

[ENTER JULIET AND NURSE.]

JULIET: Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle nurse, I pray you leave me to myself to-night; For I have need of many orisons To move the heavens to smile upon my state, Which well you know, is cross and full of sin.

[ENTER LADY CAPULET.]

LADY CAPULET: Are you busy? Need you my help?

JULIET: No, madam; we have culled 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 you to bed, and rest; for you have need.

[EXEUNT LADY CAPULET AND NURSE.]

JULIET: Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again. I have a faint cold fear trills 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 does not work at all? Shall I be married then to-morrow morning? No, No! This shall forbid it. Lie you there.

[LAYS DOWN A DAGGER.]

What if it is a poison which the friar Subtly has ministered to have me dead, Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored Because he married me before to Romeo? I fear it is! And yet I think it should not, For he has ever been tried a holy man. How if, when I am laid into the tomb, I wake before the time that Romeo Comes 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? Romeo! Romeo! Romeo! I drink to you.

[SHE FALLS UPON HER BED.]

ACT IV, Scene iv

Juliet's Chamber. The next morning.

[ENTER NURSE.]

NURSE: Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet! Fast, I warrant her, she. Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slug-abed. Why, love I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Why, bride! Why, not a word? You take your pennyworths now; Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant, The Count Paris has so set up his rest That you shall rest but little. God forgive me! For sure, and amen. How sound is she asleep! I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam! Ay, let the Count now take you in your bed; He'll fright you up, in faith. Will it not be? What, dressed, and in your clothes, and down again? I must needs wake you. Lady! Lady! Lady! Help, help! My lady's death! 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: My child, my only life! Revive, look up, or I will die with you! Help, help! Call help!

[ENTER CAPULET.]

CAPULET: For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

NURSE: She's dead, deceased; she's dead.

CAPULET: Let me see her! She's cold, Her blood is settle,
and her joints are still. Life and these lips have
long been separated. Death lies on her like an
untimely frost Upon the sweetest flower of all the
field.

[ENTER FRIAR AND PARIS.]

FRIAR: Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET: Ready to go, but never to return.

FRIAR: Dry up your tears and put rosemary On this fair
corpse, and, as the custom is, In all her best
array bear her to church. For though our nature
bids us all lament, Yet nature's tears are reason's
merriment.

CAPULET: All things that we ordained festival Turn from
their office to black funeral - Our instruments to
melancholy bells, Our wedding cheer to a sad
burial feast.

FRIAR: Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
Everyone. Prepare to follow this fair corpse unto
her grave. The heavens do lower upon you for
some ill, Move them no more by crossing their
high will.

[ALL EXEUNT.]

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. 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. How sweet is love itself possessed, When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

[ENTER Balthazar.]

News from Verona! How now, Balthazar, Do you not bring me letters from the friar? How does my lady? Is my father well? How fares my Juliet? That I ask again. For nothing can be ill if she is well.

Balthazar :

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! You know my lodging. Get me ink and paper And hire posthorses. I will hence to-night.

Balthazar :

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

ROMEO: Tush, you are deceived. Leave me and do the thing I bid you do. Have you no letters to me from the friar?

Balthazar : No, my good lord.

ROMEO: No matter. Get you gone. And hire those horses. I'll be with you straight.

[EXEUNT Balthazar.]

I do remember an apothecary, And hereabouts he dwells; whom late I noted In tattered weeds, with overhanging 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 stuffed, and other skins Of ill-shaped fishes. And about his shelves A beggarly account of empty boxes, Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds, Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses Were thinly scattered, to make up a show. Nothing this penury, to myself I said 'But if a man did need a poison now Whose sale is present death in Mantua, Here lives a starving 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. Apothecary!

[ENTER APOTHECARY.]

APOTHECARY: Who calls so loud?

ROMEO: Come hither, man. I see that you are poor. Hold, there are 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 that trunk may be

discharged of breath As violently as hasty
powder fired Does 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: Are you so bare and full of wretchedness And
fear to die? Famine is in your cheeks, Need and
opression starve out of your eyes, Contempt and
beggary hang upon your back. The world is not
your friend, nor the world's law; The world
affords no law to make you rich; Then be not
poor, but break it and take this.

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 your gold-worse poison to men's souls
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that you may not
sell. I sell you poison; you have sold me none.
Farewell. Buy food and get yourself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me To
Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[EXEUNT ROMEO.]

ACT V, Scene ii

Verona. Friar Laurence's cell.

[ENTER PETER.]

PETER: Friar Laurence! Friar Laurence!

[ENTER FRIAR.]

FRIAR: Peter! Welcome! What says Romeo? Or, if his mind is written, give me his letter.

PETER: Friar Laurence, going to find one to associate me, I wandered into a house, full of the sick, And searchers - finding me, did suspect me one of them And sealed up the doors, and would not let me forth, So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

FRIAR: Who bore my letter, then, to Romeo?

PETER: I could not send it - here it is again -

FRIAR: Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood, The letter was not trivial, but full of charge, Of dear import; and the neglecting of it May do much danger. Peter, go hence, Get me an iron crow and bring it straight unto my cell.

[EXEUNT PETER.]

Now I must to the moment alone. Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake. She will reproach me much that Romeo Has had no notice of these accidents; Poor living corpse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

[EXEUNT.]

ACT V, Scene iii

Verona. The monument.

[ENTER PARIS AND SERVANT.]

PARIS: Give me your torch. Hence, and stand aloof. Give me those flowers. Do as I bid you, go.

[ENTERS JULIET'S VAULT.]

Sweet flower, with flowers your bridal bed I strew -

[PAGE WHISTLES.]

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? Muffle me, night, awhile.

[HIDES.]

[ENTER ROMEO AND BALTHAZAR.]

ROMEO: Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron. Hold, take this letter. Early in the morning See you deliver it to my lord and father. Give me the light. Upon your life, I charge you, Whatever you hear or see, stand aloof And do not interrupt me in my course. Therefore, hence, be gone. But if you, curious, do return to pry In what I farther shall intend to do, By heaven, I will tear you joint by joint And dtrew this hungry churchyard with your limbs.

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

ROMEO: So shall you show me friendship. Take you that. Live, and be prosperous; and farewell.

[EXEUNT Balthazar.]

[ROMEO ENTERS JULIET'S VAULT.]

PARIS:
This is that banished haughty Montague That murdered my love's cousin - And here is come to do some villainous shame. MONTAGUE! Can vengeance be pursued further than death?

ROMEO:
Good, gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man. Leave me. Think upon these gone; Let them affright you. Be gone! Put not another sin upon my head! Life, and hereafter say a madman's mercy bid you run away.

PARIS:
I do defy your conjuration And apprehend you for a felon here.

ROMEO:
Will you provoke me? Then have at you, boy!

[THEY FIGHT. ROMEO KILLS PARIS.]

PARIS:
Romeo, if you are merciful, Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

ROMEO:
Paris! What said my man when my betossed soul Did not attend to him as we rode? I think he told me Paris should have married Juliet. Or did I dream it? Am I mad? Give me your hand.

[LAYS PARIS BY TYBALT.]

ROMEO:
My love! My wife! Death, that has sucked the honey of your breath! Has had no power yet upon your beauty. You are not conquered! Beauty's ensign yet Is crimson in your lips and in your cheeks, And death's pale flag is not advanced there. Juliet, why are you yet so fair? Shall I believe that unsubstantial Death is amorous, And that the lean abhorred monster keeps You here

in dark to be his paramour? Here, here will I remain - Eyes, look your last! Arms, take your last embrace! And, lips, the doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss, A dateless bargain to engrossing death! Come, bitter potion; come, unsavory guide! Here's to my love!

[DRINKS.]

O, true apothecary! Your drugs are quick. Thus, with a kiss, I die.

[FALLS.]

[ENTER FRIAR.]

FRIAR:
Romeo! What blood is this which stains this sepulchre? Romeo!

[JULIET AWAKENS.]

JULIET:
Friar! Where is my lord? I do remember well where I should be. And there I am. Where is Romeo?

FRIAR:
I hear some noise, lady. Come from that nest of death, and unnatural sleep. A greater power than we can contradict Has thwarted our intents. Come, come away. Your husband in your bosom there lies dead; And Paris, too. Come! I'll dispose of you among a sisterhood of holy nuns. Juliet! Come! I dare no longer stay!

JULIET:
Go, get you hence, for I will not away.

[EXEUNT FRIAR.]

What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand. Poison, I see, has been his timeless end. O churl! Drunk all, and left no friendly drop To help

me after? I will kiss your lips, Haply, some poison
yet does hang on them.

[KISSES ROMEO.]

Your lips are warm!

[NOISE WITHOUT.]

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

[GRAB'S ROMEO'S DAGGER.]

This is your sheath. There rust, and let me die.

[SHE DIES.]

[ENTER Balthazar , PAGE, PRINCE, CAPULET,
LADY CAPULET.]

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

CAPULET: What should it be, that is so shrieked abroad?

LADY CAPULET: You, Balthazar , cry 'Romeo' And you - 'Juliet'
and 'Paris' and run - With outcry, here, toward
our monument.

PRINCE: What fear is this which startles in our ears?

[ENTER VAULT.]

Paris! And Romeo, dead! And Juliet, dead before,
warm and new killed! Search, seek, and know
how this foul murder comes.

[ENTER LADY MONTAGUE.]

PRINCE: Come, and see your son and heir more early
down. Seal up the mouths of outrage for a while,

Till we can clear these ambiguities And know
their spring, their head, their true descent.

[ENTER FRIAR.]

Meantime forbear, and let mischance be slave to
patience.

FRIAR:
I am the greatest, able to do least, Yet most
suspected, and here I stand, both to impeach and
purge myself condemned and myself excused.

PRINCE:
We ever have known you for a holy man. And we
will hear what you do know in this. Capulet, and
Lady 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
punished.

CAPULET:
Lady, give me your hand.

[TAKES LADY MONTAGUE'S HAND.]

PRINCE:
A glooming peace this morning with it brings.
The sun for sorrow will not show its head. Go,
hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished. For
never was a story of more woe Than this of Juliet
and her Romeo.

[ALL EXEUNT.]