

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET  
By William Shakespeare

*Dramatis Personae*

CHORUS

PRINCE ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.

PARIS, a young Count, kinsman to the Prince.

MONTAGUE, heads of two houses at variance with each other

CAPULET, heads of two houses at variance with each other

OLD CAPULET, old man of the Capulet family

ROMEO, son to Montague

TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet

MERCUTIO, kinsman to the Prince and friend to Romeo

BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo

FRIAR LAURENCE, Franciscan.

FRIAR JOHN, Franciscan.

BALTHASAR, Servant to Romeo

ABRAM, Servant to Montague

SAMPSON, Servant to Capulet

GREGORY, Servant to Capulet

PETER, Servant to Juliet's nurse

PAGE, Servant to Paris

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

OFFICER of the Watch

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague

LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet

JULIET, daughter to Capulet

NURSE to Juliet

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

SCENE — Verona; Mantua

*Enter Chorus.*

CHORUS.

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows  
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-marked love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, except their children's end, nothing could remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

*Exit.*

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ACT I. SCENE I.

Verona. A public place.

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

SAMPSON.

Gregory, on my word, this life is better than the farm. We were bound to carry a sword, not a sickle.

GREGORY.

For then we would be sick?

SAMPSON.

No. For if the sickle chafes your hand, then you're sore. Meaning you have a sore hand.

GREGORY.

Your sword hand is sick enough.

SAMPSON.

Not sick but quick, when it's time to strike.

GREGORY.

But slow to know when it's time for striking.

SAMPSON.

A dog of the house of Montague incurs my kick.

GREGORY.

Kick up your heels to run away, you mean.

SAMPSON.

It's the dog of a Montague who'll need *heeling*, when I'm done with him.

GREGORY.

Ay, the dog will heel, or sit, or stay at his master's command, but when he sees you, he'll go to the wall.

SAMPSON.

His back to the wall, you mean.

GREGORY.

*His back!* The only Montagues that run from you are their maidens.

SAMPSON.

As well they should! For once I've thrashed a Montague, I kick his dog and slap his sister.

GREGORY.

You talk of thrashing — you're still a farmer.

SAMPSON.

Ay, Gregory, when it's time to plow a Montague, and harrow him, and finally plant him.

GREGORY.

By this account, every farmer is a soldier, and every field a victory.

SAMPSON.

And every Montague a little plot of ground, with a single stone, if I'm the farmer.

GREGORY.

You're a bold rooster, Sampson, to crow a victory when you've never faced a foe.

SAMPSON.

'Tis not my fault, if my foes dare not face *me*. For well they know I'm a pretty piece of meat!

GREGORY.

Be sure they don't think you're a fish, for you show silver, but you flop about and gasp for breath. But show some silver now — here come two of the house of Montague!

*Enter two other Servingmen [Abram and Balthasar].*

SAMPSON.

My trout is out. Quarrel! I will back you.

GREGORY.

I know you're bold at backing — it's fronting that I'll need.

SAMPSON.

Don't worry about me.

GREGORY.

Our enemies won't worry much about you, either.

SAMPSON.

Just keep the law on our side; let them begin.

GREGORY.

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

SAMPSON.

Men spit because they're weak and sick, and have phlegm. I will bite my thumb at them; which is disgrace to them, if they bear it.

ABRAM.

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON.

I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAM.

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON. *[aside to Gregory]*

Is the law on our side if I say yes?

GREGORY. *[aside to Sampson]*

No.

SAMPSON.

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

GREGORY.

Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAM.

Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

SAMPSON.

But if you do, sir, I'm your match. I serve as good a man as you.

ABRAM.

No better.

SAMPSON.

Well, sir.

GREGORY. *[aside to Sampson]*

Say 'better.' Here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

SAMPSON.

Yes, better, sir.

ABRAM.

You lie.

SAMPSON.

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

*They fight.*

*Enter Benvolio.*

BENVOLIO.

Part, fools!

*Beats down their swords.*

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

*Enter Tybalt.*

TYBALT.

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio! look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO.

I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT.

What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward!

*They fight.*

*Enter an officer, and three or four Citizens with clubs.*

OFFICER.

Swing your clubs! Strike! Beat down their swords!

CITIZENS.

Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

*Enter Capulet in his gown, and his Wife.*

CAPULET.

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

LADY CAPULET.

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

CAPULET.

My sword, I say! Old Montague is come

And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter Montague and his Wife.*

MONTAGUE.

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

LADY MONTAGUE.

Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

*Enter Prince Escalus, with his Train.*

PRINCE.

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel—  
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins!  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.  
Three civil brawls, bred of a haughty word  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets.  
If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
For now, the rest of you depart away.  
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon  
To know our farther pleasure in this case.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*Exeunt all but Montague, his Wife, and Benvolio.*

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;  
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,  
He swung about his head, hurting no one,  
Except to make a hissing, scornful wind.  
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,

The Prince arrived, saving Tybalt's life.

LADY MONTAGUE.

Where's Romeo? Has he been seen today?  
I only hope he wasn't at this fray.

BENVOLIO.

Madam, an hour before the dawn I rose  
And walked abroad, all lost in thought,  
Till underneath that grove of sycamore  
That grows from the western wall I saw your son.  
I called a greeting, but he turned away  
And stole into the cover of the wood.  
It seemed to me his mood was like my own —  
Being one too many by my weary self —  
And gladly fled from him who fled from me.

MONTAGUE.

Many a morning has he there been seen,  
With tears dampening the morning dew,  
Adding to mist more mists made of his sighs;  
But as soon as the all-cheering sun arises,  
Away from light my melancholy son  
Comes home, and in his chamber pens himself,  
Shuts up his windows, locks out daylight,  
And makes himself an artificial night.  
Black and portentous must this humour prove  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO.

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE.

I neither know it nor can learn of him

BENVOLIO.

Till now, he's always spoken candidly.

MONTAGUE.

We've begged the boy to give us hints or clues,  
But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
Is to himself as secret and as close  
As the caterpillar in the chrysalis,  
Not showing his bright-colored wings.  
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
Then we might have a chance to help the cure.

*Enter Romeo.*

BENVOLIO.

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

MONTAGUE.

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

*Exeunt Montague and Wife.*

BENVOLIO.

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO.

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO.

But new struck nine.

ROMEO.

Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO.

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO.

The lack of what would make them seem too short.

BENVOLIO.

Not what, but who. Are you in love?

ROMEO.

Out —

BENVOLIO.

Of love?

ROMEO.

Out of favour with the one I love.

BENVOLIO.

Love from far away appears so kind,

But once inside your heart, it can be cruel.

ROMEO.

Cruel when it's in my heart alone.

Were she afflicted too, then love were sweet!

Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O anything, of nothing first created!

O heavy lightness! Solemn vanity!

Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, clear smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, nothing is what it is!

I hate this loveless love I feel. Do you laugh?

BENVOLIO.

No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO.

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO.

At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO.

Then what an unfriendly friend thou art!  
Grief of my own lies heavy in my mind,  
Which thou wilt worsen, if you pile upon it  
More of thine. This love that thou hast shown  
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;  
If satisfied, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
If thwarted, oceans filled with lovers' tears.  
What else is it? A madness most polite,  
A bear in chains, a glistening swan in flight.  
Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO.

Wait! Let me go along.  
If you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO.

Leave you? I've lost myself; is this my face?  
This is not Romeo, he's some other place.

BENVOLIO.

Tell me in sadness, who is it that you love?

ROMEO.

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO.

Groan or not, that's up to you.  
You're sad, so sadly tell me who.

ROMEO.

You'd ask a sick old man to carve his stone.  
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO.

I got that much when I guessed you were in love.

ROMEO.

Such a marksman. The one I love is fair.

BENVOLIO.

A right fair target is the easiest hit.

ROMEO.

You miss. She won't be hit with Cupid's arrow.  
She will not stay to hear of loving words,  
Nor tolerate a man with longing eyes.

BENVOLIO.

Then has she sworn she'll love no man at all?

ROMEO.

A waste of beauty, not to pass it on;  
How is it saintly, when she is so fair,  
To merit bliss by making me despair?

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.

O, teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO.

By giving liberty unto thine eyes.  
Examine other beauties.

ROMEO.

'Tis the way  
To remind me she is far more beautiful.  
Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO.

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

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SCENE II.

A Street.

*Enter Capulet, Count Paris, and Servant.*

CAPULET.

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

PARIS.

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

CAPULET.

But saying over what I've said before:  
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  
Before we 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.  
The earth has swallowed all my hopes but her;  
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, then carried with her choice  
Are 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,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.

Come, go with me.

*To Servant, giving him a paper.*

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

*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*

SERVANT.

Find them out whose names are written here? It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his thread and the tailor with his leather, the fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ. But how can I guess what names the writing person has writ here, unless he tell me with his mouth? I must to the learned. Just in time!

*Enter Benvolio and Romeo.*

BENVOLIO.

Romeo, one fire burns out another's burning;  
One pain is lessened by another's anguish;  
Turn giddy, and be helped by backward spinning;  
One desperate grief cures with another's languish.  
Take some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank pus of the old will die.

ROMEO.

Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO.

For what, I pray thee?

ROMEO.

For your broken shin.

BENVOLIO.

What! Romeo! Art thou mad?

ROMEO.

Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;  
Shut up in Prison, kept without my food,  
Whipped and tormented and — Good morning, good fellow.

SERVANT.

God give you good morning. I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO.

Yes, my own dark future in my misery.

SERVANT.

Perhaps you have learned that without book. But I pray, can you read any *writing* that you see?

ROMEO.

Yes, *if* I know the letters. And the language.

SERVANT.

I could say as much. Rest you merry!

ROMEO.

Wait, fellow; I can read.

*He reads.*

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;  
County Anselmo and his beauteous sisters;  
The lady widow of Vitruvio;  
Signior Placentio and His lovely nieces;  
Mercutio and his brother Valentine;  
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters;  
My fair niece Rosaline and Livia;  
Signior Valentio and His cousin Tybalt;  
Lucio and the lively Helena'

*Gives back the paper.*

A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

SERVANT.

Up.

ROMEO.

Up where?

SERVANT.

To supper. To our house.

ROMEO.

Whose house?

SERVANT.

My master's.

ROMEO.

Indeed I should have asked you that before.

SERVANT.

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

*Exit.*

BENVOLIO.

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

ROMEO.

When the devout religion of mine eyes  
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;  
And let these heretics be burnt for liars!  
One fairer than my love? The all-seeing sun  
Never saw her match since first the world begun.

BENVOLIO.

Ha! You saw her fair, none else being by,  
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd  
Your lady's love against some other maid  
That I will show you shining at this feast,  
And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

ROMEO.

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

*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

Capulet's house.

*Enter Capulet's Wife, and Nurse.*

LADY CAPULET.

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

NURSE.

I swear at twelve years old I bade her come. What, lamb! what ladybird! 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 just remembered, thou hearest our counsel.  
Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE.

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET.

She's not fourteen.

NURSE.

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth —  
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four —  
She is not fourteen. How long is it now  
To Lammastide?

LADY CAPULET.

A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE.

Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.  
Susan and she (God rest all Christian souls!)  
Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;  
She was too good for me. But, as I said,  
On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen;  
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;  
And she was weaned (I never shall forget it),  
Of all the days of the year, upon that day.  
And since that time it is eleven years,

For then she could run and waddle all about;  
 For even the day before, she broke her brow;  
 And then my husband (God be with his soul!  
 He was a merry man) took up the child.  
 'Yea,' said he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?  
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit!  
 Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my lady,  
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay!  
 To see now how a jest shall come about!

LADY CAPULET.

Enough of this. I pray thee hold thy peace.

NURSE.

Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh  
 To think she should leave crying and say 'Ay.'  
 And yet, I warrant, she had upon her brow  
 A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;  
 A perilous knock; and she cried bitterly.  
 'Yea,' said my husband, 'fallest upon thy face?  
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;  
 Wilt thou not, Jule?' She stinted, and said 'Ay!'

JULIET.

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

NURSE.

Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!  
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that ever I nurs'd.  
 If I might live to see thee married, I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET.

That 'married' is the very theme  
 I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
 How stands your disposition to be married?

JULIET.

It is an honour that I dream not of.

LADY CAPULET.

Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you,  
 Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
 Are made already mothers. By my count,  
 I was your mother much upon these years  
 That you are still a maid. Thus then in brief:  
 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE.

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

LADY CAPULET.

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE.

Nay, he's a flower, in faith — a very flower.

LADY CAPULET.

What say you? Can you love the gentleman?  
This night you shall behold him at our feast.  
Read over the volume of young Paris's face,  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;  
The youngest chapter of an ancient book,  
Edged with gold that dazzles as you look.  
Shall you not share in all he might possess?  
Oh, having him, you'll make yourself no less.

NURSE.

No less? Nay, bigger! Women grow by men.

LADY CAPULET.

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

JULIET.

I'll look, and hope to like, if not to love.  
But no more deeply will I dart my eye  
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

*Enter Servingman.*

SERVANT.

Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed  
in the pantry, and everything in extremity.  
I must hurry now to wait.  
I beseech you, follow straight.

LADY CAPULET.

We follow thee.

*Exit Servingman.*

Juliet, the Count is waiting.

NURSE.

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.

A street.

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

BENVOLIO.

I see that we're a little underdressed.  
We have no mask or costume like the rest.  
But, let them measure us by what they will,  
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

ROMEO.

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

MERCUTIO.

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO.

Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes  
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead  
That nails me to the ground so I can't move.

MERCUTIO.

You're a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings  
And soar with them above the dancing crowd.

ROMEO.

I'm too sore wounded with his arrow  
To soar with his feathers, let alone my toes.

MERCUTIO.

His boat is leaking in the sea of love!  
He sinks! He drowns! He rots! And now he stinks.

ROMEO.

Is love a boat? Ay, lacking oars and sails,  
And me a seasick sailor in rough seas.

MERCUTIO.

If love be rough with you, be rough with love.  
Pitch love for pitching, and you beat love down.

BENVOLIO.

Come on, you wits, let's knock and go inside,  
And let our legs be witty as we dance.

ROMEO.

A torch for me! Let others dance.  
I'll be a candle-holder and look on.

MERCUTIO.

Look *wan*, you mean. Come, we burn daylight!

ROMEO.

We mean no harm in going to this feast,  
But still I think we shouldn't go.

MERCUTIO.

Why?

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' midwife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate stone  
 On the forefinger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of sneezes  
 Across men's noses as they lie asleep;  
 Her wagon spokes are made of crickets' legs;  
 The cover, of the wings of butterflies;  
 Her reins, of the smallest spider's web;  
 Her wagoner's a small grey-coated gnat;  
 Her chariot's an empty hazelnut;  
 And in this coach she gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
 Over courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;  
 Over lawyers' fingers, who straightway dream on fees;  
 Over ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
 Sometimes she drives over a soldier's neck,  
 And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
 Then drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,  
 And being thus affrighted, swears a prayer or two  
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
 That braids the manes of horses in the night  
 And snarls the elflocks in a woman's hairs,  
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.  
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
 That —

ROMEO.

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!  
 Thou talkest of nothing.

MERCUTIO.

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

BENVOLIO.

This wind you talk of blows us from our purpose.  
 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 despis'd life, clos'd in my breast,  
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death.  
 But he that hath the steerage of my course  
 Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen!

BENVOLIO.

Strike, drum.

*They march about the stage. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Capulet's house.

*Servingsmen come forth with napkins.*

1. SERVANT.

Where's Potpan, that she helps not to take away? She shift a trencher! She scrape a trencher!

2. SERVANT.

When good manners shall lie all in one or two people's hands, and they unwashed too, it's a foul thing.

1. SERVANT.

Away with the join-stools, remove the court-cubbert, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marzipan — and, as you love me, tell the porter to let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Maria Elena, and Potpan!

3. SERVANT.

Ay, miss, ready.

1. SERVANT.

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

3. SERVANT.

We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, girls! Be brisk awhile, and who lives longest takes all.

*Exeunt.*

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

CAPULET.

Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes  
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.  
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all  
Will now refuse to dance? She that makes dainty,  
I'll swear she has corns. Am I come near you now?  
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day  
That I have worn a mask and could tell  
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,  
Such as would please her. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone!  
You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.  
Make room! and foot it, girls.

*Music plays, and they dance.*

More light, you knaves! and turn the tables up,  
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.  
Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.  
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,  
For you and I are past our dancing days.  
How long is't now since last yourself and I  
Were in a mask?

2. CAPULET.

By our Lady, thirty years.

CAPULET.

What, man? 'Tis not so much, 'tis not so much!  
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,  
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,  
Some five-and-twenty years.

2. CAPULET.

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

CAPULET.

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

ROMEO. *[to a Servingman]*  
What lady's that, who blesses the hand  
Of yonder gentleman?

SERVANT.  
I see a dozen ladies, and a dozen gentlemen.

ROMEO.  
O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear —  
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 a Montague.  
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What, dares the slave  
Come hither, covered with a mocking face,  
To flear and scorn at our solemnity?  
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET.  
Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm you so?

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

CAPULET.  
Young Romeo, is it?

TYBALT.  
'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET.  
Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone.  
He bears him like an honest 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.  
It is my will; the which if thou respect,  
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,  
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

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

CAPULET.

He shall be endured.  
 What, goodman boy? I say he shall. Go to!  
 Am I the master here, or you? Go to!  
*You'll* not endure him? God shall mend my soul!  
 You'll make a mutiny among my guests!  
 You will set cock-a-hoop! You'll be the man!

TYBALT.  
 Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET.  
 Go to, go to!  
 You are a saucy boy. Is it so, indeed?  
 You must contrary me! You are a princox — go!  
 Be quiet, or — More light, more light! — For shame!  
 I'll make you quiet; what! — Cheerly, my hearts!

TYBALT.  
 Forced patience with fury meeting  
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.  
 I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,  
 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall.  
*Exit.*

BENVOLIO.  
 I knew this revelry would do the trick.  
 There's the Rosaline that made him sick  
 With unrequited love, but does he look?  
 He studies now the pages of a better book.

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

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

ROMEO.  
 Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

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

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

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

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

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

*Kisses her.*

JULIET.

Then have my lips the sin that they have 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.

Who is her mother?

NURSE.

Her mother is the lady of the house.

And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.

I nursed her daughter that you talked withal.

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall have the chinks.

ROMEO.

Is she a Capulet?

Then my life is my foe's debt.

BENVOLIO.

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

ROMEO.

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

CAPULET.

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet farther in.

Then you must go? Why then, I thank you all.

I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.

More torches here!

*Exeunt Maskers.*

Come on then, let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest.

*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*

JULIET.

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE.

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET.

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

NURSE.

Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

JULIET.

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

NURSE.

I know not.

JULIET.

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

NURSE.

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

JULIET.

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

NURSE.

What's this? what's this?

JULIET.

A rhyme I learned just now  
From a man I danced withal.

SERVANT WOMAN. *[offstage]*

Juliet!

NURSE.

Anon, anon!  
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.  
*Exeunt.*

---

PROLOGUE

*Enter Chorus.*

CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,  
And young affection gapes to be his heir;  
That beauty which love groaned for and would die,  
With tender Juliet matched, is now not fair.  
Now Romeo is beloved, and loves in turn,  
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;  
But for his foe he thinks his heart must burn,  
And she steals love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.  
Being held a foe, he may not have access  
To breathe such vows as lovers long to swear,  
And she as much in love, her means much less  
To meet her new beloved anywhere;  
But passion lends them power, chance the means to meet,  
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

*Exit.*

---

ACT II. SCENE I.

A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.

*Enter Romeo. alone.*

ROMEO.

Can I go forward when my heart is here?  
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.  
*Climbs the wall and leaps down within it.*  
*Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.*

BENVOLIO.

Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!

MERCUTIO.

He is wise,  
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

BENVOLIO.

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

MERCUTIO.

Nay, I'll conjure too.  
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh;  
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied!  
Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove'!  
He heareth not, he stirreth not, be moveth not;  
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead and her tresses fair,  
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering lip,  
And all the spittledrops that from it drip,  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

BENVOLIO.

If he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MERCUTIO.

This cannot anger him. His broken heart  
Yearned for Rosaline in every part.

BENVOLIO.

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees.  
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO.

Now will he sit under a heavy tree  
And wish his mistress were some kind of fruit  
To ripen and break open when it falls.  
O, Romeo, that she were! O that she were  
A pear! A melon! A peasepod or a squash!  
Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle-bed;  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.  
Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO.

Go then, for 'tis in vain

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

*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE II.

Capulet's orchard.

*Enter Romeo.*

ROMEO.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*Enter Juliet above at a window.*

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?

It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief

That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

It is my lady; O, it is my love!

O that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their place till they return.

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!

JULIET.

O Romeo, Romeo! Why must thou be Romeo?

Deny thy family and refuse thy name!

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO. *[aside]*

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

JULIET.

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's Montague? it is not hand or 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.

Oh, give away that 'Romeo,' and for that name,

Which is no part of thee, take all myself.

ROMEO.

I take thee at thy word.

Call me thy love, and I'll be new baptized;

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET.

What man art thou that, thus bescreened in night,  
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO.

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

JULIET.

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

ROMEO.

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET.

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

ROMEO.

Stony limits cannot hold love out,  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no threat to me.

JULIET.

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO.

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

JULIET.

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO.

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;  
And if thou love me not, let them find me here.  
My life were better ended by their hate  
Than to live on and on without thy love.

JULIET.

Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face;  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
Fain would I dwell on form — fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!  
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay';  
And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swearest,  
Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries,

They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,  
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.  
 Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly won,  
 I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
 So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.

ROMEO.  
 Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear —

JULIET.  
 O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
 That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
 Lest thy love prove likewise changeable.

ROMEO.  
 What shall I swear by?

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

ROMEO.  
 If my heart's dear love —

JULIET.  
 No, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,  
 I have no joy of any vows tonight.  
 It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden.  
 Sweet, good night! Good night! Good night!

ROMEO.  
 O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET.  
 What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

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

JULIET.  
 I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;  
 And yet I wish that I could take it back!

ROMEO.  
 Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

JULIET.  
 But to be frank and give it thee again.  
 And yet I wish but for the thing I have.  
 My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
 My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
 The more I have, for both are infinite.  
 I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!

NURSE. *[offstage]*  
Juliet!

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

ROMEO.  
O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,  
Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.  
*Enter Juliet above.*

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

NURSE. *[offstage]*  
Madam!

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

NURSE. *[offstage]*  
Madam!

JULIET.  
By-and-by I come —  
To cease thy suit and leave me to my grief.  
Tomorrow will I send a message.

ROMEO.  
Then tomorrow I will live again.

JULIET.  
A thousand times good night!  
*Exit.*

ROMEO.  
A thousand times the worse, to want thy light!  
Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books;  
But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.  
*Enter Juliet again, above.*

JULIET.  
Hist! Romeo, hist! O for a falconer's voice  
To lure this flown bird back again!  
Romeo!

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

JULIET.

Romeo!

ROMEO.

My dear?

JULIET.

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

ROMEO.

By the hour of nine.

JULIET.

I will not fail. It's twenty years till then.  
Wait! [*pause*] I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO.

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET.

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

ROMEO.

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

JULIET.

'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone —  
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,  
That lets it hop a little from her hand.

ROMEO.

I would I were thy bird.

JULIET.

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

*Exit.*

ROMEO.

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!  
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

*Exit.*

---

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's cell.

*Enter Friar Laurence alone, with a basket.*

FRIAR LAURENCE.

I must fill up this basket cage of ours  
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.  
Many for virtues excellent, and none but have some use, and yet all different.  
O, fickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities;  
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live  
But to the earth some special good doth give;

Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use,  
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.  
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,  
 And vice sometimes by right is sanctified.  
 Within the infant rind of this small flower  
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power;  
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
 Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
 In man as well as herbs — grace and rude will;  
 And where the worse is predominant,  
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

*Enter Romeo.*

ROMEO.

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Benedicite!  
 What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?  
 Young son, it argues a distempered head  
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.  
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right —  
 Our Romeo has not been to bed to-night.

ROMEO.

That last is true — the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO.

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

FRIAR LAURENCE.

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

ROMEO.

I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.  
 I have been feasting with mine enemy,  
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me  
 That's by me wounded. Both our remedies  
 Within thy help and holy physic lies.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

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

ROMEO.

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set  
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet;  
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,  
 And all combined, save what thou must combine  
 By holy marriage. When, and where, and how  
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,  
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,

That thou consent to marry us to-day.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Holy Saint Francis! What a change is here!  
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
What a deal of brine hath wash'd thy cheeks for Rosaline!  
How much salt water thrown away in waste.  
Thy old groans ring yet in mine ears.  
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.  
If ever thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.  
And art thou changed? Pronounce this sentence then:  
Women may fall when there's no strength in men.

ROMEO.

Thou didst chide me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO.

And badest me bury love.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Not in a grave  
To lay one in, another to pull out!

ROMEO.

I pray thee chide not. She whom I love now  
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.  
The other did not so.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Come, young waverer, come go with me.  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;  
For this alliance may so happy prove  
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

ROMEO.

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

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Wisely, and slow. They stumble that run fast.  
*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE IV.

A street.

*Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.*

MERCUTIO.

Where the devil should this Romeo be?  
Came he not home to-night?

BENVOLIO.

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

MERCUTIO.

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

BENVOLIO.

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

MERCUTIO.

A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO.

Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO.

Any man that can write may answer a letter.

BENVOLIO.

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

MERCUTIO.

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

BENVOLIO.

Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO.

More than Prince of Cats, I can tell you. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you  
sing a song — keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in  
your bosom! the very butcher of a silk button, a duelist, a duelist! a gentleman of the very first house,  
of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverse! The hay!

BENVOLIO.

The what?

MERCUTIO.

The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes — These new tuners of accent! A very good blade! a  
very tall man! Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsir, that we should be thus afflicted with  
these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these Pardonnez-moi's, who stand so much on the new  
form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

*Enter Romeo.*

BENVOLIO.

Here comes Romeo! here comes Romeo!

MERCUTIO.

Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers  
that Petrarch flow'd in. Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen wench, Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gypsy,  
Helen and Hero hildings and harlots, Signior Romeo, bon jour! There's a French salutation to your  
French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROMEO.

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

MERCUTIO.

The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive?

ROMEO.

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

MERCUTIO.

That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bend his knees.

ROMEO.

Meaning, to curtsy.

MERCUTIO.

Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROMEO.

A most courteous exposition.

MERCUTIO.

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROMEO.

Pink for flower.

MERCUTIO.

Right.

ROMEO.

I knew it when I 'rose' this morning.

MERCUTIO.

Well said! Though it were better you kept 'mum.'  
Come between us, good Benvolio! My wits faint.

ROMEO.

Meaning he fears to continue the contest.

MERCUTIO.

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

ROMEO.

Thou claimest four-and-a-half more of wit than thou hast.

MERCUTIO.

Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo.; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature. For this driveling love is like a great ape that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

BENVOLIO.

Stop there, stop there!

MERCUTIO.

Thou desirest me to stop in my tale?

BENVOLIO.

Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

MERCUTIO.

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

BENVOLIO.

Thy tales outlast thy wit by many words.

ROMEO.

Here's goodly gear!

*Enter Nurse and her Man [Peter]*

MERCUTIO.

A sail, a sail!

BENVOLIO.

Two, two! a shirt and a smock.

NURSE.

Peter!

PETER.

Anon.

NURSE.

My fan, Peter.

MERCUTIO.

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

NURSE.

God give ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO.

God give thee good afternoon, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE.

Is it good afternoon?

MERCUTIO.

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

NURSE.

Out upon you! What a man are you!

ROMEO.

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

NURSE.

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

ROMEO.

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

NURSE.

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

BENVOLIO.

She will invite him to some supper.

MERCUTIO.

Romeo has at last a love that loves him back. It was pursuit of beauty that misled him. Now that he is liberated, he will be happy! Love always her who is grateful for thy love! Nay, more than grateful, surprised! Nay, more than surprised — astonished, stupefied, dazed, dumb, flatulent with love! Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll be having dinner there.

ROMEO.

I will follow you.

MERCUTIO.

Farewell, ancient lady. Farewell,  
[sings] lady, lady, lady.  
*Exeunt Mercutio, Benvolio.*

NURSE.

Marry, farewell! I Pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his ropery?

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

PETER.

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

NURSE.

Now I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word; and, as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out. What she bid me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

ROMEO.

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

NURSE.

Good heart, and in faith I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord! she will be a joyful woman.

ROMEO.

What wilt thou tell her, nurse? Thou didst not let me speak.

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's cell  
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

NURSE.

No, truly, sir; not a penny.

ROMEO.

Go to! I say you shall.

NURSE.

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

ROMEO.

Farewell. Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.  
Farewell. Commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE.

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

ROMEO.

What sayest thou, my dear nurse?

NURSE.

Is your man secret? Did you never hear it said,  
Two may keep counsel, if one is dead?

ROMEO.

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

NURSE.

Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady. Lord, Lord! when she 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 lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

ROMEO.

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

NURSE.

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

ROMEO.

Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE.

Ay, a thousand times.  
*Exit Romeo.*

NURSE.

Peter!

PETER.

Anon.

NURSE.

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

*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Capulet's orchard.

*Enter Juliet.*

JULIET.

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;  
 In half an hour she 'promis'd to return.  
 Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so.  
 O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,  
 Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams.  
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
 Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve  
 Is three long hours; yet she is not come.  
 Had she affections and warm youthful blood,  
 She would be as swift in motion as a ball;  
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
 And his to me,  
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead —  
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

*Enter Nurse and Peter.*

She comes! O honey nurse, what news?  
 Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE.

Peter, stay at the gate.

*Exit Peter.*

JULIET.

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

NURSE.

I am aweary, give me leave awhile.  
 Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I had!

JULIET.

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

NURSE.

What haste! Can you not stay awhile?  
 Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JULIET.

How art thou out of breath when thou hast breath  
 To say to me that thou art out of breath?  
 The excuse that thou dost make in this delay  
 Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.  
 Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that.  
 Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.  
 Let me be satisfied, is it good or bad?

NURSE.

Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo? No, not he. Though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

JULIET.

No, no. But all this did I know before.  
What says he of our marriage? What of that?

NURSE.

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!  
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.  
My back o' t' other side,- ah, my back, my back!  
Beshrew your heart for sending me about  
To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

JULIET.

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

NURSE.

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

JULIET.

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

NURSE.

Are you so hot?  
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?  
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET.

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

NURSE.

Have you consent to go to confession today?

JULIET.

I have.

NURSE.

Then get you to Friar Laurence's cell;  
There stays a husband to make you a wife.  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks:  
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.  
Hie you to church; I must another way,  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.  
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;  
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.  
Go; I'll to dinner; hurry to the cell.

JULIET.

Hurry to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE VI.

Friar Laurence's cell.

*Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.*

FRIAR LAURENCE.

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

ROMEO.

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

FRIAR LAURENCE.

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

*Enter Juliet.*

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot  
Will never wear out the everlasting flint.  
A lover may bstride the gossamer  
That idles in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

JULIET.

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JULIET.

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

ROMEO.

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

JULIET.

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

FRIAR LAURENCE.

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

*Exeunt.*

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ACT III. SCENE I.

A public place.

*Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and Men.*

BENVOLIO.

I pray thee, 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.

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

BENVOLIO.

Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO.

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

BENVOLIO.

And what to?

MERCUTIO.

Nay, if there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of yolk.  
Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter, with another for tying his new shoes with an old riband? And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling!

BENVOLIO.

If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man could buy the mortgage of my life for an hour and a quarter.

MERCUTIO.

The fee-simple? O simple!

*Enter Tybalt and others.*

BENVOLIO.

By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO.

By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT.

Follow me close, for I will speak to them.  
Gentlemen, good day. 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, thou consortest with Romeo.

MERCUTIO.

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

BENVOLIO.

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

MERCUTIO.

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

TYBALT.

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

MERCUTIO.

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

TYBALT.

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

ROMEO.

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

TYBALT.

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

ROMEO.

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

MERCUTIO.

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

*Draws.*

Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?

TYBALT.

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO.

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

TYBALT.

I am for you.

*Draws.*

ROMEO.

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO.

Come, sir, your passado!

*They fight.*

ROMEO.

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

*Tybalt under Romeo's arm thrusts into Mercutio, and flies with his Followers.*

MERCUTIO.

I am hurt.

A plague on both your houses! I am sped.

Is he gone and has no injury?

BENVOLIO.

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO.

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

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

*Exit Page.*

ROMEO.

Courage, man. The hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO.

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

ROMEO.

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO.

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

*Exit, supported by Benvolio.*

ROMEO.

This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,  
 My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt  
 In my behalf — my reputation stained  
 With Tybalt's slander — Tybalt, that an hour  
 Hath been my kinsman. O sweet Juliet,  
 Thy beauty hath made me effeminate  
 And in my temper softened valour's steel!

*Enter Benvolio.*

BENVOLIO.

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

ROMEO.

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

*Enter Tybalt.*

BENVOLIO.

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO.

Alive in triumph, and Mercutio. slain?  
 Away to heaven respectable lenience  
 And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!  
 Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again  
 That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul  
 Is but a little way above our heads,  
 Staying for thine to keep him company.  
 Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

TYBALT.

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

ROMEO.

This shall determine that.

*They fight. Tybalt falls.*

BENVOLIO.

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

ROMEO.

O, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO.

Why dost thou stay?

*Exit Romeo.*

*Enter Citizens.*

CITIZEN.

Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BENVOLIO.

There lies that Tybalt.

CITIZEN.

Up, sir, go with me.

I charge thee in the Prince's name obey.

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

PRINCE.

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO.

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

LADY CAPULET.

Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!  
O Prince! O husband! O, the blood is spill'd  
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,  
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.  
O cousin, cousin!

PRINCE.

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO.

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did stay.  
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink  
How slight the quarrel was, and reminded them  
Of your displeasure. All this — uttered  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed —  
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;  
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point.  
Romeo, he cries aloud,  
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and swifter than his tongue,  
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm  
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;  
But by-and-by comes back to Romeo,  
Who had but newly entertained revenge,  
And to it they go like lightning; for, ere I  
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;  
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.  
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LADY CAPULET.

He is a kinsman to the Montague;  
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.  
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,

And all those twenty could but kill one life.  
 I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give.  
 Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.

PRINCE.

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

MONTAGUE.

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

PRINCE.

And for that offence  
 Immediately we do exile him hence.  
 I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,  
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;  
 But I'll show you justice with so strong a fine  
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine.  
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;  
 Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.  
 Therefore use none. Let Romeo fly in haste,  
 Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.  
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will.  
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

Capulet's orchard.

*Enter Juliet alone.*

JULIET.

Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;  
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
 Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.  
 Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night;  
 Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
 That all the world will be in love with night  
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
 But not possess'd it. So tedious is this day  
 As is the night before some festival  
 To an impatient child that hath new robes  
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

*Enter Nurse.*

What news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE.

Ah, weraday! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!  
 We are undone, lady, we are undone!  
 Alack the day! he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

JULIET.

Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE.

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

JULIET.

What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?

NURSE.

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,  
 Here on his manly breast. A bloody piteous corpse;  
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood.

JULIET.

O, break, my heart! O, Romeo!

NURSE.

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

JULIET.

What storm is this that blows so contrary?  
 Is Romeo slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead?  
 My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?  
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!  
 For who is living, if those two are gone?

NURSE.

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;  
 Romeo that killed him, he is banished.

JULIET.

Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

NURSE.

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

JULIET.

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!  
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
 Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st-  
 A damned saint, an honourable villain!  
 Was ever book containing such vile matter  
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell  
 In such a gorgeous palace!

NURSE.

There's no trust,  
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,  
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.  
 Ah, where's my man? Give me some aqua vitae.  
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.  
 Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET.

Blistered be thy tongue  
 For such a wish! He was not born to shame.  
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;  
 O, 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?  
 Poor Romeo, what tongue shall smooth thy name  
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?  
 But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
 That villain cousin would have killed my husband.  
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!  
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.  
 All this is comfort; why then should I weep?  
 Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death,  
 That murdered me. Romeo — banished'  
 That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'  
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
 All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished' —  
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.  
 Where *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.

They wash his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent,  
 When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
 Lead me to my bitter marriage bed;  
 To death, not Romeo, shall I be wed.

NURSE.

Wait in your chamber. I'll find Romeo  
 To comfort you. How easily I can guess  
 Where he is hidden: Friar Laurence's cell.

JULIET.

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

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's cell.

*Enter Friar Laurence.*

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man.  
 Affliction is in love with thee,  
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

*Enter Romeo.*

ROMEO.

Father, what news? What will be my fate?  
 What less than doomsday is the Prince's doom?

FRIAR LAURENCE.

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

ROMEO.

Be merciful, say 'death'; for exile hath  
 More terror in his look. Do not say 'banishment.'

FRIAR LAURENCE.

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

ROMEO.

There is no world outside Verona's walls,  
 But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
 Banished from here is banished from the world,  
 'Banishment' is death misnamed.  
 Saying death is 'only banishment,'  
 Thou cuttest off my head with a golden axe  
 And smilest at the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
 Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,  
 Taking thy part, hath pushed aside the law!  
 This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROMEO.

'Tis torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here,  
 Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog  
 And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
 Lives here in heaven and may look on her;  
 But Romeo may not — he is banished.  
 There is no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,  
 No means of death so cruel and so quick  
 To kill me as the sentence: 'banished'  
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
 Howling attends it! How hast thou the heart,  
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
 A sin-absolver, and professed my friend,  
 To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Thou fond mad man, will you pause and listen?

ROMEO.

Why! Thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

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

ROMEO.

Again with 'banished'! Hang up philosophy!  
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
 Move Verona, reverse a prince's doom,  
 It helps me not at all, so talk no more.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO.

How should they, when wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Let me show the hope in thy condition!

ROMEO.

Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel.  
 Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
 An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
 Doting like me, and like me banished,  
 Then mightest thou speak, then mightest thou tear thy hair,  
 And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

*Knock [within].*

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Get up — someone knocks. Who's there?  
 Romeo, arise, arise and hide!  
 Thou wilt be taken.— Stay awhile! — Stand up;

*Knock.*

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

*Knock.*

Who knocks so hard? What do you want?

NURSE. *[within]*

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

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Welcome then.

*Enter Nurse.*

NURSE.

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

FRIAR LAURENCE.

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

NURSE.

O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
 Just in her case!

FRIAR LAURENCE.

O woeful sympathy!  
 Piteous predicament!

NURSE.

Even so lies she,  
 Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.  
 Stand up, stand up! Stand, if you be a man.  
 For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand!

ROMEO. *[rises]*

Nurse —

NURSE.

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

ROMEO.

What of Juliet? How is it with her?  
 Doth not she think me an old murderer,  
 Now I have stained the childhood of our joy  
 With blood removed but little from her own?  
 Where is she? and how doth she? and what says  
 My hidden lady to our hopeless love?

NURSE.

O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;  
 And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,  
 Calls out to Tybalt; 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; as that name's cursed hand  
 Murdered her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,  
 In what vile part of this anatomy  
 Does my name reside? Tell me, so that I  
 Can tear it out!

*[Draws his dagger.]*

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Hold thy desperate hand.  
 Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art;  
 Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote  
 The unreasonable fury of a beast.  
 I thought thy disposition better tempered.  
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?  
 And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,  
 By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
 Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit,  
 What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,  
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead.  
 There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,  
 But thou slewest Tybalt. There art thou happy too.  
 The law, that threatened death, becomes thy friend  
 And turns it to exile. There art thou happy.  
 A pack of blessings light upon thy back;  
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
 But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,  
 Thou poutest upon thy fortune and thy love.  
 Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed,

Ascend to her chamber, go and comfort her.  
 But look that thou stay not till the watch be set,  
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,  
 Where thou shalt live till we can find a time  
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
 Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back  
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
 Than the lamentations you have cried tonight.  
 Go before, nurse. Commend me to thy lady,  
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
 Romeo is coming.

NURSE.

O my, 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.  
 Here is a ring she bid me give you, sir.  
 Now hurry after me, for it grows late.

*Exit.*

ROMEO.

How well my comfort is revived by this!

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Sojourn in Mantua. I'll find out your man,  
 And by him send you word from time to time  
 Of all that changes in your fortunes here.  
 Give me thy hand. 'Tis late. Farewell; good night.

ROMEO.

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

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Capulet's house

*Enter Old Capulet, his Wife, and Paris.*

CAPULET.

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

PARIS.

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

LADY CAPULET.

I will, and know her mind first thing tomorrow;  
 Tonight she's weighted down with heavy sorrow.

CAPULET.

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
 Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled

In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.  
 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;  
 Acquaint her with my dear son Paris's love  
 And bid her (mark you me?) on Wednesday next —  
 But, soft! what day is this?

PARIS.

Monday, my lord.

CAPULET.

Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon.  
 Thursday let it be — on Thursday, tell her  
 She shall be married to this noble earl.  
 Will you be ready? Do you mind this haste?  
 We'll have no great ado — a friend or two;  
 For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,  
 It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much.  
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS.

My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET.

Well, get you gone. On Thursday be it then.  
 Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed;  
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.  
 Farewell, My lord.— light to my chamber, ho!  
 Afore me, It is so very very late  
 That we may call it 'early' by-and-by.  
 Good night.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Capulet's orchard.

*Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft, at the Window.*

JULIET.

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.  
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
 That sharply roused you from beloved sleep.

ROMEO.

It was the lark, the herald of the morn;  
 No nightingale. Look, my love, what streaks  
 Of light do harshly stain the eastern sky.  
 Night's candles are burnt out, and cruel day  
 Will have me leave, to live, or stay, to die.

JULIET.

That is not daylight; I know it, I.  
 It is some shooting star or mighty fire,  
 To be to thee this night a torchbearer  
 And light thee on the way to Mantua.  
 Therefore stay yet; thou needest not be gone.

ROMEO.

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

JULIET.

It is, it is! At once be gone, away!  
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
 Some say the lark makes sweet division;  
 This doth not so, for she divideth us.  
 O, now be gone! More light and light it grows.

ROMEO.

More light and light — more dark and dark our woes!  
*Enter Nurse.*

NURSE.

Madam!

JULIET.

Nurse?

NURSE.

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.  
 The day is broke; be wary, look about.  
*Exit.*

JULIET.

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

ROMEO.

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

JULIET.

Art thou gone so, my lord, my love, my friend?  
 I must hear from thee every day in the hour,  
 For in a minute there are many days.  
 O, by this count I shall be much in years  
 Ere I again behold my Romeo!

ROMEO.

Farewell!  
 I vow I'll seize on every chance to send  
 My greetings and my longing, love, to thee.

JULIET.

O, thinkest thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO.

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

JULIET.

O God, I have an ill-divining soul!  
 Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,  
 As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.  
 Either my eyesight fails, or thou lookest pale.

ROMEO.

And trust me, love, in my eye so do you.  
Bright life must wait till we unite again.

*Exit.*

JULIET.

O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fickle.  
Thou hast taken my love; be fickle, Fortune,  
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long  
But send him back.

LADY CAPULET. *[within]*

Ho, daughter! are you up?

JULIET.

Who is it that calls? It is my lady mother.  
Why so late awake, or up so early?

*Enter Lady Capulet.*

LADY CAPULET.

Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET.

Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET.

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?  
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?  
Even if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.  
Therefore have done. Some grief shows much of love;  
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JULIET.

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET.

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

JULIET.

What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET.

That villain Romeo.

JULIET. *[aside]*

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;  
Yet no man grieves my heart as much as him.

LADY CAPULET.

That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET.

Because he's so far from the reach of these my hands.  
May no hands but mine avenge my cousin's death!

LADY CAPULET.

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.

So weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,  
 To give him such an unaccustomed dram  
 That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;  
 And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET.

Indeed I never shall be satisfied  
 With Romeo till I behold him — dead —  
 O, how I hate that I cannot come to him,  
 To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt  
 Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!

LADY CAPULET.

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

JULIET.

And joy comes well in such a needy time.

LADY CAPULET.

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

JULIET.

Madam, in happy time! What day is that?

LADY CAPULET.

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

JULIET.

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

LADY CAPULET.

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

*Enter Capulet and Nurse.*

CAPULET.

How now? a rainspout, girl? What, still in tears?  
 Evermore showering? In one little body  
 Shall you enact a storm, a sea, a wind?  
*[To Lady Capulet.]*

How now, have you delivered our decree?

LADY CAPULET.

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

CAPULET.

Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.  
 How? Will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?  
 Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest,  
 Unworthy as she is, that we have brought  
 So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JULIET.

Not proud you have, but thankful that you have.  
 Proud can I never be of what I hate,  
 But thankful for an ill gift meant as love.

CAPULET.

How, how, how, how, choplogic? What is this?  
 'Proud'— and 'I thank you' — and 'I thank you not' —  
 And yet 'not proud'? Mistress minion you,  
 Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,  
 But fettle your fine joints against Thursday next  
 To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,  
 Or I will drag thee there! Out, you baggage!  
 You tallow-face!

LADY CAPULET.

Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

JULIET.

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

CAPULET.

Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!  
 I tell thee what — get thee to church on Thursday  
 Or never after look me in the face.  
 Speak not, reply not, do not answer me!  
 My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest  
 That God had lent us but this only child;  
 But now I see this one is one too much,  
 And that we have a curse in having her.  
 Out on her, hilding!

NURSE.

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

CAPULET.

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

NURSE.

I speak no treason.

CAPULET.

I said for you to go.

NURSE.

May not one speak?

CAPULET.

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

LADY CAPULET.

You are too hot.

CAPULET.

This madness makes me mad. Day, night, late, early,  
At home, abroad, alone, in company,  
Waking or sleeping, still my care has been  
To have her matched; and having now provided  
A gentleman of princely parentage,  
Of fair looks, youthful, nobly educated,  
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man —  
And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer 'I'll not wed, I cannot love;  
I am too young, I pray you pardon me!'  
If you will not wed, I'll pardon you.  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.  
Look to it, think on it; how often do I jest?  
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:  
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,  
For, by my soul, I'll never acknowledge thee,  
I gave my word. I will not be forsworn.

*Exit.*

JULIET.

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

LADY CAPULET.

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

JULIET.

O nurse, how shall this evil be prevented?  
My husband is alive; how can I wed?  
What sayest thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?  
Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE.

Faith, here it is.  
Romeo is banished; and all the world to nothing  
That he dares never come back to challenge you.  
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!  
Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,  
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As Paris has. Beshrew my very heart,  
I think you are happy in this second match,  
For it excels your first; or if it did not,  
Your first is dead — or 'twere as good he were  
As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET.

This is the counsel of thy heart?

NURSE.

And of my soul too; else God curse them both.

JULIET.

Amen!

NURSE.

What?

JULIET.

Well, thou hast comforted me marvelously.  
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,  
To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE.

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

*Exit.*

JULIET.

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!  
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath praised him with 'above compare'  
So many thousand times? Go, counselor!  
I never will confide in thee again.  
I'll go to the friar to know his remedy.  
If all else fails, I have the power to die.

*Exit.*

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

Friar Laurence's cell.

*Enter Friar Laurence and Count Paris.*

FRIAR LAURENCE.

On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS.

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

FRIAR LAURENCE.

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

PARIS.

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

That she should give her sorrow so much sway,  
 And in his wisdom hastes our marriage  
 To stop the inundation of her tears,  
 Which, too much minded by herself alone,  
 May be put from her by society.  
 Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR LAURENCE. [aside]

I would I knew not why it should be slow'd —  
 Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.  
*Enter Juliet.*

PARIS.

Happily met, my lady and my wife!

JULIET.

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

PARIS.

What may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

JULIET.

What must be shall be.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

That's a certain text.

PARIS.

Come you to make confession to this father?

JULIET.

To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS.

Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET.

I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS.

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

JULIET.

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

PARIS.

Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

JULIET.

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

PARIS.

Thou wrongest it more than tears with that report.

JULIET.

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

PARIS.

Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

JULIET.

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

FRIAR LAURENCE.

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

PARIS.

I'd never hinder such devotion.  
Juliet on Thursday early will I rouse thee.  
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. *Exit.*

JULIET.

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

FRIAR LAURENCE.

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

JULIET.

Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.  
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's sealed,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
This shall slay them both.  
Therefore, give me counsel, for I long to die  
If what thou has no ready remedy.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Hold, daughter. I do spy a kind of hope,  
Which craves as desperate an execution  
As the desperate act you contemplate.  
If thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to drive away this shame.  
If thou darest, I can give thee remedy.

JULIET.

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower,  
Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk

Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,  
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel house,  
 Overcovered quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
 With reeky shanks and yellow chinless skulls;  
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave  
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud —  
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
 To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Hold, then. Go home, be merry, give consent  
 To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow.  
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;  
 Let not the nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.  
 Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off;  
 Then presently through all thy veins shall run  
 A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse  
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;  
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade.  
 Each part, deprived of supple government,  
 Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death;  
 So shalt thou be for two-and-forty hours,  
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
 Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.  
 Then, as the manner of our country is,  
 In thy best robes uncovered on the bier  
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault  
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
 In the meantime, before thou shalt awake,  
 Romeo, by my message, shall know our plan,  
 And hither shall he come; and he and I  
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
 And this shall free thee from this present shame,  
 If thou hast the valor to perform the act.

JULIET.

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

FRIAR LAURENCE.

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

JULIET.

Love give me strength! Farewell, dear father.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Capulet's house.

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

CAPULET.

So many guests invite as here are writ.  
*Exit a Servingman.*

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

SERVANT.

You shall have no bad ones, sir; for I'll test them first, to see if they can lick their fingers.

CAPULET.

What kind of trial is that?

SERVANT.

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

CAPULET.

Go, begone.

*Exit Servingman.*

What, is my daughter still with Friar Laurence?

NURSE.

Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET.

Not that it's like to do her any good.

A peevish self-willed harlotry it is.

*Enter Juliet.*

NURSE.

See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

CAPULET.

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

JULIET.

Where I have learnt me 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.

CAPULET.

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

JULIET.

I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell  
And gave him what becoming love I might,  
Not stepping over the bounds of modesty.

CAPULET.

Why, I am glad of it. This is well. Stand up.  
This is as it should be. Let me see the Count.  
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.  
And may God bless this reverend holy friar.  
The whole city is beholden to him.

JULIET.

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

LADY CAPULET.

No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

CAPULET.

Go, nurse, go with her. Let her have her fun  
And dream of how she'll look in church to-morrow.

*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*

LADY CAPULET.

We have no time to lay a proper feast.  
'Tis now near night.

CAPULET.

Tush, I will stir about,  
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.  
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck her up.  
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone.  
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!  
They are all out. Well, I will walk myself  
To see Count Paris, to prepare him up  
Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light,  
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Juliet's chamber.

*Enter Juliet and Nurse.*

JULIET.

Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle nurse,  
I pray thee leave me to myself tonight;  
For I have need of many prayers  
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou knowest, is cross and full of sin.

*Enter Lady Capulet.*

LADY CAPULET.

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

JULIET.

No, madam; we have culled such necessaries  
As are behoove-full 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  
In this so sudden business.

LADY CAPULET.

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

*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

JULIET.

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.  
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins  
That almost freezes up the heat of life.  
I'll call them back again to comfort me.  
Nurse! — What should she do here?  
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.  
Come, vial.  
What if this mixture doesn't work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, No! This shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

*Lays down a dagger.*

What if it be a poison which the friar  
 Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,  
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured  
 Because he married me before to Romeo?  
 I fear it is; and yet methinks it should not,  
 For he has always been a holy man.  
 I will not entertain so bad a thought.  
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
 I wake before the time that Romeo  
 Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!  
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?  
 Or, if I live, is it not very likely  
 The horrible conceit of death and night,  
 Together with the terror of the place —  
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle  
 Where for this many hundred years the bones  
 Of all my buried ancestors are packed;  
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but newly buried,  
 Lies festering in his shroud; where they say at night  
 Dead spirits walk in wrath or in despair —  
 O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
 Environed with all these hideous fears,  
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints,  
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,  
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone  
 As with a club dash out my desperate brains?  
 O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
 Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!  
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

*She drinks and falls upon her bed within the curtains.*

SCENE IV.

Capulet's house.

*Enter Lady of the House and Nurse.*

LADY CAPULET.

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

NURSE.

They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

*Enter Capulet.*

CAPULET.

Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crow'd,  
 The curfew bell has rung, 'tis three o'clock.  
 Look to the baked meats, good Angelica;  
 Spare not for cost.

NURSE.

Go, you cot-queen, go,  
 Get you to bed! Faith, you'll be sick to-morrow  
 For this night's watching.

CAPULET.

No, not a whit. What, I have watched ere now  
All night for lesser cause, and never been sick.

LADY CAPULET.

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

*Exeunt Lady and Nurse.*

CAPULET.

When women are weak, a man will show his strength.  
*Enter three or four Servants, with spits and logs and baskets.*  
What is there? Now, fellow,

SERVANT.

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

CAPULET.

Make haste, make haste.  
*Exit Servant.*  
Sirrah, fetch drier logs.  
Call Peter; he will show thee where they are.

SERVANT.

I have a head, sir, that will find out logs  
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

CAPULET.

Well said: Thou shalt be at loggerheads.  
*Exit Servant.*  
Good faith, 'tis day.  
The Count will be here with music right away,  
For so he said he would.  
*Music offstage.*  
And here he is.  
Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!  
*Enter Nurse.*  
Go waken Juliet; go and trim her up.  
I'll chat with Paris, but not for long. Make haste!  
The bridegroom is already come: Make haste, I say.  
*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE V.

Juliet's chamber.

*Enter Nurse.*

NURSE.

Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! Fast asleep, I warrant.  
Why, lamb! why, lady! Fie, you slug-abed!  
Why, love, I say! madam! sweetheart! Why, bride!  
What, not a word? Take a week of sleep tonight,  
For tomorrow night, Count Paris surely plans  
That you shall rest but little. How sound she sleeps!  
I have to wake her. Madam, madam, madam!  
Ay, let Count Paris take you in your bed!  
He'll fright you up, in faith. Will it not be?  
*Draws aside the curtains.*  
What, dressed, and in your clothes, and down again?  
I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!

Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!  
O weraday that ever I was born!  
Some aqua-vitae, ho! My lord! my lady!

*Enter Lady Capulet.*

LADY CAPULET.  
What noise is here?

NURSE.  
O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET.  
What is the matter?

NURSE.  
Look, look! O heavy day!

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

*Enter Capulet.*

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

NURSE.  
She's dead, she's lost, she's gone! Alack the day!

LADY CAPULET.  
Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

CAPULET.  
I don't believe it! Let me see! She's cold,  
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;  
Life and these lips have long been separated.  
Death lies on her like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

NURSE.  
O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET.  
O woeful time!

CAPULET.  
Death, that hath taken her hence to make me wail,  
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.  
*Enter Friar Laurence and Count Paris, with Musicians.*

FRIAR LAURENCE.  
Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET.  
Ready to go, but never to return.  
O son, the night before thy wedding day  
Death has lain with thy wife. See, there she lies,  
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.  
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;

PARIS.

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

LADY CAPULET.

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!  
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel Death has snatched her from my sight!

NURSE.

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

PARIS.

O love! O life! not life, but love in death

CAPULET.

O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!  
Dead art thou, dead! alack, my child is dead,  
And with my child my joys are buried!

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure lives not  
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid! now heaven hath all,  
And all the better is it for the maid.  
Your part in her you could not keep from death,  
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
The most you sought was her promotion,  
For 'twas your joy that she should be advanced;  
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced  
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?  
O, in this love, you love your child so ill  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.  
Dry up your tears and lay your rosemary  
On this fair corpse, and, as the custom is,  
In all her best array bear her to church;  
For though fond nature bids us all lament,  
Let faith affirm: to heaven Juliet went.

CAPULET.

All things that we ordained festival  
Turn from their office to black funeral —  
Our instruments to melancholy bells,  
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corpse.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;  
And go, Sir Paris. Every one prepare

To follow this fair corpse unto her grave.

*Exeunt. Except Musicians [and Nurse].*

1. MUSICIAN.

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

NURSE.

Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up!

For well you know this is a pitiful case.

*Exit.*

1. MUSICIAN.

Ay, by my troth, the case does need mending.

*Enter Peter.*

PETER.

Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease,' 'Heart's ease'!

O, if you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease'!

1. MUSICIAN.

Why 'Heart's ease'?

PETER.

O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe' O, play me some merry jig to comfort me.

1. MUSICIAN.

A jig! Not we! 'Tis no time to play now.

PETER.

You will not then?

1. MUSICIAN.

No.

PETER.

I will then give it to you soundly.

1. MUSICIAN.

What will you give us?

PETER.

No money, on my faith, except this coin. I will give you the wet minstrel.

1. MUSICIAN.

Then will I give you the bruised serving-creature.

PETER.

Then will I lay the serving-creature's bow across your head! I'll re you, I'll fa you. Do you note me?

1. MUSICIAN.

If you 're' us and 'fa' us, you 'note' us.

2. MUSICIAN.

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

PETER.

Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit. Answer me like men.

'When grief doth turn the heart to stone  
And sorrows do the mind oppress,  
Then music with her silver tone' —

Why 'silver tone'? Why 'music with her silver tone'? What say you, Simon Catgut?

1. MUSICIAN.

Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PETER.

Pretty! What say You, Hugh Rebeck?

2. MUSICIAN.

I say 'silver tone' because musicians play their tones for silver.

PETER.

Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

3. MUSICIAN.

They said everything I thought of.

PETER.

You don't have the words? Then you must be the singer! Since you have no thought in your head, I'll put one there. It is 'music with her silver tone' because 'tone' rhymes with 'stone.' It also rhymes with 'solid bone,' like your heads!

'Then music with her silver tone  
With merriment will bring redress'  
*Exit.*

1. MUSICIAN.

What a pestilent knave is he!

2. MUSICIAN.

Hang him, Jack! Come, let's go in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay for dinner.  
*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.  
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,  
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.  
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead  
(Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think!)  
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips  
That I revived and was an emperor.

*Enter Romeo's Man Balthasar, booted.*

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

BALTHASAR.

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.  
 Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,  
 And her immortal part with angels lives.  
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault  
 And left them weeping, to bring the word to you.  
 O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
 But you did charge me with this office, sir.

ROMEO.

Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars!  
 Thou knowest my lodging. Get me ink and paper  
 And hire posthorses. I will hence to-night.

BALTHASAR.

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

ROMEO.

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

BALTHASAR.

I did not stay to ask for any, sir.

ROMEO.

No matter. Get thee gone  
 And hire those horses. I'll be with thee straight.  
*Exit Balthasar.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.  
 Let's see for means. O mischief, thou art swift  
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!  
 I do remember an apothecary,  
 And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted  
 In tattered clothes. Meager were his looks,  
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;  
 Noting this penury, to myself I said,  
 If a man had need of poison, though to sell it  
 Is a mortal crime in Mantua,  
 This desperate wretch would make the trade.'  
 As I remember, this should be the house.  
 What holiday is this? The beggar's shop is shut.  
 Ho! Apothecary!

*Enter Apothecary.*

APOTHECARY.

Who calls so loud?

ROMEO.

Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.  
 Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have  
 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear  
 As will disperse itself through all the veins  
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead,  
 And that the chest may be discharged of breath  
 As quickly as gunpowder, fired,  
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

APOTHECARY.

Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law  
Is death to any man that offers them.

ROMEO.

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness  
And fearest to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back:  
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;  
The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

APOTHECARY.

My poverty but not my will consents.

ROMEO.

I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

APOTHECARY.

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

ROMEO.

There is thy gold — worse poison to men's souls,  
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,  
Than these poor compounds that the law forbids.  
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.  
Farewell. Buy food and get thyself in flesh.  
Come, nectar and not poison, go with me  
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

Verona. Friar Laurence's cell.

*Enter Friar John to Friar Laurence.*

FRIAR JOHN.

Holy Franciscan friar, brother, ho!

*Enter Friar Laurence.*

FRIAR LAURENCE.

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

FRIAR JOHN.

I stopped along the way to share some food  
With Brother Simon, and found him  
Visiting the sick. The watchmen stopped us  
As we left a house where plague was rumored.  
They sealed the doors and would not let us out  
So my speedy trip to Mantua was stayed.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Who bore my letter, then, to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN.

I could not send it — here it is again —  
 Nor get a messenger to bring it to thee,  
 So fearful were they of infection.  
 What could I do? I hope this caused no harm.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

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

FRIAR JOHN.

Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.  
*Exit.*

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Now, must I to the monument alone.  
 Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.  
 She will beshrew me much that Romeo  
 Hath had no notice of these accidents;  
 But I will write again to Mantua,  
 And keep her at my cell till Romeo come —  
 Poor living corpse, closed in a dead man's tomb!  
*Exit.*

SCENE III.

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

*Enter Paris and his Page with flowers and a torch.*

PARIS.

Give me thy torch, boy. Hence, and stand aloof.  
 Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.  
 Under that yew tree lay thee all along,  
 Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground.  
 So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread  
 But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me,  
 As signal that thou hearest some approach.  
 Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE. [aside]

I am almost afraid to stand alone  
 Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.  
*Retires.*

PARIS.

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew  
 O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;  
 Over it each night my tears will flow,  
 And then I'll make it tremble with my moans.  
 The obsequies that I for thee will keep  
 Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.  
*Page whistles.*

The boy gives warning — someone doth approach.  
 What cursed foot wanders this way tonight  
 To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?  
 What, with a torch? Muffle me, night, awhile.

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

ROMEO.

Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.  
 Hold, take this letter. Early in the morning  
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
 Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,  
 Whatever thou hearest or seest, stand all aloof  
 And do not interrupt me in my course.  
 Why I descend into this bed of death  
 Is partly to behold my lady's face,  
 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger  
 A precious ring — a ring that I must use  
 In dear employment. Therefore hence, be gone.  
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
 In what I farther shall intend to do,  
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint  
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.  
 The time and my intents are savage-wild.

BALTHASAR.

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

ROMEO.

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

BALTHASAR. *[aside]*

No matter what he says, I hide and wait.  
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.  
*Retires.*

ROMEO.

Thou detestable mouth, thou womb of death,  
 Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,  
 And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.  
*Romeo opens the tomb.*

PARIS.

This is that banished haughty Montague  
 That murdered my love's cousin — with which grief  
 It is supposed the fair creature died —  
 And here he comes to do some villainous shame  
 To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.  
 Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!  
 Can vengeance be pursued further than death?  
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee.  
 Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

ROMEO.

I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.  
 Good gentleman, test not a desperate man.  
 Fly hence and leave me. I beseech thee.  
 Put not another sin upon my head  
 By urging me to fury. O, be gone!  
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself,  
 For I come hither armed against myself.  
 Stay not, be gone. Live, and hereafter say  
 A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

PARIS.

I defy thy mad demand,  
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO.

Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!  
*They fight.*

PAGE.

They're fighting! I'll go call the watch.  
*Exit. Paris falls.*

PARIS.

O, I am slain! If thou be merciful,  
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.  
*Dies.*

ROMEO.

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble Count Paris!  
What said my man when my betossed soul  
Did not attend him as we rode? I think  
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.  
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet  
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,  
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.  
A grave? O, no, a lantern, a bright vessel,  
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.

*Lays him in the tomb.*

How oft when men are at the point of death  
Have they been merry! which their keepers call  
A lightening before death. O, how may I  
Call this a lightening? O my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.  
Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.  
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
O, what more favour can I do to thee  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain  
To sunder his that was thine enemy?  
Forgive me, cousin. Ah, dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that I still will stay with thee  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again. Here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!  
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!  
Come, bitter conduct; come, unsavoury guide!  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark!  
Here's to my love! *[Drinks.]* O true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

*Falls. Enter Friar Laurence, with lantern, crowbar, and spade.*

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?

BALTHASAR.

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

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,  
Whose torch is burning in the monument?

BALTHASAR.

There's my master, one that you love.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Thy master?

BALTHASAR.

Romeo.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Come from Mantua? How long has he been there?

BALTHASAR.

Full half an hour.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Go with me to the vault.

BALTHASAR.

I dare not, sir.  
My master thinks I'm gone.  
He threatened me with death  
If I stayed to see what he might do.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

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

BALTHASAR.

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

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Romeo!  
Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

What mean these masterless and gory swords  
To lie discoloured by this place of peace?

*Enters the tomb.*

Romeo! Too late. Who else? What, Paris too?  
And steeped in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance! The lady stirs.

*Juliet rises.*

JULIET.

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

FRIAR LAURENCE.

I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest  
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.  
A greater power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;  
And Paris too. Come, I'll find thee refuge  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.  
Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay.

JULIET.

Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.  
*Exit Friar.*  
What's here? A vial, closed in my true love's hand?  
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.  
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop  
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips.  
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them  
To make me die with a restorative.

*Kisses him.*

Thy lips are warm!

OFFICER. *[offstage]*

Lead, boy. Which way?

JULIET.

Noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!  
*Snatches Romeo's dagger.*  
This is thy sheath; there rest, and let me die.  
*She stabs herself and falls on Romeo's body.*  
*Enter Paris's Boy and Watch.*

PAGE.

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

OFFICER.

The ground is bloody. Search about the churchyard.  
Go, some of you; whoever you find, arrest.  
*Exeunt some of the Watch.*  
Pitiful sight! Here lies Count Paris, slain;  
And Juliet — bleeding, warm, and newly dead,  
Who here has lain these two days buried.  
Go, tell the Prince; run to the Capulets;  
Raise up the Montagues!

*Exeunt others of the Watch.*

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

2. WATCH.

Here's Romeo's man. We found him in the churchyard.

OFFICER.

Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.

*Enter Friar Laurence and another Watchman.*

3. WATCH.

Here is a friar that trembles, sighs, and weeps.

We took this mattock and this spade from him

As he was coming from this churchyard side.

OFFICER.

A great suspicion! Stay the friar too.

*Enter the Prince and Attendants.*

PRINCE.

What misadventure is so early up,

That calls our person from our morning rest?

*Enter Capulet and his Wife with others.*

CAPULET.

What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

LADY CAPULET.

The people in the street cry 'Romeo,'

Some 'Juliet,' and some 'Paris'; and all run,

With open outcry, toward our monument.

PRINCE.

What fear is this which startles in our ears?

OFFICER.

Sovereign, here lies Count Paris, slain, and Romeo dead of poison; and Juliet, who we thought was dead, warm and newly killed.

PRINCE.

Search, seek, find out how this foul murder comes.

OFFICER.

Here is a friar, and Romeo's man, with instruments upon them fit to open these dead men's tombs.

CAPULET.

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

LADY CAPULET.

O me! this sight of death is as a bell

That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter Montague and wife, with others.*

PRINCE.

Come, Montague; for thou art early up

To see thy son and heir more early down.

MONTAGUE.

Already we grieved at Romeo's banishment.

What new grief has come to him?

PRINCE.

Look, and thou shalt see.

MONTAGUE.

Ill-mannered boy! what rudeness thou hast done,  
To press before thy father to a grave?

PRINCE.

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Here I stand, both to impeach and purge —  
Myself condemned and myself excused.

PRINCE.

Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;  
And she, there dead, was Romeo's faithful wife.  
I married them; and their stolen marriage day  
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death  
Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city;  
For that, not just for Tybalt, Juliet grieved.  
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,  
Betrothed and would have married her by force  
To Count Paris. Then comes she to me  
And with wild looks bids me devise some mean  
To rid her from this second marriage,  
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.  
I gave her a sleeping potion which caused  
The look of death. Meantime I wrote to Romeo  
To come and raise her from her borrowed grave.  
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,  
Was stayed by accident. So I came alone  
To take her from her kindred's vault;  
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell  
Till I could send again for Romeo.  
But when I came, some minute ere the time  
Of her awaking, here untimely lay  
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.  
She woke, and I entreated her come forth  
And bear this work of heaven with patience;  
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,  
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,  
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.  
All this I know, and to the marriage  
Her nurse is privy; and if aught in this  
Miscarried by my fault, let my poor life  
Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,  
Unto the rigour of severest law.

PRINCE.

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

BALTHASAR.

I brought my master news of Juliet's death;  
And then in haste he came from Mantua  
To this same place, to this same monument.  
This letter he early bid me give his father,  
And threatened me unless I left him there.

PRINCE.

Give me the letter. I will look on it.

*Reads.*

Where be these enemies? Capulet, Montague,  
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!  
And I, for winking at your discords, too  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punished.

CAPULET.

O brother Montague, give me thy hand.  
It was my daughter's will that we be joined.

MONTAGUE.

And I will raise a statue of pure gold  
In honor of my son's beloved wife,  
So while Verona by that name is known,  
All will admire faithful Juliet.

LADY MONTAGUE

If only we had seen the wisdom of such love  
While yet our dearest children were alive.

PRINCE.

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

*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END