

Unit 1

SCENE.—Verona; Mantua.

CHORUS:

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

Exit.

Unit 2

Enter Prince Escalus, with his Train.

PRINCE:

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel—
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Cank'red with peace, to part your cank'red hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Freetown, our common judgment place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Exeunt all but Benvolio.

Unit 3

BENVOLIO:

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO:

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO:

But new struck nine.

ROMEO:

Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO:

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO:

Not having that which having makes them short.

BENVOLIO:

In love?

ROMEO:

Out—

BENVOLIO:

Of love?

ROMEO:

Out of her favour where I am in love.

BENVOLIO:

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

ROMEO:

Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O anything, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO:

No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO:

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO:

At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO:

Why, such is love's transgression.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO:

Soft! I will go along.

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

ROMEO:

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

BENVOLIO:

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

ROMEO:

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO:

Groan? Why, no; But sadly tell me who.

ROMEO:

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO:

ROMEO: I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.
BENVOLIO: A right good markman! And she's fair I love.
ROMEO: A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
BENVOLIO: Well, in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit,
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From Love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
ROMEO: Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
BENVOLIO: She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
ROMEO: Be rul'd by me: forget to think of her.
BENVOLIO: O, teach me how I should forget to think!
ROMEO: By giving liberty unto thine eyes.
Examine other beauties.
BENVOLIO: 'Tis the way
To call hers (exquisite) in question more.
Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.
ROMEO: I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Unit 4

Exeunt.

Scene II. — A Street.

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

CAPULET: But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
PARIS: Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
CAPULET: But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
PARIS: Younger than she are happy mothers made.
CAPULET: And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;
She is the hopeful lady of my earth.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;

My will to her consent is but a part.
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.
Hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be;
Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me.

To Servant, giving him a paper.

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

Exeunt Capulet and Paris

PETER: Find them out whose names are written here? It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. In good time!

Unit 5

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

BENVOLIO: Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning;
One pain is lessened by another's anguish;
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

PETER: God gi' go-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO: Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

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

ROMEO: Ay, If I know the letters and the language.

PETER: Ye say honestly. Rest you merry!

ROMEO: Stay, fellow; I can read.

He reads.

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

Gives back the paper.

A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

PETER: Up.

ROMEO: Whither?

PETER: To supper, to our house.

ROMEO: Whose house?

PETER: My master's.

ROMEO: Indeed I should have ask'd you that before.

PETER: 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 lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO:

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

BENVOLIO:

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

Scene III. — Capulet's house.

Unit 6

Enter Lady Capulet , and Nurse.

LADY CAP:

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

NURSE:

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

Enter Juliet.

JULIET:

How now? Who calls?

NURSE:

Your mother.

JULIET: Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAP:

This is the matter—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret. Nurse, come back again;
I have rememb'rd me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE:

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAP:

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 CAP:

A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE:

Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she (God rest all Christian souls!)
Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd (I never shall forget it),
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall.
My lord and you were then at Mantua.
Nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!
Shake, quoth the dovehouse! 'Twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge. And since that time it is eleven years,
For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by th' rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow;
And then my husband (God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man) took up the child.
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay.'
To see now how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it. 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he,
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said 'Ay.'

LADY CAP:

Enough of this. I pray thee hold thy peace.

NURSE:

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

JULIET:

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

NURSE:

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

LADY CAP:

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

JULIET:

It is an honour that I dream not of.

NURSE:

An honour? Were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAP:

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

NURSE:

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

LADY CAP:

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE:

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

LADY CAP:

What say you? Can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast.
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes,
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him only lacks a cover.
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide.

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him making yourself no less.

NURSE:

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

LADY CAP:

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET:

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

Enter Peter.

PETER:

Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait. I beseech you follow straight.

LADY CAP:

We follow thee.

Exit Peter.

Juliet, the County stays.

NURSE:

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Exeunt.

Unit 7

Scene IV. — A street.

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

ROMEO:

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

BENVOLIO:

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.
Under love's heavy burthen do I sink.

MERCUTIO:

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

ROMEO:

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

MERCUTIO:

If love be rough with you, be rough with love.
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

ROMEO:

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

MERCUTIO:

Why, may one ask?

ROMEO:

I dreamt a dream to-night.

MERCUTIO:

And so did I.

ROMEO:

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO:

That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO:

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO:

O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;
Her collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she 'gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on cursies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night
And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she...

ROMEO: Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

MERCUTIO: True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the North
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping South.

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

ROMEO: I fear, too early; for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels ...
But he that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen!

BENVOLIO: Strike, drum.

Exeunt

Unit 8

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
Unplagu'd with corns will have a bout with you.
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She I'll swear hath corns. Am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone!
You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

Music plays, and they dance.

ROMEO: *to Peter.* What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

PETER: I know not, sir.

ROMEO: O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear—
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!

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

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

CAPULET:

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

TYBALT:

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

CAPULET:

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT: 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET:

Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone.
'A bears him like a portly gentleman,
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him.
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT:

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

CAPULET: He shall be endur'd.
What, goodman boy? I say he shall. Go to!
Am I the master here, or you? Go to!
You'll not endure him?

TYBALT: Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET:

Go to, go to!
You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you. I know what.
You must contrary me! Marry, 'tis time.—
Well said, my hearts!—You are a princox—go!
Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!
I'll make you quiet; what!—Cheerly, my hearts!

TYBALT:

Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt'rest gall.

Exit.

ROMEO:

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

JULIET:

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

ROMEO:

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET:

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

ROMEO:

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

JULIET:

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

ROMEO:

Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

Kisses her.

JULIET:

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO:

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

Kisses her.

JULIET:

You kiss by th' book.

NURSE:

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROMEO:

What is her mother?

NURSE:

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

ROMEO:

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

BENVOLIO:

Away, 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 towards.
Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all.

I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.

Exeunt Maskers.

Come on then, let's to bed.

Unit 10

Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.

JULIET:

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?
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 learnt even now
Of one I danc'd withal.

One calls within,

'Juliet.'

NURSE:

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

Exeunt.

ACT II.

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

Unit 11

Enter Romeo alone.

ROMEO:

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

Climbs the wall and leaps down within it. Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

BENVOLIO:

Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!

MERCUTIO:

He is wise, And, on my life, hath stol'n 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';
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

BENVOLIO:

An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MERCUTIO:

This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it and conjur'd it down.
That were some spite; my invocation
Is fair and honest: in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

BENVOLIO:

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

MERCUTIO:

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.
O, Romeo, that she were, O that she were
An open arse, thou a pop'rin pear!
Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle-bed;
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.

Unit 12

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.
Be not her maid, since she is envious.
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.
It is my lady; O, it is my love!
O that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing.
What of that? Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET:

Ay me!

ROMEO:

She speaks.

O, speak again, bright angel!

JULIET:

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

ROMEO: *aside.*

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

JULIET:

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

ROMEO:

I take thee at thy word.

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

JULIET:

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

ROMEO:

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

JULIET:

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

ROMEO:

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

JULIET:

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO:

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

JULIET:

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO:

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

JULIET:

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO:

By love, that first did prompt me to enquire.
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

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 swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries,
They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my haviour light;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true-love passion. Therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROMEO:

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

JULIET:

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

ROMEO:

What shall I swear by?

JULIET:

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

ROMEO:

If my heart's dear love—

JULIET:

Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night.
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flow'r when next we meet.
Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

ROMEO:

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET:

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

ROMEO:

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

JULIET:

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

ROMEO:

Would'st 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 calls within.
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

Exit.

ROMEO:

O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
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 to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

NURSE:
JULIET:

[*within*] Madam!

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

NURSE:
JULIET:

[*within*] Madam!

By-and-by I come.
To cease thy suit and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.

ROMEO:

So thrive my soul

JULIET:

A thousand times good night!

Exit.

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 tassel-gentle back again!
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. 'Tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO:

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET:

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

ROMEO:

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

JULIET:

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

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

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!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell.

Exit.

Unit 13

Scene III. — Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar, Laurence alone, with a basket.

FRIAR:

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

Enter Romeo.

ROMEO:

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR:

Benedicite!

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

ROMEO:

That last is true—the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR:

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:

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:

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 combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. When, and where, and how
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

FRIAR:

Holy Saint Francis! What a change is here!
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! What a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this sentence then:
Women may fall when there's no strength in men.

ROMEO:

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR:

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO:

And bad'st me bury love.

FRIAR:

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

ROMEO:

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

FRIAR:

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

ROMEO:

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

FRIAR:

Wisely, and slow. They stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Scene IV. — A street.

Unit 14

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,

- BENVOLIO:** 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 prick-song—keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom! the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist! a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay.
- BENVOLIO:** The what?
- MERCUTIO:** The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes—these new tuners of accent! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsir, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardona-mi's, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!
- Enter Romeo.*
- Unit 15**
- BENVOLIO:** Here comes Romeo! here comes Romeo!
- MERCUTIO:** Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! 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 bow in the hams.
- ROMEO:** Meaning, to cursy.

- ROMEO:** A most courteous exposition.
- MERCUTIO:** Come between us, good Benvolio! My wits faint.
- ROMEO:** Swits and spurs, swits and spurs! or I'll cry a match.
- MERCUTIO:** Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature. For this drivelling love is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.
- ROMEO:** Here's goodly gear!
Enter Nurse and her Man Peter.
- MERCUTIO:** A sail, a sail!
- BENVOLIO:** Two, two! a shirt and a smock.
- Unit 16**
- 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 ye good morrow, gentlemen.
- MERCUTIO:** God ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.
- NURSE:** Is it good-den?
- MERCUTIO:** 'Tis no less, I tell ye; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.
- NURSE:** Out upon you! What a man are you!
- ROMEO:** One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.
- NURSE:** By my troth, it is well said. 'For himself to mar,' quoth 'a? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?
- ROMEO:** I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.
- NURSE:** If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.
- BENVOLIO:** She will endite him to some supper.
- MERCUTIO:** A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!
Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to dinner thither.
- ROMEO:** I will follow you.
- MERCUTIO:** Farewell, ancient lady. Farewell.

Exeunt Mercutio, Benvolio

Unit 17

- NURSE:** Marry, farewell! I Pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his ropery?
- ROMEO:** A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.
- NURSE:** An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!
- PETER:** I saw no man use you at his pleasure. If I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.
- NURSE:** Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word; and, as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out. What she bid me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be off'red to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.
- ROMEO:** Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee ...
- NURSE:** Good heart, and I faith I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord! she will be a joyful woman.
- ROMEO:** What wilt thou tell her, nurse? Thou dost not mark me.
- NURSE:** I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.
- ROMEO:**
Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.
- NURSE:** No, truly, sir; not a penny.
- ROMEO:** Go to! I say you shall.
- NURSE:** This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.
- ROMEO:**
And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall.
Within this hour my man shall be with thee
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high topgallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell! Commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE:

Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.
Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

ROMEO:

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

NURSE:

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

ROMEO:

Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE:

Ay, a thousand times.

Exit Romeo.

Peter!

PETER:

Anon.

NURSE:

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

Exeunt.

Scene V. — Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet.

Unit 18

JULIET:

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she 'promis'd to return.

Enter Nurse and Peter.

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

NURSE:

Peter, stay at the gate.

Exit Peter.

JULIET:

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

NURSE:

I am 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:

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

JULIET:

How art thou out of breath when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?

NURSE: Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo? No, not he. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you din'd 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: I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

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

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

NURSE: O God's Lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry come up, I trow.
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

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

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

JULIET: I have.

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

JULIET: Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

Exeunt.

Scene VI. — Friar Laurence's cell.

Unit 19

Enter Friar Laurence, Romeo and Juliet.

*They clasp hands and the Friar marries them they kiss as the lights fade out.
Exeunt.*

INTERMISSION.

ACT III

Scene I. — A public place.

Unit 20

Enter Mercutio and Benvolio.

BENVOLIO:

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

MERCUTIO:

Thou art like one of 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, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Enter Tybalt and others.

Unit 21

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 den. A word with one of you.

MERCUTIO:

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

TYBALT:

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

MERCUTIO:

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT:

Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

MERCUTIO:

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

BENVOLIO:

We talk here in the public haunt of men.

Either withdraw unto some private place
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us.

MERCUTIO:

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

Enter Romeo.

Unit 22

TYBALT:

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

MERCUTIO:

But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery.
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower!
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;
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:

Tybalt, you ratchatcher, will you walk?
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,

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 Mercutio in, and flies with his Followers.

Unit 23

MERCUTIO:

I am hurt.

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

BENVOLIO:

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO:

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

Exit Page.

ROMEO:

Courage, man. The hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO:

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

ROMEO:

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO:

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

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 stain'd
With Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman.

Enter Benvolio.

BENVOLIO:

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

ROMEO:

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

Unit 24

Enter Tybalt.

BENVOLIO:

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO:

Alive in triumph, and Mercutio slain?
Away to heaven respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company.

Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

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 amaz'd. 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. A spot comes up on the Prince.

PRINCE:

By the death of Tybalt, but for that offence,
Romeo, immediately we banish hence.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.

Exit.

Scene II. — Capulet's orchard.

Unit 25

Enter Juliet alone.

JULIET:

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging! Such a wagoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the West
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night;
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
Enter Nurse, with cords.

Unit 26

What news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE: Ay, ay, the cords.
Throws them down.

JULIET: Ay me! what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE: Ah, weraday! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

JULIET: Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE: Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!
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?

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

JULIET: O God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

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

JULIET: O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

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

JULIET: Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! He was not born to shame.
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

NURSE:

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

JULIET:

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worsers than Tybalt's death,
That murd'ered me. I would forget it fain;
But O, it presses to my memory
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds!
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished.'
'Romeo is banished'—to speak that word
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished'—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

NURSE:

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

JULIET:

Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Come, nurse. I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE:

Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo
To comfort you. I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

JULIET:

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

Exeunt.

Unit 27

Scene III. — Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence.

FRIAR:

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

Enter Romeo.

ROMEO:

Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand

That I yet know not?

FRIAR:

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

ROMEO:

Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say 'death'!
There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

FRIAR:

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROMEO:

'Tis torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not—he is banished.
And sayest thou yet that exile is not death?

FRIAR:

Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

ROMEO:

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.

Knock within.

FRIAR:

Arise; one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile!—Stand up;

Knock

Unit 28

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

NURSE:

within.

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

FRIAR:

Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

NURSE:

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

FRIAR:

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

NURSE:

O, he is even in my mistress' case, Just in her case!
Even so lies she, Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up! Stand, an you be a man.
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand!
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROMEO:

[*rises*]

Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?

Doth not she think me an old murtherer,
Where is she? and how doth she! and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

NURSE:

O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps.

ROMEO:

In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

Draws his dagger.

FRIAR:

Hold thy desperate hand.

Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slewest Tybalt. There art thou happy too.
The law, that threat'ned death, becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile. There art thou happy.
A pack of blessings light upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbhav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her.
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse. Commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

NURSE:

O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROMEO:

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

NURSE:

Here is a ring she bid me give you, sir.

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Exit.

FRIAR:

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

ROMEO:

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

Exeunt.

Scene V. — Capulet's orchard.

Unit 29

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft, at the Window.

JULIET:

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

ROMEO:

It was the lark, the herald of the morn;
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET:

Yond light is not daylight; I know it, I.
It is some meteor that the sun exhales
To be to thee this night a torchbearer
And light thee on the way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO:

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death.
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? Let's talk; it is not day.

JULIET:

It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
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.

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

Exit.

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

He goeth down.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

Exit.

JULIET:
O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fickle.
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, Fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long
But send him back.

Unit 30

LADY CAP: [*within*]
Ho, daughter! are you up?

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

Enter Mother.

LADY CAP :
Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET: Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAP:

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

JULIET:

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAP:

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

JULIET:

What villain, madam?

LADY CAP:

That same villain Romeo.

JULIET:

[*aside*]

Villain and he be many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAP:

That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET:

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

LADY CAP :

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
Then weep no more, now I'll tell thee joyful
Tidings, girl.

JULIET:

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

LADY CAP:

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

JULIET:

Madam, in happy time! What day is that?

LADY CAP:

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

JULIET:

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

LADY CAP:

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

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Unit 31

CAPULET:

When the sun sets the air doth drizzle dew,
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.
How now? a conduit, girl? What, still in tears?
Evermore show'ring? How now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?

LADY CAP:

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

CAPULET:

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

JULIET:

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

CAPULET:

How, how, how, how, chop logic? What is this?
'Proud'—and 'I thank you'—and 'I thank you not'—
And yet 'not proud'? Mistress minion you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion, aye out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

LADY CAP :

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

NURSE:

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

CAPULET:

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

NURSE:

May not one speak?

CAPULET:

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

LADY CAP:

You are too hot.

CAPULET:

God's bread it makes me mad. Day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer 'I'll not wed, I cannot love;
I am too young, I pray you pardon me'
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Look to't, think on't; I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to't. Bethink you. I'll not be forsworn.

Exit.

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 CAP:

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

Exit.

Unit 32

JULIET:

O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE:

Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;

Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the County.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first; or if it did not,
Your first is dead—or 'twere as good he were
As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET:

Speak'st thou this from thy heart?

NURSE:

And from my soul too; else beshrew them both.

JULIET:

Amen!

NURSE:

What?

JULIET:

Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

NURSE:

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

Exit.

JULIET:

Go, counsellor!
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar to know his remedy.
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

Exit.

ACT IV.

Scene I. — Friar Laurence's cell.

Unit 33

Enter Friar, Laurence and County Paris.

FRIAR:

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:

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;
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she do give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears,
Which, too much minded by herself alone,

May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR:
[*aside*]
I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.—
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter Juliet.

PARIS:
Happily met, my lady and my wife!

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

PARIS:
That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

JULIET:
What must be shall be.

FRIAR: That's a certain text.

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

JULIET:
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

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

PARIS:
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye.
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss.

Exit.

Unit 34

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

FRIAR:
Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief
On Thursday next be married to this County.

JULIET:
Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
Be not so long to speak. I long to die
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR:
Hold, daughter. I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.

JULIET:
O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower,
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR:
Hold, then. Go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow.

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not the nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncovered on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

JULIET:

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

FRIAR:

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

JULIET:

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

Exeunt.

Scene II. — Capulet's house.

Unit 35

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and Peter.

CAPULET:

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

NURSE:

Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET:

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

Enter Juliet.

NURSE:

See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

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 enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here
To beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

CAPULET:

Send for the County. Go tell him of this.
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

JULIET:

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

CAPULET:

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

JULIET:

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

LADY CAP:

No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

CAPULET:

Go, nurse, go with her. We'll to church to-morrow.

Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.

LADY CAP:

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

CAPULET:

Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her.
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone.
I'll play the housewife for this once.
My heart is wondrous light, since this same wayward
Girl is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt.

Scene III. — Juliet's chamber.

Unit 36

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

JULIET:

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

Enter Mother.

LADY CAP:

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

JULIET:

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

LADY CAP:

Good night.

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

Exeunt Mother and Nurse

Unit 37

JULIET:

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, No! This shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

Lays down a dagger.

What if it be a poison which the friar
Subtly hath minist'ed to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
I will not entertain so bad a thought.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle
Where for this many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort—
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

Environed with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud.,
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone
As with a club dash out my desp'rate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

She drinks and falls upon her bed within the curtains.

Scene IV. — Capulet's house.

Unit 38

Enter Nurse.

NURSE:

Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! Fast, I warrant her, she.
Why, lamb! why, lady! Fie, you slug-abed!
Why, love, I say! madam! sweetheart! Why, bride!
What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now!
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me!
Marry, and amen. How sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the County take you in your bed!
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

Draws aside the curtains.

What, dress'd, and in your clothes, and down again?
I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!

ACT V.

Scene I. — Mantua. A street.

Unit 39

Enter Benvolio.

ROMEO:

News from Verona! How now, Benvolio?
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.

BENVOLIO:

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault
And presently took post to tell it you.

ROMEO:

Is it e'en so? Then I defy you, stars!
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

BENVOLIO:

No, none, good Romeo.

ROMEO:

No matter.

Get thee gone and hire horses. I'll be with
Thee straight.

Exit Benvolio.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means. O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts 'a dwells, which late I noted .
Meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
'An if a man did need a poison now
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
As I remember, this should be the house.
What, ho! apothecary!

Unit 40

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 mall fall dead.

APOTHECARY:

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

ROMEO:

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness
And fearest to die?

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:

Farewell. Buy food and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

Exeunt.

Scene II. — Verona. Friar Laurence's cell.

Unit 41

Enter Friar John to Friar Laurence.

JOHN:

Holy Franciscan friar, brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

FRIAR:

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

JOHN:

Going to find a barefoot brother out,

One of our order, to associate me
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

FRIAR:

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

JOHN:

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

FRIAR:

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

JOHN:

Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

Exit.

FRIAR:

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

Exit.

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

Unit 42

Enter Paris and his Page with flowers and a torch.

PARIS:

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew, thy grave and weep.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?

Enter Romeo

This is that banish'd haughty Montague
That murd'ed my love's cousin—with which grief
It is supposed the fair creature died!
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee.
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

ROMEO:

I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man.
Fly hence and leave me.
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,

For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Stay not, be gone. Live, and hereafter say
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

PARIS:

I do defy thy, conjuration
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO:

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

They fight. Paris falls.

Unit 43

ROMEO:

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
He who would have married Juliet.
O, give me thy hand, I'll bury thee in
A triumphant grave. A grave? O, no, a
Lanthorn, slaught'ed youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

Lays him in the tomb.

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death. O, how may I
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquer'd. Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
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!
Here's to my love! [*Drinks*] O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

Falls.

Unit 44

Juliet rises.

JULIET:

I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?
What's here? A cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips.
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them
To make me die with a restorative.

Kisses him.

Thy lips are warm! Then I'll be brief.
O happy dagger!

Snatches Romeo's dagger.

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

The entire cast emerges, circling Juliet as she remains with the dagger poised.

Unit 45

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

Blackout.