

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Romeo and Juliet

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THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

by William Shakespeare

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Dramatis Personæ

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MERCUTIO, kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.

PARIS, a young Nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.

Page to Paris.

MONTAGUE, head of a Veronese family at feud with the Capulets.

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.

ROMEO, son to Montague.

BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.

ABRAM, servant to Montague.

BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.

CAPULET, head of a Veronese family at feud with the Montagues.

LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.

JULIET, daughter to Capulet.

TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.

CAPULET'S COUSIN, an old man.

NURSE to Juliet.

PETER, servant to Juliet's Nurse.

SAMPSON, servant to Capulet.

GREGORY, servant to Capulet.

Servants.

FRIAR LAWRENCE, a Franciscan.

FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order.

An Apothecary.

CHORUS.

Three Musicians.

An Officer.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen and Attendants.

SCENE. During the greater part of the Play in Verona; once, in the Fifth Act, at Mantua.

THE PROLOGUE

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-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, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which, if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.*

[Exit.]

ACT I

SCENE I. A public place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY armed with swords and bucklers.

SAMPSON.

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

GREGORY.

No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON.

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

GREGORY.

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

SAMPSON.

I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY.

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON.

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY.

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

SAMPSON.

A dog of that house shall move me to stand.

I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GREGORY.

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

SAMPSON.

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

GREGORY.

The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

SAMPSON.

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

GREGORY.

The heads of the maids?

SAMPSON.

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

GREGORY.

They must take it in sense that feel it.

SAMPSON.

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

GREGORY.

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

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

SAMPSON.

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

GREGORY.

How? Turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON.

Fear me not.

GREGORY.

No, marry; I fear thee!

SAMPSON.

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

GREGORY.

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

SAMPSON.

Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is 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.

Is the law of our side if I say ay?

GREGORY.

No.

SAMPSON.

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

GREGORY.

Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAM.

Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

SAMPSON.

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

ABRAM.

No better.

SAMPSON.

Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO.

GREGORY.

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

SAMPSON.

Yes, better, sir.

ABRAM.

You lie.

SAMPSON.

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

[They fight.]

BENVOLIO.

Part, fools! put up your swords, you know not what you do.

[Beats down their swords.]

Enter TYBALT.

TYBALT.

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO.

I do but keep the peace, put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT.

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

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward.

[They fight.]

Enter three or four CITIZENS with clubs.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Clubs, bills and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET.

CAPULET.

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

LADY CAPULET.

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

CAPULET.

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

Enter MONTAGUE and his LADY MONTAGUE.

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 ATTENDANTS.

PRINCE.

*Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear? What, ho! You men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands*

*Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me,
And Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgement-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.*

[Exeunt PRINCE and ATTENDANTS; CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, TYBALT, CITIZENS and Servants.]

MONTAGUE.

*Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?*

BENVOLIO.

*Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd,
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.*

LADY MONTAGUE.

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

BENVOLIO.

*Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad,
Where underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from this city side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,*

*And stole into the covert of the wood.
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.*

MONTAGUE.

*Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.*

BENVOLIO.

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE.

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO.

Have you importun'd him by any means?

MONTAGUE.

Both by myself and many other friends;

But he, his own affections' counsellor,

Is to himself—I will not say how true—

But to himself so secret and so close,

So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,

We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO.

BENVOLIO.

See, where he comes. So please you step aside;

I'll know his grievance or be much denied.

MONTAGUE.

I would thou wert so happy by thy stay

To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away,

[Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.]

BENVOLIO.

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO.

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO.

But new struck nine.

ROMEO.

Ay me, sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO.

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO.

Not having that which, having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO.

In love?

ROMEO.

Out.

BENVOLIO.

Of love?

ROMEO.

Out of her favour where I am in love.

BENVOLIO.

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

ROMEO.

*Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O 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.

Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:

What is it else? A madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.

[Going.]

BENVOLIO.

Soft! I will go along:

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

ROMEO.

Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here.

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

BENVOLIO.

Tell me in sadness who is that you love?

ROMEO.

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO.

Groan! Why, no; but sadly tell me who.

ROMEO.

Bid a sick man in sadness make his will,

A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO.

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

ROMEO.

A right good markman, and she's fair I love.

BENVOLIO.

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

ROMEO.

Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;

And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives uncharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms

Nor bide th'encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

*O she's rich in beauty, only poor
That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.*

BENVOLIO.

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO.

*She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair.
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.*

BENVOLIO.

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

ROMEO.

O teach me how I should forget to think.

BENVOLIO.

By giving liberty unto thine eyes;

Examine other beauties.

ROMEO.

'Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more.

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair;

He that is stricken blind cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.

Show me a mistress that is passing fair,

What doth her beauty serve but as a note

Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?

Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO.

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS and SERVANT.

CAPULET.

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

PARIS.

*Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pity 'tis you 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;

And she agree, within her scope of choice

Lies my consent and fair according voice.

This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,

Whereto I have invited many a guest,

Such as I love, and you among the store,

One more, most welcome, makes my number more.

At my poor house look to behold this night

Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel

When well apparell'd April on the heel

Of limping winter treads, even such delight

Among fresh female buds shall you this night

Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,

And like her most whose merit most shall be:

Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,

May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

Come, go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about

Through fair Verona; find those persons out

Whose names are written there, [gives a paper] and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.]

SERVANT.

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

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

BENVOLIO.

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

ROMEO.

Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO.

For what, I pray thee?

ROMEO.

For your broken shin.

BENVOLIO.

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO.

Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

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

SERVANT.

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

ROMEO.

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERVANT.

Perhaps you have learned it without book.

But I pray, can you read anything you see?

ROMEO.

Ay, If I know the letters and the language.

SERVANT.

Ye say honestly, rest you merry!

ROMEO.

Stay, fellow; I can read.

[He reads the letter.]

Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;

County Anselmo and his beauteous sisters;

The lady widow of Utruvio;

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.*

A fair assembly. [Gives back the paper] Whither should they come?

SERVANT.

Up.

ROMEO.

Whither to supper?

SERVANT.

To our house.

ROMEO.

Whose house?

SERVANT.

My master's.

ROMEO.

Indeed I should have ask'd you that before.

SERVANT.

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

[Exit.]

BENVOLIO.

*At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
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.

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

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

BENVOLIO.

*Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself 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 shows best.*

ROMEO.

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Room in Capulet's House.

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE.

LADY CAPULET.

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

NURSE.

Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,

I bade her come. What, lamb! What ladybird!

God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

JULIET.

How now, who calls?

NURSE.

Your mother.

JULIET.

Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET.

*This is the matter. Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret. Nurse, come back again,
I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou 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 Lammas-tide?*

LADY CAPULET.

A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE.

*Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But as I said,
On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it—,
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the 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 alone; 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 holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay'.
To see now how a jest shall come about.
I warrant, and I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it. 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said 'Ay.'*

LADY CAPULET.

Enough of this; I pray thee hold thy peace.

NURSE.

*Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say 'Ay';
And yet I warrant it had upon it brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel'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:

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

LADY CAPULET.

Marry, that marry is the very theme

I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married?

JULIET.

It is an honour that I dream not of.

NURSE.

An honour! Were not I thine only nurse,

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

LADY CAPULET.

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

NURSE.

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

LADY CAPULET.

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE.

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

LADY CAPULET.

*What say you, can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,*

*And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what 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 CAPULET.

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET.

I'll look to like, if looking liking move:

*But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.*

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

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

LADY CAPULET.

We follow thee.

[Exit SERVANT.]

Juliet, the County stays.

NURSE.

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A Street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six* MASKERS; TORCH-BEARERS *and*
others.

ROMEO.

What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

BENVOLIO.

The date is out of such prolixity:

We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,

Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;

Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke

After the prompter, for our entrance:

But let them measure us by what they will,

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

ROMEO.

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

MERCUTIO.

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO.

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

MERCUTIO.

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

ROMEO.

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

MERCUTIO.

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

ROMEO.

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

MERCUTIO.

*If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in: [Putting on a mask.]
A visor for a visor. What care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.*

BENVOLIO.

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

ROMEO.

A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,

*Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,
I'll be a candle-holder and look on,
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.*

MERCUTIO.

*Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Or save your reverence love, wherein thou stickest
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho.*

ROMEO.

Nay, that's not so.

MERCUTIO.

*I mean sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, light lights by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.*

ROMEO.

And we mean well in going to this mask;

But 'tis no wit to go.

MERCUTIO.

Why, may one ask?

ROMEO.

I dreamt a dream tonight.

MERCUTIO.

And so did I.

ROMEO.

Well what was yours?

MERCUTIO.

That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO.

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO.

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies

Over men's noses as they lie asleep:

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;

The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;

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

Her waggoner, 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 curtsies straight;

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscados, 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 elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes:
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
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 side to the dew-dropping south.*

BENVOLIO.

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

ROMEO.

*I fear too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term*

*Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my suit. On, lusty gentlemen!*

BENVOLIO.

Strike, drum.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. A Hall in Capulet's House.

Musicians waiting. Enter SERVANTS.

FIRST SERVANT.

Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away?

He shift a trencher! He scrape a trencher!

SECOND SERVANT.

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

FIRST SERVANT.

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

SECOND SERVANT.

Ay, boy, ready.

FIRST SERVANT.

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

SECOND SERVANT.

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

[Exeunt.]

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

[Music plays, and they dance.]

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

*How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?*

CAPULET'S COUSIN.

By'r 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; and then we mask'd.*

CAPULET'S COUSIN.

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

CAPULET.

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

ROMEO.

*What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?*

SERVANT.

I know not, sir.

ROMEO.

*O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.*

TYBALT.

*This by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What, dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,*

*To flee 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 the town
Here in my house do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
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! God shall mend my soul,
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop, you'll be the man!*

TYBALT.

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET.

Go to, go to!

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

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

You must contrary me! Marry, 'tis time.

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

Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!

I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts.

TYBALT.

Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[Exit.]

ROMEO.

[To Juliet.] If I profane with my unworthiest hand

*This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.*

JULIET.

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

ROMEO.

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 purg'd.

[Kissing 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.

JULIET.

You kiss by the book.

NURSE.

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROMEO.

What is her mother?

NURSE.

Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.

I 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.

More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

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

I'll to my rest.

[Exeunt all but JULIET and NURSE.]

JULIET.

Come hither, Nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE.

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET.

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

NURSE.

Marry, that I think be young Petruchio.

JULIET.

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

NURSE.

I know not.

JULIET.

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

NURSE.

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

JULIET.

*My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!*

*Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.*

NURSE.

What's this? What's this?

JULIET.

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

[One calls within, 'Juliet'.]

NURSE.

Anon, anon!

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

[Exeunt.]

ACT II

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS.

*Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new beloved anywhere.
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.*

[Exit.]

SCENE I. An open place adjoining Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

ROMEO.

Can I go forward when my heart is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[He climbs the wall and leaps down within it.]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

BENVOLIO.

Romeo! My cousin Romeo! Romeo!

MERCUTIO.

He is wise,

And on my life hath stol'n him home to bed.

BENVOLIO.

He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO.

Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo! Humours! Madman! Passion! Lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but 'Ah me!' Pronounce but Love and dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nickname for her purblind son and heir,

Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim

When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

BENVOLIO.

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, and, 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 and thou a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle-bed.
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go?*

BENVOLIO.

Go then; for 'tis in vain

To seek him here that means not to be found.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

ROMEO.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

JULIET appears above at a window.

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise fair sun and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

*Be not her maid since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand.
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek.*

JULIET.

Ay me.

ROMEO.

She speaks.

*O speak again bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-puffing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.*

JULIET.

*O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name.
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
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 thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.*

ROMEO.

*I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptis'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 thy tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO.

Neither, fair maid, 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 stop 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 eyes,
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.
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I should adventure for such merchandise.*

JULIET.

*Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment.
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say Ay,
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 vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—*

JULIET.

*O swear not by the moon, th'inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
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 tonight;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say "It lightens." Sweet, good night.
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night. As sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast.*

ROMEO.

O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET.

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO.

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

JULIET.

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;

And yet I would it were to give again.

ROMEO.

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 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.

[Within.] Madam.

JULIET.

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

NURSE.

[Within.] Madam.

JULIET.

By and by I come—

To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief.

Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO.

So thrive my soul,—

JULIET.

A thousand times good night.

[Exit.]

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.

[Retiring slowly.]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

JULIET.

Hist! Romeo, hist! O for a falconer's voice

To lure this tassel-gentle back again.

Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud,

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

ROMEO.

It is my soul that calls upon my name.

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,

Like softest music to attending ears.

JULIET.

Romeo.

ROMEO.

My dear?

JULIET.

What o'clock tomorrow

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,

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,
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 Sire's cell,

His help to crave and my dear hap to tell.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE with a basket.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,

Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;

And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels

From forth day's pathway, made by Titan's fiery wheels

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,

The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,

I must upfill this osier cage of ours

With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.

The earth that's nature's mother, is her tomb;

*What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find.
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In 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, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.*

Enter ROMEO.

*Within the infant rind of this weak 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 worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.*

ROMEO.

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,

And where care lodges sleep will never lie;

But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure

Thou art uprous'd with some distemperature;

Or if not so, then here I hit it right,

Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.

ROMEO.

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

God pardon sin. Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO.

With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No.

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

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

ROMEO.

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

I have been feasting with mine enemy,

Where on a sudden one hath wounded me

That's by me wounded. Both our remedies

Within thy help and holy physic lies.

I bear no hatred, blessed man; for lo,

My intercession likewise steads my foe.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

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 today.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

*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,
To season love, that of it doth not taste.
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans yet ring in mine ancient ears.
Lo here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
If ere thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline,
And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.*

ROMEO.

Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO.

And bad'st me bury love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Not in a grave

To lay one in, another out to have.

ROMEO.

I pray thee chide me not, her I love now

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.

The other did not so.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

O, she knew well

Thy love did read by rote, that could not spell.

*But come young waverer, come go with me,
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 LAWRENCE.

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 tonight?

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, stabbed with a white wench's black eye; run through the ear with a love song, the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft. And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

BENVOLIO.

Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO.

More than Prince of cats. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion. He rests his minim 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 lisping, affecting phantasies; these new tuners of accent. By Jesu, a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardon-me's, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O their bones, their bones!

Enter ROMEO.

BENVOLIO.

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo!

MERCUTIO.

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

ROMEO.

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

MERCUTIO.

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

ROMEO.

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 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.

Why, then is my pump well flowered.

MERCUTIO.

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

ROMEO.

O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

MERCUTIO.

Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

ROMEO.

Swits and spurs, swits and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

MERCUTIO.

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

ROMEO.

Thou wast never with me for anything, when thou wast not there for the goose.

MERCUTIO.

I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROMEO.

Nay, good goose, bite not.

MERCUTIO.

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

ROMEO.

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

MERCUTIO.

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

ROMEO.

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

MERCUTIO.

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

BENVOLIO.

Stop there, stop there.

MERCUTIO.

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

BENVOLIO.

Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

MERCUTIO.

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

Enter NURSE and PETER.

ROMEO.

Here's goodly gear!

A sail, a sail!

MERCUTIO.

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.

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

NURSE.

You say well.

MERCUTIO.

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

NURSE.

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

BENVOLIO.

She will endite him to some supper.

MERCUTIO.

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

ROMEO.

What hast thou found?

MERCUTIO.

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

[Sings.]

An old hare hoar,

And an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in Lent;

But a hare that is hoar

Is too much for a score

When it hoars ere it be spent.

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

ROMEO.

I will follow you.

MERCUTIO.

Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]

NURSE.

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

ROMEO.

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

NURSE.

And a speak anything against me, I'll take him down, and 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 bade me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of 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 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 Lawrence' 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, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains;

Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE.

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

ROMEO.

What say'st thou, my dear Nurse?

NURSE.

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

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

ROMEO.

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

NURSE.

Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady. Lord, Lord! When 'twas a little prating thing,—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man, but I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

ROMEO.

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

NURSE.

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

ROMEO.

Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE.

Ay, a thousand times. Peter!

[Exit ROMEO.]

PETER.

Anon.

NURSE.

Before and apace.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

JULIET.

The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse,

*In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so.
O, she is lame. Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd 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.

*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 sham'st 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 jaunt have I had!

JULIET.

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

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

NURSE.

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

JULIET.

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

NURSE.

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

JULIET.

No, no. But all this did I know before.

What says he of our marriage? What of that?

NURSE.

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t'other side,—O my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with 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 today?

JULIET.

I have.

NURSE.

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

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go. I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

JULIET.

Hie to high fortune! Honest Nurse, farewell.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and ROMEO.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

So smile the heavens upon this holy act

That after-hours with sorrow chide us not.

ROMEO.

Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy

That one short minute gives me in her sight.

*Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

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

Enter JULIET.

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

JULIET.

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JULIET.

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

ROMEO.

Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy

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 sum of half my wealth.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

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

[Exeunt.]

ACT III

SCENE I. A public Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, PAGE and SERVANTS.

BENVOLIO.

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:

*The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl,
For now these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.*

MERCUTIO.

Thou art like one of 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. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another for tying his new shoes with an old riband? And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

BENVOLIO.

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

MERCUTIO.

The fee simple! O simple!

Enter TYBALT and others.

BENVOLIO.

By my head, here comes 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, and 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? And thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick, here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!

BENVOLIO.

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

MERCUTIO.

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

Enter ROMEO.

TYBALT.

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

MERCUTIO.

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

TYBALT.

*Romeo, the 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 know'st me not.*

TYBALT.

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

ROMEO.

*I do protest I never 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!
[Draws.] Alla stoccata carries it away.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT.

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO.

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

TYBALT.

[Drawing.] I am for you.

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!

[Exeunt TYBALT with his Partizans.]

MERCUTIO.

I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses. I am sped.

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO.

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO.

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

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

[Exit PAGE.]

ROMEO.

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO.

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

ROMEO.

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO.

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

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]

ROMEO.

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

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

BENVOLIO.

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead,

*That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.*

ROMEO.

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

Re-enter TYBALT.

BENVOLIO.

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO.

*Again 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 gav'st 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.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BENVOLIO.

There lies that Tybalt.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Up, sir, go with me.

I charge thee in the Prince's name obey.

Enter PRINCE, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their WIVES and others.

PRINCE.

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO.

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

LADY CAPULET.

*Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O Prince! O 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 slay;
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure. All this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen*

*Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! Friends, part!' and swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain;
And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.*

LADY CAPULET.

*He is a kinsman to the Montague.
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.*

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

PRINCE.

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

MONTAGUE.

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

PRINCE.

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

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter JULIET.

JULIET.

*Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging. Such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,*

*Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle, till strange love, grow bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night, come Romeo; come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.
Come gentle night, come loving black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my Nurse,
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.*

Enter NURSE, with cords.

Now, Nurse, what news? What hast thou there?

The cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

JULIET.

Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE.

Ah, well-a-day, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone.

Alack the day, he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

JULIET.

Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE.

Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo.

Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

JULIET.

What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but Ay,

And that bare vowel I shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

I am not I if there be such an I;

Or those eyes shut that make thee answer Ay.

If he be slain, say Ay; or if not, No.

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

NURSE.

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast.

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,

All in gore-blood. I swounded at the sight.

JULIET.

O, break, my heart. Poor bankrout, break at once.

To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty.

Vile earth to earth resign; end motion here,

And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier.

NURSE.

O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had.

O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman!

That ever I should live to see thee dead.

JULIET.

What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd and is Tybalt dead?

My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?

Then dreadful trumpet sound the general doom,

For who is living, if those two are gone?

NURSE.

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished,

Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

JULIET.

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

NURSE.

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

JULIET.

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical,

Dove-feather'd raven, wolvis-ravens lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honourable villain!

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace.

NURSE.

There's no trust,

*No faith, no honesty in men. All 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 ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!*

NURSE.

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

JULIET.

*Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three-hours' wife have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.*

*Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring,
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me. I would forget it fain,
But O, it presses to my memory
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished.
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there.
Or if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said Tybalt's dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banished'—to speak that word
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. Romeo is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death, no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother, Nurse?*

NURSE.

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JULIET.

Wash they his wounds with tears. Mine shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,

Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd.

He made you for a highway to my bed,

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come cords, come Nurse, I'll to my wedding bed,

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead.

NURSE.

Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo

To comfort you. I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.

I'll to him, he is hid at Lawrence' 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 Lawrence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

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 LAWRENCE.

Too familiar

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

ROMEO.

What less than doomsday is the Prince's doom?

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

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

ROMEO.

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

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

ROMEO.

There is no world without Verona walls,

*But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death. Then banished
Is death misterm'd. Calling death banished,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

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

ROMEO.

*'Tis torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here
Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,*

*Who, even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
This may flies do, when I from this must fly.
They are free men but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But banished to kill me? Banished?
O Friar, the damned use that word in hell.
Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word banished?*

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Thou fond mad man, hear me speak a little,

ROMEO.

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,

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

ROMEO.

*Yet banished? Hang up philosophy.
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

O, then I see that mad men have no ears.

ROMEO.

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO.

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

*An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.*

[Knocking within.]

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Arise; one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO.

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

[Knocking.]

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

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

[Knocking.]

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

[Knocking.]

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

NURSE.

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Welcome then.

Enter NURSE.

NURSE.

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

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

NURSE.

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

ROMEO.

Nurse.

NURSE.

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

ROMEO.

Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?

Doth not she think me an old murderer,

Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy

With blood remov'd but little from her own?

Where is she? And how doth she? And what says

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

NURSE.

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

And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,

And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,

And then down falls again.

ROMEO.

As if that name,

Shot from the deadly level of a gun,

Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand

Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, Friar, tell me,

In what vile part of this anatomy

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

The hateful mansion.

[Drawing his sword.]

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Hold thy desperate hand.

Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art.

Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote

The unreasonable fury of a beast.

Unseemly woman in a seeming man,

And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!

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?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven and earth?

Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meet

In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.

Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,

Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,

And usest none in that true use indeed

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

Digressing from the valour of a man;

Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,

Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;

*Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man. Thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy.
The law that threaten'd 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 misshapen and sullen wench,
Thou putt'st up thy Fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her.
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, Nurse. Commend me to thy lady,*

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

NURSE.

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

ROMEO.

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

NURSE.

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

[Exit.]

ROMEO.

How well my comfort is reviv'd by this.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Go hence, good night, and here stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,

Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.

Sojourn in Mantua. I'll find out your man,

And he shall signify from time to time

Every good hap to you that chances here.

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

ROMEO.

But that a joy past joy calls out on me,

It were a grief so brief to part with thee.

Farewell.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET and PARIS.

CAPULET.

*Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
'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 early tomorrow;
Tonight she's mew'd up to her heaviness.*

CAPULET.

*Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love. I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,*

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

PARIS.

Monday, my lord.

CAPULET.

*Monday! Ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
A Thursday let it be; a Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two,
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
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. A Thursday be it then.

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.

Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!

Afore me, it is so very very late that we

May call it early by and by. Good night.

[Exeunt.]

***SCENE V. An open Gallery to Juliet's Chamber, overlooking the
Garden.***

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

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 thy way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.*

ROMEO.

*Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.
Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go.*

Come, death, and welcome. Juliet wills it so.

How is't, my soul? Let's talk. It is not day.

JULIET.

It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away.

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.

Some say the lark makes sweet division;

This doth not so, for she divideth us.

Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes.

O, now I would they had chang'd voices too,

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.

O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

ROMEO.

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

Enter NURSE.

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? Love, lord, ay husband, friend,

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

*For in a minute there are many days.
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo.*

ROMEO.

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

JULIET.

O 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 so low,
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 below.]

JULIET.

O Fortune, Fortune! All men call thee fickle,

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, Fortune;

For then, I hope thou wilt not keep him long

But send him back.

LADY CAPULET.

[Within.] Ho, daughter, are you up?

JULIET.

Who is't that calls? Is it my lady mother?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

LADY CAPULET.

Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET.

Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET.

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.

Therefore have done: some grief shows much of love,

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JULIET.

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET.

So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

JULIET.

Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LADY CAPULET.

Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

JULIET.

What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET.

That same villain Romeo.

JULIET.

Villain and he be many miles asunder.

God pardon him. I do, with all my heart.

And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAPULET.

That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET.

Ay madam, from the reach of these my hands.

Would none but I might venge my cousin's death.

LADY CAPULET.

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:

And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET.

Indeed I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo till I behold him—dead—

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.

Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it,

That Romeo should upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors

To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,

To wreak the love I bore my cousin

Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

LADY CAPULET.

Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

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

JULIET.

And joy comes well in such a needy time.

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

LADY CAPULET.

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;

One who to put thee from thy heaviness,

Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

That thou expects not, nor I look'd not for.

JULIET.

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET.

Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,

The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,

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 CAPULET.

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

Enter CAPULET and NURSE.

CAPULET.

*When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.
How now? A conduit, girl? What, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeits a bark, a sea, a wind.*

*For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood, the winds, thy sighs,
Who raging with thy tears and they with them,
Without a sudden calm will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?*

LADY CAPULET.

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

CAPULET.

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

JULIET.

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

CAPULET.

How now, how now, chopp'd logic? What is this?

Proud, and, I thank you, and I thank you not;

And yet not proud. Mistress minion you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!

You tallow-face!

LADY CAPULET.

Fie, fie! What, are you mad?

JULIET.

Good father, I beseech you on my knees,

Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

CAPULET.

Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what,—get thee to church 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.

I speak no treason.

CAPULET.

O God ye good-en!

NURSE.

May not one speak?

CAPULET.

Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,

For here we need it not.

LADY CAPULET.

You are too hot.

CAPULET.

God's bread, it makes me mad!

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,

Alone, in company, still my care hath been

To have her match'd, and having now provided

A gentleman of noble parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly allied,

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, and 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.
And you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit.]

JULIET.

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

LADY CAPULET.

Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[Exit.]

JULIET.

O God! O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven.

How shall that faith return again to earth,

Unless that husband send it me from heaven

By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsel me.

Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself.

What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, Nurse.

NURSE.

Faith, here it is.

Romeo is banished; and all the world to nothing

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you.

Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

I think it best you married with the County.

O, he's a lovely gentleman.

Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first: or if it did not,

Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,

As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET.

Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE.

And from my soul too,

Or else beshrew them both.

JULIET.

Amen.

NURSE.

What?

JULIET.

Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence' cell,

To make confession and to be absolv'd.

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 prais'd him with above compare

So many thousand times? Go, counsellor.

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.

I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.

If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[Exit.]

ACT IV

SCENE I. Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and PARIS.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS.

My father Capulet will have it so;

And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

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

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 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 LAWRENCE.

*[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 LAWRENCE.

That's a certain text.

PARIS.

Come you to make confession to this father?

JULIET.

To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS.

Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET.

I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS.

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

JULIET.

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

PARIS.

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

JULIET.

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

PARIS.

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

JULIET.

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

PARIS.

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

JULIET.

It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now,

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

PARIS.

God shield I should disturb devotion!—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye,

Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit.]

JULIET.

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

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

JULIET.

*Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel, or behold
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife*

*Shall play the empire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak. I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

*Hold, daughter. I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it.
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.*

JULIET.

*O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower,
Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk
Where serpents are. Chain me with roaring bears;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,*

*With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls.
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble,
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

*Hold then. Go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow;
Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off,
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest,
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death when he shuts up the day of life.
Each part depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff and stark and cold appear like death.
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,*

*And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, 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 LAWRENCE.

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

JULIET.

Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Hall in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE and SERVANTS.

CAPULET.

So many guests invite as here are writ.

[Exit FIRST SERVANT.]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

SECOND SERVANT.

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

CAPULET.

How canst thou try them so?

SECOND SERVANT.

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

CAPULET.

Go, begone.

[Exit SECOND SERVANT.]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

NURSE.

Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET.

Well, he may chance to do some good on her.

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

NURSE.

See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

CAPULET.

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

JULIET.

Where I have learnt me to repent the sin

Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd

By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here,

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 tomorrow morning.

JULIET.

I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell,

And gave him what becomed love I might,

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAPULET.

Why, I am glad on't. This is well. Stand up.

This is as't should be. Let me see the County.

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 tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET.

No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

CAPULET.

Go, Nurse, go with her. We'll to church tomorrow.

[Exeunt JULIET and NURSE.]

LADY CAPULET.

We shall be short in our provision,

'Tis now near night.

CAPULET.

Tush, I will stir about,

And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her.

I'll not to bed tonight, let me alone.

I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—

They are all forth: well, I will walk myself

To County Paris, to prepare him up

Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and NURSE.

JULIET.

*Ay, those attires are best. But, gentle Nurse,
I pray thee leave me to myself tonight;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.*

Enter LADY CAPULET.

LADY CAPULET.

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

JULIET.

No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities

*As are behoveful for our state tomorrow.
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you,
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.*

LADY CAPULET.

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

[Exeunt LADY CAPULET and NURSE.]

JULIET.

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

[Laying down her dagger.]

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

*And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my 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, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink! I drink to thee.*

[Throws herself on the bed.]

SCENE IV. Hall in Capulet's House.

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE.

LADY CAPULET.

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

NURSE.

They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

CAPULET.

Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica;

Spare not for cost.

NURSE.

Go, you cot-quean, go,

Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick tomorrow

For this night's watching.

CAPULET.

No, not a whit. What! I have watch'd ere now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

LADY CAPULET.

Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exeunt LADY CAPULET and NURSE.]

CAPULET.

A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

Enter SERVANTS, with spits, logs and baskets.

Now, fellow, what's there?

FIRST SERVANT.

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

CAPULET.

Make haste, make haste.

[Exit FIRST SERVANT.]

—Sirrah, fetch drier logs.

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

SECOND SERVANT.

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

And never trouble Peter for the matter.

[Exit.]

CAPULET.

Mass and well said; a merry whoreson, ha.

Thou shalt be loggerhead.—Good faith, 'tis day.

The County will be here with music straight,

For so he said he would. I hear him near.

[Play music.]

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, Nurse, I say!

Re-enter NURSE.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up.

I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,

Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already.

Make haste I say.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the bed.

Enter NURSE.

NURSE.

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

Why, lamb, why, lady, fie, you slug-abad!

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?
What, dress'd, and in your clothes, and down again?
I must needs wake you. Lady! Lady! Lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!
O, well-a-day that ever I was born.
Some aqua vitae, ho! My lord! My lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

LADY CAPULET.
What noise is here?

NURSE.
O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET.
What is the matter?

NURSE.

Look, look! O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET.

O me, O me! My child, my only life.

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee.

Help, help! Call help.

Enter CAPULET.

CAPULET.

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

NURSE.

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

LADY CAPULET.

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

CAPULET.

*Ha! Let me see her. Out alas! She's cold,
Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff.
Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.*

NURSE.

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET.

O woful time!

CAPULET.

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

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and PARIS with Musicians.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET.

Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before thy wedding day

Hath death lain with thy bride. There she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;

My daughter he hath wedded. I will die

And leave him all; life, living, all is death's.

PARIS.

Have I thought long to see this morning's face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

LADY CAPULET.

Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day.

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw

In lasting labour of his pilgrimage.

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

NURSE.

O woe! O 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.

*Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain.
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown.
O love! O life! Not life, but love in death!*

CAPULET.

*Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd.
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child! My soul, and not my child,
Dead art thou. Alack, my child is dead,
And with my child my joys are buried.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

*Peace, ho, for shame. Confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself*

*Had part in this fair maid, now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd,
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
She's not well married that lives married long,
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse, and, as the custom is,
And in her best array bear her to church;
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.*

CAPULET.

*All things that we ordained festival
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;*

*Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

*Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him,
And go, Sir Paris, everyone prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do lower upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.*

[Exeunt CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS and FRIAR.]

FIRST MUSICIAN.

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

NURSE.

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

FIRST MUSICIAN.

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

[Exit NURSE.]

Enter PETER.

PETER.

*Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease,' 'Heart's ease', O, and you will have me live,
play 'Heart's ease.'*

FIRST MUSICIAN.

Why 'Heart's ease'?

PETER.

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

FIRST MUSICIAN.

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

PETER.

You will not then?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

No.

PETER.

I will then give it you soundly.

FIRST MUSICIAN.

What will you give us?

PETER.

No money, on my faith, but the gleek! I will give you the minstrel.

FIRST MUSICIAN.

Then will I give you the serving-creature.

PETER.

Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets. I'll re you, I'll fa you. Do you note me?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

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

SECOND MUSICIAN.

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

PETER.

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

‘When griping griefs the heart doth wound,

And doleful dumps the mind oppress,

Then music with her silver sound’—

Why ‘silver sound’? Why ‘music with her silver sound’? What say you, Simon Catling?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PETER.

Prates. What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

SECOND MUSICIAN.

I say 'silver sound' because musicians sound for silver.

PETER.

Prates too! What say you, James Soundpost?

THIRD MUSICIAN.

Faith, I know not what to say.

PETER.

O, I cry you mercy, you are the singer. I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound' because musicians have no gold for sounding.

'Then music with her silver sound

With speedy help doth lend redress.'

[Exit.]

FIRST MUSICIAN.

What a pestilent knave is this same!

SECOND MUSICIAN.

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

[Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I. Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

ROMEO.

If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;

And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,—

Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—

*And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me, how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy.*

Enter BALTHASAR.

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

BALTHASAR.

*Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.*

ROMEO.

Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars!

Thou know'st my lodging. Get me ink and paper,

And hire post-horses. I will hence tonight.

BALTHASAR.

I do beseech you sir, have patience.

Your looks are pale and wild, and do import

Some misadventure.

ROMEO.

Tush, thou art deceiv'd.

Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

BALTHASAR.

No, my good lord.

ROMEO.

No matter. Get thee gone,

And hire those horses. I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.
Let's see for means. O mischief thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples, meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.

What, ho! Apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

APOTHECARY.

Who calls so loud?

ROMEO.

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

Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have

A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear

As will disperse itself through all the veins,

That the life-weary taker may fall dead,

And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath

As violently as hasty powder fir'd

Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

APOTHECARY.

Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law

Is death to any he that utters them.

ROMEO.

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

APOTHECARY.

My poverty, but not my will consents.

ROMEO.

I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

APOTHECARY.

*Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch 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 thou mayst not sell.
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell, buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

FRIAR JOHN.

Holy Franciscan Friar! Brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

This same should be the voice of Friar John.

*Welcome from Mantua. What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.*

FRIAR JOHN.

*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 LAWRENCE.

Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN.

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

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

FRIAR JOHN.

Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[Exit.]

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

*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. A churchyard; in it a Monument belonging to the
Capulets.***

Enter PARIS, and his PAGE bearing flowers and a torch.

PARIS.

Give me thy torch, boy. Hence and stand aloof.

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

Under yond yew tree lay thee all along,

Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground;

So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,

Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,

But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me,

As signal that thou hear'st something approach.

Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE.

[Aside.] I am almost afraid to stand alone

Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[Retires.]

PARIS.

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew.

O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones,

Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

Or wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans.

The obsequies that I for thee will keep,

Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[The PAGE whistles.]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way 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, mattock, &c.

ROMEO.

Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning

See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee,

Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof

And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death

Is partly to behold my lady's face,

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger

A precious ring, a ring that I must use

In dear employment. Therefore hence, be gone.

But if thou jealous dost return to pry

In what I further shall intend to do,

By heaven I will tear thee joint by joint,

And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.

The time and my intents are savage-wild;

More fierce and more inexorable far

Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

BALTHASAR.

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

ROMEO.

So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that.

Live, and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.

BALTHASAR.

For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[Retires]

ROMEO.

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,

Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the door of the monument.]

And in despite, I'll cram thee with more food.

PARIS.

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

[Advances.]

*Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee.
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.*

ROMEO.

*I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man.
Fly hence and leave me. Think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head
By urging me to fury. O be gone.
By heaven I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.*

*Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy 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.]

PAGE.

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

[Exit.]

PARIS.

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

[Dies.]

ROMEO.

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

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!

What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did not attend him as we rode? I think

He told me Paris should have married Juliet.

Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,

To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.

A grave? O no, a lantern, 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.

[Laying PARIS in the monument.]

How oft when men are at the point of death

Have they been merry! Which their keepers call

A lightning before death. O, how may I

*Call this a lightning? O my love, my wife,
Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquer'd. Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin. Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again. Here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy 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 sea-sick weary bark.
Here's to my love! [Drinks.] O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.*

[Dies.]

*Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, FRIAR LAWRENCE, with a lantern, crow,
and spade.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

*Saint Francis be my speed. How oft tonight
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? Who's there?
Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?*

BALTHASAR.

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

*Bliss be upon you. Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light*

*To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.*

BALTHASAR.

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Who is it?

BALTHASAR.

Romeo.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

How long hath he been there?

BALTHASAR.

Full half an hour.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Go with me to the vault.

BALTHASAR.

I dare not, sir;

My master knows not but I am gone hence,

And fearfully did menace me with death

If I did stay to look on his intents.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Stay then, I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me.

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

BALTHASAR.

As I did sleep under this yew tree here,

I dreamt my master and another fought,

And that my master slew him.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Romeo! [Advances.]

Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains

The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

*What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?*

[Enters the monument.]

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

[JULIET wakes and stirs.]

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

[Noise within.]

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

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

JULIET.

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

[Exit FRIAR LAWRENCE.]

*What's here? A cup clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
O churl. Drink 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!

FIRST WATCH.

[Within.] Lead, boy. Which way?

JULIET.

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

[Snatching ROMEO'S dagger.]

This is thy sheath. [stabs herself] There rest, and let me die.

[Falls on ROMEO'S body and dies.]

Enter WATCH with the PAGE of Paris.

PAGE.

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

FIRST WATCH.

The ground is bloody. Search about the churchyard.

Go, some of you, whoever you find attach.

[Exeunt some of the WATCH.]

Pitiful sight! Here lies the County slain,

And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain this two days buried.

Go tell the Prince; run to the Capulets.

Raise up the Montagues, some others search.

[Exeunt others of the WATCH.]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,

But the true ground of all these piteous woes

We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the WATCH with BALTHASAR.

SECOND WATCH.

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

FIRST WATCH.

Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.

Re-enter others of the WATCH with FRIAR LAWRENCE.

THIRD 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.

FIRST WATCH.

A great suspicion. Stay the Friar too.

Enter the PRINCE and ATTENDANTS.

PRINCE.

*What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET and others.

CAPULET.

What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

LADY CAPULET.

*O the people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.*

PRINCE.

What fear is this which startles in our ears?

FIRST WATCH.

*Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.*

PRINCE.

Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

FIRST WATCH.

Here is a Friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,

With instruments upon them fit to open

These dead men's tombs.

CAPULET.

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

This dagger hath mista'en, for lo, his house

Is empty on the back of Montague,

And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

LADY CAPULET.

O me! This sight of death is as a bell

That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

PRINCE.

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

MONTAGUE.

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

PRINCE.

Look, and thou shalt see.

MONTAGUE.

*O thou untaught! What manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?*

PRINCE.

*Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent,
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death. Meantime forbear,*

And let mischance be slave to patience.

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

I am the greatest, able to do least,

Yet most suspected, as the time and place

Doth make against me, of this direful murder.

And here I stand, both to impeach and purge

Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

PRINCE.

Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

I will be brief, for my short date of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife.

I married them; and their stol'n marriage day

Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death

Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,

*Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To County Paris. Then comes she to me,
And with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutored by my art,
A sleeping potion, which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death. Meantime I writ to Romeo
That he should hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth
And bear this work of heaven with patience.
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,*

But, as it seems, did violence on herself.

All this I know; and to the marriage

Her Nurse is privy. And if ought in this

Miscarried by my fault, let my old life

Be sacrific'd, 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 to this?

BALTHASAR.

I brought my master news of Juliet's death,

And then in post he came from Mantua

To this same place, to this same monument.

This letter he early bid me give his father,

And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,

If I departed not, and left him there.

PRINCE.

Give me the letter, I will look on it.

Where is the County's Page that rais'd the watch?

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

PAGE.

*He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And by and by my master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.*

PRINCE.

*This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death.
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet, Montague,
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punish'd.*

CAPULET.

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

MONTAGUE.

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

CAPULET.

*As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie,
Poor sacrifices of our enmity.*

PRINCE.

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

[Exeunt.]

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Romeo and Juliet is a play about the conflict between the main characters' love, with its transformative power, and the darkness, hatred, and selfishness represented by their families' feud. The two teenaged lovers, Romeo and Juliet, fall in love the first time they see each other, but their families' feud requires they remain enemies. Over the course of the play, the lovers' powerful desires directly clash with their families' equally powerful hatred of each other. Initially, we may expect that the lovers will prove the unifying force that unites the families. Were the play a comedy, the families would see the light of reason and resolve their feud, Romeo and Juliet would have a public wedding, and everyone would live happily ever after. But the Montague-Capulet feud is too powerful for the lovers to overcome. The world of the play is an imperfect place, where freedom from everything except pure love is an unrealistic goal. Ultimately, the characters' love does resolve the feud, but at the price of their lives.

Romeo and Juliet begin the play trapped by their social roles. Romeo is a young man who is expected to chase women, but he has chosen Rosaline, who has sworn to remain a virgin. The way Romeo speaks about Rosaline suggests he is playing a role rather than feeling true, overpowering emotion. He expresses his frustration in clichés that make his cousin Benvolio laugh at him. Romeo is also expected to be excited by the feud with the Capulets, but Romeo finds the feud as miserable as his love: "O brawling love, O loving hate" (1.1.). When we meet Juliet, she is in her bedroom, physically trapped between her Nurse and her mother. As a young woman, her role is to obediently wait for her parents to marry her to someone. When her mother announces that Paris will be Juliet's future husband, Juliet's response is obedient, but

unenthusiastic: “I’ll look to like, if looking liking move.” (1.3). These early scenes reveal Romeo and Juliet’s characters and introduce the themes of love, sex, and marriage that dominate the remainder of the play.

The incident which sets the plot in motion is Romeo’s decision to attend the Capulets’ party. This decision is Romeo’s first attempt to free himself from the role that confines him. Benvolio has advised him to get over Rosaline by checking out other women. By going to the Capulets’ home, Romeo is also temporarily ignoring his social role as a Montague who must feud with the Capulets. Unfortunately, Tybalt sees Romeo’s presence as an “intrusion” and swears revenge: “this intrusion shall, / Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt’rest gall” (1.5.). Tybalt’s anger raises the stakes for Romeo’s presence at the party and foreshadows their eventual duel. In the very next line after Tybalt’s exit, Romeo and Juliet meet. Now Romeo has equally high stakes for staying at the party as for leaving. If he stays he risks Tybalt’s further wrath, but if he leaves, he won’t get to spend more time with Juliet. He risks his life for love, establishing the high stakes of the lovers’ relationship. When Romeo and Juliet talk, they reinforce the extraordinariness of their new love by using the religious language of “pilgrims,” “saints,” and “prayers,” suggesting their love will escape earthly limitations.

After the party, Romeo returns to find Juliet. Their love gives both lovers a sense of freedom. Romeo feels like he is flying with “love’s light wings” (2.2). Juliet feels that her love is “as boundless as the sea” (2.2). She believes that love can liberate them both from their families: “be but sworn my love / And I’ll no longer be a Capulet” (2.2.). In the next scene, we meet Friar Lawrence, who reminds us that however good something seems, it can never be entirely untainted by evil: “Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied” (2.3). By the end of the scene, however, even Friar Lawrence is swept up in the lovers’ excitement. He believes their love can end the Montague-Capulet feud, and

he agrees to marry them. The next few scenes are more like a Shakespearean comedy than a tragedy. Mercutio and the Nurse make bawdy jokes. Romeo and Juliet come up with a cunning plan to get married under their parents' noses. It seems as if the feud between their families really might end. At the end of Act Two, the lovers marry.

No sooner are the lovers happily married than the play shifts from comedy to tragedy. Tybalt still seeks revenge for Romeo's decision to attend the Capulets' ball. Romeo, believing himself freed from the feud by his secret marriage to Juliet, refuses to fight Tybalt. But Romeo's freedom is an illusion. Tybalt provokes Mercutio and Mercutio challenges him. They fight, and Mercutio dies. Now Romeo's duty to his new in-laws, the Capulets, comes in conflict with his duty to avenge his friend's death. Romeo kills Tybalt. Although he was provoked into the murder, and he would have been killed had he not killed first, he is no longer an innocent, blameless character. It now seems unlikely that Romeo and Juliet will be able to live happily together. Romeo is banished from Verona. Before he leaves, he and Juliet spend their first—and last—night together. The scene is bittersweet and moving because they know they will soon be parted, and the audience understands this may be the last moment the lovers see each other alive. At dawn, both Romeo and Juliet try to believe that morning hasn't come, since the new day brings nothing but grief: "More light and light, more dark and dark our woes" (3.5).

In the final scenes, Romeo and Juliet are more trapped than ever. Neither character can go back to who they were before they met, but the possibility of them being together is very slim. The situation feels impossible, and reality intrudes on all sides. For Romeo, reality takes the form of his banishment to Mantua. For Juliet, the reality is her impending marriage to Paris. The two lovers' separate fates close in on them. In a desperate attempt to escape her marriage to Paris, Juliet fakes her own death, using a sleeping potion given to her by Friar Lawrence. Reality intrudes once more in an

outbreak of plague in Mantua, which prevents Romeo from getting the news that Juliet's only asleep. Romeo rushes to Juliet's tomb, where he finds Paris. Romeo, surrendering to the circumstances that have trapped him in his tragic role, kills Paris, then enters Juliet's tomb and kills himself moments before she wakes. When Juliet finds Romeo dead, she stabs herself with his dagger. By killing themselves, the lovers accept that they are trapped by their fate. At the same time, they escape from the world that has kept them apart.

Does *Romeo and Juliet* need an introduction? Of all Shakespeare's plays, it has been the most continuously popular since its first performance in the mid-1590s. It would seem, then, the most direct of Shakespeare's plays in its emotional impact. What could be easier to understand and what could be more moving than the story of two adolescents finding in their sudden love for each other a reason to defy their families' mutual hatred by marrying secretly? The tragic outcome of their blameless love (their "misadventured piteous overthrows") seems equally easy to understand: it results first from Tybalt's hotheaded refusal to obey the Prince's command and second from accidents of timing beyond any human ability to foresee or control. Simple in its story line, clear in its affirmation of the power of love over hate, *Romeo and Juliet* seems to provide both a timeless theme and universal appeal. Its immediacy stands in welcome contrast to the distance, even estrangement, evoked by other Shakespeare plays. No wonder it is often the first Shakespeare play taught in schools—on the grounds of its obvious relevance to the emotional and social concerns of young people.

Recent work by social historians on the history of private life in western European culture, however, offers a complicating perspective on the timelessness of *Romeo and Juliet*.

At the core of the play's evident accessibility is the importance and privilege modern Western culture grants to desire, regarding it as deeply expressive of individual identity and central to the personal fulfillment of women no less than men. But, as these historians have argued, such conceptions of desire reflect cultural changes in human consciousness—in ways of imagining and articulating the nature of desire.¹ In England until the late sixteenth century, individual identity had been imagined not so much as the result of autonomous, personal growth in consciousness but rather as a function of social station, an individual's place in a network of social and kinship structures. Furthermore, traditional culture distinguished sharply between the nature of identity for men and women. A woman's identity was conceived almost exclusively in relation to male authority and marital status. She was less an autonomous, desiring self than any male was; she was a daughter, wife, or widow expected to be chaste, silent, and, above all, obedient. It is a profound and necessary act of historical imagination, then, to recognize innovation in the moment when Juliet impatiently invokes the coming of night and the husband she has disobediently married: "Come, gentle night; come, loving black-browed night, / Give me my Romeo" (3.2.21–23).

Recognizing that the nature of desire and identity is subject to historical change and cultural innovation can provide the basis for rereading *Romeo and Juliet*. Instead of an uncomplicated, if lyrically beautiful, contest between young love and "ancient grudge," the play becomes a narrative that expresses an historical conflict between old forms of identity and new modes of desire, between authority and freedom, between parental will and romantic individualism. Furthermore, though the Chorus initially sets the lovers *as a pair* against the background of familial hatred, the reader attentive to social detail will be struck instead by Shakespeare's care in distinguishing between the circumstances of male and female lovers: "she as much in love, *her means much less* / To meet her new beloved anywhere" (2. Chorus. 11–12, italics added). The story of "Juliet and her Romeo" may be a

single narrative, but its clear internal division is drawn along the traditionally unequal lines of gender.

Because of such traditional notions of identity and gender, Elizabethan theatergoers might have recognized a paradox in the play's lyrical celebration of the beauty of awakened sexual desire in the adolescent boy and girl. By causing us to identify with Romeo and Juliet's desire for one another, the play affirms their love even while presenting it as a problem in social management. This is true not because Romeo and Juliet fall in love with forbidden or otherwise unavailable sexual partners; such is the usual state of affairs at the beginning of Shakespearean comedy, but those comedies end happily. Rather Romeo and Juliet's love is a social problem, unresolvable except by their deaths, because they dare to *marry* secretly in an age when legal, consummated marriage was irreversible. Secret marriage is the narrative device by which Shakespeare brings into conflict the new privilege claimed by individual desire and the traditional authority granted fathers to arrange their daughters' marriages. Secret marriage is the testing ground, in other words, of the new kind of importance being claimed by individual desire. Shakespeare's representation of the narrative outcome of this desire as tragic—here, as later in the secret marriage that opens *Othello*—may suggest something of Elizabethan society's anxiety about the social cost of romantic individualism.

The conflict between traditional authority and individual desire also provides the framework for Shakespeare's presentation of the Capulet-Montague feud. The feud, like the lovers' secret marriage, is another problem in social management, another form of socially problematic desire. We are never told what the families are fighting about or fighting for; in this sense the feud is both causeless and goal-less. The Chorus's first words insist not on the differences between the two families but on their similarity: they are two households "both alike in dignity." Later, after Prince Escalus has broken up the street brawl, they are "In penalty alike" (1.2.2). Ironically, then, they are not fighting over differences. Rather it is

Shakespeare's careful insistence on the lack of difference between Montague and Capulet that provides a key to understanding the underlying social dynamic of the feud. Just as desire brings Romeo and Juliet together as lovers, desire in another form brings the Montague and Capulet males out on the street as fighters. The feud perpetuates a close bond of rivalry between these men that even the Prince's threat of punishment cannot sever: "Montague is *bound* as well as I," Capulet tells Paris (1.2.1). Indeed, the feud seems necessary to the structure of male-male relations in Verona. Feuding reinforces male identity—loyalty to one's male ancestors—at the same time that it clarifies the social structure: servants fight with servants, young noblemen with young noblemen, old men with old men.²

That the feud constitutes a relation of desire between Montague and Capulet is clear from the opening, when the servants Gregory and Sampson use bawdy innuendo to draw a causal link between their virility and their eagerness to fight Montagues: "A dog of that house shall move me to stand," i.e., to be sexually erect (1.1.12). The Montagues seem essential to Sampson's masculinity since, by besting Montague men, he can lay claim to Montague women as symbols of conquest. (This, of course, would be a reductive way of describing what Romeo does in secretly marrying a Capulet daughter.) The feud not only establishes a structure of relations between men based on competition and sexual aggression, but it seems to involve a particularly debased attitude toward women. No matter how comic the wordplay of the Capulet servants may be, we should not forget that the sexual triangle they imagine is based on fantasized rape: "I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall" (1.1.18–19). Gregory and Sampson are not interested in the "heads" of the Montague maidens, which might imply awareness of them as individuals. They are interested only in their "maidenheads." Their coarse view of woman as generic sexual object is reiterated in a wittier vein by Mercutio, who understands Romeo's experience of awakened desire only as a question of the sexual availability of his mistress: "O Romeo, that she were, O, that she were / An open-arse, thou a pop'rin pear" (2.1.40–41).

Feuding, then, is the form that male bonding takes in Verona, a bonding which seems linked to the derogation of woman. But Romeo, from the very opening of the play, is distanced both physically and emotionally from the feud, not appearing until the combatants and his parents are leaving the stage. His reaction to Benvolio's news of the fight seems to indicate that he is aware of the mechanisms of desire that are present in the feud: "Here's much to do with hate, but more with love" (1.1.180). But it also underscores his sense of alienation: "This love feel I, that feel no love in this" (187). He is alienated not only from the feud itself, one feels, but more importantly from the idea of sexuality that underlies it. Romeo subscribes to a different, indeed a competing view of woman—the idealizing view of the Petrarchan lover. In his melancholy, his desire for solitude, and his paradox-strewn language, Romeo identifies himself with the style of feeling and address that Renaissance culture named after the fourteenth-century Italian poet Francesco Petrarca or Petrarch, most famous for his sonnets to Laura. By identifying his beloved as perfect and perfectly chaste, the Petrarchan lover opposes the indiscriminate erotic appetite of a Gregory or Sampson. He uses the frustrating experience of intense, unfulfilled, and usually unrequited passion to refine his modes of feeling and to enlarge his experience of self.

It is not coincidental, then, that Shakespeare uses the language and self-involved behaviors of the Petrarchan lover to dramatize Romeo's experience of love. For Romeo as for Petrarch, love is the formation of an individualistic identity at odds with other kinds of identity: "I have lost myself. I am not here. / This is not Romeo. He's some other where" (1.1.205–6). Petrarchan desire for solitude explains Romeo's absence from the opening clash and his lack of interest in the activities of his gang of friends, whom he accompanies only reluctantly to the Capulet feast: "I'll be a candle holder and look on" (1.4.38). His physical isolation from his parents—with whom he exchanges no words in the course of the play—further suggests his shift from traditional, clan identity to the romantic individualism prefigured by Petrarch.

Shakespeare's comic irony is that such enlargement of self is itself a mark of conventionality, since Petrarchism in European literature was by the late sixteenth century very widespread. A more cutting irony is that the Petrarchan lover and his sensual opponent (Sampson or Gregory) have more in common than is first apparent. The Petrarchan lover, in emphasizing the often paralyzing intensity of his passion, is less interested in praising the remote mistress who inspires such devotion than he is in displaying his own poetic virtuosity and his capacity for self-denial. Such a love—like Romeo's for Rosaline—is founded upon frustration and requires rejection. The lover is interested in affirming the uniqueness of his beloved only in theory. On closer look, she too becomes a generic object and he more interested in self-display. Thus the play's two languages of heterosexual desire—Petrarchan praise and anti-Petrarchan debasement—appear as opposite ends of a single continuum, as complementary discourses of woman, high and low. Even when Paris and old Capulet, discussing Juliet as prospective bride, vary the discourse to include a conception of woman as wife and mother, she remains an object of verbal and actual exchange.

In lyric poetry, the Petrarchan mistress remains a function of language alone, unheard, seen only as a collection of ideal parts, a center whose very absence promotes desire. Drama is a material medium, however. In drama, the Petrarchan mistress takes on embodiment and finds an answering voice, like Juliet's gently noting her sonneteer-pilgrim's conventionality: "You kiss by th' book" (1.5.122). In drama, the mistress may come surrounded by relatives and an inconveniently insistent social milieu. As was noted above, Shakespeare distinguishes sharply between the social circumstances of adolescent males and females. Thus one consequence of setting the play's domestic action solely within the Capulet household is to set Juliet, the "hopeful lady" of Capulet's "earth" (1.2.15), firmly into a familial context which, thanks to the Nurse's fondness for recollection and anecdote, is rich in domestic detail. Juliet's intense focus upon Romeo's surname—"What's Montague? . . . O, be some other name" (2.2.43, 44)—is a projection onto her lover of her own conflicted sense of tribal

loyalty. Unlike Romeo, whose deepest emotional ties are to his gang of friends, and unlike the more mobile daughters of Shakespearean comedy who often come in pairs, Juliet lives isolated and confined, emotionally as well as physically, by her status as daughter. Her own passage into sexual maturity comes first by way of parental invitation to “think of marriage now” (1.3.75). Her father invites Paris, the man who wishes to marry Juliet, to attend a banquet and feast his eyes on female beauty: “Hear all, all see, / And like her most whose merit most shall be” (1.2.30–31). Juliet, in contrast, is invited to look only where her parents tell her:

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.

(1.3.103–5)

The logic of Juliet’s almost instant disobedience in looking at, and liking, Romeo (rather than Paris) can be understood as the ironic fulfillment of the fears in traditional patriarchal culture about the uncontrollability of female desire, the alleged tendency of the female gaze to wander. Petrarchism managed the vexed question of female desire largely by wishing it out of existence, describing the mistress as one who, like the invisible Rosaline of this play, “will not stay the siege of loving terms, / Nor bide th’ encounter of assailing eyes” (1.1.220–21). Once Romeo, in the Capulet garden, overhears Juliet’s expression of desire,

however, Juliet abandons the conventional denial of desire—“Fain would I dwell on form;
fain, fain deny / What I have spoke. But farewell compliment” (2.2.93–94). She rejects the
“strength” implied by parental sanction and the protection afforded by the Petrarchan
celebration of chastity for a risk-taking experiment in desire that Shakespeare affirms by the
beauty of the lovers’ language in their four scenes together. Juliet herself asks Romeo the
serious questions that Elizabethan society wanted only fathers to ask. She challenges social
prescriptions, designed to contain erotic desire in marriage, by taking responsibility for her
own marriage:

If that thy bent of love be honorable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,

By one that I’ll procure to come to thee,

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.

(2.2.150–55)

The irony in her pledge—an irony perhaps most obvious to a modern, sexually egalitarian audience—is that Romeo here is following Juliet on an uncharted narrative path to sexual fulfillment in unsanctioned marriage. Allowing her husband access to a bedchamber in her father’s house, Juliet leads him into a sexual territory beyond the reach of dramatic representation. Breaking through the narrow oppositions of the play’s two discourses of woman—as either anonymous sexual object (for Sampson and Gregory) or beloved woman exalted beyond knowing or possessing (for Petrarch)—she affirms her imaginative commitment to the cultural significance of desire as an individualizing force:

Come, civil night,

Thou sober-suited matron all in black,

And learn me how to lose a winning match

Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.

Hood my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,

With thy black mantle till strange love grow bold,

Think true love acted simple modesty.

(3.2.10–16)

Romeo, when he is not drawn by desire deeper and deeper into Capulet territory, wanders into the open square where the destinies of the play's other young men—and in part his own too—are enacted. Because the young man's deepest loyalty is to his friends, Romeo is not really asked to choose between Juliet and his family but between Juliet and Mercutio, who are opposed in the play's thematic structure. Thus one function of Mercutio's anti-Petrarchan skepticism about the idealization of woman is to offer resistance to the adult heterosexuality heralded by Romeo's union with Juliet, resistance on behalf of the regressive pull of adolescent male bonding—being “one of the guys.” This distinction, as we have seen, is in part a question of speaking different discourses. Romeo easily picks up Mercutio's banter, even its sly innuendo against women. Mercutio himself regards Romeo's quickness at repartee as the hopeful sign of a return to a “normal” manly identity incompatible with his ridiculous role as lover:

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 natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

(2.4.90–95)

Implicit here is a central tenet of traditional misogyny that excessive desire for a woman is effeminizing. For Mercutio it is the effeminate lover in Romeo who refuses shamefully to answer Tybalt's challenge: “O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!” he exclaims furiously

(3.1.74). Mercutio's death at Tybalt's hands causes Romeo temporarily to agree, obeying the regressive emotional pull of grief and guilt over his own part in Mercutio's defeat. "Why the devil came you between us?" Mercutio asks. "I was hurt under your arm" (3.1.106–8). Why, we might ask instead, should Mercutio have insisted on answering a challenge addressed only to Romeo? Romeo, however, displaces blame onto Juliet: "Thy beauty hath made me effeminate / And in my temper softened valor's steel" (3.1.119–20).

In terms of narrative structure, the death of Mercutio and Romeo's slaying of Tybalt interrupt the lovers' progress from secret marriage to its consummation, suggesting the incompatibility between romantic individualism and adolescent male bonding. The audience experiences this incompatibility as a sudden movement from comedy to tragedy. Suddenly Friar Lawrence must abandon hopes of using the love of Capulet and Montague as a force for social reintegration. Instead, he must desperately stave off Juliet's marriage to Paris, upon which her father insists, by making her counterfeit death and by subjecting her to entombment. The legal finality of consummated marriage—which was the basis for Friar Lawrence's hopes "to turn your households' rancor to pure love" (2.3.99)—becomes the instrument of tragic design. It is only the Nurse who would allow Juliet to accept Paris as husband; we are asked to judge such a prospect so unthinkable that we then agree imaginatively to Friar Lawrence's ghoulish device.

In terms of the play's symbolic vocabulary, Juliet's preparations to imitate death on the very bed where her sexual maturation from girl- to womanhood occurred confirms ironically her earlier premonition about Romeo: "If he be married, / My grave is like to be my wedding bed" (1.5.148–49). Her brief journey contrasts sharply with those of Shakespeare's comic heroines who move out from the social confinement of daughterhood into a freer, less socially defined space (the woods outside Athens in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Forest of Arden in *As You Like It*). There they can exercise a sanctioned, limited freedom in the

romantic experimentation of courtship. Juliet is punished for such experimentation in part because hers is more radical; secret marriage symbolically is as irreversible as “real” death. Her journey thus becomes an internal journey in which her commitment to union with Romeo must face the imaginative challenge of complete, claustrophobic isolation and finally death in the Capulet tomb.

It is possible to see the lovers’ story, as some critics have done, as Shakespeare’s dramatic realization of the ruling metaphors of Petrarchan love poetry—particularly its fascination with “death-marked love” (**Prologue. 9**).³ But, in pondering the implications of Shakespeare’s moving his audience to identify with this narrative of initiative, desire, and power, we also do well to remember the psychosocial dynamics of drama. By heightening their powers of identification, drama gives the members of an audience an embodied image of the possible scope and form of their fears and desires. Here we have seen how tragic form operates to contain the complex play of desire/identification. The metaphors of Petrarchan idealization work as part of a complex, ambivalent discourse of woman whose ultimate social function is to encode the felt differences between men and women on which a dominant male power structure is based. Romeo and Juliet find a new discourse of romantic individualism in which Petrarchan idealization conjoins with the mutual avowal of sexual desire. But their union, as we have seen, imperils the traditional relations between males that is founded upon the exchange of women, whether the violent exchange Gregory and Sampson crudely imagine or the normative exchange planned by Capulet and Paris. Juliet, as the daughter whose erotic willfulness activates her father’s transformation from concerned to tyrannical parent, is the greater rebel. Thus the secret marriage in which this new language of feeling is contained cannot here be granted the sanction of a comic outcome. When Romeo and Juliet reunite, it is only to see each other, dead, in the dim confines of the Capulet crypt. In this play the autonomy of romantic individualism remains “star-crossed.”

1. The story of these massive shifts in European sensibility is told in a five-volume study titled *A History of Private Life*, gen. eds. Philippe Ariès and Georges Duby (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1987–91). The study covers over three millennia in the history of western Europe. For the period most relevant to Romeo and Juliet, see vol. 3, *Passions of the Renaissance* (1989), ed. Roger Chartier, trans. Arthur Goldhammer, pp. 399–607.
2. The best extended discussion of the dynamic of the feud is Coppélia Kahn, *Man's Estate: Masculine Identity in Shakespeare* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1981), pp. 83ff.
3. Nicholas Brooke, *Shakespeare's Early Tragedies* (London: Methuen, 1968), pp. 82ff.

THREE INTERPRETATIONS OF ROMEO AND JULIET By Robert Metcalf Smith OF

ALL the plays of Shakespeare, it would seem that Romeo and Juliet, the perfect love poem of the English race and of the world, should be least open to controversy and to differences of interpretation. We can readily understand why critics are still striving to pluck the heart out of Hamlet's mystery, and why every one, in spite of the critics, has his own interpretation of Hamlet. Since all the world loves a lover, all the world it would seem should understand at once the romantic devotion of Romeo and Juliet and the misfortunes of their hapless love. What more by way of interpretation is needed, and why should we mangle a beautiful story with controversies and learned discussions? If we wish, however, to discover how this play is related to Shakespeare's conceptions of tragedy, and what kind of tragedy Shakespeare intended Romeo and Juliet to be, we begin to discover among critics of the play very wide differences of opinion. Three conflicting interpretations of Romeo and Juliet prevail among Shakespearean critics: that Shakespeare intended to write (1) a tragedy of Social Justice, (2) a tragedy of Character or Poetic Justice, (3) a Tragedy of Fate, or better, in Elizabethan parlance, of

Fortune.¹ I Tragedy of Social Justice The interpretation of Romeo and Juliet as a tragedy of social justice may be found most fully elaborated by Stopford Brooke,² who lays great stress upon the quarrel between the houses of Capulet and Montague. Some readers may instantly retort that Brooke has confused the framework of the play with the play itself; but Brooke's This content downloaded from 122.149.239.231 on Tue, 18 Jul 2017 10:12:58 UTC All use subject to <http://about.jstor.org/terms> THREE

INTERPRETATIONS OF ROMEO AND JULIET 61 argument is worthy of further examination. According to his interpretation the play is not a tragedy of the lovers, Romeo and Juliet, but a social tragedy portraying the fatal consequences of hate between the Capulets and Montagues. The lovers are only a part of the play; they are the sacrificial penalties the two Houses pay for their sins of hate. Shakespeare's main purpose, therefore, was to show the frightful toll hatred takes upon families that cherish it, and the disturbance to good government and the general peace that blood feuds cause. As the Prologue tells us at once, we are to witness: "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." We are also to learn that only the "misadventur'd piteous overthrows [of the lovers] Do with their death bury their parents' strife." The disturbance to the state caused by this strife is sternly denounced by the Prince in the very opening scene: "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." (I, 1, 88 ff.) and the Prince threatens a penalty of death upon the participants in any future brawl; for the quarrel of the Capulets and Montagues was of long standing and had outraged the public peace three times; moreover, it had become so deeply engrained in every member of each family that even the servants went about aping the braggadocio and truculence of young blades like Tybalt and Mercutio until the great est

tragedy of youthful love suddenly arises out of an insulting gesture made by a Capulet servant to a Montague servant in the public square. The hope of stopping this disgraceful feud led Friar Laurence This content downloaded from 122.149.239.231 on Tue, 18 Jul 2017 10:12:58 UTC All use subject to <http://about.jstor.org/terms> 62 THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION BULLETIN to encourage and finally to marry the lovers. To their plea "In one respect I'll thy assistant be; For this alliance may so happy prove To turn your households' rancour to pure love." (II, 3, 90-3) Some critics have even gone so far as to inveigh against the good Friar as a meddlesome old priest full of tedious moral platitudes and perilous stratagems. As a representative of Holy Church, however, he cherished two moral purposes: (1) to see to it that Romeo and Juliet were married before they were left alone together, (2) to bring peace to the city by effecting a reconciliation of Capulets and Montagues after the marriage. His purposes, therefore, were not only beyond reproach; they were obligatory to his office—whatever may be said of his methods. They meet, it is true, to quote Stopford Brooke, "the fate that the interference of churchmen in affairs most often meets." But no sooner has Friar Laurence secretly married the lovers than the sacrifices to this blood feud come thick and fast, "as if," says Stopford Brooke, "Justice herself were in a hurry to accomplish her ends, as if she were driving with hastening lash all the characters on to the catastrophe." First dies Mercutio, calling down "a plague o' both your houses." Romeo, lashed into fury, then slays Tybalt. Owing to this, Romeo is banished and Juliet is left alone. Owing to this, Capulet forces Count Paris on Juliet. Owing to this, Juliet takes the sleeping potion, is thought by Romeo to have died, and Romeo resolves on death. Everything then, according to this view, comes out of the hatred of the Capulets and Montagues; and the deaths of Romeo and Juliet, says Brooke, are the work of "a Power whose aim is to punish the feud by the sacrifice of the lovers. They bear the sins of others and carry them away." This retribution the Prince drives home as the bereaved

fathers mourn over the bodies of their children: "See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate, That Heaven finds means to kill your joys and love ! And I, for winking at your discords too, Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd." (V, 3, 292-5) This content downloaded from 122.149.239.231 on Tue, 18 Jul 2017 10:12:58 UTC All use subject to <http://about.jstor.org/terms> THREE INTERPRETATIONS OF ROMEO AND JULIET 63

Upon this pronouncement follows the reconciliation of the houses. Montague promises to raise Juliet's statue in pure gold; and Capulet promises as rich a one for Romeo. As to the justice of such a sacrifice, Brooke remarks paradoxically: "Shakespeare accepted this apparent injustice as the work of Justice."—rather cold comfort for the lovers, but he adds, "Justice had already mercifully granted the lovers their perfect hour. Death is not much, when life has once reached the top of joy." According to this interpretation, then, Shakespeare wrote *Romeo and Juliet* as a tragedy of social justice in which the innocent are slain by the hatred of the Houses; society is revenged and purged so that peace may triumph and endure.

II Tragedy of Character or Poetic Justice A The second interpretation of *Romeo and Juliet* regards the play as a tragedy of character. Critics of this persuasion assert that the lovers are not sacrificed for the expiation of social guilt, but are paying for their own tragic deficiencies. Shakespeare was not writing a sermon on blood feuds but presenting a graphic illustration of the disaster which comes inevitably out of certain character defects in the lovers themselves. Just as Brutus illustrates the tragedy of blind idealism; Richard III and Macbeth, the tragedy of vaulting ambition; Hamlet, the fault of native resolution becoming "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," so *Romeo and Juliet* pay for the consequences of their rash and impetuous natures; hence Shakespeare wrote the play to exhibit not the revenge of society but the tragic folly of youth. The lovers are not innocent sufferers, or sacrifices, but heedless and reckless youth; like other tragic heroes they too have, as Hamlet phrases it, "some vicious mole of nature in them, and in the general censure take corruption from that

particular fault." The following passage written by Professor Henneman,³ a typical advocate of this view, will serve to reveal the faults he finds in these rash lovers—especially in Romeo. "Character is destiny. Romeo is precipitate; he goes to the Capulet ball uninvited; he jumps over the garden wall to speak with the girl This content downloaded from 122.149.239.231 on Tue, 18 Jul 2017 10:12:58 UTC All use subject to <http://about.jstor.org/terms> 64 THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION BULLETIN he has just met, he marries Juliet off-hand, he comes between balthasar and Mercutio, he slays the bloody Tybalt and later slays himself at the tomb of his lover—it is all of a piece. The tragedy comes from the qualities of Romeo's character and not from an unfavorable or frowning Providence." This last sentence you will note is sadly at odds with Stopf Brooke's interpretation. According to him the ends of justice being achieved by shedding the blood of the innocent; accordingly the second, the lovers are suffering only the poetic justice they bring upon themselves. If we wish to elaborate further upon the faults of the love might find a few more in Romeo that Professor Henneman has not mentioned. Romeo is so consumed by the passion of love never even thinks of marriage until Juliet proposes it; he then plans for carrying it out, or thought for the future. He leaves planning to Juliet and the Friar, as well as the carrying out of plans. It is Juliet who arranges for the second meeting of the two at Friar Laurence's cell, and for access to her balcony room after wedding; it is the Friar who proposes the death-like potion to prevent Juliet's marriage to Paris, and to reunite the lovers. When this is going on Romeo acts like a child; he bewails his fate before it comes; he throws himself petulantly on the ground and raises such an unmanly commotion in the Friar's cell that even Nurse is disgusted and the Friar sharply reproves him to bring to his senses. (It is not realized apparently by critics of this school that Romeo, like Hamlet, is a typical Elizabethan distracted In fact, the only thing that Romeo characteristically does suggest is a rope ladder by which he can climb up to Juliet's balcony. If we wish to find flaws in Juliet we can do no better than consult the pages of L. M. Watt,⁴ who maintains that both lov

victims "of their human passions and pride of the human will Juliet of sensuality:

"Beautiful as love may be, and sweet as the affections of Rome Juliet are, they yet allow passion to overbalance them. Excess is sin, which displaces the centre of gravity of their universe, and topples them to disaster. The constant association with the Nurse and her gross nature, through the proud neglect of

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Capulet, her mother, has given an undeniably sensual bias to the love of Juliet, which, finding its counterpart in the hot nature of Romeo, draws them both blindly to gratification of appetite. Their speedy marriage without consultation, which, indeed, considering the relations of their families, would have been fruitless of aught but recrimination and outrage, plunges them straight into the vortex of destiny. The same passionate haste has made the world of Verona too narrow for the hate of the heads of the houses, and stains the streets with the blood of Mercutio; while the unbalanced, unrestrainable spirit of Romeo which carries him headlong into his matrimonial complications, leads him to the further disastrous deaths not only of Tybalt and Count Paris but also of himself." Contemplate the mind of the critic that reduces Romeo and Juliet to a "matrimonial complication"! but let us proceed to reveal another fault Watt has overlooked: Juliet's deceitful nature, her capacity for lying to Paris and to her Mother and Father and doubtless we might find other "faults" if we wished to abandon our minds further to this ungracious kind of detraction. B The most recent attempt to discover a tragic flaw in Romeo is the learned discourse in a recent issue of the Bulletin (October, 1947) by H. Edward Cain who offers extensive testimony from More, La Primaudaye and other authorities describing the passion of anger, wrath, ire, choler, rage, fury, to prove that the character of Romeo is a study of the passions of anger. Romeo's giving way to "wild eyed fury" is the inherent character flaw. Tragic fault, as Bradley also

believes, is present. In the first place, it may be said that Professor Draper's essay, Shakespeare's "Star-Crossed Lovers,"⁵ equally recondite in medieval and renaissance lore, presents an astonishing array of pseudo-science, astrology, and humour, to show why the play has "something of the inevitable sequence of Hellenic tragedy." As Cain himself concedes, the majority of critics regard the tragedy as one of fortune, and the lovers without blemish or blame.⁶ In the second place, it may be queried whether Romeo's anger can be regarded at all in the strict Aristotelian sense of tragic flaw. Aristotle's word, according to the best authorities, Bywater, Ross, This content downloaded from 122.149.239.231 on Tue, 18 Jul 2017 10:12:58 UTC All use subject to <http://about.jstor.org/terms> 66 THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION BULLETIN Atkins, refers only to tragic defects issuing not from *passi* but from imperfect knowledge. Under the influence, however, of medieval conceptions of moral conscience tragic flaw in Shakespeare had been extended to include faults of passion accompanied often by retribution or conviction or admission a conception indubitably prominent in Shakespeare's thought and brought up as he was on medieval Christian doctrines. In the third place, it may be doubted whether Romeo's way to impetuosity and wrath can at all be considered a tragic flaw. One can hardly hold a young renaissance lover to blame impetuosity of youth when love and honor are at stake. He is to exhibit the cool prudence of Friar Laurence's "who slow, they stumble that run fast." The only fault in the play is the love and anger of Romeo, then, as well as in that of Youth, a condition that can hardly be equated to tragic flaw whether in a classical, a medieval, a renaissance, or a modern mode. Moreover, as will be shown later, Friar Laurence's prudent prudence, highly recommended by Cain, suffers no better fate and Juliet is not a tragedy that can be averted by reason at once. The fact that Shakespeare deliberately changed the moralistic *Romeo and Juliet* of Arthur Brooke, his source (which Cain draws at length)—particularly in removing the lovers, weighs heavily against Cain's thesis of moral Romeo. For Professor Cain's purpose a better illustration

anger unrestrained would be Tybalt or of choleric Capulet, who stand in pertinent contrast to Romeo's endeavors to stay on-rushing calamity by controlling his ire first to avert the fight, and subsequently to avoid his duty the death of Mercutio. Under these extreme provocation efforts at control are little short of heroic; yet gaining neither credit nor consideration. What, we may ask, would a modern audience have thought, or a modern audience for that of a Romeo who, confronted by the slayer of his dearest friend, continued a prudent exhibition of a young man "too proud." Drama is not made that way. The same rejoinder may be Thomas P. Harrison, Jr.'s "Hang Up Philosophy"—and he hangs the play upon the Friar's philosophy of plants and indulgence in "rude will." Heaven's "grace," exemplified the Friar, does not appear at all to aid the much distracted man who is quite beside himself in Act V. His wisdom

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better shrift than Romeo's "fury." "God," one critic has remarked, "is a name, but not an influence in Shakespeare's plays." Religion never helps any one of his characters. Laertes, contemplating mad Ophelia, exclaims: "Do you see this, O God?" and Macduff, hearing the calamity that has overcome his wife and babes, "Did Heaven look on and would not take their part?" Friar Laurence utters not a word of Christian comfort to Juliet in the tomb. In view of these detractions that have been made by critics seeking according to questionable Aristotelian formulas to find faults in the lovers in order to uphold a theory of tragic retribution, it is very much to the purpose to emphasize the tests of character which both lovers heroically met. There is little question that Juliet is the finer character of the two, but we should observe that in spite of his peevishness, his emotional excess, and his lack of forethought, Romeo is quite worthy of the devotion of his beloved. Whenever there comes a test, Romeo meets it like the heroic lover we would have him be. Note, for example, what restraint and self-control he shows in trying

to stop the duel between Tybalt and Mercurio. How easy it would have been to jump into the fight at once in response to the taunts and insults of Tybalt. It is only when his friend Mercurio has been slain that he is compelled to exact his superior swordsmanship upon Tybalt who "fights by the book of arithmetic." There is no lack of manliness here, nor at any other point in the play when a crisis has to be met, whether it be his second forced duel with Paris in the tomb or his determination to live no longer when he hears the false news of Juliet's death. If Romeo's essential manliness is equal to the crises of his life, Juliet throughout exhibits a strength of character that may be matched with that of any other Shakespearean heroine. Ophelia and Desdemona can but suffer in dumb helplessness from forces beating upon them which they never understand and with which they cannot cope. The nerves of both Portia, Brutus' wife, and of Lady Macbeth are shattered by suspense and dread in spite of their heroic wills; Cordelia has her husband and Kent to aid her in her counterplots. In contrast stands the heroism of Juliet, the presence of mind that she retains in every crisis in spite of the emotional turmoil to which she is subjected. It may be ventured that no woman in Shakespeare

This content downloaded from 122.149.239.231 on Tue, 18 Jul 2017 10:12:58 UTC All use subject to <http://about.jstor.org/terms> 68 THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION BULLETIN suffers such prolonged and unrelieved emotional stress should remember that it is not mental activity but emotion that leaves men and women torn and exhausted. Shocked from simple and innocent girlhood by the sudden love for Romeo, like women in every walk of life, she had to bear the severest burdens. The tragic fatality of finding herself suddenly in love with an enemy, the anxieties of planning for the marriage are mere preliminaries to her sufferings. In Act III, Scene II, when she is on the very heights of ecstasy anticipating her lover, in comes the Nurse with news that Romeo has slain Tybalt, and we watch Juliet torn between her feelings of loyalty to her kinsman and her love for Romeo. Upon this follows the last meeting at night and the

painful parting at daybreak when she inquires of Romeo: "O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?" but in spite of Romeo's assurances, she was never again to see him alive. After he has gone, how characteristically she cries out on Fortune: "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." From this point on, however, she is allowed not a moment's relief from emotional tension for immediately Lady Capulet enters to announce that Juliet is to marry Paris—"early next Thursday morning," —a date that subsequently is speedily advanced to Wednesday, a proposal which results in the violent scene with her parents and the disgraceful abuse they pour upon her. The Nurse to whom she finally appeals then abandons her cause, and urges her to compromise and marry Paris. She meets this test by cleverly seeming to consent, but keeping her ulterior purpose fast hidden within her own soul. Even then there is not a moment's relief, for in comes Paris to press again his unwelcome attentions, and Juliet has to continue playing the difficult role of seeming to receive his tenders of affection. She then appeals to the Friar, only to be confronted with his desperate plan of the sleeping potion; and in the midst of the commotion in the house in preparation for her hasty wedding, she finally perceives that her dismal scene she must enact alone; and she retires to struggle with her fears in this marvelous soliloquy: This content downloaded from 122.149.239.231 on Tue, 18 Jul 2017 10:12:58 UTC All use subject to <http://about.jstor.org/terms>

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ROMEO AND JULIET 69 "Farewell ! God knows when we shall meet again. I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins, That almost freezes up the heat of life: I'll call them back again to comfort me. Nurse!—What should she do here? My dismal scene I needs must act alone. Come, vial. What if this mixture do not work at all ? Shall I be married then to-morrow morning ? No, no: this shall forbid it. Lie thou there. [Laying down a dagger. What if it be a poison, which the friar Subtly hath minister'd to have me

dead, Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd, Because he married me before to Romeo? I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not, For he hath still been tried a holy man. How if, when I am laid into the tomb, I wake before the time that Romeo Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point. Shall I not then be stifled in the vault, To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in, And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ? Or, if I live, is it not very like, The horrible conceit of death and night, Together with the terror of the place, As in a vault, an ancient receptacle, Where for these many hundred years the bones Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd; Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth, Lies festering in his shroud ; where, as they say, At some hours in the night spirits resort; Alack, alack, is it not like that I So early waking, what with loathsome smells And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth, That living mortals hearing them run mad: O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught, Environed with all these hideous fears ? And madly play with my 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 ? This content downloaded from 122.149.239.231 on Tue, 18 Jul 2017 10:12:58 UTC All use subject to <http://about.jstor.org/terms> 70 THE

SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION BULLETIN O, look ! methinks I see my cousins'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." (IV, 3.) It is a wonder of wonders indeed, that under such a nervous tension, driven in upon herself and tossed hith with doubts, she could have kept so steadfast to her purpose heroically have enacted this dismal scene alone. To those who censure the lovers for rash and passionate it may be said that it is incredible how critical minds should be blind to the character values in this play. John Erskine has a final verdict on this point: "For of all the immortal lovers of drama and story Romeo and Juliet are surely outstanding in the combined purity and pathos of their motives. For great as are the loves of ancient story, of Cleopatra, of Iseult, of Heloise, of Guinevere and of their

they are obscured by meanness, by trickery, and by broken do not look to them for the ideals we would wish our mode to emulate."⁸ When we witness Romeo and Juliet caught in the toils of hate and chance, we wonder which of us would not be lovers to the death if our passions could attain such ardor and loveliness, such fidelity and strength as theirs. It is harsh indeed to censure Romeo and Juliet because they love with the wild ardor and idealism of youth. Rather do the devotion and beauty of these lovers shine forth as fixed stars against the dark background of a universe, as in *King Lear*, not ordered to satisfy the desires of men.

III Tragedy of Fortune A The third interpretation regards the play as a tragedy of Fortune; it does not exhibit the workings of an external social justice, nor disclose any censurable faults in the lovers. As Professor Kittredge pronounces in no uncertain terms: "Romeo and Juliet—is a This content downloaded from 122.149.239.231 on Tue, 18 Jul 2017 10:12:58 UTC All use subject to <http://about.jstor.org/terms>

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fatalistic drama."⁷ While it is true that the lovers are sacrificed on the altar of family hatred, no spectator ever views the tragedy as anything but what the title indicates, namely, the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. If Shakespeare had intended a tragedy of the Houses (like Lope de Vega, who wrote a play on the same story) he would have called his play *The Tragedy of the Capulets and Montagues*; on the contrary he tells in his prologue that we are to witness "a pair of Star-Crossed lovers"—doomed by blind fortune to disaster even before they begin their tempestuous love-making. If we are responsive to the motives of Fortune, which are repeatedly struck throughout this play as in the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven or in Tchaikovsky's Fourth and Fifth Symphonies, we shall perceive that the disaster overwhelming Romeo and Juliet is caused at last not by the hate of the Houses or by defects of character, but by a series of unlucky accidents; and that the final determining accident, which brings the lovers to their doom,—the failure of Friar John to deliver to Romeo the letter telling him that Juliet

was not dead,—is one for which no one is responsible: "As in Greek tragedy," remarks one critic, "we follow the story not with eager curiosity as to how it will terminate; we know from the first that the lovers are doomed. What we watch for is the means by which Fortune spreads her nets for their feet, the means by which they struggle to avoid them and the lovely flaming colors of passion which their alternating moments of joy and despair bring into their faces, their hearts, and their speech. When they seem nearest deliverance Shakespeare unresistingly makes the final stroke of fate one of merest chance, so completely unrelated to the principal action that the tragic plot seems actually to be forgotten or destroyed." This final catastrophe is due, then, not to weakness of character, not to the feud between Montague and Capulet, but to the accidental detention in quarantine of the letter-bearer Friar John, a hitherto unheard of person—"an ill-unlucky thing," as Friar Laurence says, that only heightens our tragic impressions of the lovers as hopelessly at the mercy of Fortune's whims. Let us trace this hand of Fate or of Fortune, as the Elizabethans term it, and see how the lovers are destined to be the blameless victims not only of family hatred, but of obvious accident and chance. This content downloaded from 122.149.239.231 on Tue, 18 Jul 2017 10:12:58 UTC All use subject to <http://about.jstor.org/terms>

72 THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION BULLETIN In harmony with the prologue which tells us that Romeo and Juliet are to be revealed as "a pair of star-crossed lovers," we observe repeatedly crying out against the accidents of Fortune; their divining souls are constantly harrowed by fears like those Romeo expresses when against his will he goes with his friends to Capulet's ball: Romeo. And we mean well, in going to this mask ; But 'tis no wit to go. Ben. Supper is done and we shall come too late. Romeo. I fear, too early ; for my mind misgives Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars, Shall bitterly begin his fearful date With this night's revels, and expire the term Of a despised life closed in my breast By some vile forfeit of untimely death. (I, 4, 105-11) Note too the repeated references throughout to

the stars, and the numerous occasions when the finger of Fortune thrusts awry the best laid plans of the lovers and of their good shepherd, Friar Laurence. It is by mere chance that, through the illiterate servant of the Capulets, the invitation falls into the hands of the Montagues, and we have just seen Romeo had no wish to go to the ball where he met Juliet. The fatality of this situation is emphasized by Juliet's exclamation: "My only love sprung from my only hate, Too early seen unknown, and known too late." (I, 5, 140-1) It was no fault of his that Romeo became involved in the death of Tybalt.

Mercutio stirs up the fray. Romeo uses all his persuasion to pacify Tybalt, and when finally he can do nothing in honor but avenge Mercutio's death, how characteristically he exclaims: "O, I am fortune's fool." (III, 1, 141) Even Friar Laurence when he hears the news of Romeo's predicament thinks him fated: This content downloaded from

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"Romeo, come forth, come forth thou fearful man: Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts, And thou art wedded to calamity." (III, 3, 1-3) To censure the lovers for their impetuous devotion is to censure youth because it is not middle age, for what churlish spirit would wish them to be less radiant in their mutual passion and adoration? Yet the prudence of the Friar meets no better end. For had not Fortune thwarted the Friar's plan, was there not as good a chance of reconciling the families in this way as by the needless sacrifice of the lovers? Believing as a holy man that the world is directed by providential wisdom, and that in this life "grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night," he did not reckon, in his precarious plan to reunite the lovers, upon the hazards and accidents that thwart life's fairest hopes. Like Romeo, when he came between Tybalt and Mercutio, Friar Laurence "thought all for the best." It was no fault of his that Friar John, who bore the news of Juliet's simulated death, was caught in a quarantined city, and failed to reach Romeo, or that Romeo on hearing the report of Juliet's death was left to hurl his

challenge. "Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!" (V, 1, 24) It is fate again that Juliet awakens from her death-like sleep only a moment after Romeo's death. No wonder is it, then, that when Friar Laurence tries to persuade Juliet to come away from the body of her lover, he does not proffer the official comforts of his religion by talk of Providence and a future in heaven, arguments which he had previously used to silence the wailing Capulets: "Heaven and yourself Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all." (IV, 5, 66-7) but, shaken to the bottom of his soul by the awful realization "ill-unlucky thing" he had been fearing as he "stumbled at grav his way to the tomb, he utters those fateful words which strike keynote of this tragedy and of all such tragedies of fate or of a greater power than we can contradict Hath thwarted our intents." (V, 3, 153-4) This content downloaded from 122.149.239.231 on Tue, 18 Jul 2017 10:12:58 UTC All use subject to <http://about.jstor.org/terms> 74 THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION BULLETIN

Hardly any character in the play undergoes a greater transformation than Friar Laurence. Calm and fortified by his philosophy that good always comes out of evil, a doctrine he expounds in Act II, Scene 3: "For nought so vile that on the earth doth live But to the earth some special good doth give," he lived to say in Act V : "Ah, what an unkind hour Is guilty of this lamentable chance!" (V, 3, 145 ff) Firm believer in prudence and providential wisdom, the valiant man becomes a trembling, fearful being, quite beside himself rushing hither and yon, and away at the sound of noises, Juliet alone, only to find himself apprehended by the servants: 3. Watch. "Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps 1. Watch. "A great suspicion. Stay the friar too." (V, 3, 184ff) Shakespeare, however, permits the Friar to deliver a long explanation and a justification of his conduct (V, 3, 229ff) by referring "accident" as the cause of the disaster—and ending: "If caught in this Miscarried by my fault, let my old life Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time, Unto the rigour of severest law." (V, 3, 266ff) Shakespeare, who condemns no one, has the Prince absolve in the brief sentence: "We still have known thee for a holy man." (V, 3, 270) Verily there

were more things in heaven and earth than were anticipated in Friar Laurence's philosophy. Fatalistic tragedy though it be interpreted, Romeo and Juliet, unlike the modern fatalistic This content downloaded from 122.149.239.231 on Tue, 18 Jul 2017 10:12:58 UTC All use subject to <http://about.jstor.org/terms> THREE

INTERPRETATIONS OF ROMEO AND JULIET 75 tragedy of O'Neill or of Andrieff in his Life of Man does not leave us depressed or crushed with hopeless sorrow at the close, or paralyzed by a fear of doom; on the contrary, we leave the theatre compensated not because the reconciled families are to raise gold statues to the glorious lovers, but because we are filled with admiration for their devotion and fidelity. We perceive that love has triumphed even in the face of crass casualty and death. When Romeo over the death-like form of Juliet breathes forth his last defiance of the stars, we hear no note of defeat, but the voice of something that Death and Fortune cannot touch. "O give me thy hand,— One writ with me in sour misfortune's book" "Ah, dear Juliet, Why art thou yet so fair ? shall I believe That unsubstantial death is amorous, And that the lean abhorred monster keeps Thee here in dark to be his paramour ? For fear of that, I still will stay with thee, And never from this palace of dim night Depart again: here, here will I remain With worms that are thy chamber-maids ; O, here Will I set up my everlasting rest, And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last! Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss A dateless bargain to engrossing death ! Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide! Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark. Here's to my love! [Drinks']. O true apothecary! Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [Dies Romeo and Juliet, like all other Shakespeare heroes, meet disaster with a bravery and eloquence that make their deaths insignificant. B This reduction of Romeo and Juliet to a tragedy of Fortune, however persuasive, suffers like the other two interpretations, from arbitrary selection, from over-simplification and from modern

bias. This content downloaded from 122.149.239.231 on Tue, 18 Jul 2017 10:12:58

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ASSOCIATION BULLETIN No matter how prevalent may be the references to Fortune should not be interpreted in the modern fatalistic formula of O'Neill or Joseph Wood Krutch.⁹ As Professor Patch has done in his illuminating articles previously referred to, Fortune a providence as employed in the renaissance—in fact ever since Boethius—meant virtually the same thing; since the accidents and chances of Fortune were regarded as under the control and a part of the will of an all-wise Providence. Fortune and Providence were not so sharply differentiated as they are today, nor is it likely that they were in Shakespeare's mind. In the very speech when Romeo is disclaiming against Fortune and the stars "for my mind misgives Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars." he immediately adds: "But He, that hath the steerage of my course, Direct my sail!" (I, 4, 112-3) showing that in Romeo's mind the stars in their courses as well as all human fate were directed by Providence. Moreover, it is dubious also to insinuate that the Friar's philosophy collapses in Act V when he exclaims: "A greater power than we can contradict Hath thwarted our intents." Though the Friar's wisdom receives no better shrift than Romeo's fury, for the best-laid plans of even holy men go oft' awry, there is no evidence that his settled religious view of the world is changed at all; for he begs Juliet to come forth and join "a sisterhood of holy nuns;" and in his defense he says: "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." (V, 3, 260-4)

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AND JULIET 77 IV What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? To return to the more difficult question first propounded: What was Shakespeare's intent in writing Romeo and Juliet? Who can believe that Shakespeare composed this play to set forth

any one of these doctrines, whether of family hate, of personal fault, or of Love versus Fortune ? These captions, Tragedy of Social, or Poetical Justice, or Fortune, are the conscientious generalizations of moralists, of philosophers or of scholar theorists enabling us to elucidate the tragic values they have seen and felt while watching or studying the play, and who shall deny any one of them to expound as he pleases. Do we not have in Romeo and Juliet what may be called a nicely balanced play of all these forces ? That is what we mean when we talk about the universality of art, in which, according to our little lights, our tastes, and our moral prepossessions, some of us see and stress one aspect, and others of us emphasize another. The myriad-minded Shakespeare takes no partial views; he reveals the whole. Finally, what Shakespeare was most intent upon as a dramatist, we may be sure, was to write a captivating love story for his audience in the theatre and not to expound a philosophy or to illustrate a theory of tragedy or to moralize upon the time, content merely to please, "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.

Shakespeare, more than any other author, has instructed the West in the catastrophes of sexuality, and has invented the formula that the sexual becomes the erotic when crossed by the shadow of death. There had to be one high song of the erotic by Shakespeare, one lyrical and tragi-comical paean celebrating an unmixed love and lamenting its inevitable destruction. Romeo and Juliet is unmatched, in Shakespeare and in the world's literature, as a vision of an

uncompromising mutual love that perishes of its own idealism and intensity.

—Harold Bloom, *Shakespeare: The Invention of the Human*

Romeo and Juliet, regarded by many as William Shakespeare's first great play, is generally thought to have been written around 1595. Shakespeare was then 31 years old, married for 12 years and the father of three children. He had been acting and writing in London for five years. His stage credits included mainly histories—the three parts of *Henry VI* and *Richard III*—and comedies—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*. Shakespeare's first tragedy, modeled on Seneca, *Titus Andronicus*, was written around 1592. From that year through 1595 Shakespeare had also composed 154 sonnets and two long narrative poems in the erotic tradition—*Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*. Both his dramatic and nondramatic writing show Shakespeare mastering Elizabethan literary conventions. Then, around 1595, Shakespeare composed three extraordinary plays—*Richard II*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Romeo and Juliet*—in three different genres—history, comedy, and tragedy—signalling a new mastery, originality, and excellence. With these three plays Shakespeare emerged from the shadows of his influences and initiated a period of unexcelled accomplishment. The two parts of *Henry IV* and *Julius Caesar* would follow, along with the romantic comedies *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night* and the great tragedies *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, and

Antony and Cleopatra. The three plays of 1595, therefore, serve as an important bridge between Shakespeare's apprenticeship and his mature achievements. *Romeo and Juliet*, in particular, is a crucial play in the evolution of Shakespeare's tragic vision, in his integration of poetry and drama, and in his initial exploration of the connection between love and tragedy that he would continue in *Troilus and Cressida*, *Othello*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*. *Romeo and Juliet* is not only one of the greatest love stories in all literature, considering its stage history and the musicals, opera, music, ballet, literary works, and films that it has inspired; it is quite possibly the most popular play of all time. There is simply no more famous pair of lovers than *Romeo and Juliet*, and their story has become an inescapable central myth in our understanding of romantic love.

Despite the play's persistence, cultural saturation, and popular appeal, *Romeo and Juliet* has fared less well with scholars and critics, who have generally judged it inferior to the great tragedies that followed. Instead of the later tragedies of character *Romeo and Juliet* has been downgraded as a tragedy of chance, and, in the words of critic James Calderwood, the star-crossed lovers are "insufficiently endowed with complexity" to become tragic heroes. Instead "they become a study of victimage and sacrifice, not tragedy." What is too often missing in a consideration of the shortcomings of *Romeo and Juliet* by contrast with the later tragedies is the radical departure the play represented

when compared to what preceded it. Having relied on Senecan horror for his first tragedy, *Titus Andronicus*, Shakespeare located his next in the world of comedy and romance. *Romeo and Juliet* is set not in antiquity, as Elizabethan convention dictated for a tragic subject, but in 16th-century Verona, Italy. His tragic protagonists are neither royal nor noble, as Aristotle advised, but two teenagers caught up in the petty disputes of their families. The plight of young lovers pitted against parental or societal opposition was the expected subject, since Roman times, of comedy, not tragedy. By showing not the eventual triumph but the death of the two young lovers Shakespeare violated comic conventions, while making a case that love and its consequences could be treated with an unprecedented tragic seriousness. As critic Harry Levin has observed, Shakespeare's contemporaries "would have been surprised, and possibly shocked at seeing lovers taken so seriously. Legend, it had been hereto-fore taken for granted, was the proper matter for serious drama; romance was the stuff of the comic stage."

Shakespeare's innovations are further evident in comparison to his source material. The plot was a well-known story in Italian, French, and English versions. Shakespeare's direct source was Arthur Brooke's poem *The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet* (1562). This moralistic work was intended as a warning to youth against "dishonest desire" and disobeying parental authority. Shakespeare, by contrast, purifies and ennobles the lovers' passion,

intensifies the pathos, and underscores the injustice of the lovers' destruction. Compressing the action from Brooke's many months into a five-day crescendo, Shakespeare also expands the roles of secondary characters such as Mercutio and Juliet's nurse into vivid portraits that contrast the lovers' elevated lyricism with a bawdy earthiness and worldly cynicism. Shakespeare transforms Brooke's plodding verse into a tour de force verbal display that is supremely witty, if at times over elaborate, and, at its best, movingly expressive. If the poet and the dramatist are not yet seamlessly joined in *Romeo and Juliet*, the play still displays a considerable advance in Shakespeare's orchestration of verse, image, and incident that would become the hallmark of his greatest achievements.

The play's theme and outcome are announced in the Prologue:

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

Suspense over the lovers' fate is eliminated at the outset as Shakespeare emphasizes the forces that will destroy them. The initial scene makes this clear

as a public brawl between servants of the feuding Montagues and Capulets escalates to involve kinsmen and the patriarchs on both sides, ended only when the Prince of Verona enforces a cease-fire under penalty of death for future offenders of the peace. Romeo, Montague's young son, does not participate in the scuffle since he is totally absorbed by a hopeless passion for a young, unresponsive beauty named Rosaline. Initially Romeo appears as a figure of mockery, the embodiment of the hypersensitive, melancholy adolescent lover, who is urged by his kinsman Benvolio to resist sinking "under love's heavy burden" and seek another more worthy of his affection. Another kinsman, Mercutio, for whom love is more a game of easy conquest, urges Romeo to "be rough with love" and master his circumstances. When by chance it is learned that Rosaline is to attend a party at the Capulets, Benvolio suggests that they should go as well for Romeo to compare Rosaline's charms with the other beauties at the party and thereby cure his infatuation. There Romeo sees Juliet, Capulet's not-yet 14-year-old daughter. Her parents are encouraging her to accept a match with Count Paris for the social benefit of the family. Love as affectation and love as advantage are transformed into love as all-consuming, mutual passion at first sight. Romeo claims that he "ne'er saw true beauty till this night," and by the force of that beauty, he casts off his former melancholic self-absorption. Juliet is no less smitten. Sending her nurse to learn the stranger's identity, she worries, "If he be married, / My grave is like to be my wedding bed." Both are shocked to learn that they are on either side of the family feud, and their risk is underscored when the Capulet kinsman, Tybalt, recognizes Romeo and, though prevented by Capulet from violence at the party, swears future vengeance. Tybalt's threat underscores that this is a play as much about hate as about love, in which Romeo and Juliet's

passion is increasingly challenged by the public and family forces that deny love's authority.

The first of the couple's two great private moments in which love's redemptive and transformative power works its magic follows in possibly the most famous single scene in all of drama, set in the Capulets' orchard, over-looked by Juliet's bedroom window. In some of the most impassioned, lyrical, and famous verses Shakespeare ever wrote, the lovers' dialogue perfectly captures the ecstasy of love and love's capacity to remake the world. Seeing Juliet above at her window, Romeo says:

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.

He overhears Juliet's declaration of her love for him and the rejection of what is implied if a Capulet should love a Montague:

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. . . .

'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.

In a beautifully modulated scene the lovers freely admit their passion and exchange vows of love that become a marriage proposal. As Juliet continues to be called back to her room and all that is implied as Capulet's daughter, time and space become the barriers to love's transcendent power to unite.

With the assistance of Friar Lawrence, who regards the union of a Montague and a Capulet as an opportunity "To turn your households' rancour to pure love," Romeo and Juliet are secretly married. Before nightfall and the anticipated consummation of their union Romeo is set upon by Tybalt, who is by Romeo's marriage, his new kinsman. Romeo accordingly refuses his challenge, but it is answered by Mercutio. Romeo tries to separate the two, but in the process Mercutio is mortally wounded. This is the tragic turn of the play as Romeo, enraged, rejects the principle of love forged with

Juliet for the claims of reputation, the demand for vengeance, and an identification of masculinity with violent retribution:

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. O sweet Juliet,

Thy beauty hath made me effeminate

And in my temper soft'ned valour's steel!

After killing Tybalt, Romeo declares, “O, I am fortune's fool!” He may blame circumstances for his predicament, but he is clearly culpable in capitulating to the values of society he had challenged in his love for Juliet.

The lovers are given one final moment of privacy before the catastrophe. Juliet, awaiting Romeo's return, gives one of the play's most moving speeches, balancing sublimity with an intimation of mortality that increasingly accompanies the lovers:

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.

Learning the terrible news of Tybalt's death and Romeo's banishment, Juliet wins her own battle between hate and love and sends word to Romeo to keep their appointed night together before they are parted.

As Romeo is away in Mantua Juliet's parents push ahead with her wedding to Paris. The solution to Juliet's predicament is offered by Friar Lawrence who gives her a drug that will make it appear she has died. The Friar is to summon Romeo, who will rescue her when she awakes in the Capulet family tomb. The Friar's message to Romeo fails to reach him, and Romeo learns of Juliet's death. Reversing his earlier claim of being "fortune's fool," Romeo reacts by declaring, "Then I defy you, stars," rushing to his wife and breaking society's rules by acquiring the poison to join her in death. Reaching the tomb Romeo is surprised to find Paris on hand, weeping for his lost bride. Outraged by the intrusion on his grief Paris confronts Romeo. They fight, and after killing Paris, Romeo finally recognizes him and mourns him as "Mercutio's kinsman." Inside the tomb Romeo sees Tybalt's corpse and asks forgiveness before taking leave of Juliet with a kiss:

. . . O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.

Juliet awakes to see Romeo dead beside her. Realizing what has happened, she responds by taking his dagger and plunges it into her breast: “This is thy sheath; there rest, and let me die.”

Montagues, Capulets, and the Prince arrive, and the Friar explains what has happened and why. His account of Romeo and Juliet’s tender passion and devotion shames the two families into ending their feud. The Prince provides the final eulogy:

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.

The sense of loss Verona and the audience feels at the lovers’ deaths is a direct result of Shakespeare’s remarkable ability to conjure love in all its transcendent power, along with its lethal risks. Set on a collision course with the values bent on denying love’s sway, Romeo and Juliet manage to create a dreamlike, alternative, private world that is so touching because it is so brief and perishable. Shakespeare’s triumph here is to make us care that adolescent romance matters—emotionally, psychologically, and socially—and that the premature and unjust death of lovers rival in profundity and significance the fall of kings.