

Romeo and Juliet

By William Shakespeare

Verona, Italy—1590's, July

ROMEOSon of MONTAGUE
BENVOLIO.....Montague cousin of ROMEO
BALTHASARMontague servant to ROMEO
ABRAMMontague servant
LORD MONTAGUE.....Father of ROMEO
LADY MONTAGUE.....Mother of ROMEO

JULIET.....Daughter of CAPULET, age 13
TYBALTCapulet cousin of JULIET
SAMPSONCapulet servant
GREGORY.....Capulet servant
LORD CAPULETFather of JULIET, in his 50's
LADY CAPULETMother of JULIET, about 27
NURSECapulet servant to JULIET
PETERCapulet servant to NURSE

MERCUTIOFriend of ROMEO, related to PRINCE
COUNTY PARISCount to wed JULIET, related to PRINCE
PRINCE ESCALUS.....Prince of Verona
FRIAR LAWRENCE.....Franciscan who marries ROMEO & JULIET
FRIAR JOHNCarries message for FRIAR LAWRENCE
APOTHECARYSells poison to ROMEO

CITIZENS, SERVANTS, MUSICIANS, GUARDS, etc.

Shakespeare's complete original script based on the Second Quarto of 1599, with corrections and alternate text from other editions indicated as: ¹First Quarto of 1597; ²Second Quarto of 1599; ³Third Quarto of 1609, ⁴Fourth Quarto of 1622, ⁵First Folio of 1623, and ⁺ for later editions. First performed around 1595. Line-numbering matches the Folger Library edition of 1992. Spelling and punctuation are modernized (American) with some indications of pronunciation. Stage directions are clarified. Side notes are given for vocabulary, figurative language, and allusions. This script be downloaded from www.hundsness.com and used freely for education and performance. David Hundsness, editor, 2004.

PROLOGUE

CHORUS

Two <u>households</u> , both alike in <u>dignity</u> ,	1.0.1
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,	<i>families, rank</i>
From ancient <u>grudge break</u> to new <u>mutiny</u> ,	<i>rivalry, outbreaks, fighting</i>
Where <u>civil</u> blood makes <u>civil</u> hands unclean.	<i>civilian</i>
From forth the <u>fatal loins</u> of these two foes	<i>fateful, children</i> 1.0.5
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life,	<i>doomed</i>
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows	<i>unfortunate, pitiful, downfall</i>
Doth ² with their death <u>bury</u> their parents' <u>strife</u> .	<i>do⁺, end, fighting</i>
The fearful passage of their <u>death-mark'd</u> love,	<i>doomed</i>
And the continuance of their parents' rage,	1.0.10
Which, <u>but</u> their children's end, <u>naught</u> could remove,	<i>except for, nothing</i>
Is now the two hours' <u>traffic</u> of our stage.	<i>performance</i>
The which if you with patient ears <u>attend</u> ,	<i>listen</i>
What here shall miss, our <u>toil</u> shall strive to mend.	<i>play</i>

ACT 1, SCENE 1

[Verona, a street, morning. SAMPSON & GREGORY, armed]

SAMPSON	1.1.1
Gregory, on my word, we'll not <u>carry coals</u> .	<i>take insults</i>
GREGORY	1.1.2
No, for then we should be <u>colliers</u> .	<i>coal miners</i>
SAMPSON	1.1.3
I mean, if ⁵ we be <u>in choler</u> , we'll <u>draw</u> .	<i>and², angered, draw our weapons</i>
GREGORY	1.1.4
Ay, while you live, <u>draw</u> your neck out of [the] ¹ <u>collar</u> .	<i>take, noose</i>
SAMPSON	1.1.6
I <u>strike</u> quickly, being <u>moved</u> .	<i>attack, angered</i>
GREGORY	1.1.7
But thou art not quickly moved to strike.	
SAMPSON	1.1.8
A dog of the house of Montague moves me.	
GREGORY	1.1.9
To move is to stir, and to be <u>valiant</u> is to stand.	<i>brave</i>
Therefore if thou art moved, thou runn'st away!	
SAMPSON	1.1.12
A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will	
take the <u>wall</u> of any man or maid of Montague's.	<i>make them step aside</i>
GREGORY	1.1.14
That shows thee a <u>weak slave</u> ² , for the weakest	<i>weakling¹: coward</i>
goes to the <u>wall</u> .	<i>backs up against the wall</i>
SAMPSON	1.1.16
'Tis true, and therefore women, being the weaker <u>vessels</u> ,	<i>gender</i>
are <u>ever</u> thrust to the wall. Therefore I will push Montague's	<i>always</i>
men from the wall, and thrust his <u>maids</u> to the wall.	<i>women</i>
GREGORY	1.1.20
The quarrel is between our masters and us their <u>men</u> .	<i>menservants</i>
SAMPSON	1.1.22
'Tis <u>all one</u> . I will <u>show</u> myself a tyrant. When I	<i>all the same, prove</i>
have fought with the men, I will be <u>civil</u> with the	<i>humane</i>
maids, and ⁵ cut off their heads!	<i>I will²</i>
GREGORY	1.1.25
The heads of the maids?	

SAMPSON	1.1.26
Ay, the heads of the maids, or their <u>maidenheads</u> !	<i>virginity</i>
Take it in <u>what sense</u> thou wilt.	<i>whatever meaning</i>
GREGORY	1.1.28
They must <u>take it in</u> ¹ sense that feel it!	<i>feel what I do to them (bawdy)</i>
SAMPSON	1.1.29
Me they shall feel while I am able to stand, and	
'tis known I am a pretty ² piece of flesh.	tall ¹ (<i>bawdy</i>)
GREGORY	1.1.31
'Tis well thou art not fish; if <u>thou hadst</u> ,	<i>if you were</i>
thou hadst been <u>poor-john</u> .	<i>a poor catch</i>
[ABRAM & another Montague Servant enter, armed]	
Draw thy <u>tool</u> ! Here comes [two] ¹ of the house of Montagues ² !	<i>sword, the Montagues⁵</i>
SAMPSON	1.1.34
My <u>naked</u> weapon is out. <u>Quarrel</u> , I will back thee.	<i>unsheathed, fight</i>
GREGORY	1.1.36
<u>How</u> , turn thy back and run?	<i>how do you mean</i>
SAMPSON	1.1.37
<u>Fear me not</u> .	<i>trust me</i>
GREGORY	1.1.38
No, <u>marry</u> . I fear thee!	<i>indeed</i>
SAMPSON	1.1.39
Let us take the law on ¹ our side ¹ ; let them begin.	of ² , sides ²
GREGORY	1.1.41
I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they <u>list</u> .	<i>please</i>
SAMPSON	1.1.43
Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them,	<i>give the finger</i>
which is a disgrace to them if they <u>bear it</u> .	<i>take it without a fight</i>
[<i>bites his thumb</i>]	
ABRAM	1.1.45
Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?	
SAMPSON	1.1.46
I do bite my thumb, sir.	
ABRAM	1.1.47
Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?	
SAMPSON [<i>aside to Gregory</i>]	1.1.48
Is the law on ¹ our side if I say " <u>ay</u> "?	of ² , yes
GREGORY [<i>aside to Sampson</i>]	1.1.50
No!	
SAMPSON	1.1.51
No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my	
thumb, sir.	
GREGORY	1.1.53
Do you <u>quarrel</u> , sir?	<i>challenge us</i>
ABRAM	1.1.54
Quarrel sir? No, sir!	
SAMPSON	1.1.55
But if you do, sir, I <u>am for you</u> ! I serve	<i>will fight you</i>
as good a <u>man</u> as you.	<i>master</i>
ABRAM	1.1.57
No better?	
SAMPSON	1.1.58
Well, sir—	
GREGORY [<i>sees Tybalt coming; to Sampson</i>]	1.1.59
Say "better"! Here comes one of my master's <u>kinsmen</u> .	<i>relatives</i>
SAMPSON	1.1.61
Yes, better, [sir] ² .	[not in 5]
ABRAM	1.1.62
You lie!	

SAMPSON	1.1.63
Draw, if you be men!	
Gregory, remember thy <u>washing blow</u> .	<i>slashing stroke</i>
<i>[They fight]</i>	
BENVOLIO <i>[enters, sword drawn]</i>	1.1.65
<u>Part</u> , fools!	<i>separate</i>
Put <u>up</u> your swords! You know not what you do!	<i>put away</i>
TYBALT <i>[enters, to Benvolio]</i>	1.1.67
What, art thou drawn among these heartless <u>hinds</u> ?	<i>deer/servants</i>
Turn thee, Benvolio. <u>Look upon thy death</u> !	<i>face your death</i>
<i>[draws his sword]</i>	
BENVOLIO	1.1.69
I do <u>but</u> keep the peace. Put up thy sword,	<i>just, put away</i>
Or <u>manage</u> it to part these men with me.	<i>use</i>
TYBALT	1.1.71
What, <u>drawn</u> , and talk of peace? I hate the word,	<i>your sword drawn</i>
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee!	
Have at thee, coward!	
<i>[They fight]</i>	
CITIZENS <i>[enter, armed]</i>	1.1.74
<u>Clubs, bills, and partisans</u> ! Strike! Beat them down!	<i>weapons</i>
Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!	
<i>[LORD & LADY CAPULET and LORD & LADY MONTAGUE enter]</i>	
CAPULET	1.1.76
What noise is this? Give me my <u>long sword</u> , ho!	<i>outdated weapon</i>
LADY CAPULET <i>[mocking his old age]</i>	1.1.77
A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?	
CAPULET	1.1.79
My sword, I say! Old Montague is come	
And <u>flourishes</u> his blade <u>in spite of</u> me!	<i>waves, to spite</i>
MONTAGUE	1.1.81
Thou villain Capulet! <i>[she stops him]</i> Hold me not, let me go!	
LADY MONTAGUE	1.1.82
Thou shalt not stir one ² foot to seek a foe!	^a 5
PRINCE <i>[enters with Attendants]</i>	1.1.83
Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,	
<u>Profaners</u> of this <u>neighbor-stained</u> steel	<i>offenders, bloody</i>
—Will they not hear?—What, ho! You men, you beasts,	
That quench the fire of your <u>pernicious</u> rage	<i>deadly</i>
With purple fountains <u>issuing</u> from your veins!	<i>pouring</i>
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands	
Throw your <u>mistemperèd</u> weapons to the ground,	<i>hostile</i>
And hear the sentence of your movèd Prince!	<i>angered</i> 1.1.90
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word	<i>public, started by few words</i>
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,	
Have <u>thrice</u> disturbed the quiet of our streets,	<i>three times</i>
And made Verona's <u>ancient</u> citizens	<i>oldest</i>
<u>Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments</u> ,	<i>put aside their dignity</i> 1.1.95
To wield old <u>partisans</u> , in hands as old,	<i>weapons</i>
<u>Cankered</u> with peace, to part your <u>cankered</u> hate.	<i>infected, infectious</i>
If ever you disturb our streets again,	
<u>Your lives shall pay</u> the forfeit of the peace!	<i>you'll be executed for</i>
<u>For this time</u> , all <u>the rest</u> depart away.	<i>for now, the rest of you</i> 1.1.100
You Capulet, shall go along with me,	
And Montague, come you this afternoon,	
To know <u>our</u> further [†] <u>pleasure</u> in this case,	<i>my, farther²/father's⁵, decisions</i>
To old Freetown, our <u>common judgment-place</u> .	<i>public court</i>
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart!	
<i>[All exit but Lord & Lady Montague and Benvolio]</i>	

MONTAGUE² [to Benvolio]

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

BENVOLIO

Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.
I drew to part them. In the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds
Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed 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 worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drove⁺ me to walk abroad,
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made, but he was 'ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood.
I, measuring his affections by my² own,
Which then most sought where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humor² not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE

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

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO

Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE

Both by myself and many other friends.
But he, his³ own affections' counselor,
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,

LADY MONTAGUE¹ 1.1.106

*in action again
nearby*
1.1.108

before

fiery-tempered, drawn

not hurting anyone

*people, on each side
both sides*

1.1.118

fight

1.1.120

*from
drave³, around*

grows west of the city
1.1.125

*walked, aware
hid in the woods
guessing, mood, mine¹*

*wanted to be
not wanting company
followed, honor^{1,5}: mood, questioning
avoided him*
1.1.134

adding to

as soon as

*god of dawn
comes home, sad* 1.1.140
bedroom, locks

*foreboding, mood
advice, remove the cause*
1.1.146

1.1.147

learn it from him

1.1.148

questioned

1.1.149

*mood's
keeps to himself, true to himself
only, closed
reasoning, understanding
vicious
before it, its*

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun ⁺ .	same ²
Could we but learn from <u>whence</u> his sorrows grow,	<i>if we could only, where</i>
We would as willingly give cure as know.	
[ROMEO enters]	
BENVOLIO	1.1.159
See <u>where he comes</u> . So please you, step aside.	<i>look, he's coming</i>
I'll know <u>his grievance</u> or be much denied.	<i>the cause of his distress</i>
MONTAGUE	1.1.161
I would thou wert so <u>happy</u> by thy stay	<i>wish, successful</i>
To hear true <u>shrift</u> .—Come, madam, let's away.	<i>confessions</i>
[They exit]	
BENVOLIO	1.1.163
Good <u>morrow</u> , cousin.	<i>good morning</i>
ROMEO Is the day so young?	1.1.164
BENVOLIO	1.1.165
But <u>new</u> struck nine.	<i>just now</i>
ROMEO Ay me, sad hours seem long.	1.1.166
Was that my father that went <u>hence</u> so fast?	<i>away</i>
BENVOLIO	1.1.168
It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?	
ROMEO	1.1.169
Not having that, which having, makes them short.	
BENVOLIO	1.1.170
In love?	
ROMEO	1.1.171
Out—	
BENVOLIO	1.1.172
Of love?	
ROMEO	1.1.173
Out of her favor where I am in love.	
BENVOLIO	1.1.174
Alas, that Love, so gentle in his view,	<i>too bad Cupid who looks gentle</i>
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!	<i>is actually rough</i>
ROMEO	1.1.176
Alas, that Love, whose view is <u>muffled still</u> ,	<i>blindfolded, always</i>
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his <u>will</u> !	<i>purposes</i>
Where shall we dine?	
[sees signs of the fight] 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.	<i>it's all about</i> 1.1.180
Why, then, O brawling love, O loving hate,	
O anything of nothing first create ¹ !	<i>created²: created of nothing</i>
O heavy lightness, serious vanity,	<i>foolishness</i>
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming ⁴ forms,	<i>attractive</i>
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,	1.1.185
Still-waking sleep that is not what it is!	<i>always</i>
<u>This love feel I, that feel no love in this.</u>	<i>I love one who does not love me</i>
Dost thou not laugh?	
BENVOLIO No <u>coz</u> , I rather weep.	<i>cousin</i> 1.1.189
ROMEO	1.1.190
Good <u>heart</u> , at what?	<i>friend</i>
BENVOLIO At thy good heart's oppression.	1.1.191
ROMEO	1.1.192
Why, such is <u>love's transgression</u> .	<i>love's ways</i>
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my <u>breast</u> ,	<i>heart</i>
Which thou wilt <u>propagate</u> to have it <u>pressed</u>	<i>will increase, added</i>
With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown	1.1.195
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.	

Love is a smoke made ² with the fume of sighs;	raised ¹
<u>Being purged</u> , a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;	<i>love being exchanged</i>
<u>Being vexed</u> , a sea nourished ² with loving ² tears;	<i>love being denied, raging¹, lovers¹</i>
What is it else? A madness most discreet,	1.1.200
A <u>choking gall</u> and a <u>preserving sweet</u> .	<i>bitter potion, healing sweetness</i>
Farewell, my coz.	
BENVOLIO Soft, I will go along.	<i>wait</i> 1.1.203
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong!	
ROMEO	1.1.205
Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here.	<i>nonsense</i>
This is not Romeo; he's some other where.	
BENVOLIO	1.1.207
Tell me <u>in sadness</u> , who is that you love?	<i>seriously</i>
ROMEO	1.1.208
What, shall I groan and tell thee?	
BENVOLIO Groan? Why no,	1.1.209
But sadly tell me who.	
ROMEO	1.1.210
[<u>Bid</u>] ¹ a sick man in "sadness" make ¹ his will?	<i>ask, makes²</i>
A <u>word ill-urged</u> to one that is so ill!	<i>poorly chosen word</i>
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.	
BENVOLIO	1.1.213
I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.	
ROMEO	1.1.214
A right good <u>markman</u> ! And she's <u>fair</u> I love.	<i>marksman, beautiful</i>
BENVOLIO	1.1.215
A <u>right fair mark</u> , fair coz, is soonest hit.	<i>target in plain sight</i>
ROMEO	1.1.216
Well in that hit you miss! She'll not be hit	
With Cupid's arrow. She hath <u>Dian's wit</u> ,	<i>wisdom of Diana: god of virginity</i>
And in strong <u>proof of chastity</u> well armed,	<i>armor, virginity</i>
From <u>Love's</u> weak childish bow she lives <u>uncharmed</u> ² .	<i>Cupid's, unaffected/unharmed¹</i>
She will not stay the siege of loving <u>terms</u> ,	<i>won't be won by sweet talk</i>
Nor <u>bide</u> th'encounter of assailing eyes,	<i>loving looks</i> 1.1.221
Nor <u>ope</u> her lap to saint-seducing <u>gold</u> .	<i>open (bawdy), riches</i>
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor	
<u>That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store</u> .	<i>because it dies with her</i>
BENVOLIO	1.1.225
Then she hath sworn that she will <u>still live chaste</u> ?	<i>always stay a virgin</i>
ROMEO	1.1.226
She hath, and in that <u>sparing</u> makes ⁴ huge waste,	<i>withholding</i>
For beauty, starved with her <u>severity</u> ,	<i>sever choice</i>
Cuts beauty off from all <u>posterity</u> .	<i>future generations</i>
She is too <u>fair</u> , too wise, wisely too <u>fair</u>	<i>beautiful, just</i>
To <u>merit bliss</u> by making me despair.	<i>win a place in heaven</i>
She hath <u>forsworn to love</u> , and in that vow	<i>sworn not to love</i>
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.	
BENVOLIO	1.1.233
<u>Be ruled by me</u> ; forget to think of her.	<i>listen to me</i>
ROMEO	1.1.234
O, teach me how I should forget to think!	
BENVOLIO	1.1.235
By giving liberty unto thine eyes.	
Examine other beauties!	
ROMEO 'Tis the way	1.1.237
To <u>call</u> hers, exquisite, in <u>question</u> more.	<i>make me dwell on her beauty</i>
These <u>happy masks</u> that kiss fair ladies' brows,	<i>lucky veils, faces</i>
Being black, puts us in <u>mind</u> they hide the fair.	<i>makes us think</i>
He that is stricken blind cannot forget	

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.	1.1.242
Show me a mistress that is <u>passing fair</u> ;	<i>very beautiful</i>
What doth her beauty serve but as a <u>note</u>	<i>reminder</i>
Where I may read <u>who passed</u> that passing fair?	<i>Rosaline who surpassed</i>
Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.	
BENVOLIO	1.1.247
I'll <u>pay that doctrine</u> , or else die in <u>debt</u> .	<i>teach you that lesson, failure</i>
[<i>They exit</i>]	

ACT 1, SCENE 2
[A street. CAPULET, PARIS, SERVANT]

CAPULET	1.2.1
But Montague is <u>bound</u> as well as I	<i>required by law</i>
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard, I think,	
For men so old as we to keep the peace.	
PARIS	1.2.4
Of honorable <u>reckoning</u> are you both,	<i>reputation</i>
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.	
But now, my lord, what say you to my <u>suit</u> ?	<i>courtship of your daughter</i>
CAPULET	1.2.7
But <u>saying o'er</u> what I have said before:	<i>just saying over again</i>
My child is yet a stranger in the world,	
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,	
Let two more summers <u>wither in their pride</u> ,	<i>pass by</i>
Ere we may think her <u>ripe</u> to be a bride.	<i>before, ready</i>
PARIS	1.2.12
Younger than she are happy mothers made.	
CAPULET	1.2.13
And too soon <u>marred</u> are those so early made.	<i>harmed</i>
[The] ⁺ <u>earth</u> hath swallowed all my <u>hopes</u> but she;	<i>grave, other children</i>
She is ⁺ the hopeful lady <u>of my earth</u> .	<i>she's², of my earthly body (my offspring)</i>
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart.	
<u>My will to her consent is but a part</u> .	<i>my wishes are less important than hers</i>
<u>And, she agreed</u> , within her scope of choice	<i>if she agrees</i>
Lies my consent and <u>fair</u> according voice.	<i>agreeing</i>
This night I hold an old <u>accustomed</u> feast,	<i>customary</i> 1.2.20
Whereto I have invited many a guest	
<u>Such as</u> I love; and you among the <u>store</u> ,	<i>whom, group</i>
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.	
At my <u>poor</u> house look to <u>behold</u> this night	<i>humble, see</i>
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.	<i>beautiful women</i> 1.2.25
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel	
When well-appareled April on the heel	<i>Spring dressed in flowers</i>
Of limping winter treads, even such delight	
Among fresh female ¹ buds shall you this night	<i>fennel²: an herb inspiring passion</i>
<u>Inherit</u> at my house. Hear all, <u>all see</u> ,	<i>see, see all the women</i> 1.2.30
<u>And like her most whose merit most shall be</u> ;	<i>then like the best one</i>
Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,	
May <u>stand in number, though in reck'ning none</u> .	<i>be just one of the crowd</i>
Come, go with me.	
[<i>to Servant, giving a paper</i>] Go, sirrah, <u>trudge about</u>	<i>walk</i> 1.2.35
Through fair Verona, find those persons out	
Whose names are written there, and to them say,	
<u>My house and welcome at¹ their pleasure stay</u> .	<i>on², I welcome their company</i>
[<i>Capulet & Paris exit</i>]	

SERVANT	1.2.39
Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should <u>meddle</u> with his <u>yard</u> and the tailor with his <u>last</u> , the fisher with his <u>pencil</u> and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here <u>writ</u> , and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.	<i>work yardstick, shoemaker tools paintbrush</i>
[BENVOLIO & ROMEO enter]	
In good time!	<i>written go to one who can read</i>
BENVOLIO [to Romeo]	<i>good timing</i>
Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning. One pain is lessened by another's anguish. Turn giddy, and be helped ⁺ by backward turning. One desperate grief cures with another's languish. Take thou some new infection to thy eye, And the <u>rank</u> poison of the old will die.	1.2.47 <i>nonsense another pain's dizzy, holp² another grief's</i>
ROMEO	<i>toxic</i>
Your <u>plantain leaf</u> is excellent for that.	1.2.53 <i>a banana leaf (used to heal cuts)</i>
BENVOLIO	1.2.54
For what, I pray thee?	<i>I ask you</i>
ROMEO For your <u>broken</u> shin!	<i>a cut</i> 1.2.55
BENVOLIO	1.2.56
Why, Romeo, art thou <u>mad</u> ?	<i>going mad</i>
ROMEO	1.2.57
Not mad, but bound more than a madman is, Shut up in prison, kept without my food, Whipped and tormented, and—	<i>confined</i>
[to Servant] Good e'en, good fellow.	<i>good afternoon</i>
SERVANT	1.2.61
God <u>gi' good e'en</u> . I pray, sir, can you read?	<i>God give you good afternoon</i>
ROMEO	1.2.63
Ay, <u>mine own fortune</u> in my misery.	<i>I can read my fortune</i>
SERVANT	1.2.64
Perhaps you have learned <u>it without book</u> . But, I pray, can you read anything you see?	<i>to read that by memorization</i>
ROMEO	1.2.66
Ay, if I know the letters and the language.	
SERVANT	1.2.67
Ye say <u>honestly</u> . <u>Rest you merry</u> .	<i>that's honest, goodbye</i>
ROMEO	1.2.68
Stay, fellow. I can read. [reads the list] "Signor Martino and his wife and daughters County Anselm and his beauteous sisters The lady widow of Vitruvio Signor Placentio and his lovely nieces Mercutio and his brother Valentine Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters My fair niece Rosaline [and] ¹ Livia Signor Valentino and his cousin Tybalt Lucio and the lively Helena" A <u>fair assembly</u> . <u>Whither</u> should they come?	<i>Count</i>
SERVANT	<i>pleasant group, where</i>
Up.	1.2.79
ROMEO	1.2.80
<u>Whither</u> ? To supper?	<i>where</i>
SERVANT	1.2.81
To our house.	

ROMEO	1.2.82
Whose house?	
SERVANT	1.2.83
My master's.	
ROMEO	1.2.84
Indeed, I should have asked you that before.	
SERVANT	1.2.85
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 <u>crush</u> a cup of wine. Rest you merry. <i>[exits]</i>	<i>drink</i>
BENVOLIO	1.2.89
At this same <u>ancient</u> feast of Capulet's	<i>traditional</i>
<u>Sup</u> s the fair Rosaline, whom thou so loves,	<i>dines</i> 1.2.90
With all the admired beauties of Verona.	
Go <u>thither</u> , and with <u>unattainted</u> eye	<i>there, unbiased</i>
Compare her face with some that I shall show, And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.	
ROMEO	1.2.95
When the devout religion of mine eye <u>Maintains such falsehood</u> , then turn tears to fires; <u>And these who, often drowned, could never die,</u> <u>Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!</u>	<i>accepts such a lie my eyes will be burnt like heretics</i>
One fairer than my love! The all-seeing sun Ne'er saw <u>her match</u> since first the world begun.	<i>anyone as beautiful</i>
BENVOLIO	1.2.101
Tut, you saw her fair, <u>none</u> else being by, Herself <u>poised</u> with herself in either eye. But in that crystal scales let there be weighed Your lady's love against some other maid That I will show you shining at this feast, And she shall <u>scant show well</u> that now seems ² best.	<i>no one else nearby compared</i>
ROMEO	1.2.107
I'll go along, <u>no such sight</u> to be shown, But to rejoice in <u>splendor of mine own</u> . <i>[They exit]</i>	<i>barely look good, shows⁵ not to see whom you show the beauty of Rosaline</i>

ACT 1, SCENE 3

[Capulet house. LADY CAPULET & NURSE]

LADY CAPULET	1.3.1
Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.	
NURSE	1.3.2
Now, by my <u>maidenhead</u> at twelve year old, I <u>bade</u> her come.—What, lamb! What, ladybird!— God forbid! Where's this girl?—What, Juliet!	<i>virginity told</i>
JULIET <i>[enters]</i>	1.3.5
How now, who calls?	
NURSE	1.3.6
Your mother.	
JULIET	1.3.7
Madam, I am here. <u>What is your will?</u>	<i>what do you want</i>
LADY CAPULET	1.3.8
This is the matter.—Nurse, <u>give leave</u> awhile, We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again! I have remembered me, <u>thou's</u> hear our <u>counsel</u> . Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.	<i>leave us you shall, conversation</i>
NURSE	1.3.12
<u>Faith</u> , I can tell her age unto an hour.	<i>indeed</i>

LADY CAPULET	1.3.13
She's not fourteen.	
NURSE	1.3.14
I'll <u>lay</u> fourteen of my teeth, and yet, to my <u>teen</u>	<i>I'll bet, suffering</i>
be it spoken, I have <u>but four</u> . She's not fourteen.	<i>only four teeth</i>
How long is it now to <u>Lammas-tide</u> ?	<i>Lummas Day, August 1</i>
LADY CAPULET	1.3.17
A <u>fortnight</u> and <u>odd days</u> .	<i>two weeks, a few days</i>
NURSE	1.3.18
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—	1.3.20
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,	1.3.25
And she was weaned—I never shall forget it—	
Of all the days of the year, upon that day.	
For I had then <u>laid wormwood to my dug</u> ,	<i>put a bitter extract on my breast</i>
Sitting in the sun under the <u>dove-house</u> wall.	<i>pigeon coop</i>
My lord and you were then at Mantua.	1.3.30
—Nay, I do <u>bear a brain</u> !—But, as I said,	<i>have a good memory</i>
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple	<i>the baby</i>
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty <u>fool</u> ,	<i>dear</i>
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!	<i>irritable, refuse</i>
"Shake," quoth the dove-house. 'Twas no need, I <u>trow</u> ,	<i>said, believe</i> 1.3.35
To bid me trudge.	<i>tell me to move</i>
And since that time it is eleven years.	
For then she could stand alone. Nay, by the <u>rood</u> ,	<i>Holy Cross</i> 1.3.40
She could have run and waddled all about,	
For even the day before, she <u>broke her brow</u> ,	<i>bumped her forehead</i>
And then my husband—God be with his soul,	
He was a merry man—took up the child.	
"Yea," quoth he, "Dost thou fall upon thy face?"	<i>said</i> 1.3.45
Thou wilt <u>fall backward</u> when thou hast more wit,	<i>lay on your back (bawdy), learning</i>
Wilt thou not, Jule?" And by my <u>holy-dame</u> ,	<i>the Virgin Mary</i>
The pretty <u>wretch</u> left crying and said "Ay."	<i>dear, stopped</i>
To see now how a <u>jest</u> shall <u>come</u> about!	<i>joke, come true</i>
I <u>warrant</u> , if ¹ I should live a thousand years,	<i>I swear, and</i> ² 1.3.50
I never should forget it. "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he.	
And, pretty fool, it <u>stinted</u> and said "Ay."	<i>stopped</i>
LADY CAPULET	1.3.54
Enough of this. I pray thee, <u>hold thy peace</u> !	<i>I ask you, be quiet</i>
NURSE	1.3.55
Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh,	<i>can't help but laugh</i>
To think it should leave crying and say "Ay."	
And yet, I <u>warrant</u> , it had upon its brow	
A bump as big as a young <u>cockerel's stone</u> ,	<i>I swear</i>
A <u>perilous</u> knock, and it cried bitterly.	<i>rooster's testicle</i>
"Yea," quoth my husband, "Fall'st upon thy face?"	<i>terrible</i>
Thou wilt fall backward when thou come'st to age,	1.3.60
Wilt thou not, Jule?" It stinted and said "Ay."	
JULIET	1.3.63
And <u>stint</u> thou too, I pray thee, Nurse, say I!	<i>I ask you, stop</i>
NURSE	1.3.64
Peace, I have done. God <u>mark thee to his grace</u> ,	<i>bless you</i>
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed.	

And I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.	<i>if</i>	
LADY CAPULET		1.3.68
Marry, that "marry" is the very theme I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your disposition to be married?	<i>how do you feel about marriage</i>	
JULIET		1.3.71
It is an honor ¹ that I dream not of.		
NURSE		1.3.72
An honor ¹ ? Were not I thine ² only nurse, I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.	<i>thy¹, if I weren't your only wet-nurse the breast</i>	
LADY CAPULET		1.3.75
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.	<i>high-breeding at the same age</i>	
NURSE		1.3.81
A man, young lady! Lady, such a man As all the world. Why, he's a man of wax!	<i>perfect like a wax model</i>	
LADY CAPULET		1.3.83
Verona's summer hath not such a flower.		
NURSE		1.3.84
Nay, he's a flower, in faith, a very flower.	<i>indeed</i>	
LADY CAPULET		1.3.85
What say you? Can you love the gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our feast. Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face, And find delight writ there with beauty's pen. Examine every married lineament And see how one another lends content, And what obscured in this fair volume lies Find written in the margin 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.	<i>see read like a book written well balanced facial feature each tells a story anything unclear in this book margins uncovered/unmarried he only needs a cover a splendid sight beauty outside is beauty within a book cover is made beautiful by a beautiful tale all his wealth and status marrying him</i>	1.3.90
NURSE		1.3.101
No less? Nay, bigger. Women grow by men.	<i>get pregnant</i>	
LADY CAPULET		1.3.102
Speak briefly. Can you like of Paris' love?		
JULIET		1.3.103
I'll look to like, if looking liking move, But no more deep will I endart ² mine eye Than your consent gives strength to make it ¹ fly.	<i>if looks will make me like him engage¹: I won't look any deeper than you want me to</i>	
SERVANT [enters]		1.3.106
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.	<i>have come they're calling for you is being cursed is in chaos, go away wait tables, beg, right away</i>	
LADY CAPULET		1.3.111
We follow thee. [Servant exits] Juliet, the County stays.	<i>will follow the Count is waiting</i>	

NURSE	1.3.112
Go, girl, seek happy nights <u>to</u> happy days.	<i>to make</i>
<i>[They exit]</i>	

ACT 1, SCENE 4

[A street, that night.

ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO & Others with torches and drum]

ROMEO	1.4.1
What shall this speech be spoke for our <u>excuse</u> ?	<i>apology for intruding</i>
Or shall we <u>on</u> without apology?	<i>go on into the party</i>
BENVOLIO	1.4.3
<u>The date is out of such prolixity.</u>	<i>such speeches are out of date</i>
We'll have no Cupid <u>hoodwinked with a scarf,</u>	<i>blindfolded</i>
<u>Bearing</u> a Tartar's painted bow of <u>lath,</u>	<i>carrying, wood</i>
Scaring the ladies like a <u>crow-keeper,</u>	<i>scarecrow</i>
[Nor no <u>without-book prologue,</u> faintly spoke	<i>memorized speech</i>
After the prompter, for our entrance.] ¹	
But let them <u>measure us by what they will.</u>	<i>judge how they want</i>
We'll <u>measure them a measure</u> and be gone.	<i>dance a dance</i>
ROMEO	1.4.11
Give me a torch, I am not for this <u>ambling.</u>	<i>dancing</i>
Being but <u>heavy,</u> I will <u>bear</u> the light.	<i>heavy-hearted, carry</i>
MERCUTIO	1.4.13
Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.	
ROMEO	1.4.14
Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes	
With nimble soles. I have a soul of lead	
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.	<i>that</i>
MERCUTIO	1.4.17
You are <u>a lover.</u> Borrow Cupid's wings	<i>in love</i>
And soar with them above a common <u>bound.</u>	<i>leap/limit</i>
ROMEO	1.4.19
I am too sore <u>enpierced</u> with his <u>shaft</u>	<i>wounded, arrow</i>
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound	
I cannot <u>bound a pitch</u> above <u>dull woe.</u>	<i>leap to any height, my sorrow</i>
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.	
MERCUTIO	1.4.23
And <u>to sink in it, should you burden love,</u>	<i>you'd burden love by sinking in it</i>
Too great oppression for a tender thing.	
ROMEO	1.4.25
Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,	
Too rude, too <u>boisterous,</u> and it pricks like thorn.	<i>quarrelsome</i>
MERCUTIO	1.4.27
If love be rough with you, be rough with love!	
Prick love for <u>pricking,</u> and you <u>beat love down.</u>	<i>pricking you, (bawdy)</i>
Give me a <u>case</u> to put my <u>visage</u> in:	<i>mask, face</i>
<u>A visor</u> for a visor. What care I	<i>an ugly mask for my ugly face</i>
What curious <u>eye</u> doth <u>cote</u> deformities?	<i>eyes stare at my</i>
<u>Here are the beetle brows shall</u> blush for me.	<i>here's the beetle face that'll</i>
BENVOLIO	1.4.33
Come, knock and enter, and <u>no sooner in,</u>	<i>as soon as we're inside</i>
But every man <u>betake him to his legs.</u>	<i>start dancing</i>
ROMEO	1.4.35
A torch for me. Let <u>wantons</u> light of heart	<i>playful people</i>
Tickle the senseless <u>rushes</u> with their heels,	<i>carpet</i>
For I <u>am</u> proverb'd with a grandsire phrase:	<i>I will follow a proverb</i>

I'll be a candle holder and look on.	(proverb)	
The <u>game</u> was ne'er so <u>fair</u> , and I am done ¹ .	party, bright (proverb)	
MERCUTIO		1.4.40
Tut, <u>dun's</u> the mouse,	a mouse is grey-brown (proverb)	
the constable's own word.	so keep quiet as a mouse	
If thou art <u>Dun</u> , we'll <u>draw</u> thee from the <u>mire</u>	a horse named Dun, pull, mud	
Of— <u>save your reverence</u> —love, wherein thou <u>stick'st</u>	pardon me, are stuck	
Up to the ears. Come, we <u>burn</u> daylight, ho!	waste	
ROMEO		1.4.45
Nay, that's not so.		
MERCUTIO I mean, sir, in delay		1.4.46
We waste our <u>lights</u> in vain, <u>like¹ lamps¹ by day</u> .	torches, lights ² lights ² : lamps lit in day	
Take <u>our good</u> meaning, for <u>our judgment sits</u>	the obvious,	
<u>Five times in that ere once in our five⁺ wits</u> .	there's much wisdom in it	
ROMEO		1.4.50
And we mean well in going to this <u>mask</u> ,	masquerade party	
But 'tis <u>no wit</u> to go.	not wise	
MERCUTIO Why, may one ask?		1.4.52
ROMEO		1.4.53
I dreamt a dream <u>tonight</u> .	last night	
MERCUTIO And so did I.		1.4.54
ROMEO		1.4.55
Well, what was yours?		
MERCUTIO That dreamers often <u>lie</u> !	(pun)	1.4.56
ROMEO		1.4.57
In bed asleep, while they do dream things true!		
MERCUTIO		1.4.58
O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you!		
[BENVOLIO		
Queen Mab? What's she?] ¹		
MERCUTIO		1.4.59
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes		
In shape no bigger than an <u>agate-stone</u>	gem-stone	
On the forefinger of an <u>alderman</u> ,	officer	
<u>Drawn with</u> a team of little <u>atomies</u>	pulled by, tiny creatures	
Over ² men's noses as they lie asleep.	athwart ¹	
Her wagon-spokes made of long <u>spinners²</u> legs,	spiders ⁺	1.4.64
The <u>cover</u> of the wings of grasshoppers,	canopy	
The ¹ <u>traces</u> of the smallest spider ² web,	her ² , harnesses, spider's ⁵	
The ¹ <u>collars</u> of the moonshine's watery beams,	her ² , harness collars, moonbeams	
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of <u>film</u> ,	gossamer	
Her <u>wagoner</u> a small grey-coated gnat,	driver	
Not half so big as a round little worm		1.4.70
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid ² .	man ¹	
Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,		1.4.72
Made by the <u>joiner</u> squirrel or old <u>grub</u> ,	cabinetmaker, worm	
<u>Time out o' mind</u> the fairies' coach-makers.	for time long forgotten	
And in this state she gallops night by night		1.4.75
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;		
O'er ¹ courtiers' knees, who ¹ dream on curtsies <u>straight</u> ;	on ² , that ² , right away	
O'er lawyers' fingers, who <u>straight</u> dream on fees;	right away	1.4.78
O'er ladies' lips, who <u>straight on kisses dream</u> ,	right away dream of kisses	
Which <u>oft</u> the angry Mab <u>with blisters plagues</u>	often, gives them blisters (herpes)	
Because their breaths ¹ <u>with sweetmeats tainted are</u> .	breath ² , smell of sweet foods (bawdy)	
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,		
And then dreams he of smelling out a <u>suit</u> ;	high paying job	
And sometime comes she with a <u>tithe-pig's</u> tail	pig donated to the church	
Tickling a <u>parson's</u> nose as he ⁺ lies asleep,	clergyman	1.4.85
Then he dreams of <u>another benefice</u> .	getting more church money	

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck, And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats, Of <u>breaches</u> , <u>ambuscadoes</u> , Spanish blades, Of <u>healths five-fathom deep</u> , and then <u>anon</u> Drums in his ear, at which he <u>starts</u> and wakes, And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two And sleeps again. This is that very Mab That <u>plats</u> the manes of horses in the night, And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs, Which once untangled, much <u>misfortune bodes</u> . This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs, That presses them and <u>learns</u> them first to <u>bear</u> , Making them women of good carriage. This is she—	<i>crossing enemy lines, ambushes long drinking bouts, soon is startled</i>	1.4.91
ROMEO Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace! Thou talk'st of nothing.		1.4.101
MERCUTIO True, I talk of dreams, Which are the children of an idle brain, <u>Begot</u> of nothing but <u>vain</u> fantasy, Which is as thin of substance as the air And more <u>inconstant</u> than the wind, who woos Even now the frozen bosom of the north, And, being angered, <u>puffs away from thence</u> , Turning his face ¹ to the <u>dew-dropping south</u> .	<i>braids mats the hair of old hags brings misfortune (superstition) teaches, bear children (bawdy)</i>	1.4.103
BENVOLIO This wind you talk of blows us from <u>ourselves</u> ! Supper is done, and we shall come too late!	<i>born, foolish changeable blows away from there side², rainy south</i>	1.4.111
ROMEO I fear too early, for my mind <u>misgives</u> Some consequence <u>yet</u> hanging in the stars Shall bitterly begin his fearful date With this night's <u>revels</u> , and <u>expire the term</u> Of a <u>despised life</u> closed in my breast By some <u>vile forfeit</u> of <u>untimely death</u> . But He that hath the steerage of my course Direct my sail ¹ !— <u>On</u> , <u>lusty</u> gentlemen!	<i>plans fears still party, end the life my hated life evil, early death</i>	1.4.113 1.4.115
BENVOLIO <u>Strike, drum!</u> <i>[All exit]</i>	<i>suit², let's go, merry play, drummer</i>	1.4.120 1.4.121

ACT 1, SCENE 5

[Capulet house. Two SERVANTS, Musicians & Guests]

1st SERVANT Where's Potpan, that <u>he helps not to take away</u> ? He <u>shift</u> a <u>trencher</u> ! He <u>scrape</u> a <u>trencher</u> !	<i>isn't helping to clear tables pick up a dish, clean a dish</i>	1.5.1
2nd SERVANT When good <u>manners</u> shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a <u>foul</u> thing.	<i>work habits terrible</i>	1.5.4
1st SERVANT Away with the <u>joint-stools</u> , remove the <u>court-cupboard</u> , <u>look to the plate</u> . Good thou, save me a piece of <u>marchpane</u> , and as <u>thou lovest me</u> , <u>let</u> the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. <i>[2nd Servant exits]</i> Antony and Potpan!	<i>stools, sideboard take care of the utensils marzipan, do me a favor, tell</i>	1.5.7
3rd SERVANT <i>[enters with another Servant]</i> Ay, boy, ready.		1.5.12

1st SERVANT	1.5.13
You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great <u>chamber</u> .	<i>hall</i>
3rd SERVANT	1.5.14
We cannot be here and there too. <u>Cheerly</u> , boys!	<i>cheer up</i>
Be <u>brisk awhile</u> , and	<i>happy while you can</i>
the <u>longer liver</u> take all.	<i>whoever lives longest</i>
[<i>They exit</i>]	
[<i>LORD & LADY CAPULET, COUSIN CAPULET, NURSE, JULIET, TYBALT, and more Guests enter</i>]	
CAPULET	1.5.18
Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes	
Unplagued with <u>corns</u> will <u>walk</u> a bout with you.—	<i>with no corns, dance</i>
Ah ha, my <u>mistresses</u> ! Which of you all	<i>ladies</i>
Will now <u>deny</u> to dance? She that <u>makes dainty</u> ,	<i>refuse, coyly refuses</i>
She I'll swear hath <u>corns</u> . Am I <u>come near you</u> ⁺ now?—	<i>close to the truth, ye²</i>
Welcome, gentlemen. I have seen the day	1.5.25
That I have worn a <u>visor</u> and could tell	<i>mask</i>
A whispering tale in a <u>fair</u> lady's ear,	<i>beautiful</i>
Such as would <u>please</u> . 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.	<i>delight her</i>
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play!—	
[<i>Music plays</i>]	
A hall, a hall, <u>give</u> room!—And <u>foot</u> it, girls!—	<i>make, dance</i>
[<i>They dance</i>]	
More light, you <u>knaves</u> , and <u>turn</u> the tables up,	<i>idiots, fold</i> 1.5.32
And <u>quench</u> the fire, the room is grown too hot.—	<i>put out</i>
[<i>ROMEO, MERCUTIO & BENVOLIO enter in masks</i>]	
Ah, <u>sirrah</u> , this <u>unlooked-for</u> sport comes well!	<i>servant, unexpected maskers,</i>
[<i>to Cousin</i>] Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,	<i>come at a good time</i>
For you and I are past our dancing days.	
How long is't now since last yourself and I	
Were in a mask?	
COUSIN By'r Lady, thirty years.	1.5.39
CAPULET	1.5.40
What, man, 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much.	
'Tis since the <u>nuptial</u> of Lucentio,	<i>wedding</i>
Come <u>Pentecost</u> as quickly as it will,	<i>Pentecost Sunday</i>
Some <u>five and twenty</u> years, and then we masked.	<i>twenty five</i>
COUSIN	1.5.44
'Tis more, 'tis more. His son is <u>elder</u> , sir.	<i>older than that</i>
His son is thirty.	
CAPULET Will you tell me that?	1.5.46
His son was but a <u>ward</u> two years ago.	<i>child</i>
ROMEO [<i>seeing Juliet; to a Servant²</i>]	1.5.48
What lady's that, which doth <u>enrich the hand</u>	<i>hold the hand</i>
Of <u>yonder knight</u> ?	<i>that gentleman</i>
[SERVANT	1.5.50
I know not, sir.] ²	[not in 1]
ROMEO	1.5.51
O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!	
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night	
Like ¹ a rich jewel in an <u>Ethiope's</u> ear,	<i>as², Ethiopian's</i>
Beauty too rich for <u>use</u> , for earth too dear!	<i>everyday use</i>
So <u>shows</u> a <u>snowy</u> dove <u>trooping with</u> crows,	<i>appears, white, among</i>
As <u>yonder</u> lady o'er her fellows <u>shows</u> .	<i>that, stands out</i> 1.5.56
The <u>measure</u> done, I'll watch her <u>place of stand</u> ,	<i>dance, where she goes</i>
And, <u>touching</u> hers, make blessed my <u>rude</u> hand.	<i>touching her hand, rough</i>

Did my heart love <u>till</u> now? <u>Forswear it</u> , <u>sight</u> , For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.	<i>before, deny it, eyes</i>
TYBALT <i>[aside]</i>	1.5.61
This, by his voice, <u>should be</u> a Montague!	<i>must</i>
<i>[to Page]</i> Fetch me my <u>rapier</u> , boy. <i>[Page exits]</i>	<i>sword</i>
What, dares the <u>slave</u>	<i>scumbag</i>
Come <u>hither</u> , covered with an antic face,	<i>here, mask</i>
To <u>flee</u> and scorn at our solemnity?	<i>sneer, festivity</i>
Now, by the stock and honor of my <u>kin</u> ,	<i>family</i>
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin! <i>[starts to go]</i>	
CAPULET	1.5.68
Why, <u>how now</u> , kinsman! <u>Wherefore storm you so?</u>	<i>hello, why so angry</i>
TYBALT	1.5.69
Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe, A villain that is <u>hither come in spite</u> To scorn at our <u>solemnity</u> this night!	<i>came here, to spite and festivity</i>
CAPULET	1.5.72
Young Romeo is it?	
TYBALT	1.5.73
Tis he, that villain Romeo.	
CAPULET	1.5.74
Content <u>thee</u> , gentle <u>coz</u> . Let him alone. He ¹ <u>bears him like a portly gentleman</u> , And, to say truth, Verona brags of him To be a virtuous and <u>well-governed</u> youth. I would not for the wealth of all the town Here in my house <u>do him</u> disparagement. Therefore be patient. <u>Take no note of him</u> . It is my <u>will</u> , the which if thou respect, Show a <u>fair presence</u> and put off these frowns, An <u>ill-beseeming semblance</u> for a feast.	<i>calm down, nephew behaves like, dignified</i>
TYBALT	
It fits, when such a villain is a guest. I'll not endure him!	<i>well-behaved</i>
CAPULET	1.5.80
He shall be endured!	<i>disrespect him</i>
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall! <u>Go to!</u> Am I the master here, or you? Go to! You'll not endure him! God <u>shall mend my soul!</u> You'll make a <u>mutiny</u> among my guests? You will <u>set cock-a-hoop?</u> You'll be the man?	<i>ignore him</i> <i>wish</i> <i>pleasant face</i> <i>inappropriate expression</i>
TYBALT	1.5.84
Why, uncle, 'tis a shame!	
CAPULET	1.5.86
Go to, go to!	<i>go away</i>
You are a saucy boy! Is't so, indeed? This <u>trick</u> may chance to <u>scathe you</u> , I know <u>what!</u> You must <u>contrary me?</u> Marry, 'tis time— <i>[to dancing Guests]</i> Well <u>said</u> , my <u>hearts!</u> <i>[to Tybalt]</i> You are a <u>prince</u> ! Go, Be quiet, or— <i>[to Servants]</i> More <u>light</u> , more <u>light!</u> <i>[to Tybalt]</i> For shame! I'll make you quiet! <i>[going to dancing Guests]</i> <u>What, cheerly, my hearts!</u>	<i>save my soul</i> <i>riot</i> <i>show off</i> <i>disrespectful</i> <i>stunt, get you trouble, I tell you</i> <i>you'll cross me</i> <i>done, dears</i> <i>cocky boy</i> <i>torches</i>
TYBALT <i>[aside]</i>	1.5.93
Patience <u>perforce</u> with wilful choler <u>meeting</u> Makes <u>my flesh</u> tremble in their different greeting. I will <u>withdraw</u> , but this intrusion shall, Now seeming <u>sweet</u> , convert to <u>bitt'rest gall</u> . <i>[exits]</i>	<i>wonderful, my dears</i> 1.5.100 <i>forced on me by his rage</i> <i>me tremble with anger</i> <i>go</i> <i>okay, bitterness</i>

ROMEO	<i>[taking Juliet's hand]</i>	(a sonnet starts here)	1.5.104
	If I <u>profane</u> with my <u>unworthiest</u> ² hand	defile, unworthy ¹	
	This holy shrine, the gentle sin ² is this:	fine ⁺	
	My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand		
	To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.		
JULIET			1.5.108
	Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,		
	Which mannerly devotion shows in this,		
	For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,	statues of saints	
	And <u>palm to palm</u> is holy <u>palmer's</u> kiss.	shaking hands, pilgrims'	
ROMEO			1.5.112
	Have not saints lips, and holy <u>palmer's</u> too?	pilgrims	
JULIET			1.5.113
	Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.		
ROMEO			1.5.114
	O, then dear saint, let lips do what hands do;		
	They pray: <u>Grant</u> ² thou, <u>lest</u> faith turn to despair.	yield ¹ , grant me a kiss, else	
JULIET			1.5.116
	Saints do not move, though <u>grant for prayers'</u> sake.	they do grant prayers	
ROMEO			1.5.117
	Then move not while my prayer's effect I take. <i>[kisses her]</i>		
	Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is <u>purged</u> .	washed away	
JULIET			1.5.119
	Then have my lips the sin that they have took.	my lips now have your sin	
ROMEO			1.5.120
	Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urged!	so sweetly you tell me I sinned	
	Give <u>me</u> my sin again. <i>[kisses her]</i>	give back	
JULIET	You kiss <u>by th' book</u> .	properly	1.5.122
NURSE			1.5.123
	Madam, your mother craves a word with you.		
	<i>[Juliet goes]</i>		
ROMEO	<i>[to Nurse]</i>		1.5.124
	What is her mother?	who	
NURSE	Marry, <u>bachelor</u> ,	young sir	1.5.125
	Her mother is the lady of the house,		
	And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.		
	I nursed her daughter that you talked <u>withal</u> .	with	
	I tell you, he that can <u>lay hold of her</u>	win her	
	Shall have <u>the chinks</u> . <i>[moves away]</i>	money	
ROMEO	<i>[aside]</i> Is she a Capulet?		1.5.131
	O dear account! My life is <u>my foe's debt</u> .	costly, in debt to my foe	
BENVOLIO	<i>[comes to Romeo]</i>		1.5.133
	Away, <u>be gone</u> ! The <u>sport</u> is at <u>the best</u> !	let's go, party, its peak (proverb)	
ROMEO			1.5.134
	Ay, so I fear. The more is my <u>unrest</u> .	uneasiness	
	<i>[All start to exit but Juliet & Nurse]</i>		
CAPULET			1.5.135
	Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,		
	We have a <u>trifling foolish banquet towards</u> —	desert soon	
	Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all.		
	I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.—		
	<u>More</u> torches here!—Come on, then let's <u>to bed</u> .—	bring more, go to bed	
	Ah, <u>sirrah</u> , by my <u>fay</u> , <u>it waxes late</u> .	servant, faith, it's getting late	
	I'll <u>to my rest</u> . <i>[exit]</i>	go rest	
JULIET			1.5.142
	Come <u>hither</u> , Nurse. <u>What is yond</u> gentleman?	here, who is that	
NURSE			1.5.143
	The son and heir of old Tiberio.		

JULIET	1.5.144	
<u>What's</u> he that now is going out of door?		<i>who</i>
NURSE	1.5.145	
<u>Marry</u> , that, I think, be young Petruchio.		<i>well</i>
JULIET	1.5.146	
What's he that follows there ¹ , that would not dance?		<i>here²</i>
NURSE	1.5.147	
I know not.		
JULIET	1.5.148	
Go ask his name. <i>[Nurse goes]</i>		
<i>[aside]</i> If he be married,		
My grave is like to be my wedding bed!		
NURSE <i>[returning]</i>	1.5.150	
His name is Romeo, and a Montague,		
The only son of your great enemy!		
JULIET	1.5.152	
My only love sprung from my only hate!		
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!		
<u>Prodigious</u> birth of love it is to me,		<i>wonderful and ominous</i>
That I must love a loathed enemy.		
NURSE	1.5.156	
What's this? What's this?		
JULIET	1.5.157	
A rhyme I learned even now		
Of one I danced <u>withal</u> .		<i>from someone, with</i>
LADY CAPULET ¹ <i>[offstage]</i> Juliet!		
NURSE	1.5.159	
Anon, anon.		<i>in a minute</i>
Come, <u>let's away</u> . The <u>strangers</u> all are gone.		<i>let's go, guests</i>
<i>[They exit]</i>		

ACT 2, PROLOGUE

CHORUS	2.0.1	
Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,		
And <u>young affection</u> <u>gapes</u> to be his heir.		<i>new love, desires</i>
That <u>fair</u> for which love groaned for and would die,		<i>beautiful woman</i>
With tender Juliet <u>matched</u> ³ , is now not <u>fair</u> .		<i>compared, beautiful</i>
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,	2.0.5	
Alike <u>betwitchèd</u> by the charm of <u>looks</u> ,		<i>enchanted, gazing</i>
But to his <u>foe supposed</u> he must <u>complain</u> ,		<i>alleged foe, beg for favor</i>
And she <u>steal</u> love's sweet bait from <u>fearful</u> hooks.		<i>must steal, dangerous</i>
<u>Being held</u> a foe, he may not have access		<i>regarded as</i>
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;	2.0.10	<i>lovers swear</i>
And she as much in love, her means <u>much less</u>		<i>has even less opportunity</i>
To meet her new belovèd anywhere.		
But passion lends them power, time <u>means</u> , to meet,		<i>gives opportunities</i>
<u>Temp'ring extremities</u> with extreme sweet.		<i>moderating their troubles</i>

ACT 2, SCENE 1

[Outside the Capulet house, same night. ROMEO]

ROMEO	2.1.1	
Can I <u>go forward</u> when my heart is here?		<i>walk away</i>
Turn back, <u>dull earth</u> , and <u>find thy center out</u> .		<i>weary body, follow your heart</i>
<i>[exits]</i>		
<i>[BENVOLIO & MERCUTIO enter]</i>		
BENVOLIO	2.1.3	
Romeo! My cousin Romeo! [Romeo!] ²		

MERCUTIO	He is wise,	2.1.4
	And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.	
BENVOLIO		2.1.6
	He ran this way and leaped this <u>orchard wall</u> .	<i>garden fence</i>
	Call, good Mercutio.	<i>call him</i>
MERCUTIO	Nay, I'll conjure too.	2.1.8
	Romeo! <u>Humors</u> ! Madman! Passion! Lover!	<i>moody one</i>
	Appear thou in the <u>likeness</u> of a sigh!	<i>form</i>
	Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied.	
	Cry but "Ay me!" Pronounce ¹ but "love" and "dove" ¹ .	
	Speak to my <u>gossip</u> Venus one fair word,	<i>gossipy lady</i>
	One nickname for her <u>purbblind</u> son and heir ¹ ,	<i>blind</i> 2.1.15
	Young <u>Abraham</u> Cupid, he that shot so <u>true</u> ²	<i>cheating, trim¹: straight</i>
	When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!—	
	He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not.	
	The <u>ape is dead</u> , and I must conjure him.—	<i>monkey is playing dead</i>
	I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,	2.1.20
	By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,	
	By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,	
	And the <u>demesnes that there adjacent lie</u> ,	<i>"di·máins": region between (bawdy)</i>
	That in thy <u>likeness</u> thou appear to us!	<i>flesh and blood</i>
BENVOLIO		2.1.25
	And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him!	
MERCUTIO		2.1.26
	This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him	
	To raise a <u>spirit</u> in his mistress' <u>circle</u>	<i>(bawdy)</i>
	Of some strange nature, letting it there stand	
	Till she had laid it and <u>conjured it down</u> .	<i>cast a spell and laid it down</i>
	That were <u>some spite</u> ! My <u>invocation</u>	<i>would provoke him, spell</i>
	Is fair and honest. In his mistress' name,	
	I conjure only but to <u>raise up him</u> .	<i>(bawdy)</i>
BENVOLIO		2.1.33
	Come, he hath hid himself among these trees	
	To <u>be consorted</u> with the <u>humorous</u> night.	<i>commune, moody</i>
	Blind is his love and best befits the dark.	
MERCUTIO		2.1.36
	If love be blind, love cannot hit the <u>mark</u> .	<i>target</i>
	Now will he sit under a <u>medlar</u> tree	<i>a fruit of suggestive shape</i>
	And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit	
	As maids call medlars when they <u>laugh alone</u> .—	<i>snicker</i>
	O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were	2.1.40
	An <u>open-arse</u> and thou a <u>pop'rin pear</u> !	<i>medlar, long pear</i>
	Romeo, good night.—I'll to my <u>truckle</u> ² - <u>bed</u> .	<i>trundle¹: cot</i>
	This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.	<i>camping outdoors</i>
	Come, shall we go?	
BENVOLIO	Go then, for 'tis in vain	<i>useless</i> 2.1.45
	To seek him here that means not to be found.	
	[<i>They exit</i>]	

ACT 2, SCENE 2

[*Outside Juliet's balcony. ROMEO*]

ROMEO		2.2.1
	He <u>jests</u> at scars that never felt a wound.	<i>teases me for pains he's never felt</i>
	[<i>JULIET enters at window</i>]	
	But <u>soft</u> , what light through <u>yonder</u> window <u>breaks</u> ?	<i>wait, that, shines</i>
	It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.	
	Arise, <u>fair</u> sun, and kill the envious moon,	<i>beautiful</i>

Who is already sick and pale with grief	2.2.5
That thou her <u>maid</u> art far more fair than she.	<i>servant</i>
Be not her maid, since she is envious,	
Her <u>vestal livery</u> is but <u>sick</u> ² and green,	<i>virgin's uniform, pale</i> ¹
And none but <u>fools</u> do wear it. <u>Cast it off</u> .	<i>jesters, take them off</i>
It is my lady. O, it is my love!	2.2.10
O, <u>that she knew</u> she were!	<i>if only she knew</i>
She speaks, yet she says <u>nothing</u> . What of that?	<i>I cannot hear</i>
Her eye <u>discourses</u> ; I will answer it.	<i>speaks to me</i>
I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks.	<i>presumptuous</i>
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,	2.2.15
Having some business, do ¹ <u>entreat</u> her eyes	<i>have begged</i>
To twinkle in their <u>spheres</u> till they return.	<i>orbits</i>
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?	
The brightness of her cheek would <u>shame</u> those stars,	<i>outshine</i> 2.2.20
As daylight doth a lamp. Her eyes ¹ in heaven	<i>eye</i> ²
Would through the <u>airy region</u> <u>stream</u> so bright	<i>sky, shine</i>
That birds would sing and think it were not night.	
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!	2.2.25
O, <u>that I were</u> a glove upon that hand,	<i>I wish I were</i>
That I might touch that cheek!	
JULIET Ay me!	2.2.27
ROMEO She speaks.	2.2.28
O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art	
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head	
As is a wingèd messenger of heaven	
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes	<i>awe-struck</i>
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him	
When he <u>bestrides</u> the lazy puffing clouds	<i>mounts</i>
And sails upon the bosom of the air.	
JULIET	2.2.36
O Romeo, Romeo, <u>wherefore</u> art thou <u>Romeo</u> ?	<i>why must you be "Romeo"</i>
Deny thy father and refuse thy name.	
Or, if thou wilt not, <u>be but sworn my love</u> ,	<i>just swear to be my love</i>
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.	
ROMEO	2.2.40
Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?	
JULIET	2.2.41
'Tis <u>but</u> thy name that is my ² enemy.	<i>only, mine</i> ¹
Thou art <u>thyself</u> , <u>though</u> not a Montague.	<i>you would still be yourself if</i>
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,	
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part ¹	
Belonging to a man. ² O, be some other name! ¹	2.2.45
What's in a name? That which we call a rose	
By any other name ¹ would smell as sweet.	<i>word</i> ²
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,	
Retain that dear perfection which he <u>owes</u>	<i>owns</i>
Without that title. Romeo, <u>doff</u> thy name,	<i>discard</i> 2.2.50
And <u>for</u> that ¹ name, which is no part of thee,	<i>in exchange for, thy</i> ²
<u>Take all myself</u> .	<i>take all of me</i>
ROMEO [to her] I take thee at they word.	2.2.53
Call me but Love, and I'll be <u>new baptized</u> ;	<i>re-baptized with a new name</i>
<u>Henceforth</u> I never will be Romeo.	<i>from now on</i>
JULIET	2.2.56
What man art thou that <u>thus bescreened</u> in night	<i>is hidden</i>
So <u>stumblest on my counsel</u> ?	<i>eavesdropping on my secrets</i>
ROMEO By a name	2.2.58
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 2.2.63
 My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
 Of thy tongue's utterance¹, yet I know the sound. uttering²
 Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?
 ROMEO 2.2.66
 Neither, fair saint¹, if either thee dislike. maid²
 JULIET 2.2.67
 How came'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore? *here, why*
 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. *family*
 ROMEO 2.2.71
 With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls, *fly over*
 For stony limits cannot hold love out,
 And what love can do, that dares love attempt. *love will do what it dares*
 Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me. *family*
 JULIET 2.2.75
 If they do see² thee, they will murder thee! find¹
 ROMEO 2.2.76
 Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye² *danger, eyes¹*
 Than twenty of their swords! Look thou but sweetly, *upon me sweetly*
 And I am proof against their enmity. *armored, hostility*
 JULIET 2.2.79
 I would not for the world they saw² thee here. find¹: *want them to see you here*
 ROMEO 2.2.80
 I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes², sight¹
 And but thou love me, let them find me here. *if you do not love me*
 My life were better ended by their hate
 Than death proroguèd, wanting of thy love. *postponed, without your love*
 JULIET 2.2.84
 By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
 ROMEO 2.2.85
 By love, who first did prompt me to inquire. *seek you*
 He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes. *advice*
 I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far *navigator*
 As that vast shore washed¹ with the farthest sea,
 I would adventure for such merchandise. *treasure*
 JULIET 2.2.90
 Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek *girlish, color*
 For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
 Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny *gladly, follow formalities*
 What I have spoke. But farewell compliment! *etiquette*
 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 think'st 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 b'havior² light,
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 Than those that have more¹ coying to be strange. *havior¹: I'm not serious*
 I should have been more strange, I must confess, *faithful* 2.2.105
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware, *who play hard-to-get*
aloof
before I was aware

My true-love passion. Therefore pardon me, And not <u>impute</u> this yielding to <u>light</u> love, Which the dark night hath so discovered.	2.2.109 <i>misinterpret, shallow/unchaste</i>
ROMEO Lady, by <u>yonder</u> blessèd moon I swear ¹ That <u>tips</u> with silver all these fruit-tree tops—	2.2.112 <i>that, vow²</i> <i>shines</i>
JULIET O, swear not by the moon, the <u>inconstant</u> moon, That monthly changes in her circled ¹ orb, Lest that thy love prove likewise <u>variable</u> .	2.2.114 <i>ever-changing</i> <i>orbit</i> <i>unless, inconsistent</i>
ROMEO What shall I swear by?	2.2.117
JULIET Do not swear at all. Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, Which is the god of my <u>idolatry</u> , And I'll believe thee.	2.2.118 <i>devotion</i>
ROMEO If my heart's dear love—	2.2.122
JULIET Well, do not swear. Although I joy <u>in thee</u> , I have no joy of <u>this contract</u> tonight. It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden, Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be Ere one can say "It lightens." <u>Sweet</u> , good night! This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, May <u>prove</u> a beauteous flower when next we meet. Good night, good night! As sweet <u>repose</u> and rest Come to thy heart as that within my <u>breast</u> !	2.2.123 <i>enjoy seeing you</i> <i>these vows</i> 2.2.125 <i>before, sweetheart</i> <i>become</i> <i>sleep</i> 2.2.130 <i>heart</i>
ROMEO O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?	2.2.132
JULIET What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?	2.2.133
ROMEO Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.	2.2.134
JULIET I gave thee mine before thou didst request it, And yet <u>I would it were</u> to give again.	2.2.135 <i>I wish it were still mine</i>
ROMEO Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?	2.2.137
JULIET <u>But to be frank</u> and give it thee again. And yet I wish but for the thing I have. My <u>bounty</u> is as boundless as the sea, My love as deep. The more I give to thee, The more I have, for both are infinite.	2.2.138 <i>just to be lavish</i> <i>gifts</i>
NURSE [<i>inside, calls for Juliet</i>]	
JULIET I hear some noise <u>within</u> . Dear love, <u>adieu</u> ! [<i>to her</i>] <u>Anon</u> , good Nurse! [<i>to him</i>] Sweet Montague, be true. <u>Stay but</u> a little; I will come <u>again</u> . [<i>goes in</i>]	2.2.143 <i>inside, goodbye</i> <i>in a minute</i> <i>wait, just, back</i>
ROMEO O blessèd, blessèd night! I am <u>afraid</u> , Being in night, all this is but a dream, Too <u>flattering-sweet</u> to be <u>substantial</u> .	2.2.146 <i>afraid</i> <i>wonderfully, real</i>
JULIET [<i>comes out again</i>] Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed. If <u>that thy bent</u> of love be honorable, Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow By <u>one</u> that I'll <u>procure</u> to come to thee,	2.2.149 <i>your intentions</i> <i>someone, arrange</i>

Where and what time thou wilt perform the <u>rite</u> ,	wedding
And all my <u>fortunes</u> at thy foot I'll lay	life
And follow thee my <u>lord</u> throughout the world.	husband
NURSE <i>[inside]</i>	2.2.156
Madam!	
JULIET	2.2.157
<i>[to her]</i> I come, anon!	
<i>[to him]</i> But if thou mean'st not well,	
I do beseech thee—	beg
NURSE <i>[inside]</i> Madam!	2.2.159
JULIET <i>[to her]</i> By and by I come!	soon 2.2.160
<i>[to him]</i> To cease thy <u>suit</u> ⁺ and leave me to my grief.	courtship / strife ²
Tomorrow will I <u>send</u> .	send my messenger
ROMEO <u>So thrive</u> ² my soul—	strive ⁺ : upon my soul 2.2.163
JULIET	2.2.164
A thousand times good night! <i>[goes in]</i>	
ROMEO	2.2.165
A thousand times the worse <u>to want</u> thy light.	without
Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,	
But love from love, toward school with <u>heavy</u> looks.	reluctant
JULIET <i>[comes out again]</i>	2.2.169
<u>Hist!</u> Romeo, <u>hist!</u> <i>[aside]</i> O, <u>for</u> a falc'ner's voice	psst, if only I had
To lure this <u>tassel-gentle</u> back again!	noble hawk
<u>Bondage</u> is <u>hoarse</u> , and <u>may</u> not speak aloud,	my father is strict, I may, loud
Else would I tear the cave where <u>Echo</u> lies,	the nymph Echo
And make her airy <u>tongue</u> more hoarse than mine ¹	voice
With repetition of "My Romeo!"	echoing
ROMEO <i>[aside]</i>	2.2.175
It is my soul that calls upon my name!	
How silver-sweet sound lovers' <u>tongues</u> by night,	voices
Like softest music to <u>attending</u> ears!	listening
JULIET	2.2.178
Romeo!	
ROMEO My dear ⁴ ?	madame ¹ /niece ² /nyas ⁺ 2.2.179
JULIET What <u>o'clock</u> tomorrow	time 2.2.180
Shall I send to thee?	
ROMEO By the hour of nine.	2.2.182
JULIET	2.2.183
I will not fail. 'Tis twenty years till then.	
I have forgot why I did call thee back.	
ROMEO	2.2.185
Let me stand here till thou remember it.	
JULIET	2.2.186
I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,	
Remembering how I love thy company.	
ROMEO	2.2.188
And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,	
Forgetting any other home but this.	
JULIET	2.2.190
'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,	
And yet no further than a <u>wanton's</u> bird,	spoiled girl's
Who ¹ lets it hop a little from her ¹ hand,	that ² , his ²
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted <u>gyves</u> ,	chains
And with a silk ¹ thread plucks it back again,	silken ²
So loving-jealous of his liberty.	
ROMEO	2.2.196
I <u>would I were</u> thy bird.	wish I were
JULIET <u>Sweet</u> , so would I.	sweetheart 2.2.197
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 <u>morrow</u> . [exits]	<i>morning</i>
ROMEO ¹	2.2.202
Sleep <u>dwell</u> upon thine eyes, peace in thy <u>breast</u> !	<i>rest, heart</i>
<u>Would</u> I were sleep and peace, so sweet to <u>rest</u> !	<i>if, rest there</i>
<u>Hence</u> will I <u>to</u> my <u>ghostly</u> Friar's close <u>cell</u> ,	<i>away, go to, spiritual, chamber</i>
His help to <u>crave</u> , and my dear <u>hap</u> to tell. [exits]	<i>ask for, fortune</i>

ACT 2, SCENE 3

[St. Peter's Church, dawn. FRIAR LAWRENCE with basket]

FRIAR	2.3.1
The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,	
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,	
And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels	<i>dappled, staggers</i>
From <u>forth</u> day's path and Titan's <u>fiery</u> ¹ wheels.	<i>out of the way of, burning²: sun-chariot</i>
Now, <u>ere</u> the sun <u>advance</u> his burning eye,	<i>before, raises</i> 2.3.5
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,	
I must up-fill this <u>osier</u> cage of ours	<i>basket</i>
With <u>baleful</u> weeds and precious-juiced flowers.	<i>harmful</i>
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;	
What is her burying grave, <u>that</u> is her womb;	<i>is also</i> 2.3.10
And from her womb <u>children of divers</u> kind	<i>diverse plants</i>
We sucking on her natural bosom find	
Many for many virtues excellent,	<i>many plants have healing powers</i>
None but for some and yet all different.	<i>all good for something</i>
O, <u>mickle</u> is the powerful <u>grace</u> that lies	<i>great, healing power</i> 2.3.15
In plants, herbs, stones, and their <u>true</u> qualities.	<i>extracts</i>
For <u>naught</u> so vile that on the earth doth live	<i>nothing is so evil</i>
But to <u>the earth</u> some special good doth give,	<i>humankind</i>
Nor <u>ought</u> so good <u>but</u> , <u>strained from that fair use</u> ,	<i>anything, that cannot be</i>
<u>Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse</u> .	<i>abused for harm</i>
Virtue itself <u>turns</u> vice, being <u>misapplied</u> ,	<i>becomes vice when misapplied</i>
And vice <u>sometimes</u> by action <u>dignified</u> .	<i>can be good if the result is good</i>
[examining a flower]	
Within the infant rind of this <u>weak</u> flower	<i>frail</i>
Poison hath residence and medicine power:	2.3.24
For this, being smelt, with that part <u>cheers each part</u> ;	<i>makes you feel better</i>
Being tasted, <u>slays</u> ¹ all senses with the heart.	<i>stays²: kills you</i>
Two such <u>opposéd</u> kings encamp them <u>still</u>	<i>enemy, always</i>
In man as well as herbs, <u>grace</u> and rude <u>will</u> ;	<i>good and evil</i>
And where the worser is predominant,	<i>evil</i> 2.3.30
Full soon the <u>canker</u> death eats up that plant.	<i>infection of</i>
ROMEO [enter]	2.3.32
Good <u>morrow</u> , Father.	<i>morning</i>
FRIAR Benedicite!	<i>bless you</i> 2.3.33
What early tongue so sweet <u>saluteth</u> me?	<i>hails</i>
Young son, it <u>argues</u> a <u>distempered head</u>	<i>suggests, disturbed mind</i>
So soon to bid <u>good morrow</u> to thy bed.	<i>leaving your bed so early</i>
<u>Care keeps his watch</u> in every old man's eye,	<i>worry stays on guard</i>
And where <u>care</u> lodges, sleep will never <u>lie</u> ;	<i>worry stays, lie down</i>
But where <u>unbruised</u> youth with <u>unstuffed brain</u>	<i>trouble-free, clear minds</i>
Doth <u>couch</u> his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.	<i>rest</i> 2.3.40
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure	
Thou art up-roused by <u>some</u> <u>distemperature</u> ;	<i>something upsetting</i>
Or if not so, then here I hit it right:	
Our Romeo hath not been in bed <u>tonight</u> .	<i>last night</i>

ROMEO	2.3.46
That last is true. <u>The sweeter rest was mine.</u>	<i>I had an even sweeter rest</i>
FRIAR	2.3.47
God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?	
ROMEO	2.3.48
With Rosaline, my <u>ghostly</u> Father? No!	<i>spiritual</i>
I have forgot that name and that name's woe.	
FRIAR	2.3.50
That's my good son. But where hast thou been then?	
ROMEO	2.3.52
I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.	<i>before</i>
I have been feasting with mine enemy,	
Where <u>on a sudden</u> one hath wounded me	<i>suddenly</i>
<u>That's by me</u> wounded. Both our <u>remedies</u>	<i>who I had wounded, cures</i>
Within thy help and <u>holy physic</u> lies.	<i>spiritual remedy</i>
I bear no hatred, blessèd man, for <u>lo</u> ,	<i>look</i>
<u>My intercession</u> likewise steads <u>my foe</u> .	<i>my plea also helps my foe (Juliet)</i>
FRIAR	2.3.59
Be plain, good son, and <u>homely</u> in thy <u>drift</u> .	<i>simple, speech</i>
<u>Riddling confession</u> finds but riddling <u>shrif</u> t.	<i>confessing in riddles, absolution</i>
ROMEO	2.3.61
Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set	
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.	
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,	
And all combined, <u>save</u> what thou must combine	<i>we are combined except</i>
By holy marriage. When and where and how	
We met, we wooed and made exchange of vow,	
I'll tell thee as we <u>pass</u> , but this I pray,	<i>walk</i>
That thou consent to marry us today.	
FRIAR	2.3.69
Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!	
Is Rosaline, whom ¹ thou didst love so dear,	<i>that²</i>
So soon <u>forsaken</u> ? Young men's love then lies	<i>forgotten</i>
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.	
Jesu Maria, what <u>a deal of brine</u>	<i>a lot of salt water</i>
Hath washed thy <u>sallow</u> cheeks for Rosaline!	<i>yellow</i>
How much salt water thrown ² away in waste	<i>cast¹ 2.3.75</i>
<u>To season love, that of it doth not taste!</u>	<i>to season a love you did not taste</i>
The sun not yet <u>thy sighs from heaven</u> clears,	<i>dried the fog of your sighs</i>
Thy old groans ring yet ¹ in mine ² ancient ears.	<i>yet ringing², my¹</i>
<u>Lo</u> , here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit	<i>look</i>
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.	2.3.80
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,	
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.	
And art thou changed? <u>Pronounce this sentence then:</u>	<i>repeat this saying</i>
"Women may <u>fall</u> when there's no strength in men."	<i>fall from grace when</i>
ROMEO	<i>men have no strength</i>
Thou <u>chide'st me oft</u> for loving Rosaline.	<i>scolded me often 2.3.86</i>
FRIAR	2.3.87
For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.	
ROMEO	2.3.88
And <u>bade'st</u> me bury love.	<i>told</i>
FRIAR	2.3.89
Not in a grave	
To lay one in, <u>another out to have</u> .	<i>and take another out</i>
ROMEO	2.3.91
<u>I pray thee, chide me not.</u> <u>Her</u> I love now	<i>please don't scold me, the girl</i>
<u>Doth grace for grace</u> and <u>love for love</u> allow.	<i>returns my joy and love</i>
The other did not so.	

FRIAR	O, she knew well	2.3.94
	Thy love did <u>read by rote</u> and ¹ could not <u>spell</u> .	<i>recite from memory, that², read</i>
	But come, young waverer, come, go with me.	
	<u>In one respect</u> I'll thy assistant be,	<i>for one reason I'll help you</i>
	For this <u>alliance</u> may so happy prove	<i>marriage</i>
	To turn your <u>households' rancor</u> to pure love.	<i>families' hatred</i>
ROMEO		2.3.100
	O, let us <u>hence!</u> I stand on sudden <u>haste!</u>	<i>go, I cannot wait</i>
FRIAR		2.3.101
	Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.	
	<i>[They exit]</i>	

ACT 2, SCENE 4

[A street, noon. BENVOLIO & MERCUTIO]

MERCUTIO		2.4.1
	Where the devil should this Romeo be?	
	Came he not home <u>tonight</u> ?	<i>last night</i>
BENVOLIO		2.4.3
	Not to his father's. I spoke with his <u>man</u> .	<i>manservant</i>
MERCUTIO		2.4.4
	Ah ¹ , that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,	<i>why²</i>
	Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.	
BENVOLIO		2.4.7
	Tybalt, the <u>kinsman</u> of ¹ old Capulet,	<i>nephew, to²</i>
	Hath sent a letter to <u>his</u> father's house.	<i>Romeo's</i>
MERCUTIO		2.4.9
	A <u>challenge, on my life</u> .	<i>I bet my life it's a challenge to fight</i>
BENVOLIO		2.4.10
	Romeo will <u>answer</u> it.	<i>accept it</i>
MERCUTIO		2.4.11
	Any man that can write may answer a letter.	
BENVOLIO		2.4.12
	Nay, he will answer <u>the letter's master</u> ,	<i>Tybalt</i>
	<u>how he dares, being dared</u> .	<i>accepting the dare</i>
MERCUTIO		2.4.14
	Alas poor Romeo, he is already dead, stabbed with	<i>woman's, run²: stabbed</i>
	a white <u>wench's</u> black eye, <u>shot</u> ¹ through the ear with	<i>bull's-eye, cut</i>
	a love-song, the very <u>pin</u> of his heart <u>cleft</u> with	<i>Cupid's arrow (bawdy pun)</i>
	<u>the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft</u> . And is he a man	<i>fight</i>
	to <u>encounter</u> Tybalt?	2.4.19
BENVOLIO		
	Why, what is Tybalt?	<i>what's so scary about Tybalt</i>
MERCUTIO		2.4.20
	More than Prince of Cats [I can tell you] ¹ .	<i>(a cat named Tybalt in a popular story)</i>
	O, he's the courageous captain of <u>compliments</u> .	<i>fencing etiquette</i>
	He fights as you sing <u>prick-song</u> , keeps time,	<i>harmony in a duet</i>
	distance, and proportion. He rests his <u>minim</u> rests,	<i>short</i>
	one, two, and the third <u>in your bosom</u> ; the very	<i>thrust in your chest</i>
	butcher of a <u>silk</u> button; a <u>duelist</u> , a duelist,	<i>silk shirt, swordsman</i>
	a gentleman of the very <u>first house</u>	<i>best fencing school</i>
	<u>of the first and second cause</u> . Ah, the immortal	<i>well trained in fencing codes</i>
	<u>passado!</u> The <u>punto reverso!</u> The <u>hay!</u> —	<i>forward thrust, backhand, hit</i>
BENVOLIO		2.4.28
	The what?	
MERCUTIO		2.4.29
	The <u>pox</u> of such <u>antic</u> , <u>lisp</u> ing,	<i>may the plague kill, silly, Spanish-accented</i>
	<u>affecting fantasticoes</u> ¹ , these new	<i>affected showoffs</i>

<u>tuners of accents</u> : "By Jesu, a very good blade! A very <u>tall</u> man! A very good whore!" Why, is not this a <u>lamentable</u> thing, <u>grandsire</u> , that we should be thus afflicted with these <u>strange flies</u> , these fashion-mongers, these pardon-me's, who stand so much on the new <u>form</u> , that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!	<i>users of catch-phrases brave sorry, old sir foreign parasites trends/bench</i>
[ROMEO enters]	
BENVOLIO	2.4.38
Here comes Romeo, [here comes Romeo] ² .	[not in 1]
MERCUTIO	2.4.39
Without his <u>roe</u> , like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the <u>numbers</u> that Petrarch <u>flowed in</u> . Laura <u>to</u> his lady was a kitchen-wench (<u>marry</u> , she had a better <u>love</u> to <u>be-rhyme her</u>), Dido a <u>dowdy</u> , Cleopatra a gipsy, Helen and Hero <u>hildings and harlots</u> , Thisbe a grey eye or so, but <u>not to the purpose</u> .—Signor Romeo, bonjour! There's a French salutation to your French <u>slop</u> . You gave us <u>the counterfeit</u> fairly last night.	<i>fish eggs (sexually spent)</i>
ROMEO	2.4.48
Good <u>morrow</u> to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?	<i>verses, wrote, compared to although lover, write her in poetry was shabby loose women nothing worth mentioning pants a fake</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.50
The <u>slip</u> , sir, the slip. Can you not <u>conceive</u> ?	<i>counterfeit money, follow me</i>
ROMEO	2.4.51
Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great, and in such a case as mine a man may <u>strain</u> courtesy.	<i>important bend the rules of</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.54
That's as much as to say such a case as yours <u>constrains</u> a man to <u>bow in the hams</u> .	<i>forces, bend from bowed-legs</i>
ROMEO	2.4.56
Meaning, to curtsy.	
MERCUTIO	2.4.57
<u>Thou hast most kindly hit it</u> .	<i>now you got it</i>
ROMEO	2.4.58
A most courteous <u>exposition</u> .	<i>explanation</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.59
Nay, I am the <u>very pink</u> of courtesy.	<i>perfect example</i>
ROMEO	2.4.60
" <u>Pink</u> " for flower?	<i>pink like a flower</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.61
Right.	
ROMEO	2.4.62
[Why,] ² then is my <u>pump</u> well <u>flowered</u> !	[not in 1], <i>shoe, (cut with "pinking" shears)</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.63
<u>Sure</u> wit! Follow me this <u>jest</u> now till thou hast worn out thy <u>pump</u> , that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may <u>remain</u> , after the wearing, solely singular!	<i>good, joke shoe outlast it</i>
ROMEO	2.4.67
O <u>single-soled jest</u> , solely singular for the singleness!	<i>thin-soled joke</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.69
<u>Come between us</u> , good Benvolio. <u>My wits faint</u> .	<i>stop us, my wit is tired</i>
ROMEO	2.4.71
<u>Switch and spurs</u> , switch and spurs, or I'll <u>cry a match</u> !	<i>bring it on, declare victory</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.73
Nay, if our ² wits run the wild-geese chase, I am done, for thou hast more of the wild-geese in one of thy wits	<i>thy¹</i>

than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the <u>goose</u> ?	<i>goose joke</i>
ROMEO	2.4.77
Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there <u>for the goose</u> !	<i>as a fool</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.79
I will bite thee <u>by</u> the ear for that jest!	<i>on</i>
ROMEO	2.4.80
Nay, good goose, bite not!	
MERCUTIO	2.4.81
Thy wit is a very bitter <u>sweeting</u> ; it is a most sharp sauce.	<i>apple</i>
ROMEO	2.4.83
And is it not <u>[then]² well served into a sweet goose</u> ?	<i>isn't a sharp sauce served with</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.85
O, here's a wit of <u>cheveril</u> , that stretches from an inch narrow to <u>an ell</u> broad!	<i>baby goat leather forty five inches</i>
ROMEO	2.4.87
I stretch it out for that word "broad", which added to the goose, proves thee <u>far and wide a broad goose</u> !	<i>a big fat goose</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.90
<u>Why</u> , 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 <u>drivelling</u> love is like a great <u>natural</u> that runs <u>lolling up</u> and down to <u>hide his bauble in a hole</u> !	<i>stupid-talking idiot, with his tongue out looking for a hole to hide his toy in</i>
BENVOLIO	2.4.96
Stop there, <u>[stop there]²</u> !	<small>[not in 1]</small>
MERCUTIO	2.4.97
Thou <u>desire'st</u> me to stop in my tale <u>against the hair</u> .	<i>against my wish</i>
BENVOLIO	2.4.99
<u>Thou wouldst else</u> have made thy tale <u>large²</u> !	<i>otherwise you'd, too long¹ (bawdy)</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.100
O, thou art deceived. I would have made it short, for I <u>was come to the whole depth of my tale</u> , and meant indeed to <u>occupy the argument no longer</u> !	<i>taken it as far as I could (bawdy) end it there</i>
<i>[NURSE & PETER enter]</i>	
ROMEO <i>[sees Nurse; to Mercutio]</i>	2.4.103
Here's <u>goodly gear</u> !	<i>a huge outfit (also bawdy)</i>
MERCUTIO ¹ <i>[making fun of her clothes]</i>	ROMEO ² 2.4.104
A sail, a sail!	
BENVOLIO ¹	MERCUTIO ² 2.4.105
Two, two: a <u>shirt</u> and a <u>smock</u> .	<i>man's shirt, woman's smock</i>
NURSE	2.4.106
Peter!	
PETER	2.4.107
<u>Anon</u> !	<i>coming</i>
NURSE	2.4.108
My fan, Peter.	
MERCUTIO	2.4.109
Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan's the <u>fairer</u> face.	<i>prettier</i>
NURSE	2.4.111
God ye good <u>morrow</u> , gentlemen.	<i>morning</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.112
God ye good <u>e'en</u> , fair gentlewoman.	<i>afternoon</i>
NURSE	2.4.113
Is it <u>good e'en</u> ?	<i>afternoon</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.114
'Tis no less, I tell ye ² , for the <u>bawdy</u> hand of the dial is now <u>upon the prick of noon</u> .	<i>you¹, vulgar erect at</i>

NURSE	2.4.116
Out upon you! <u>What a man</u> are you?	<i>what kind of man</i>
ROMEO	2.4.117
One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to <u>mar</u> .	<i>injure</i>
NURSE	2.4.119
By my <u>troth</u> , it is well said. "For himself to mar,"	<i>truth</i>
<u>quoth</u> he? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I	<i>said</i>
may find [the] ² young Romeo?	[not in 1]
ROMEO	2.4.122
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 <u>fault</u> of a worse.	<i>lack</i>
NURSE	2.4.126
<u>You say well</u> .	<i>well put</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.127
Yea, is the worst well? Very well <u>took</u> , i' <u>faith</u> ;	<i>taken, indeed</i>
<u>wisely</u> , wisely.	<i>very wise</i>
NURSE	2.4.129
If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with ye ¹ .	<i>you²</i>
BENVOLIO <i>[making fun of her wrong word for "conference"]</i>	2.4.131
She will "indite" him to some supper!	
MERCUTIO	2.4.132
A <u>bawd</u> , a bawd, a bawd! <u>So ho</u> !	<i>whore/hare, (a hunting call)</i>
ROMEO	2.4.133
What hast thou found?	
MERCUTIO	2.4.134
No hare, sir, unless a hare, sir, in a Lenten pie,	<i>rabbit/whore, pie for Lent</i>
that is something stale and <u>hoar ere</u> it be <u>spent</u> . <i>[sings]</i>	<i>moldy, before, done</i>
"An old hare hoar,	<i>grey</i>
And an old hare hoar,	
Is very good meat in Lent;	
But a hare that is hoar	
Is <u>too much</u> for a score,	<i>not worth paying for</i>
When it <u>hoars ere</u> it be <u>spent</u> ."	<i>molds, before, eaten</i>
Romeo, will you come to your father's?	
We'll <u>to</u> dinner <u>thither</u> .	<i>go to, there</i>
ROMEO	2.4.144
I will follow you.	
MERCUTIO	2.4.145
Farewell ancient lady, farewell <i>[sings]</i> "lady, lady, lady."	
<i>[Mercutio & Benvolio exit]</i>	
NURSE	2.4.147
I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant	<i>disrespectful fellow</i>
was this that was so full of <u>his ropery</u> ?	<i>dirty jokes</i>
ROMEO	2.4.149
A gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk and will	
speak more in a minute than he will <u>stand to</u> in a month.	<i>do</i>
NURSE	2.4.152
If ¹ he speak anything against me, I'll take him down,	<i>and²</i>
<u>if¹ he were lustier than he is</u> , and twenty such	<i>and², and even friskier men</i>
<u>jacks</u> ! And if I cannot, I'll find those <u>that shall</u> !	<i>men, who will</i>
<u>Scurvy knave</u> ! I am none of his <u>flirt-gills</u> !	<i>stupid jerk, loose girls</i>
I am none of his <u>skains-mates</u> !	<i>cutthroat pals</i>
<i>[to Peter]</i> And thou <u>must</u> stand by too, and	<i>just</i>
<u>suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure</u> !	<i>allow, jerk, make fun of me</i>
PETER	2.4.159
I saw no man use you at his pleasure. If I had, my	
weapon should quickly have been out, <u>I warrant you</u> !	<i>I swear</i>

I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see <u>occasion in a good quarrel</u> , and the law on my side.	<i>chance of a good fight</i>
NURSE	2.4.164
Now, afore God, I am so <u>vexed</u> that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!	<i>upset</i>
<i>[to Romeo]</i> Pray you, sir, a word. And as I told you, my young lady <u>bade</u> ¹ me <u>inquire you out</u> . What she <u>bade</u> ¹ me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell	bid ² : <i>asked me to find you</i>
ye, if you ¹ should lead her into ¹ a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say, For the gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you should <u>deal double</u> with her, truly it were an <u>ill</u> thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very <u>weak dealing</u> !	bid ² : <i>asked me to say</i> ye ² , in ²
ROMEO	
Nurse, <u>commend me</u> to thy lady and mistress.	<i>cheat on, horrible</i>
I <u>protest</u> unto thee—	<i>mean trick</i>
NURSE	2.4.175
Good heart, and i' faith I will tell her as much.	<i>give my regards</i>
Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman!	<i>solemnly swear</i>
ROMEO	2.4.177
What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? Thou <u>dost not mark me</u> .	
NURSE	2.4.179
I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.	<i>did not listen to me</i>
ROMEO	2.4.181
<u>Bid her devise</u> <u>Some means to come to shrift</u> this afternoon, And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' <u>cell</u> Be <u>shrived</u> and married.	
<i>[offers her money]</i> Here is for thy pains.	2.4.183
NURSE	<i>ask her to find</i>
No truly sir, not a penny!	<i>some way, confession</i>
ROMEO	<i>chamber</i>
Go to, <u>I say you shall</u> .	<i>give confession</i>
NURSE	2.4.187
This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.	
ROMEO	2.4.188
And <u>stay</u> , good Nurse, behind the <u>abbey</u> wall.	<i>I insist</i>
Within this hour my <u>man</u> shall be with thee	2.4.189
And bring thee <u>cords made like a tackled stair</u> ,	
Which to the <u>high top-gallant</u> of my joy	2.4.190
Must be my <u>convoy</u> in the secret night.	<i>wait, church</i>
Farewell, be <u>trusty</u> , and I'll quit thy pains.	<i>servant</i>
Farewell, <u>commend me</u> to thy mistress.	<i>a rope ladder</i>
NURSE	<i>peak</i>
Now God in heaven bless thee! <u>Hark you</u> , sir.	<i>path</i>
ROMEO	<i>trustworthy, reward you</i>
What say'st thou, my dear Nurse?	<i>give my regards</i>
NURSE	2.4.197
Is your man <u>secret</u> ? Did you ne'er hear say, "Two may keep <u>counsel</u> , <u>putting one away</u> "?	<i>listen</i>
ROMEO	2.4.198
<u>I</u> ⁺ <u>warrant thee</u> , my man's as true as steel.	
NURSE	2.4.199
Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady, Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little <u>prating</u> thing! O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would <u>fain</u> <u>lay knife aboard</u> . But she, good soul, <u>had as lief</u> see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her	<i>able to keep a secret</i> <i>a secret, if one's not there</i>
	2.4.201
	<i>I promise you</i>
	2.4.202
	<i>babbling</i>
	<i>gladly</i>
	<i>claim her, would rather</i>

sometimes and tell her that Paris is the <u>properer</u>	<i>handsomer</i>
man. But I'll <u>warrant you</u> , when I say so, she looks	<i>I swear</i>
as pale as any <u>clout</u> in the <u>versal</u> world. Doth not	<i>sheet, whole</i>
"rosemary" and "Romeo" begin both with a <u>letter</u> ?	<i>the same letter</i>
ROMEO	2.4.211
Ay, Nurse, what of that? Both with an R.	
NURSE	2.4.212
Ah, <u>mock</u> , <u>that's</u> the dog's name!	<i>you mock me, a dog goes "Rrrr"</i>
R is for the—no, I know it begins with some other	
letter—and she hath the prettiest <u>sententious</u> of it,	<i>(she means "sentence")</i>
of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.	
ROMEO	2.4.216
<u>Commend me</u> to thy lady.	<i>my regards</i>
NURSE	2.4.217
Ay, a thousand times. <i>[Romeo exits]</i>	
Peter!	
PETER	2.4.218
<u>Anon</u> !	<i>coming</i>
NURSE	2.4.219
<u>Before</u> and <u>apace</u> .	<i>go ahead, quickly</i>
<i>[They exit]</i>	

ACT 2, SCENE 5
[Capulet house. JULIET]

JULIET	2.5.1
The clock struck nine when I did send the ² Nurse.	<i>my¹</i>
In half an hour she promised to return.	
<u>Perchance</u> she cannot <u>meet</u> him. That's not so.	<i>perhaps, find</i>
O, she is <u>lame</u> ! Love's <u>heralds</u> should be thoughts,	<i>slow, messengers</i>
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,	2.5.5
Driving back shadows over <u>louring</u> hills.	<i>gloomy</i>
<u>Therefore do nimble-pinioned</u> doves draw <u>Love</u> ,	<i>that's why, swift-winged,</i>
And therefore hath the <u>wind-swift</u> Cupid wings.	<i>Venus' chariot, swift</i>
Now is the sun upon the <u>highmost hill</u>	<i>highest point</i>
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve	2.5.10
Is three ³ long hours, yet she is not come.	
Had she <u>affections</u> and warm youthful blood,	<i>feelings</i>
She would be as swift in motion as a ball.	
My words would <u>bandy</u> her to my sweet love,	<i>toss</i>
And his to me.	<i>toss her back to me</i> 2.5.15
But old folks, many <u>feign</u> as they were dead,	<i>act like</i>
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.	
<i>[NURSE & PETER enter]</i>	
O God, she comes! O honey Nurse, what news?	
Hast thou met with him? Send thy <u>man</u> away.	<i>servant</i>
NURSE	2.5.20
Peter, stay at the gate. <i>[Peter exits]</i>	
JULIET	2.5.21
Now, good sweet Nurse—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?	
<u>Though news</u> be sad, <u>yet tell them merrily</u> .	<i>if the news is sad, tell it merrily</i>
If good, thou <u>shame'st</u> the music of sweet news	<i>are ruining</i>
By playing it to me with so sour a face.	
NURSE	2.5.26
I am <u>awearry</u> , <u>give me leave</u> awhile.	<i>tired, leave me alone</i>
<u>Fie</u> , how my bones ache! What a <u>jaunt</u> ¹ have I [had] ¹ !	<i>oh, jaunce²: long trip</i>

JULIET	2.5.28
I <u>would</u> thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.	<i>wish</i>
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak! Good, good Nurse, speak!	
NURSE	2.5.31
Jesu, what haste! Can you not <u>stay</u> awhile?	<i>wait</i>
Do you not see that I am out of breath?	
JULIET	2.5.33
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.	<i>you aren't telling</i>
Is thy news good, or bad? Answer to that!	
Say either, and I'll <u>stay the circumstance</u> !	<i>wait for the details</i>
Let me be satisfied: is't good or bad?	
NURSE	2.5.40
Well, you have made a <u>simple</u> choice! You know not	<i>foolish</i>
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 <u>not to be talked on</u> , yet they are	<i>nothing to talk about</i>
<u>past compare</u> . He is not the <u>flower</u> of courtesy,	<i>beyond comparison, model</i>
but I'll warrant <u>him</u> as gentle as a lamb. Go <u>thy ways</u> ,	<i>I bet he's, along</i>
<u>wench</u> , serve God. What, have you dined at home?	<i>girl</i>
JULIET	2.5.49
No, no. But all this did I know before.	
What says he of our marriage? What of that?	
NURSE	2.5.51
Lord, how my head aches! What a <u>head</u> have I!	<i>headache</i>
It beats as it would <u>fall</u> in twenty pieces.	<i>break</i>
My back, o' th' other side! O, my back, my back!	
<u>Beshrew</u> your heart for sending me <u>about</u>	<i>curse, all around</i>
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!	
JULIET	2.5.56
I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.	
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me, what says my love?	
NURSE	2.5.59
Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous,	
and a kind, and a handsome, and, <u>I warrant</u> , a virtuous—	<i>I believe</i>
Where is your mother?	
JULIET	2.5.62
Where is my mother? Why, she is <u>within</u> .	<i>inside</i>
Where should she be? <u>How oddly thou repliest</u> !	<i>what an odd reply</i>
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman,	
'Where is your mother?'"	
NURSE	2.5.66
O God's lady dear!	
Are you so <u>hot</u> ? Marry, come up, I trow.	<i>impatient, really now</i>
Is this the <u>poultice</u> for my ² aching bones?	<i>medicine, mine¹</i>
<u>Henceforward</u> do your messages yourself.	<i>from now on</i>
JULIET	2.5.70
<u>Here's such a coil</u> ! Come, what says Romeo?	<i>such a fuss</i>
NURSE	2.5.71
Have you got <u>leave</u> to go to <u>shrift</u> today?	<i>permission, confession</i>
JULIET	2.5.72
I have.	
NURSE	2.5.73
Then <u>hie</u> you <u>hence</u> to Friar Lawrence' <u>cell</u> .	<i>hurry, away, chamber</i>
There <u>stays</u> a husband to make you a wife!	<i>waits</i>
Now comes the <u>wanton</u> blood up in your cheeks;	<i>uncontrollable</i>
They'll <u>be in scarlet</u> <u>straight</u> at any news.	<i>turn red, immediately</i>

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!
[They exit]

hurry, must go
to your room
one who works for
do the work (bawdy)
hurry, friar's chamber
 2.5.83
bless you with good fortune

ACT 2, SCENE 6
[Church, afternoon. FRIAR & ROMEO]

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

ROMEO
 Amen, amen! But come what sorrow can,
 It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
 That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do 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
 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.
[JULIET enters]
 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
 Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
[Romeo kisses her]

JULIET
As much to him, else is his thanks too much.
[kisses Romeo back]

ROMEO
 Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
 Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
 To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
 This neighbor air, and let rich music's⁴ tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

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

2.6.1
may heaven smile
and not give us sorrow later
 2.6.3
whatever sorrow comes
outweigh
if you'll just join our hands
 just
 2.6.9
at their peak, gunpowder
are used
can make you sick in its
when tasted it ruins
that's how love lasts
makes you as late as those
 path 2.6.17
walk on spider-webs
float, playful
earthly pleasures
 2.6.21
evening, spiritual
 2.6.22
 2.6.23
I'll return as much thanks,
otherwise he gave to much
 2.6.24
scale
great
describe
nearby, music of your speech
reveal, unspoken
we share, meeting
 2.6.30
imagination, reality
 wealth

FRIAR

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

2.6.35
work quickly
begging your pardons, cannot
join you two in marriage

ACT 3, SCENE 1

[A street. MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO & Servants]

BENVOLIO

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire.
The day is hot, the Capulets⁵ abroad,
And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl,
For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

3.1.1
let's go home
Capels are¹: *are out*
escape
hot days stir our temper

MERCUTIO

Thou art like one of these² 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 it¹ on the drawer, when indeed
there is no need.

3.1.5
those¹
slams

when the 2nd drink takes effect
him², *draws his sword on the barkeeper*

BENVOLIO

Am I like such a fellow?

3.1.11

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.

3.1.12
hot-tempered, man

angered

BENVOLIO

And what to?

3.1.15

MERCUTIO [pretending he meant "two"]

Nay, and 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 quarreling. Thou hast quarreled with a
man for coughing in the street because he hath
wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun.
Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his
new doublet before Easter? With another for tying
his new shoes with old ribbon? And yet thou wilt
tutor me from quarreling?

3.1.16
oh no, if, two of you
soon

whose
your, seek

food, scrambled

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.

quarrel
jacket
shoelace
lecture

3.1.32

MERCUTIO

The fee-simple! O simple!

[TYBALT & other Capulets enter]

if
ownership

3.1.35

BENVOLIO

By my head, here come the Capulets.

3.1.36

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not!

3.1.37

TYBALT

[to Capulets] Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

3.1.38

[to Benvolio & Mercutio]	
Gentlemen, good e'en. A word with one of you.	afternoon
MERCUTIO	3.1.40
And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something: make it a word and a blow!	something else
TYBALT	3.1.42
You shall find me apt enough to that, sir,	happy
and you will give me occasion!	if, a reason
MERCUTIO	3.1.44
Could you not take some occasion without giving?	make your own reason
TYBALT	3.1.46
Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo—	hang out with Romeo
MERCUTIO	3.1.47
Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels?	ensemble, musicians
And thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick! Here's that shall make you dance!	if disagreement/dissonance
Zounds, consort!	(sword)
BENVOLIO	my god
We talk here in the public haunt of men.	3.1.51
Either withdraw unto some private place,	public streets
Or reason coldly of your grievances,	
Or else depart! Here all eyes gaze on us.	calmly discuss your complaints
MERCUTIO	3.1.55
Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.	
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I!	to please anyone
[ROMEO enters]	
TYBALT	3.1.57
Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.	
MERCUTIO	3.1.58
But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery!	damned, manservant's uniform
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower!	to a dueling field, follow you
Your Worship in that sense may call him "man"!	manservant
TYBALT	3.1.61
Romeo! The love ² I bear thee can afford	hate ¹ : I have so little love for you
No better term than this: Thou art a villain!	all I can say is this
ROMEO	3.1.63
Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee	
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage	rage you deserve
To such a greeting. Villain am I none.	for
Therefore farewell. I see thou know'st me not.	
TYBALT	3.1.67
Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries	
That thou hast done me. Therefore turn and draw!	
ROMEO	3.1.69
I do protest I never injured thee,	
But love thee better than thou canst devise	imagine
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.	until you learn
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender	care for
As dearly as mine ² own, be satisfied.	my ⁵
MERCUTIO	3.1.74
O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!	what a
Alla stoccato carries it away! [draws his sword]	let the best fencer win
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?	filthy cat, come here
TYBALT	3.1.76
What wouldst thou have with me?	
MERCUTIO	3.1.77
Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives that I mean to make bold withal,	beat

and as you shall use me hereafter, <u>dry-beat</u> the	<i>if you offend, beat</i>
rest of the eight! Will you pluck your sword	
out of his <u>pilcher</u> by the ears? <u>Make haste</u> ,	<i>scabbard, hurry</i>
<u>lest mine be about your ears ere it be out!</u>	<i>or else mine will cut off your ears</i>
TYBALT	<i>before yours is out</i>
I am for you. [<i>draws his sword</i>]	<i>I am ready for you</i> 3.1.84
ROMEO	3.1.85
Gentle Mercutio, put thy <u>rapier up</u> !	<i>sword, away</i>
MERCUTIO	3.1.86
Come, sir, your <u>passado</u> !	<i>best stroke</i>
[<i>They fight</i>]	
ROMEO	3.1.87
Draw, Benvolio, <u>beat down their weapons</u> !	<i>disarm them</i>
Gentlemen, for shame, <u>forbear</u> this outrage!	<i>stop</i>
Tybalt! Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath	
Forbidden <u>bandying</u> ⁵ in Verona streets!	this bandying ² , <i>fighting</i>
Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!	
[<i>draws and tries to disarm them</i>]	
[<i>Tybalt stabs Mercutio</i>]	
[A CAPULET Away, Tybalt!] ⁺	3.1.92
MERCUTIO I am hurt.	3.1.93
A plague o' both [your] ⁺ houses! I am <u>sped</u> .	<i>death to both your families, done</i>
[<i>Tybalt & Capulets exit</i>]	
Is he gone and <u>hath nothing</u> ?	<i>without a scratch</i>
BENVOLIO What, art thou hurt?	3.1.96
MERCUTIO	3.1.97
Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough.	
Where is my page?—Go, <u>villein</u> , fetch a surgeon! [<i>Page exits</i>]	<i>servant</i>
ROMEO	3.1.99
Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.	
MERCUTIO	3.1.100
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	
<u>peppered</u> , I <u>warrant</u> , for this world. A plague o' both	<i>finished, swear</i>
your houses! <u>Zounds</u> , a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to	<i>damn</i>
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	3.1.109
I thought all for the best.	
MERCUTIO	3.1.110
Help me into some house, Benvolio,	
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!	
They have made worms' meat of me. <u>I have it</u> ,	<i>I've had it</i>
And <u>soundly</u> too. Your houses!	<i>thoroughly</i>
[<i>All exit but Romeo</i>]	
ROMEO	3.1.114
This gentleman, the Prince's <u>near ally</u> ,	<i>close relative</i>
My very friend, hath got his <u>mortal hurt</u> ²	<i>fatal, wound</i> ¹
In my behalf. My reputation stained	
With Tybalt's slander. Tybalt, <u>that</u> an hour	<i>for</i>
Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,	
Thy beauty hath made me <u>effeminate</u>	<i>weak</i>
And in my temper softened valor's steel!	
BENVOLIO [<i>re-enters</i>]	3.1.121
O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's ⁵ dead!	
That gallant spirit hath <u>aspired the clouds</u> ,	<i>risen to heaven</i>
Which too <u>untimely</u> here did <u>scorn</u> the earth.	<i>soon, leave</i>

ROMEO	3.1.124
This day's black fate <u>on more days</u> doth depend:	<i>will have consequences</i>
This but begins <u>the woe others</u> ² must end.	what other days ¹
[TYBALT re-enters]	
BENVOLIO	
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again!	3.1.126
ROMEO	3.1.127
Alive ¹ , in triumph! And Mercutio <u>slain</u> !	<i>killed</i>
Away to heav'n, respective lenity,	<i>respectful mercy</i>
And fire-eyed ¹ fury be my conduct now!—	fire and ² , <i>guide</i>
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again	<i>that insult</i> 3.1.130
That <u>late</u> thou gave'st me, for Mercutio's soul	<i>lately</i>
Is but a little way above our heads,	
<u>Staying for thine</u> to keep him company!	<i>waiting for your soul</i>
Either thou, or I, or both, must <u>go with him</u> !	<i>go with him to heaven</i>
TYBALT	3.1.135
Thou, wretched boy, that <u>didst consort him here</u> ,	<i>kept company with him here</i>
<u>Shalt with him hence</u> !	<i>shall be with him from now on</i>
ROMEO	3.1.137
This shall determine that!	
[They fight. Romeo kills Tybalt]	
BENVOLIO	3.1.138
Romeo, away, be gone!	
The citizens are up, and Tybalt <u>slain</u> .	<i>people are coming, killed</i>
Stand not <u>amazed</u> ! The Prince will <u>doom</u> thee death	<i>dazed, sentence</i>
If thou art taken! <u>Hence</u> , be gone, away!	<i>go away</i>
ROMEO	3.1.142
O, I am Fortune's fool!	<i>fate's plaything</i>
BENVOLIO	3.1.143
Why dost thou stay?	
[Romeo exits]	
CITIZEN [enter]	3.1.144
Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?	
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?	
BENVOLIO	3.1.146
There lies that Tybalt.	
CITIZEN	3.1.147
Up, sir, go with me.	
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey!	
[PRINCE & Attendants, LORD & LADY MONTAGUE, LORD & LADY CAPULET, and Others enter]	
PRINCE	3.1.149
Where are the vile beginners of this <u>fray</u> ?	<i>fight</i>
BENVOLIO	3.1.150
O noble Prince, I can <u>discover</u> all	<i>explain</i>
The unlucky <u>manage</u> of this fatal brawl.	<i>details</i>
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,	
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.	
LADY CAPULET	3.1.154
Tybalt, my <u>cousin</u> ! O my brother's child!	<i>relative</i>
O Prince! O cousin! Husband! O, the blood is spilt	
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art <u>true</u> ,	<i>fair</i>
For blood of ours, <u>shed</u> blood of Montague!	<i>take</i>
O cousin, cousin!	
PRINCE	3.1.159
Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?	
BENVOLIO	3.1.160
Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.	
Romeo, that spoke <u>him fair</u> , <u>bade</u> ⁺ <u>him bethink</u>	<i>politely to him, bid², reminded him</i>
How <u>nice</u> the quarrel was, and <u>urged</u> withal	<i>trivial,</i>
<u>Your high displeasure</u> . All this utterèd	<i>reminded him you'd be angry</i>

With gentle breath, calm look, <u>knees humbly bowed</u> ,	<i>on bent knee</i>
Could not <u>take truce with the unruly spleen</u>	<i>calm down, temper</i> 3.1.165
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he <u>tilts</u>	<i>thrusts</i>
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,	
Who, all as <u>hot</u> , turns deadly point to point,	<i>angry, draws his sword</i>
And, with a <u>martial scorn</u> , with one hand <u>beats</u>	<i>military skill,</i>
Cold death aside and with the other sends	<i>defends against death</i> 3.1.170
It back to Tybalt, whose <u>dexterity</u>	<i>skill</i>
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,	<i>avoids</i>
"Hold, friends! Friends, part!" and swifter than his tongue	
His agile ¹ arm beats down their fatal points,	<i>knocks aside, swords</i> 3.1.175
And <u>'twixt them</u> rushes, underneath whose arm	<i>rushes between them</i>
An <u>envious</u> thrust from Tybalt hit the life	<i>vicious</i>
Of <u>stout</u> Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled,	<i>brave</i>
But <u>by and by</u> comes back to Romeo,	<i>soon</i>
Who had <u>but newly entertained</u> revenge,	<i>only then considered</i> 3.1.180
And to't they go like lightning, for, <u>ere</u> I	<i>before</i>
Could draw to part them, was <u>stout</u> Tybalt slain,	<i>bold</i>
And as he fell did Romeo turn and <u>fly</u> .	<i>flee</i>
This is the truth, <u>or let Benvolio die</u> .	<i>I swear on my life</i>
LADY CAPULET	3.1.185
He is a kinsman to the Montague.	
Affection makes him <u>false</u> ; he speaks not true!	<i>lie</i>
Some twenty of them fought in this black <u>strife</u> ,	<i>feud</i>
And all those twenty could <u>but</u> kill one life.	<i>only</i>
I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give.	
Romeo slew Tybalt. Romeo must not live!	
PRINCE	3.1.191
Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio.	
Who now the price of <u>his</u> dear blood doth owe?	<i>Mercutio's</i>
MONTAGUE ⁴	3.1.193
Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's friend.	
His <u>fault</u> concludes <u>but</u> what the law should end:	<i>crime, only</i>
The life of Tybalt.	
PRINCE	3.1.196
And for that offence	
Immediately we do <u>exile him hence</u> .	<i>banish him from Verona</i>
I have an interest in your hate's ¹ proceeding:	<i>hearts²</i>
My <u>blood</u> for your <u>rude</u> brawls doth lie a-bleeding.	<i>relative, barbaric</i>
But I'll <u>amerce</u> you with so <u>strong</u> a fine	<i>punish, heavy</i> 3.1.200
That you shall all <u>repent</u> the loss of mine!	<i>regret</i>
I ¹ will be deaf to pleading and excuses.	
Nor tears nor prayers shall <u>purchase</u> out abuses.	<i>buy your way out of this</i>
Therefore use none! Let Romeo <u>hence</u> in haste,	<i>go away</i>
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last!	3.1.205
Bear hence this body and <u>attend</u> our will.	<i>carry away, come to hear more</i>
Mercy <u>but</u> murders, pardoning those that kill.	<i>just causes more</i>
[All exit]	

ACT 3, SCENE 2

[Capulet house. JULIET]

JULIET	3.2.1
Gallop <u>apace</u> , you fiery-footed <u>steeds</u> ,	<i>fast, horse</i>
Towards <u>Phoebus'</u> lodging. Such a <u>wagoner</u>	<i>the sun god's home, driver</i>
As <u>Phaeton</u> would whip you to the west	<i>the sun god's sun</i>
And bring in cloudy night immediately.	
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,	3.2.5
That runaways' eyes may <u>wink</u> , and Romeo	<i>those horses eyes may close</i>

Leap to these arms, <u>untalked-of</u> and unseen.		<i>without being talked about</i>
Lovers can see to do their <u>amorous rites</u>		<i>love making</i>
<u>By</u> ⁴ their own beauties. Or, if love be blind,		And by ² : <i>by the light of</i>
<u>It best agrees with night.</u> Come, <u>civil</u> night,		<i>love likes night best, solemn</i>
Thou <u>sober-suited</u> matron all in black,		<i>somberly dressed</i> 3.2.11
And <u>learn</u> me how to lose a <u>winning match</u>		<i>teach, win by losing this game</i>
Played for a <u>pair of stainless maidenhoods.</u>		<i>our virginities</i>
Hood my <u>unmanned</u> blood, bating in my cheeks,		<i>cover, untamed, fluttering</i>
With thy black mantle till strange love grow bold,		<i>cloak, my shy love</i> 3.2.15
Think true love acted simple modesty.		<i>acted in foolish modesty</i>
Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come thou day in night.		
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night		
Whiter than new snow upon ² a raven's back.	on ⁺ 3.2.20	
Come gentle night. Come loving <u>black-browed</u> night.	<i>black faced</i>	
Give me my Romeo, and when he ⁺ shall die,	I ²	
Take him and cut him out in little stars,		
And he will make the face of heav'n so fine	3.2.25	
That all the world will be in love with night		
And pay no worship to the <u>garish</u> sun.		<i>gaudy</i>
O, I have bought the mansion of <u>a love</u>		<i>called love</i>
But not <u>possessed</u> it, and though I am sold,		<i>occupied</i>
Not yet <u>enjoyed</u> . So <u>tedious</u> is this day		<i>enjoyed by my new owner, long</i>
As is the night before some festival	3.2.31	
To an impatient child that hath new <u>robes</u>	<i>clothes</i>	
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.	<i>just</i>	
[NURSE enters with rope-ladder]		
Now, Nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords	3.2.37	
That Romeo bid thee fetch?		
NURSE Ay, ay, the cords.	3.2.40	
JULIET	3.2.41	
Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?		
NURSE	3.2.42	
Ah, <u>weraday</u> ! He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!	<i>woe the day</i>	
We are <u>undone</u> , lady, we are undone!	<i>ruined</i>	
Alack the day! He's gone, he's killed, he's dead!		
JULIET	3.2.45	
Can heaven be so <u>envious</u> ?	<i>vicious</i>	
NURSE Romeo can,	3.2.46	
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!		
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!		
JULIET	3.2.49	
What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?		
This torture should be roared in dismal hell!		
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but "ay"	<i>just</i>	
And that bare vowel "I" shall <u>poison more</u>	<i>be more poisonous to myself</i>	
Than the <u>death-darting eye</u> of <u>cockatrice</u> !	<i>deadly eye, a mythical serpent</i>	
<u>I am not I</u> if there be such an "ay",	<i>I'll no longer be myself</i> 3.2.54	
<u>Or those eyes shut</u> , that make thee answer "ay".	<i>or if Romeo's eyes are shut</i>	
If he be slain, say "ay", or if not, "no"!		
<u>Brief sounds</u> determine of my <u>weal</u> or woe!	<i>those brief words, happiness</i>	
NURSE	3.2.58	
I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes		
— <u>God save the mark</u> —here on his manly breast.	<i>God save me</i>	
A <u>piteous corse</u> , a bloody <u>piteous corse</u> ,	<i>pitiful corpse</i>	
Pale, pale as ashes, all <u>bedaubed</u> in blood,	<i>covered</i>	
All in <u>gore-blood</u> . I <u>swoonèd</u> at the sight.	<i>gory, fainted</i>	

JULIET	3.2.63
O, break, my heart! Poor <u>bankrupt</u> , break at once!	<i>ruined heart</i>
To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty!	
Vile <u>earth</u> to earth <u>resign</u> ! End <u>motion</u> here!	<i>my earthly body, rest, life</i>
And <u>thou</u> and Romeo <u>press</u> one heavy <u>bier</u> !	<i>my body, lay on, funeral bed</i>
NURSE	3.2.67
O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!	
O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman!	
That ever I should live to see thee dead!	
JULIET	3.2.70
What storm is this that blows so <u>contrary</u> ?	<i>much grief</i>
Is Romeo slaughtered and is Tybalt dead?	
My dearest cousin, and my dearer <u>lord</u> ?	<i>husband</i>
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the <u>general doom</u> !	<i>end of the world</i>
For who is living, if those two are gone?	
NURSE	3.2.75
Tybalt is gone, and Romeo <u>banishèd</u> .	<i>banished from Verona</i>
Romeo that killed him, he is banishèd.	
JULIET	3.2.77
O God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?	
NURSE ¹	JULIET ² 3.2.78
It did, it did, alas the day, it did!	
JULIET ¹	3.2.79
O serpent heart, <u>hid</u> with a <u>flowering</u> face!	<i>disguised, lovely</i>
Did ever dragon keep so <u>fair</u> a cave?	<i>beautiful</i>
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!	
Dove-feathered raven! <u>Wolvish-ravening lamb</u> !	<i>wolf-like lamb</i>
Despisèd <u>substance</u> of divinest show!	<i>reality of heavenly appearance</i>
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.	
A damnèd ⁴ saint, an honorable villain!	dim ² 3.2.85
O nature, <u>what hadst thou to do</u> in hell	<i>what were you doing</i>
When thou didst <u>bower</u> the spirit of a <u>fiend</u>	<i>enclose, devil</i>
In <u>mortal</u> paradise of such sweet flesh?	<i>such lovely human form</i>
<u>Was ever</u> book containing such vile matter	<i>was there ever a</i>
<u>So fairly bound</u> ? O, that deceit should dwell	<i>with such a beautiful cover</i>
In such a gorgeous palace!	
NURSE	3.2.92
There's no trust,	<i>liars</i>
No faith, no honesty in men. All <u>perjured</u> ,	
All <u>forsworn</u> , all <u>naught</u> , all <u>dissemblers</u> .	<i>deceitful, worthless, false</i>
Ah, where's my <u>man</u> ? Give me some <u>aqua vitae</u> .	<i>servant, brandy</i>
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.	
<u>Shame come to Romeo</u> !	<i>shame on Romeo</i>
JULIET	3.2.99
Blistered be thy tongue	
For such a wish! He was not born to shame!	
Upon his <u>brow</u> ² shame is ashamed to sit,	face ¹
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned	
Sole monarch of the universal earth!	3.2.103
O, what a beast was I to <u>chide</u> at him!	<i>criticize</i>
NURSE	3.2.105
Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?	
JULIET	3.2.106
Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?	
Ah, poor my <u>lord</u> , what tongue shall smooth thy name	<i>husband</i>
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?	
But, <u>wherefore</u> , villain, didst thou kill my cousin?	<i>why</i> 3.2.110
That villain cousin would have killed my husband.	
Back, foolish tears, <u>back to your native spring</u> !	<i>back into my eyes</i>
Your <u>tributary</u> drops belong to woe,	<i>stream of</i>
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.	

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain, 3.2.115
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then? why
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murdered me. I would forget it fain, gladly 3.2.120
But O, it presses to my memory
Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo...banishèd."
That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death 3.2.125
Was woe enough if it had ended there.
Or if sour woe delights in fellowship wants company
And needly will be ranked with other griefs, must be accompanied
Why followed not, when she said "Tybalt's dead,"
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both, 3.2.130
Which modern lamentation might have moved? a normal amount of sadness
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death, those words
"Romeo is banishèd." To speak that word
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet, is like saying
All slain, all dead! "Romeo is banishèd!" 3.2.135
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, measurement, boundary
In that word's death. No words can that woe sound. in the death that brings,
Where is² my father and my mother, Nurse? are¹, express that woe
NURSE 3.2.139
Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse. corpse
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither. there
JULIET 3.2.141
Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent used up
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguiled, pick up that rope-ladder, cheated
Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.
He made you for a highway to my bed, 3.2.147
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed. virgin, will die a virgin widow
Come, cords. Come, Nurse, I'll to my wedding-bed,
And Death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead! will take my virginity
NURSE 3.2.151
Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo hurry, bedroom
To comfort you. I wot well where he is. know
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night. listen
I'll to him. He is hid at Lawrence' cell. go to
JULIET 3.2.155
O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight, [*hands her a ring*]
And bid him come to take his last farewell.
[*They exit*]

ACT 3, SCENE 3

[*Church, that night. FRIAR, ROMEO*]

FRIAR 3.3.1
Romeo, come forth. Come forth, thou fearful man. come in
Affliction is enamored of thy parts, suffering is in love with you
And thou art wedded to calamity. married to misfortune
ROMEO 3.3.4
Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom? punishment
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand wishes to meet me
That I yet know not?

FRIAR	Too familiar	3.3.7
	Is my dear son with such sour company.	
	I bring thee <u>tidings</u> of the Prince's <u>doom</u> .	<i>news, sentence</i>
ROMEO		3.3.10
	What <u>less than</u> doomsday is the Prince's doom?	<i>short of</i>
FRIAR		3.3.11
	A gentler judgment <u>vanished</u> from his lips:	<i>passed</i>
	Not <u>body's</u> death, but <u>body's</u> banishment.	<i>your</i>
ROMEO		3.3.13
	Ha! Banishment? Be merciful, say "death"!	<i>what (not laughing)</i>
	For exile hath more terror in his look,	
	Much more than death! Do not say "banishment"!	
FRIAR		3.3.16
	<u>Hence</u> from Verona art thou banishèd.	<i>away</i>
	Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.	
ROMEO		3.3.18
	There is no world <u>without</u> Verona walls,	<i>outside</i>
	But purgatory, torture, hell itself!	
	<u>Hence</u> "banishèd" <u>is</u> "banish'd from the world,"	<i>therefore, means</i>
	And <u>world's exile is</u> death! Then "banishèd"	<i>exile from the world means</i>
	Is death <u>mis-termed</u> . Calling death "banishèd,"	<i>misnamed</i>
	Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe	
	And smile'st upon the stroke that murders me.	
FRIAR		3.3.25
	O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!	
	Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince,	<i>crime is punishable by</i>
	Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law	<i>taking your side, brushed</i>
	And turned that black word "death" to "banishment."	
	This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.	
ROMEO		3.3.31
	'Tis torture, and not mercy! Heav'n 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 <u>validity</u> ,	<i>value</i> 3.3.35
	More honorable <u>state</u> , more <u>courtship</u> lives	<i>status, courtliness</i>
	In <u>carion-flies</u> than Romeo. They my <u>seize</u>	<i>common flies, land</i>
	On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand	
	And steal <u>immortal blessing</u> ² from her lips,	<i>heavenly, kisses¹</i>
	Who even in pure and <u>vestal</u> modesty	<i>virginal</i> 3.3.40
	Still blush, as thinking their own <u>kisses</u> sin.	<i>always, kisses to each other a</i>
	But Romeo may not; he is banishèd.	
	Flies may do this, but I from this must <u>fly</u> .	<i>flee</i>
	They are free men, but I am banishèd.	
	And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?	3.3.45
	Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,	
	No sudden mean of death, <u>though ne'er so mean</u> ,	<i>no matter how dishonorable</i>
	But "banishèd" to kill me? "Banishèd"?	<i>other than</i>
	O Friar, the <u>damnèd</u> use that word in hell!	<i>damned souls</i> 3.3.50
	Howling <u>attends</u> it! How hast thou the heart,	<i>accompanies</i>
	Being a <u>divine</u> , a <u>ghostly</u> confessor,	<i>priest, spiritual</i>
	A sin-absolver, and <u>my friend</u> professed,	<i>one who calls himself my friend</i>
	To <u>mangle me</u> with that word "banishèd"?	<i>tear me apart</i>
FRIAR		3.3.55
	Thou ¹ <u>fond</u> madman, hear me <u>but speak a word</u> ¹ .	<i>then², foolish, a little speak²</i>
ROMEO		3.3.56
	O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.	
FRIAR		3.3.57
	I'll give thee <u>armor</u> to keep off that word:	<i>protection</i>

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

ROMEO 3.3.60
Yet "banishèd"? Hang up philosophy! *damn*
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom, *move, sentence*
It helps not, it prevails not! Talk no more! *it has no power*

FRIAR 3.3.64
O, then I see that madmen¹ have no ears.

ROMEO 3.3.65
How should they when that wise men have no eyes? *why*

FRIAR 3.3.66
Let me dispute with thee of thy estate. *reason with you about your situation*

ROMEO 3.3.67
Thou canst not speak of that² thou dost not feel! *what¹*
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, *and Juliet were your love*
An hour but married, Tybalt murderèd,
Doting like me, and like me banishèd, *in love like me*
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair *tear out*
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. *measurement of my*

[NURSE knocks at door]

FRIAR 3.3.75
Arise. One knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO 3.3.76
Not I, unless the breath of heartsick groans, *my brokenhearted groans*
Mist-like, enfold me from the search of eyes. *hides me in its mist*

[Knocking]

FRIAR 3.3.78
Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise,
Thou wilt be taken!

[Knocking] —Stay awhile!—Stand up, *wait a minute*
Run to my study!

[Knocking] —By and by!—God's will, *just a minute*
What simpleness is this! *foolishness*

[Knocking] —I come, I come!
Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's your will? *from where,*
NURSE [outside] *what do you want*

Let me come in, and you shall know my errand. 3.3.85
I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR [opens door] Welcome then! 3.3.87

NURSE [enters] 3.3.88
O Holy Friar, O, tell me, Holy Friar,
Where is¹ my lady's lord? Where's Romeo? *where's², husband*

FRIAR 3.3.90
There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

NURSE 3.3.92
O, he is even in my mistress' case, *in the same condition as Juliet*
Just in her case! O woeful sympathy! *same condition*
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she, *pitiful, she lies the same way*
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.

[to Romeo] Stand up, stand up! Stand, and you be a man! *if*
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand!
Why should you fall into so deep an O? *groaning*

ROMEO 3.3.99
Nurse!

NURSE Ah sir, ah sir! Death's the end of all. *all of us* 3.3.100

ROMEO 3.3.101
Spake'st thou of Juliet? How is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer, Now I have <u>stained the childhood</u> of our joy With blood <u>removed but little from her own</u> ? Where is she? And how doth she? And what says My <u>concealed lady</u> to our cancelled love?	<i>ruined the beginning of her close relative</i>
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 <u>on</u> Romeo cries, And then down falls again.	<i>secret bride about 3.3.107</i>
ROMEO As if <u>that name</u> , Shot from the deadly <u>level</u> of a gun, Did murder ¹ her, as that name's cursèd hand Murdered her kinsman! O, tell me, Friar, tell me, In what vile part of <u>this anatomy</u> Doth my name <u>lodge</u> ² ? Tell me, that I may <u>sack</u> The <u>hateful mansion</u> ! [<i>tries to stab himself</i>]	<i>my name 3.3.111 aim my body lie¹: live, pillage hated place 3.3.118</i>
FRIAR Hold thy desperate hand! Art thou a man? <u>Thy form cries out thou art</u> ! Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts <u>denote</u> ¹ The unreasonable fury of a beast! <u>Unseemly</u> woman in a <u>seeming man</u> , And <u>ill-beseeming</u> beast in <u>seeming both</u> ! Thou hast amazed me! By my holy order, I thought thy <u>disposition</u> better <u>tempered</u> . Hast thou slain Tybalt! Wilt thou slay thyself? And slay thy lady that in thy life lives ¹ , By <u>doing</u> damnèd hate upon thyself? Why <u>rail'st</u> thou on thy birth, the heav'n and earth, Since birth and <u>heav'n</u> and <u>earth</u> , all three do meet In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose? Fie, fie, thou <u>shame'st</u> thy <u>shape</u> , thy love, thy <u>wit</u> , Which, like a <u>usurer</u> , <u>abound'st</u> in <u>all</u> , And usest none in that <u>true use</u> indeed Which should <u>bedeck</u> thy <u>shape</u> , thy love, thy <u>wit</u> . Thy noble <u>shape</u> is but a <u>form</u> of wax, <u>Digressing from the valor</u> of a man; Thy dear love <u>sworn but hollow perjury</u> , Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish; Thy <u>wit</u> , that ornament to <u>shape</u> and love, <u>Misshapen in the conduct</u> of them both, <u>Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask</u> , Is set afire by thine own ignorance, And thou dismembered with thine own <u>defense</u> ! What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive, For whose dear sake thou wert ¹ but lately dead. There <u>art</u> thou <u>happy</u> ! Tybalt would kill thee, But thou slew'st Tybalt. There <u>are</u> thou <u>happy</u> ! The law that threatened death becomes thy friend And turns it to exile. There <u>art</u> thou <u>happy</u> ! <u>A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back</u> ; <u>Happiness</u> courts thee in her best array; But, like a misbehaved ¹ and <u>sullen wench</u> , Thou pouts ⁺ upon ¹ thy fortune and thy love. <u>Take heed</u> , take heed, for <u>such</u> die miserable. Go, get thee to thy love, as <u>was</u> decreed, <u>Ascend her chamber</u> . Hence and comfort her. But <u>look</u> thou stay not till the <u>watch be set</u> , For then thou canst not <u>pass</u> to Mantua,	<i>you look like you are seem like improper, what looks like a man unnatural, for looking like both character, balanced 3.3.125 so you've killed Tybalt wife who is one with your life committing suicide complain, soul, body soul, body 3.3.130 disgrace, body, mind moneylender, surrounded, possessions for their proper purpose improve, body, mind body, figure 3.3.136 lacking the courage you've sworn is just an empty lie mind, body 3.3.140 mistaken in the guidance gunpowder, unskilled, powder-horn blown apart, weapon cheer up 3.3.145 wast²: just now wished to be dead you are fortunate you are fortunate you are fortunate 3.3.150 many blessings are on you good fortune, clothes sulking girl frownst¹ be careful, such people you planned 3.3.156 climb into her bedroom, go on be sure, night guards go on duty leave</i>

Where thou shalt live till we can <u>find a time</u>	<i>find the right time</i>	3.3.160
To <u>blaze</u> your marriage, reconcile your <u>friends</u> ,	<i>announce, families</i>	
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back		
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy		
Than thou went'st forth in <u>lamentation</u> .	<i>sorrow</i>	3.3.164
[to Nurse] Go <u>before</u> , Nurse. <u>Commend me</u> to thy lady,	<i>ahead, my regards</i>	
And bid her <u>hasten all the house to bed</u> ,	<i>urge everyone to bed early</i>	
Which heavy sorrow makes them <u>apt unto</u> .	<i>ready to do</i>	
Romeo is coming.		
NURSE		3.3.169
O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night		
To hear good <u>counsel</u> . O, what <u>learning</u> is!	<i>advice, education</i>	
[to Romeo] My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come!		
ROMEO		3.3.172
Do so, and bid my <u>sweet</u> prepare to <u>chide</u> .	<i>sweetheart, scold me</i>	
NURSE		3.3.173
Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir. [hands him the ring]		
<u>Hie</u> you, make haste, for it grows very late! [exits]	<i>hurry</i>	
ROMEO		3.3.175
How well my <u>comfort</u> is revived by this!	<i>spirit</i>	
FRIAR		3.3.176
Go hence, good night, and <u>here stands all your state</u> :	<i>all depends on this</i>	
Either be gone before the <u>watch</u> be set	<i>night guards go on duty</i>	
Or by the break of day <u>disguised</u> ³ from hence.	<i>by dawn leave in disguise</i>	
<u>Sojourn</u> in Mantua. I'll find out your man,	<i>stay, find your servant</i>	
And he shall <u>signify</u> from time to time	<i>bring messages</i>	
Every good hap to you that chances here.	<i>all good news, happens</i>	
Give me thy hand. 'Tis late. Farewell. Good night.		
ROMEO		3.3.184
But that a joy past joy calls out on me,	<i>if it weren't for a joy beyond joys</i>	
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee.	<i>that calls me away, it would be</i>	
Farewell.	<i>sad to leave you in such hurry</i>	
[They exit]		

ACT 3, SCENE 4

[Capulet house. LORD & LADY CAPULET, PARIS]

CAPULET		3.4.1
Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily		
That we have had no time to <u>move</u> our daughter.	<i>persuade</i>	
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,		
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.		
'Tis very late. She'll not <u>come down</u> tonight.	<i>come down from her room</i>	
I promise you, but for your company,	<i>if not</i>	
I would have been <u>a-bed</u> an hour ago.	<i>in bed</i>	
PARIS		3.4.8
These times of woe <u>afford</u> no time ¹ to woo.	<i>allow, times²</i>	
Madam, good night. <u>Commend me</u> to your daughter.	<i>give my regards</i>	
LADY CAPULET		3.4.11
I will, and <u>know her mind</u> early tomorrow.	<i>I'll know what she thinks</i>	
Tonight she's <u>mewed up</u> to her heaviness.	<i>closed off in her sorrow</i>	
CAPULET		3.4.13
Sir Paris, I will make a <u>desperate tender</u>	<i>bold offer</i>	
Of my child's love. I think she will be ¹ ruled		
In all respects by me. Nay, more, I doubt it not.		
Wife, go you to her <u>ere</u> you go to bed,	<i>before</i>	
<u>Acquaint</u> her here of my <u>son</u> Paris' love,	<i>tell, son-in-law</i>	

And bid her— <u>mark you me</u> ?—on Wednesday next—	<i>are you listening</i>
But <u>soft</u> , what day is this?	<i>wait</i>
PARIS Monday, my lord.	3.4.21
CAPULET	3.4.22
Monday! <u>Ha, ha</u> . Well, Wednesday is too soon.	<i>ah (not laughing)</i>
O' Thursday let it be. <i>[to her]</i> O' Thursday, tell her,	
She shall be married to this noble earl!	
<i>[to him]</i> Will you be ready? Do you <u>like</u> this <u>haste</u> ?	<i>approve, speed</i>
We'll <u>keep</u> ² no great ado, a friend or two,	make ¹ : <i>not have a big affair</i>
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,	<i>listen, recently</i>
It may be thought we <u>held him</u> carelessly,	<i>thought little of him</i>
Being our kinsman, if we <u>revel</u> much.	<i>celebrate</i>
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,	
And <u>there an end</u> . But what say you to Thursday?	<i>that's all</i>
PARIS	3.4.32
My lord, I <u>would</u> that Thursday were tomorrow!	<i>wish</i>
CAPULET	3.4.33
Well get you gone. O' Thursday be it, then!	
<i>[to her]</i> Go you to Juliet <u>ere</u> you go to bed,	<i>before</i>
Prepare her, wife, <u>against</u> this wedding day.	<i>for</i>
<i>[to him]</i> Farewell, my lord.	
<i>[to Servant]</i> <u>Light</u> to my <u>chamber</u> , ho!	<i>bring lights, room</i>
<i>[to him]</i> <u>Afore me</u> , it is so very late that we	<i>oh my</i>
May call it early <u>by and by</u> . Good night.	<i>soon</i>
<i>[They exit]</i>	

ACT 3, SCENE 5

[Juliet's bedroom, dawn. ROMEO & JULIET]

JULIET	3.5.1
Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.	
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,	
That <u>pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear</u> .	<i>you heard</i>
Nightly she sings on <u>yon</u> ¹ pomegranate tree.	yond ² : <i>that</i>
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.	
ROMEO	3.5.6
It was the lark, the herald of the morn,	
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious <u>streaks</u>	<i>streaks of light</i>
Do lace the <u>severing clouds</u> in yonder east.	<i>pierce the clouds</i>
Night's <u>candles</u> are burnt out, and <u>jocund</u> day	<i>stars, jolly</i>
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.	
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.	
JULIET	3.5.12
<u>Yon</u> ¹ light is not daylight, I know it, I.	yond ² : <i>that</i>
It is some meteor that the sun exhaled ⁺ ,	
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	3.5.17
Let me be <u>ta'en</u> ; let me be put to death.	<i>captured</i>
I am content, <u>so</u> thou wilt have it so.	<i>if</i>
I'll say <u>yon grey</u> is not the morning's eye;	<i>that grey light</i>
'Tis but the pale <u>reflex</u> of Cynthia's brow.	<i>reflection of the moon's face</i>
Nor that is not the lark, whose <u>notes do beat</u>	<i>song rises to</i>
The vaulty heav'n so high above our heads.	3.5.22
I have more <u>care</u> to stay than <u>will</u> to go.	<i>desire, willpower</i>
Come death, and welcome; Juliet <u>wills</u> it so!	<i>wishes</i>
<u>How is't, my soul</u> ? Let's talk. It is not day.	<i>how are you, my love</i>

JULIET *[realizing it is late]* 3.5.26
 It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away! *hurry away*
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
 Some say the lark makes sweet division. *music*
 This doth not so, for she divideth us! *separates* 3.5.30
 Some say the lark and loathèd toad changed⁺ eyes. *ugly, change²: exchanged*
 O, now I would they had changed voices too, *wish, exchanged*
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray, *from each other's arms, tear us*
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day. *chasing, away, morning call*
 O, now be gone! More light and light it grows.

ROMEO 3.5.36
More light and light, more dark and dark our woes! *the lighter it grows*

NURSE *[enters]* *the darker our woes*
 Madam! 3.5.37

JULIET 3.5.38
 Nurse?

NURSE 3.5.39
 Your lady mother is coming to your chamber! *room*
The day is broke. Be wary. Look about! *[exits]* *it's daybreak, careful, watch out*

JULIET 3.5.41
 Then, window, let day in, and let life out!

ROMEO 3.5.42
 Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend. *[goes down]*

JULIET 3.5.43
 Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
 I must hear from thee every day in the hour, *and every hour*
 For in a minute there are many days.
 O, by this count I shall be much in years *very old*
 Ere I again behold my Romeo! *before, see*

ROMEO 3.5.48
 Farewell!
 I will omit no opportunity *miss no chance*
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee. *to send*

JULIET 3.5.51
 O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO 3.5.52
 I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve *of these woes we'll*
For sweet discourses in our time⁵ to come. *times²: talk and laugh years from now*

JULIET¹ 3.5.54
 O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below¹, *bad feeling*
 As one dead in the bottom of a tomb. *I think, so low²*
 Either my² eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale. *mine¹*

ROMEO 3.5.58
 And trust me, love, in my eye so do you.
 Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! *[exits]* *thirsty, drains, farewell*

JULIET 3.5.60
 O Fortune, Fortune! All men call thee fickle. *quick to change your mind*
 If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him *what do you want with him*
 That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, Fortune, *well known for faithfulness*
 For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
 But send him back!

LADY CAPULET *[off-stage]* Ho, daughter, are you up? 3.5.65

JULIET 3.5.66
 Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother.
 Is she not down so late, or up so early? *still awake*
 What unaccustomed cause procures her hither? *unusual event brings, here*

LADY CAPULET [enters]	3.5.69	
Why, <u>how now</u> , Juliet?		<i>how are you</i>
JULIET Madam, I am not well.	3.5.70	
LADY CAPULET	3.5.71	
Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?		<i>still</i>
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,		<i>stop crying, a little</i>
But much of grief shows <u>still some want of wit</u> .		<i>foolishness</i>
JULIET	3.5.77	
Yet let me weep for such a <u>feeling loss</u> .		<i>deep</i>
LADY CAPULET	3.5.78	
So shall you feel the loss, <u>but not the friend</u>		<i>but Tybalt whom you</i>
<u>Which you weep for</u> .		<i>weep for cannot feel</i>
JULIET Feeling <u>so the loss</u> ,	3.5.80	<i>the loss so much</i>
I cannot choose but ever weep <u>the friend</u> .		<i>for the</i>
LADY CAPULET	3.5.82	
Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,		
<u>As that the villain</u> lives which slaughtered him.		<i>as because that villain</i>
JULIET	3.5.84	
What villain madam?		
LADY CAPULET That same villain Romeo.	3.5.85	
JULIET	3.5.86	
[aside] Villain and he be <u>many miles asunder</u> .		<i>he's miles from being a villain</i>
[to her] God pardon him ⁴ . I do, with all my heart.		
And yet no man like he doth <u>grieve my heart</u> .		<i>anger me / my heart miss</i>
LADY CAPULET	3.5.89	
That is because the traitor murd'rer lives.		
JULIET	3.5.90	
Ay, madam, <u>from</u> the reach of these my hands.		<i>beyond</i>
<u>Would none but I</u> might <u>venge</u> my cousin's death!		<i>I wish I alone, avenge</i>
LADY CAPULET	3.5.92	
We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not!		
Then weep no more. I'll <u>send to one</u> in Mantua,		<i>send a message to someone</i>
Where that same banish'd <u>runagate</u> doth live,		<i>fugitive</i>
<u>Shall</u> give him such an <u>unaccustomed dram</u>		<i>who will, strange drink (poison)</i>
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.		
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.		
JULIET	3.5.98	
Indeed, I never shall be satisfied		
With Romeo till I behold him...dead...		
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed.		<i>cousin dead / husband exiled</i>
Madam, if you could <u>find out but a man</u>		<i>find such a man</i>
To bear a poison, I would temper it,		<i>carry the, mix / dilute</i>
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,		<i>receiving it</i>
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors		<i>die / sleep, hates</i>
To hear him named and cannot come to him	3.5.105	
To <u>wreak</u> the love I <u>bore</u> my cousin		<i>avenge / give, held for</i>
Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!		
LADY CAPULET	3.5.108	
Find thou the <u>means</u> , and I'll find such a man.		<i>poison</i>
But now I'll tell thee joyful <u>tidings</u> , girl!		<i>news</i>
JULIET	3.5.110	
And joy comes well in such a needy time.		
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?		
LADY CAPULET	3.5.112	
Well, well, thou hast a <u>careful</u> father, child,		<i>caring</i>
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,		<i>end your sorrow</i>

<u>Hath sorted out</u> a sudden day of joy	<i>has arranged</i>
That thou expects not, nor I <u>looked not for</u> .	<i>expected</i>
JULIET	3.5.116
Madam, in <u>happy</u> time! What day is that?	<i>good</i>
LADY CAPULET	3.5.117
<u>Marry</u> , my child, early next Thursday <u>morn</u> ,	<i>well, morning</i>
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,	
The <u>County</u> Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,	<i>Count</i>
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride!	
JULIET	3.5.121
Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,	
He shall not make me there a joyful bride!	
I <u>wonder</u> at this haste, that I must wed	<i>am shocked</i>
<u>Ere</u> he that should be husband comes to woo!	<i>before</i>
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	3.5.129
Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,	
And see how he will <u>take it at your hands</u> .	<i>take it from you</i>
[CAPULET & NURSE enter]	
CAPULET	3.5.131
When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew,	
But for the <u>sunset</u> of my brother's son	<i>death</i>
It rains downright.	
How now, a conduit, girl? What, still in tears?	<i>what's this, fountain</i>
Evermore showering? In one little body	<i>still</i> 3.5.135
Thou <u>counterfeits</u> a <u>bark</u> , a sea, a wind,	<i>imitate, boat</i>
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,	
Do ebb and flow with tears. The <u>bark</u> thy body is,	<i>body</i>
Sailing in this salt flood. The winds, thy sighs,	
Who, raging with thy tears and they with them,	3.5.140
<u>Without</u> a sudden calm, will <u>overset</u>	<i>unless there's, capsize</i>
Thy <u>tempest-tossèd</u> body.—How now, wife!	<i>storm-tossed</i>
Have you <u>delivered to her our decree</u> ?	<i>told her our decision</i>
LADY CAPULET	3.5.144
Ay, sir, but <u>she will none</u> ; she gives you thanks.	<i>she'll have none of it</i>
I <u>would</u> the fool were married to her grave!	<i>wish</i>
CAPULET	3.5.146
<u>Soft</u> , take me with you, take me with you, wife.	<i>wait, explain this to me</i>
How! Will she <u>none</u> ? Doth she not give us thanks?	<i>have none of it</i>
Is she not <u>proud</u> ? Doth she not <u>count</u> her <u>blest</u> ,	<i>happy, consider herself blessed</i>
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought	<i>arranged</i>
So worthy a gentleman to <u>be her bridegroom</u> ⁵ ?	<i>bride²: make her a bride</i>
JULIET	3.5.151
<u>Not proud</u> you have, but thankful that you have.	<i>I'm not happy that</i>
Proud can I never be of what I hate,	
<u>But</u> thankful even for hate that <u>is meant</u> love.	<i>but I'm, you meant for me to</i>
CAPULET	3.5.154
How, how ² , how, how ² ? <u>Chopped logic</u> ? What is this?	<i>now⁵, now⁵, quibbling</i>
"Proud" and "I thank you" and "I thank you not"	
And yet "not proud"? <u>Mistress minion</u> you,	<i>spoiled hussy</i>
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,	
But <u>fettle your fine joints</u> 'gainst Thursday next	<i>prepare your fine self for</i>
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,	
Or I will drag thee on a <u>hurdle thither</u> !	<i>cart, there</i> 3.5.160
Out, you <u>green-sickness carrion</u> ! Out, you <u>baggage</u> !	<i>rotten thing, good-for-nothing</i>
You <u>tallow-face</u> !	<i>coward</i>

LADY CAPULET	<u>Fie, fie</u> . What, are you mad?	<i>shame on you</i>	3.5.163
JULIET			3.5.164
	Good father, I beseech you on my knees, Hear me with patience but to speak a word.		
CAPULET			3.5.166
	<u>Hang</u> thee, young <u>baggage</u> ! Disobedient wretch! I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday, Or never after look <u>me</u> in the face! <u>Speak</u> not, <u>reply</u> not, do not answer me! <u>My fingers itch</u> !—Wife, we <u>scarce thought us blest</u> That God had <u>lent</u> us but this only child, But now I see this one is one too much, And that we have a curse in having her. <u>Out on her, hilding</u> !	<i>damn, good-for-nothing</i> <i>look at me</i> <i>shut up, don't talk back</i> <i>I'll hit you, thought ourselves blest</i> <i>given</i>	3.5.172
NURSE	God in heav'n bless her!	<i>damn her, worthless creature</i>	3.5.176
	You are to blame, my lord, to <u>rate</u> her so!	<i>scold</i>	
CAPULET			3.5.178
	And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue, <u>Good Prudence</u> ! <u>Smatter</u> with your <u>gossips</u> , go!	<i>Miss Know-It-All, chatter,</i> <i>gossipy old ladies</i>	3.5.180
NURSE	I speak <u>no treason</u> —	<i>nothing disloyal</i>	
CAPULET	O, <u>God 'i' good e'en</u> !	<i>get on with you</i>	3.5.181
NURSE			3.5.182
	May not one speak?		
CAPULET	Peace, you mumbling fool! Utter your <u>gravity</u> o'er a <u>gossip's</u> ¹ <u>bowl</u> , For here we need it not!	<i>wisdom in your gossip circle</i>	3.5.183
LADY CAPULET	You are too <u>hot</u> !	<i>upset</i>	3.5.186
CAPULET			3.5.187
	God's <u>bread</u> ! It makes me mad! Day, night, hour, <u>tide</u> , time, <u>work</u> , play, Alone, <u>in</u> company, <u>still my care hath been</u> <u>To have her matched</u> . And having now provided A gentleman of noble parentage, Of fair <u>demesnes</u> , youthful, and <u>nobly liened</u> ² , Stuffed, as they say, with honorable <u>parts</u> , <u>Proportioned</u> as <u>one's thought would</u> wish a man; And then to have a wretched <u>puling</u> fool, A whining <u>mammet</u> , <u>in her fortune's tender</u> , To answer "I'll not wed; I cannot love, I am too young, I pray you pardon me!" [<i>to Juliet</i>] But if ¹ you will not wed, I'll "pardon" you: <u>Graze</u> where you will, you shall not <u>house</u> with me! Look to't. Think on't. I do not use to jest! Thursday is near. <u>Lay hand on heart</u> . Advise. If ¹ you be mine, I'll give you to my friend. If ¹ you be not, hang! Beg! Starve! Die in the streets! For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge <u>thee</u> ! Nor <u>what is mine</u> shall never do thee <u>good</u> ! Trust to't. <u>Bethink you</u> . I'll not <u>be forsworn</u> ! [<i>exits</i>]	<i>damn it</i> <i>season, at work</i> <i>with, all I think about</i> <i>is getting her married</i> <i>"di-máins": estates,</i> <i>well connected / trained</i> ¹ , <i>qualities</i> <i>handsome, one could</i> <i>whimpering</i> <i>doll, receiving good fortune</i>	3.5.191
		<i>and</i> ²	3.5.199
		<i>go eat, stay in this house</i>	
		<i>joke</i>	
		<i>look in your, consider it</i>	
		<i>and</i> ² , <i>if you're my daughter</i>	
		<i>and</i> ² , <i>if you're not</i>	3.5.204
		<i>you as my daughter</i>	
		<i>will you get anything from me</i>	
		<i>think on it, take back my words</i>	
JULIET			3.5.208
	Is there no pity <u>sitting in the clouds</u> That sees into the <u>bottom</u> of my grief?— O, sweet my mother, <u>cast me not away</u> ! Delay this marriage for a month! A week! Or if you do not, make the bridal bed In that dim <u>monument</u> where Tybalt lies.	<i>in heaven</i> <i>depth</i> <i>don't send me away</i>	
		<i>tomb</i>	

LADY CAPULET	3.5.214
Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.	
<u>Do as thou wilt</u> , for I have done with thee. <i>[exits]</i>	<i>do what you will</i>
JULIET	3.5.216
O God! O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?	
My husband is <u>on earth</u> , my <u>faith</u> in heaven.	<i>alive, marriage vow sworn</i>
How <u>shall that faith return again to earth</u>	<i>can I marry again</i>
Unless that husband send it me from heaven	
By <u>leaving earth</u> ? Comfort me, counsel me!	<i>dying, advise</i> 3.5.220
Alack, alack, that heav'n should <u>practice stratagems</u>	<i>set traps</i>
Upon so <u>soft</u> a subject as myself!	<i>weak, person</i>
What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?	
Some comfort, Nurse.	
NURSE Faith, here it is.	3.5.225
Romeo is banished, and <u>all the world to nothing</u>	<i>you can bet the world</i>
That he dares ne'er come back to <u>challenge</u> you,	<i>claim</i>
Or if he do, it <u>needs must be by stealth</u> .	<i>he'll have to do it in secret</i>
<u>Then, since the case so stands as now it doth</u> ,	<i>so, the way things stand</i>
I think it best you married with the <u>County</u> .	<i>Count Paris</i> 3.5.230
O, he's a lovely gentleman!	
Romeo's a <u>dish-clout to him</u> . An eagle, madam,	<i>dishrag compared to him</i>
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye	
As Paris hath. <u>Beshrew my very heart</u> ,	<i>curse me if I'm wrong</i>
I think you are <u>happy</u> in this second <u>match</u> ,	<i>fortunate, marriage</i> 3.5.235
For it <u>excels</u> your first; or if it did not,	<i>is better than</i>
Your first is dead, or 'twere as <u>good he were</u>	<i>as good as dead</i>
As living <u>here</u> and you <u>no use of him</u> .	<i>on earth, never able to see you</i>
JULIET	3.5.239
Speakest thou from thy heart?	
NURSE	3.5.240
And from my soul too, else <u>beshrew</u> them both.	<i>curse</i>
JULIET	3.5.241
Amen.	
NURSE	3.5.242
What?	
JULIET	3.5.243
Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.	
Go in and tell my <u>lady</u> I am gone,	<i>mother</i>
Having displeased my father, to Lawrence' cell,	
To make confession and to be <u>absolved</u> .	<i>forgiven</i>
NURSE	3.5.247
Merry, I will; and this is wisely done. <i>[exits]</i>	
JULIET	3.5.248
<u>Ancient damnation</u> ! O most wicked fiend!	<i>cursed old woman</i>
Is it more sin to wish me <u>thus</u> forsworn,	<i>to break my wedding vow</i>
Or to <u>dispraise</u> my lord with that same tongue	<i>criticize, husband</i>
Which she hath praised him with <u>above compare</u>	<i>beyond comparison</i>
So many thousand times? Go, counselor.	3.5.252
<u>Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain</u> .	<i>you'll never hear my secrets</i>
I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.	
If all else fail, myself have power to <u>die</u> . <i>[exits]</i>	<i>kill myself</i>

ACT 4, SCENE 1

[Church, later that day. FRIAR & PARIS]

FRIAR	4.1.1
On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.	

PARIS	4.1.2
My <u>father</u> Capulet will have it so,	<i>father-in-law</i>
And I am <u>nothing</u> slow to slack his haste.	<i>not unwilling to slow him down</i>
FRIAR	4.1.4
You say you do not know the lady's <u>mind</u> ?	<i>thoughts on this</i>
<u>Uneven</u> is the course. I like it not.	<i>this is too irregular</i>
PARIS	4.1.6
<u>Immoderately</u> she weeps for Tybalt's death,	<i>excessively</i>
And therefore have I little talked ¹ of love,	<i>talk²</i>
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.	<i>the god of love</i>
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous	<i>considers</i>
That she doth ¹ <u>give her sorrow so much sway</u> ,	<i>do², let sorrow overwhelm her</i>
And in his wisdom <u>hastes</u> our marriage	<i>hurries</i> 4.1.11
To stop the <u>inundation</u> of her tears,	<i>flood</i>
Which, too much minded by herself alone,	<i>she thinks about too much when</i>
<u>May be put from her by society</u> .	<i>being with others may help her forget</i>
Now do you know the reason of this haste.	
FRIAR	4.1.16
<i>[aside]</i> I <u>would</u> I knew not why it should be <u>slowed</u> .	<i>wish, postponed</i>
<i>[JULIET enters]</i>	
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.	
PARIS	4.1.18
Happily met, my lady and my wife!	
JULIET	4.1.19
That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.	
PARIS	4.1.20
That "may be" must be, <u>love</u> , on Thursday next.	<i>my love</i>
JULIET	4.1.21
What must be shall be.	
FRIAR	<i>That's a certain text.</i> 4.1.22
PARIS	4.1.23
Come you to make confession to the Friar ¹ ?	<i>this Father²</i>
JULIET	4.1.24
To answer that, <u>I should confess to you</u> .	<i>I would be confessing to you</i>
PARIS	4.1.25
Do not deny to him that you love me.	
JULIET	4.1.26
I will confess to you that I love him.	
PARIS	4.1.27
So will you ¹ , I am sure, that you love me.	<i>ye²</i>
JULIET	4.1.28
If I do so, it will be of more <u>price</u>	<i>value</i>
Being spoke behind your back than to your face.	
PARIS	4.1.30
Poor soul, thy face is much <u>abused</u> with tears.	<i>streaked</i>
JULIET	4.1.31
The tears have got small victory by that,	
For it was bad enough before <u>their spite</u> .	<i>the tears</i>
PARIS	4.1.33
<u>Thou wrong'st it</u> more than tears with that <u>report</u> .	<i>you wrong your face, statement</i>
JULIET	4.1.34
That is no <u>slander</u> , sir, which is a truth,	<i>lie</i>
And what I spake, I spake it <u>to my face</u> .	<i>about my face</i>
PARIS	4.1.36
Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.	
JULIET	4.1.37
It may be so, for it is not mine own.	
<i>[to Friar]</i> Are you <u>at leisure</u> , Holy Father, now,	<i>free</i>
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?	

FRIAR	4.1.40
<u>My leisure serves me</u> , pensive daughter, now.	<i>I'm free now, troubled</i>
<i>[to him]</i> My lord, we must <u>entreat the</u> time alone.	<i>ask for</i>
PARIS	4.1.42
God <u>shield</u> I should disturb devotion!—	<i>forbid, religious devotion</i>
Juliet, on Thursday early will I <u>rouse you</u> ⁺ .	<i>ye², wake you (with music)</i>
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. <i>[kisses her, exits]</i>	
JULIET	4.1.45
O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,	
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help!	
FRIAR	4.1.47
O Juliet, I already <u>know thy grief</u> .	<i>know the cause of your grief</i>
<u>It strains me past the compass</u> of my wits.	<i>I'm at my wit's end</i>
I hear thou must, and <u>nothing may</u> prorogue it,	<i>nothing can delay it</i>
On Thursday next be married to <u>this County</u> .	<i>Count Paris</i>
JULIET	4.1.51
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,	4.1.54
And with this knife I'll help it <u>presently</u> !	<i>now</i>
<i>[threatens to stab herself]</i>	
God joined my heart and Romeo's, <u>thou our hands</u> ;	<i>you joined our hands</i>
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's sealed,	<i>before my hand, that you</i>
Shall be the label to another deed,	<i>seal, wedding contract</i>
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt	<i>rebelliously</i>
Turn to another, <u>this shall slay them both</u> !	<i>4.1.59</i>
Therefore, out of thy <u>long-experienced time</u>	<i>betrays him, knife, hand & heart</i>
Give me some <u>present counsel</u> , or behold:	<i>long life of experience</i>
'Twixt <u>my extremes</u> and me this bloody knife	<i>advice now, watch</i>
Shall play the <u>umpire</u> , arbitrating that	<i>between my despair</i>
Which <u>the commission of thy years and art</u>	<i>judge, concluding</i>
Could to <u>no issue of true honor bring</u> !	<i>your wisdom</i>
<u>Be not so long to speak! I long to die</u>	<i>4.1.65</i>
<u>If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy</u> !	<i>not bring an honorable solution</i>
FRIAR	4.1.69
<u>Hold</u> , daughter! I do <u>spy</u> a kind of hope,	<i>stop, see</i>
Which <u>craves</u> as desperate an <u>execution</u>	<i>requires, act</i>
As <u>that is desperate</u> which we <u>would</u> prevent.	<i>this desperate act, want to</i>
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 <u>chide away</u> this shame,	<i>avoid</i>
That <u>cop'st</u> with Death himself to 'scape from it;	<i>faces death, escape</i>
And if thou dare'st, I'll <u>give thee remedy</u> .	<i>give you this remedy</i>
JULIET	4.1.78
O, <u>bid me</u> leap, rather than marry Paris,	<i>tell me to</i>
From off the battlements of any ² tower,	<i>yonder¹</i>
Or <u>walk in thievish ways</u> , or bid me <u>lurk</u>	<i>walk in dark alleyways, go</i>
Where <u>serpents</u> are. Chain me with roaring bears,	<i>snakes</i>
Or hide me nightly in a <u>charnel-house</u>	<i>mortuary</i>
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,	<i>covered up</i>
With <u>reeky shanks</u> and yellow <u>chapless</u> skulls.	<i>stinking limbs, jawless</i>
Or bid me go into a new-made grave	4.1.85
And hide me with a dead man in his <u>shroud</u> ⁴	<i>burial cloth</i>
—Things that, to hear <u>them told</u> , have made me tremble—	<i>myself say them</i>
And I will do it without fear or doubt,	
To live an <u>unstained</u> wife to my sweet love.	<i>loyal</i>

FRIAR

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 distilling liquor drink thou off.
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.
No warmth, no breath¹ shall testify thou live'st.
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly⁴ ashes. Thy eyes' windows fall
Like Death when he shuts up the day of life.
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death.
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes, uncovered on the bier
Thou shalt³ 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 waking³, 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 valor in the acting it.

JULIET

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

FRIAR [*gives her the vial*]

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!

[*They exit*]

ACT 4, SCENE 2

[*Capulet house, almost night. LORD & LADY CAPULET, NURSE & SERVANTS*]

CAPULET [*handing a paper to 1st Servant*]

So many guests, invite as here are writ.

[*1st Servant exits*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2nd SERVANT

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

CAPULET

How canst thou try them so?

4.1.91

wait, agree

be sure to sleep alone

bedroom

little bottle, once you're in bed

drink all the liquid 4.1.96

soon

fluid

keep beating, stop

show you're alive 4.1.100

rosiness

pale grey, eyelids will close

closes

part of you, unable to move

rigid 4.1.105

death-like appearance

forty two hours

Paris

to wake you 4.1.110

custom

funeral bed

shall², carried, tomb

family

in preparation for you waking

plan 4.1.116

here

watch you wake

take you away

4.1.120

you don't change your mind or let

interfere with, courage, following the plan

4.1.123

give me the vial

4.1.124

here,

determined, quickly

husband

4.1.127

give me help

4.2.1

invite the guests written here

skilled

4.2.3

you'll get no bad ones

test them to see if

4.2.5

how does that test them

2nd SERVANT	4.2.6
Marry, sir, 'tis an <u>ill</u> cook that cannot lick his own fingers.	<i>bad (proverb)</i>
Therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.	
CAPULET	4.2.9
Go, be gone. <i>[2nd Servant exits]</i>	
We shall be much <u>unfurnished</u> for this <u>time</u> .	<i>are very unprepared, event</i>
<i>[to Nurse]</i> What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?	
NURSE	4.2.12
Ay, <u>forsooth</u> .	<i>truly</i>
CAPULET	4.2.13
Well, he may chance to do some good on her.	
A <u>peevish self-willed harlotry</u> it is.	<i>unruly, willful tramp she is</i>
<i>[JULIET enters]</i>	
NURSE	4.2.15
See <u>where</u> she comes from <u>shrift</u> with merry look.	<i>look, here, confession</i>
CAPULET	4.2.16
How now, my <u>headstrong</u> ! Where have you been	<i>stubborn girl</i>
<u>gadding</u> ?	<i>wandering</i>
JULIET	4.2.18
Where I have <u>learned me to repent</u> the sin	<i>learned to be sorry for</i>
Of disobedient opposition	
To you and your <u>behests</u> , and am <u>enjoined</u>	<i>commands, told</i>
By Holy Lawrence to fall <u>prostrate here</u>	<i>fall to my knees</i>
To beg your pardon. <u>Pardon</u> , I beseech you.	<i>forgive me</i>
Henceforward I <u>am ever</u> ruled by you.	<i>from now on, will always be</i>
CAPULET	4.2.24
Send for the County! Go tell him of this!	
I'll have this <u>knot knit up</u> tomorrow morning!	<i>wedding knot tied</i>
JULIET	4.2.26
I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell	
And gave him <u>what becomèd love I might</u> ,	<i>the appropriate amount of love</i>
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.	
CAPULET	4.2.29
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 <u>hither</u> .—	<i>here</i>
Now, <u>afore God</u> , this reverend Holy Friar,	<i>before God</i>
All our whole city is much <u>bound</u> to him.	<i>obliged</i>
JULIET	4.2.34
Nurse, will you go with me into my closet	
To help me sort such <u>needful ornaments</u>	<i>choose what</i>
As you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?	<i>to wear</i>
LADY CAPULET	4.2.37
No, <u>not till</u> Thursday. <u>There is time enough</u> .	<i>wait till, there's no rush</i>
CAPULET	4.2.38
Go, Nurse, go with her. We'll to church tomorrow.	
<i>[Juliet & Nurse exit]</i>	
LADY CAPULET	4.2.39
We shall be short in our <u>provision</u> .	<i>we won't have enough food or drink</i>
'Tis now <u>near</u> night!	<i>almost</i>
CAPULET	4.2.41
<u>Tush</u> , I will stir about,	<i>nonsense, I'll get things going</i>
And all things shall be well, I <u>warrant</u> thee, wife.	<i>I promise</i>
Go thou to Juliet. Help to <u>deck up her</u> .	<i>get her ready</i>
I'll not <u>to bed</u> tonight. <u>Let me alone</u> .	<i>go to bed, leave it to me</i>
I'll play the housewife for this once.	
<i>[calling for servants]</i> —What, ho!—	
They are all <u>forth</u> . Well, I will walk myself	<i>out</i>
To County Paris to prepare him up ⁵	<i>up him²</i>
	4.2.47

Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed!
[They exit]

*for, I am lighthearted
has been set straight*

ACT 4, SCENE 3

[Juliet's bedroom, that night. JULIET & 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.

4.3.1
*clothes
leave me alone
prayers
encourage, situation
conflicted*

LADY CAPULET [enters]
What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

4.3.6

JULIET
No, madam. We have culled 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.

4.3.7
*picked out everything
as needed for the ceremony
stay with you*

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

4.3.13

[They exit]

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.

4.3.14
*fainting cold fear rushing
freezes me to death*

What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it. [takes a dagger
and puts it by the bed] Lie thou there.

dreadful 4.3.20

What if it be a poison, which the Friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored
Because he married me before to Romeo?

4.3.25
*cunningly, administered
otherwise*

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...

*I think
always proven himself* 4.3.30

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort...

*get me, frightening
suffocated, tomb
fresh 4.3.35
before
isn't it likely
thoughts*

tomb 4.3.40

*just recently buried
rotting
haunt 4.3.45*

Alack, alack, is it <u>not like</u> that I,	<i>not likely</i>
<u>So early waking</u> , what with <u>loathsome</u> smells,	<i>waking too early, awful</i>
And shrieks like <u>mandrakes</u> ' torn out of the earth,	<i>a plant with magic power</i>
That <u>living</u> mortals, hearing them, <u>run mad</u> ...	<i>people, go mad</i>
O, if I wake ⁴ , shall I not be <u>distraught</u> ,	<i>mad</i> 4.3.50
<u>Environèd</u> with all these hideous fears?	<i>surrounded</i>
And madly play with my <u>forefathers' joints</u> ?	<i>ancestors' bones</i>
And <u>pluck</u> the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?	<i>pull</i>
And, in this <u>rage</u> , with some great kinsman's bone,	<i>madness</i>
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?	4.3.55
O look! <u>Methinks</u> I see my cousin's ghost	<i>I think</i>
Seeking out Romeo that did <u>spit</u> his body	<i>stab</i>
Upon a <u>rapier's</u> point! <u>Stay</u> , Tybalt, stay!	<i>sword, stop</i>
Romeo, I come! This do ¹ I drink to thee.	Romeo, Romeo, Romeo. Here's drink. ²
<i>[She drinks then falls in bed within the curtains]</i>	

ACT 4, SCENE 4

[Capulet house, before dawn. LADY CAPULET & NURSE]

LADY CAPULET	4.4.1
Hold, take these keys and fetch more spices, Nurse.	
NURSE	4.4.2
They <u>call</u> for dates and <u>quinces</u> in the <u>pastry</u> .	<i>are asking, fruit, pastry room</i>
CAPULET <i>[enters]</i>	4.4.3
Come, <u>stir</u> , stir, stir! The second <u>cock</u> hath crowed;	<i>move it, rooster</i>
The curfew-bell hath rung; 'tis three o'clock.—	
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica.	<i>take care of</i>
<u>Spare not for the cost</u> .	<i>don't be cheap</i>
NURSE ² Go, you <u>cot-quean</u> , go,	LADY CAPULET ⁺ , housewife 4.4.7
Get you to bed. Faith, You'll be sick tomorrow	
For <u>this night's</u> <u>watching</u> .	<i>staying awake tonight</i>
CAPULET	4.4.10
No, not a <u>whit</u> . What! I have <u>watched ere</u> now	<i>bit, stayed awake before</i>
All night for <u>lesser cause</u> , and ne'er been sick.	<i>a woman</i>
LADY CAPULET	4.4.12
Ay, you have been a <u>mouse-hunt</u> in your time,	<i>woman chaser</i>
But I will <u>watch</u> you from such <u>watching</u> now!	<i>stay awake to keep, late nights</i>
<i>[Lady Capulet & Nurse exit]</i>	
CAPULET	4.4.14
A jealous <u>hood</u> , a jealous hood!	<i>woman</i>
<i>[SERVANTS enter with logs, baskets, etc.]</i>	
Now, fellow, what is there?	
1st SERVANT	4.4.17
Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.	
CAPULET	4.4.18
<u>Make haste</u> , make haste! <i>[1st Servant exits]</i>	<i>hurry up</i>
<i>[to 2nd Servant]</i> Sirrah, fetch drier logs.	
Call Peter. He will show thee where they are.	
2nd SERVANT	4.4.21
I have a <u>head</u> , sir, that will <u>find out</u> logs,	<i>good head for finding</i>
<u>And never</u> trouble Peter for the matter.	<i>I won't have to</i>
CAPULET	4.4.23
<u>Mass</u> , and well said! A <u>merry whoreson</u> , ha!	<i>good, witty fellow</i>
Thou shalt be <u>loggerhead</u> ! <i>[2nd Servant exits]</i>	<i>"blockhead"</i>
Good faith ⁴ , 'tis day!	
The County will be here with <u>music straight</u> ,	<i>musicians right away</i>
For so he said he would.	

[*Music outside*] I hear him near.—
 Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, Nurse, I say!
 [*NURSE re-enters*]
 Go waken Juliet. Go and trim her up! *dress her*
 I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste, *hurry*
 Make haste! The bridegroom he is come already!
 Make haste, I say!
 [*They exit*]

ACT 4, SCENE 5

[*Juliet's bedroom. NURSE, JULIET within the bed curtains*]

NURSE 4.5.1
 Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!—Fast, I warrant her, she.— *fast asleep, bet*
 Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slug-a-bed!
 Why, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Why, bride!
 What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now; *little rest* 4.5.5
 Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant,
 The County Paris hath set up his rest *is determined*
That you shall rest but little! God forgive me, *not to let you rest*
 Marry, and amen.—How sound is she asleep! 4.5.10
 I must needs wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!
 Ay, let the County take you in your bed!
 He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be? *startle*
 [*opens the bed curtains*]
 What, dressed? And in your clothes? And down again? 4.5.15
 I must needs wake you. Lady! Lady! Lady!—
 Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!
 O, weraday that ever I was born!— *woe the day*
 Some aqua vitae, ho! My lord! My lady! *brandy*
 LADY CAPULET [*enters*] 4.5.20
 What noise is here?
 NURSE O lamentable day! *mournful* 4.5.21
 LADY CAPULET 4.5.22
 What is the matter?
 NURSE Look, look! O heavy day! *gloomy* 4.5.23
 LADY CAPULET 4.5.24
 O me, O me! My child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! *wake up*
 Help, help! Call help!
 CAPULET [*enters*] 4.5.27
 For shame, bring Juliet forth! Her lord is come. *out here, groom is here*
 NURSE 4.5.28
 She's dead, deceased! She's dead! Alack the day!
 LADY CAPULET 4.5.29
 Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!
 CAPULET 4.5.30
Ha? Let me see her. Out, alas! She's cold! *what (not laughing)*
 Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff! *not flowing*
 Life and these lips have long been separated!
 Death lies on her like an untimely frost *unseasonably late*
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
 NURSE 4.5.35
 O lamentable day!
 LADY CAPULET O woeful time! 4.5.36
 CAPULET 4.5.37
 Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail, *taken her away*
 Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

[FRIAR, PARIS & MUSICIANS enter]

FRIAR 4.5.39

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET 4.5.40

Ready to go, but never to return.—

O son! The night before thy wedding day *son-in-law*

Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies, *slept*

Flower as she was, deflowered by him. *beautiful, her virginity taken*

Death is my son-in-law; Death is my heir. 4.5.44

My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,

And leave him all: life, living, all is Death's. *everything, property*

PARIS 4.5.47

Have I thought long¹ to see this morning's face, *looked forward*

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

LADY CAPULET [*all speak together*] 4.5.49

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day! *cursed, disastrous*

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw

In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!

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

But one thing to rejoice and solace in, *take comfort*

And cruel death hath caught it from my sight! *snatched her*

NURSE [*together*] 4.5.55

O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!

Most lamentable day, most woeful day, *mournful*

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 [*together*] 4.5.61

Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain! *cheated*

Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,

By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!

O love! O life! Not life, but love in death! *alive, but still loved*

CAPULET [*together*] 4.5.65

Despised, distressèd, hated, martyred, killed!

Uncomfortable time, why came'st thou now *comfortless*

To murder, murder our solemnity? *festivity*

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 4.5.71

Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure⁺ lives not *there's no cure for loss / care²*

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid. Now heav'n hath all, *crying and wailing*

And all the better is it for the maid.

Your part in her you could not keep from death, *both had part, all of her*

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was her promotion, *wanted, material advancement*

For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced. *ideal that, marry well*

And weep you⁺ now, seeing she is advanced *ye²*

Above the clouds, as high as heav'n itself? 4.5.80

O, in this love you love your child so ill *material concern, wrongly*

That you run mad, seeing that she is well. *she's in heaven (an expression)*

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 4.5.84

On this fair corse, and as the custom is, *place, herb for funerals &*

In all her best array, bear her to church. *weddings, corpse*

clothes, carry

For though <u>fond</u> ⁺ <u>nature</u> bids us all <u>lament</u> ,	<i>our emotional nature / some², to cry</i>
Yet nature's tears are <u>reason's merriment</u> .	<i>mocked by reason</i>
CAPULET	4.5.90
All things that we ordainèd festival,	<i>intended for the wedding feast</i>
Turn from their <u>office</u> to black funeral:	<i>purpose</i>
Our instruments to melancholy bells,	
Our wedding <u>cheer</u> to a sad burial feast,	<i>food & drink</i>
Our solemn hymns to sullen <u>dirges</u> change,	<i>funeral music</i>
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried <u>corse</u> ,	<i>corpse</i>
And all things change them to the <u>contrary</u> .	<i>opposite</i>
FRIAR	4.5.97
Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him,	
And go, Sir Paris. Everyone prepare	
To follow this fair <u>corse</u> unto her grave.	<i>corpse</i>
The heav'ns do <u>lour</u> upon you for some <u>ill</u> .	<i>frown, bad thing you've done</i>
<u>Move</u> them no more by <u>crossing their high will</u> .	<i>anger, provoking them</i>
[Lord & Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar exit]	
1st MUSICIAN (Simon)	4.5.102
Faith, we may <u>put up</u> our <u>pipes</u> , and be gone.	<i>put away, instruments</i>
NURSE	4.5.103
Honest good fellows, ah, <u>put up</u> , put up.	<i>put away</i>
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [exits]	
1st MUSICIAN	4.5.105
Ay, by ¹ my <u>troth</u> , the <u>case</u> may be amended.	<i>truly, situation / instrument case,</i>
PETER [enters]	<i>could be better</i>
Musicians, O musicians, "Heart's Ease", "Heart's Ease".	4.5.106
O, and you will have me live, play "Heart's Ease".	<i>if you want me to live</i>
1st MUSICIAN	4.5.109
Why "Heart's Ease"?	
PETER	4.5.110
O, musicians, because my heart itself plays "My Heart is Full	
[of Woe] ⁺ ". O, play me some merry <u>dump</u> to comfort me.	<i>mournful song</i>
1st MUSICIAN	4.5.113
Not a <u>dump</u> we! 'Tis no time to play now.	<i>mournful song</i>
PETER	4.5.115
You will not, then?	
1st MUSICIAN	4.5.116
No.	
PETER	4.5.117
I will then <u>give it you</u> soundly!	<i>give it to you</i>
1st MUSICIAN	4.5.118
What will you give us?	
PETER	4.5.119
No money, on my faith, but <u>the gleek</u> !	<i>a sneer</i>
I will <u>give you the minstrel</u> !	<i>call you "minstrels"</i>
1st MUSICIAN	4.5.121
Then I will <u>give you the serving-creature</u> !	<i>call you what you are: a servant</i>
PETER [draws his dagger]	4.5.123
Then <u>will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on</u>	<i>I'll knock you on the head</i>
<u>your pate</u> ! I will <u>carry no crotchets</u> !	<i>with my dagger, take no insults/notes</i>
I'll "re" you, I'll "fa" you! Do you <u>note me</u> ?	<i>note what I'm saying</i>
1st MUSICIAN	4.5.126
<u>And you "re" us and "fa" us, you note us!</u>	<i>if</i>
2nd MUSICIAN (Hugh)	4.5.127
Pray you, <u>put up</u> your dagger, and <u>put out</u> your <u>wit</u> .	<i>put away, pull, intelligence</i>
PETER ⁺	4.5.129
Then <u>have at you</u> with my wit! I will <u>dry-beat</u> you	<i>I'll attack you, beat</i>
with an iron wit, and <u>put up</u> my iron dagger. Answer	<i>put away</i>

me like men: *[sings]*
 "When griping griefs the heart doth wound,
 [And doleful dumps the mind oppress,]¹
 Then music with her silver sound"—
 Why "silver sound"? Why "music with her silver sound"?
 What say you, Simon Catling? *lute*
 1st MUSICIAN (Simon) 4.5.137
 Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
 PETER 4.5.139
Prates! What say you, Hugh Rebeck? *foolish chatter, fiddle*
 2nd MUSICIAN (Hugh) 4.5.140
 I say "silver sound" because musicians sound for silver. *play, silver coins*
 PETER 4.5.142
Prates too!—What say you, James Soundpost? *foolish chatter,*
 3rd MUSICIAN (James) *part of a stringed instrument*
 Faith, I know not what to say. 4.5.143
 PETER 4.5.144
 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: *[sings]* *don't get paid gold for playing*
 "Then music with her silver sound
 With speedy help doth lend redress." *[exits]* *make things better*
 1st MUSICIAN 4.5.149
 What a pestilent knave is this same! *miserable fool he is*
 2nd MUSICIAN 4.5.150
 Hang him, jack! Come, we'll in here,
 tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. *man, we'll go in here*
[They exit] *wait for, stay for dinner*

ACT 5, SCENE 1

[Mantua, that afternoon. ROMEO]

ROMEO 5.1.1
 If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep, *believe what good dreams say*
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand. *predict, soon*
 My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne, *heart is light with joy*
 And all this day an unaccustomed spirit *unusually good mood*
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. 5.1.5
 I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,
 —Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think!— *the ability*
 And breathed such life with kisses in my lips *on*
 That I revived and was an emperor. 5.1.10
 Ah me! How sweet is love itself possessed *the love you have in reality*
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy! *even just love's dreams*
[BALTHASAR enters]
 News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar! *hello*
 Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
 How doth my lady? Is my father well?
 How fares¹ my Juliet? That I ask again, 5.1.15
 For nothing can be ill if she be well. *doth²: how is*
 BALTHASAR 5.1.18
 Then she is well and nothing can be ill. *bad, good*
 Her body sleeps in Capel's monument, *she's in heaven (an expression)*
 And her immortal part with angels lives. *the Capulet tomb*
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, *soul*
 And presently took post to tell it you. *family's tomb*
 O, pardon me for bringing these ill news, *immediately rented a horse*
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir. *bad*
make it my duty

ROMEO	5.1.25
<u>Is it e'en¹ so?</u> Then I defy ¹ you ² , stars!—	<i>is it really so, deny², my¹, fate</i>
Thou <u>know'st my lodging</u> . Get me ink and paper,	<i>know where I'm staying</i>
And <u>hire post-horses</u> . I will <u>hence</u> tonight.	<i>rent horses, leave</i>
BALTHASAR	5.1.28
I do beseech you, sir, have patience!	
Your looks are pale and wild, and do <u>import</u>	<i>suggest</i>
Some <u>misadventure</u> .	<i>something bad will happen</i>
ROMEO	nonsense 5.1.31
Tush, thou art deceived!	
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.	
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?	
BALTHASAR	5.1.34
No, my good lord.	
ROMEO	5.1.35
No matter. Get thee gone,	
And hire those horses. I'll be with thee <u>straight</u> .	<i>right away</i>
[<i>Balthasar exits</i>]	
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.	
<u>Let's see for means...</u> O mischief, thou art swift	<i>let's see how</i>
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!	
I do remember an <u>apothec'ry</u> ,	<i>druggist 5.1.40</i>
And hereabouts he dwells, <u>which late I noted</u>	<i>who lately I saw</i>
In tattered <u>weeds</u> , with <u>overwhelming</u> brows,	<i>clothes, prominent</i>
<u>Culling of simples</u> . Meager were his looks.	<i>gathering medicinal herbs</i>
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.	
And in his <u>needy</u> shop a tortoise hung,	<i>poor 5.1.45</i>
An alligator stuffed, and other skins	
Of <u>ill-shaped</u> fishes; and about his shelves	<i>odd-shaped, around</i>
A <u>beggarly</u> account of empty boxes,	<i>worthless collection</i>
Green earthen pots, <u>bladders</u> and <u>musty</u> seeds,	<i>leather containers, old</i>
Remnants of pack-thread, and old <u>cakes of roses</u>	<i>blocks of dried petals</i>
Were thinly scattered to <u>make up a show</u> .	<i>fill up the shelves 5.1.51</i>
Noting this <u>penury</u> , to myself I said	<i>poverty</i>
"And if a man did need a poison now,	
Whose sale is <u>present death</u> in Mantua,	<i>punishable by death</i>
Here lives a <u>caitiff wretch</u> would sell it him."	<i>miserable man who would</i>
O, this same thought did but <u>forerun</u> my need,	<i>foreshadow 5.1.56</i>
And this same <u>needy</u> man must sell it me.	<i>poor</i>
As I remember, this should be the house.	
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—	
What, ho! Apothec'ry!	
APOTHECARY [<i>enters</i>] Who calls so loud?	5.1.61
ROMEO	5.1.62
Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.	<i>come here</i>
<u>Hold</u> , there is forty ducats. Let me have	<i>look, gold coins</i>
A <u>dram</u> of poison, such soon-speeding gear	<i>some, fast-acting stuff</i>
As will disperse itself through all the veins	
That the <u>life-weary taker</u> may fall dead	<i>the one taking their life</i>
And that the <u>trunk</u> may be <u>discharged</u> of breath	<i>body, exhaled</i>
As violently as hasty <u>powder</u> fired	<i>gunpowder</i>
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.	
APOTHECARY	5.1.70
Such <u>mortal</u> drugs I have, but Mantua's law	<i>deadly</i>
<u>Is death</u> to any he that <u>utters</u> them.	<i>sentences death, sells</i>
ROMEO	5.1.72
Art thou so <u>bare</u> and full of wretchedness,	<i>poor</i>
And <u>fear'st</u> to die? <u>Famine</u> is in thy cheeks,	<i>afraid, starvation shows</i>
Need and oppression <u>starveth</u> in thy eyes,	<i>show</i>
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back.	
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.	

The world <u>affords</u> no law to make thee rich.	<i>offers</i>
Then be not poor, but <u>break it</u> , and take this! [<i>Offers money</i>]	<i>break the law</i>
APOTHECARY	5.1.79
My poverty, but not my <u>will</u> , <u>consents</u> .	<i>conscience, agrees</i>
ROMEO	5.1.80
I pay ¹ thy poverty and not thy <u>will</u> .	<i>conscience</i>
APOTHECARY [<i>offers poison</i>]	5.1.81
Put this in any liquid thing you will	
And drink it off, and if you had the strength	
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you <u>straight</u> .	<i>kill you immediately</i>
ROMEO [<i>hands him the money</i>]	5.1.84
There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,	
Doing more murder in this <u>loathsome</u> world	<i>hateful</i>
Than these poor <u>compounds</u> that thou mayst not sell.	<i>mixtures</i>
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.	
Farewell. Buy food and <u>get thyself in flesh</u> .	<i>add flesh to your bones</i>
[<i>Apothecary exits</i>]	
Come, <u>cordial</u> and not poison, go with me	<i>medicine</i>
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [<i>exits</i>]	

ACT 5, SCENE 2

[*Church. FRIAR JOHN*]

FRIAR JOHN	5.2.1
Holy Franciscan Friar! Brother, ho!	
FRIAR [<i>enters</i>]	5.2.2
This same should be the voice of Friar John.	
Welcome from Mantua! What says Romeo?	
Or if his mind be <u>writ</u> , give me his letter.	<i>if he wrote</i>
FRIAR JOHN	5.2.5
Going to find a <u>barefoot brother</u> out,	<i>friar</i>
One of <u>our order</u> , to <u>associate me</u> ,	<i>our Franciscan order, to go with me</i>
Here in this city visiting the sick,	
And finding him, the <u>searchers</u> of the town,	<i>health officials</i>
Suspecting that we both were in a house	
Where the infectious <u>pestilence did reign</u> ,	<i>plague had contaminated</i>
Sealed up the doors and would not let us <u>forth</u> ,	<i>leave</i>
So that my <u>speed</u> to Mantua there was <u>stayed</u> .	<i>trip, stopped</i>
FRIAR	5.2.13
Who <u>bare</u> my letter then to Romeo?	<i>carried</i>
FRIAR JOHN	5.2.14
I could not send it—here it is <u>again</u> —	<i>back</i>
[<i>hands him the letter</i>]	
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,	
So fearful were they of infection.	
FRIAR	5.2.17
<u>Unhappy fortune</u> ! By my brotherhood,	<i>terrible fortune</i>
The letter was not <u>nice</u> but full of <u>charge</u>	<i>trivial, instructions</i>
Of <u>dear import</u> , and the neglecting it	<i>much importance</i>
May do much danger! Friar John, go hence.	
Get me an <u>iron crow</u> , and bring it straight	<i>crowbar</i>
Unto my cell.	
FRIAR JOHN	5.2.23
Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [<i>exits</i>]	
FRIAR	5.2.24
Now must I <u>to the monument</u> alone.	<i>go to the tomb</i>
Within three hours will fair Juliet wake.	
She will <u>bescrew</u> me much that Romeo	<i>curse</i>

Hath had no notice of these <u>accidents</u> .	<i>events</i>
But I will write again to Mantua,	
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.	
Poor living <u>corse</u> , <u>closed</u> in a dead man's tomb! <i>[exits]</i>	<i>corpse, locked</i>

ACT 5, SCENE 3

[Capulet tomb, late that night.]

PARIS & PAGE with flowers and torch, JULIET in tomb]

PARIS	5.3.1
Give me thy torch, boy. Hence and stand aloof.	<i>go stand at a distance</i>
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.	<i>no instead, the torch, don't want to</i>
Under yond yew ¹ trees lay thee all along,	<i>those, lie down</i>
Holding thy ² ear close to the hollow ground;	<i>thine¹</i>
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,	<i>any footsteps in the churchyard</i>
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,	<i>on the loose dirt from graves</i>
But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me	5.3.7
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.	
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.	
PAGE <i>[aside]</i>	5.3.10
I am almost afraid to stand alone	
Here in the churchyard, yet I will <u>adventure</u> . <i>[hides]</i>	<i>take my chances</i>
PARIS <i>[scattering flowers over the tomb]</i>	5.3.12
Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I <u>strew</u> .	<i>scatter</i>
O woe! Thy <u>canopy</u> is dust and stones,	<i>bed canopy</i>
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,	<i>perfumed water, sprinkle</i>
Or wanting that, with tears distilled by <u>moans</u> .	<i>if not that, crying</i>
The <u>obsequies</u> that I for thee will keep	<i>mourning ritual</i>
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.	
<i>[PAGE whistles]</i>	
The boy gives warning something doth approach.	5.3.18
What cursèd foot wanders this way tonight	
To <u>cross</u> my <u>obsequies</u> and true love's <u>rite</u> ?	<i>interrupt, mourning, ritual</i>
What, with a torch! <u>Muffle</u> me, night, awhile. <i>[hides]</i>	<i>hide</i>
<i>[ROMEO enters with BALTHASAR with torch, pick, crowbar]</i>	
ROMEO	5.3.22
Give me that <u>mattock</u> and the <u>wrenching iron</u> .	<i>pick, crowbar</i>
<u>Hold</u> , take this letter. Early in the morning	<i>here</i>
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.	
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I <u>charge</u> thee,	<i>I command you</i>
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, <u>stand all aloof</u> ,	5.3.25
And do not interrupt me in <u>my course</u> .	<i>stay back</i>
Why I descend into this bed of death	<i>what I'm doing</i>
Is partly to <u>behold</u> my lady's face,	<i>see</i>
But chiefly to <u>take thence</u> from her dead finger	<i>take off from</i>
A precious ring, a ring that I must use	5.3.30
In dear <u>employment</u> . Therefore hence, be gone.	<i>important purpose</i>
But if thou, <u>jealous</u> , dost return to <u>pry</u>	<i>suspicious, spy</i>
In what I further shall intend to do,	
By heaven, I will tear thee <u>joint by joint</u>	<i>limb from limb</i>
And <u>strew</u> this hungry churchyard with thy limbs!	5.3.35
The <u>time</u> and my <u>intents</u> are savage-wild,	<i>scatter</i>
More fierce and more <u>inexorable</u> far	<i>circumstance, state of mind</i>
Than <u>empty</u> tigers or the roaring sea.	<i>merciless</i>
BALTHASAR	5.3.40
I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye ² .	<i>hungry</i>
	<i>you¹</i>

ROMEO	5.3.41
<u>So shalt</u> thou show me friendship. Take thou that. [<i>gives money</i>]	<i>that's how</i>
Live and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.	
BALTHASAR [<i>aside</i>]	5.3.43
For all <u>this same</u> , I'll hide me <u>hereabout</u> .	<i>all the same, nearby</i>
His looks I fear, and his <u>intents</u> I doubt. [<i>hides</i>]	<i>intentions</i>
ROMEO [<i>starts forcing open the tomb</i>]	5.3.45
Thou detestable <u>maw</u> , thou womb of death,	<i>stomach</i>
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,	
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,	
And <u>in despite</u> I'll cram thee with more food!	<i>in spite</i>
PARIS	5.3.49
[<i>aside</i>] This is that banish'd <u>haughty</u> Montague	<i>arrogant</i>
That murdered my love's cousin, with which grief	
It is <u>supposèd</u> the <u>fair creature</u> died!	<i>believed, Juliet</i>
And here <u>is come to</u> do some villainous shame	<i>he has come to</i>
To the dead bodies! I will <u>apprehend</u> him.	<i>arrest</i>
[<i>to Romeo</i>] Stop thy <u>unhallowed toil</u> , vile Montague!	<i>unholy work</i>
Can vengeance be pursued <u>further</u> than death?	<i>worse</i> 5.3.55
Condemned villain, I do <u>apprehend</u> thee!	<i>arrest</i>
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die!	
ROMEO	5.3.58
I must indeed, and <u>therefore came I hither</u> .	<i>that's why I came here</i>
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man!	
Fly <u>hence</u> , and leave me! Think upon these <u>gone</u> ;	<i>run away, deceased</i>
Let them <u>affright</u> thee. I beseech thee, youth,	<i>frighten</i>
Put not another sin upon my head	
By <u>urging</u> me to fury! O, be gone!	<i>pushing</i>
By heav'n, I love thee better than myself,	
For I come hither armed against myself.	5.3.65
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say	
A madman's mercy <u>bade</u> ⁺ thee run away.	<i>bid²: begged</i>
PARIS	5.3.68
I do defy thy <u>commination</u> ² ,	<i>conjurations¹: threats</i>
And <u>apprehend</u> thee for a <u>felon</u> here.	<i>arrest, criminal</i>
ROMEO	5.3.70
Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!	
[<i>They fight</i>]	
PAGE	5.3.71
O Lord, they fight! I will go call the <u>watch</u> ! [<i>exits</i>]	<i>guards</i>
PARIS	5.3.72
O, I am slain! [<i>falls</i>] If thou be merciful,	
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [<i>dies</i>]	
ROMEO	5.3.74
In faith, I will. Let me <u>peruse</u> this face.	<i>look at</i>
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!	
What said my <u>man</u> when my <u>betossèd</u> soul	<i>servant, troubled</i>
Did not <u>attend him</u> as we rode? I think	<i>listen to him</i>
He told me Paris <u>should have married</u> Juliet.	<i>was to have married</i>
Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?	
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,	5.3.80
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,	
<u>One writ</u> with me in sour misfortune's book!	<i>you're written</i>
I'll bury thee in a <u>triumphant</u> grave.—[<i>opens the tomb</i>]	<i>glorious</i>
A grave? O no, A <u>lantern</u> , slaughtered youth,	<i>glass tower</i> 5.3.84
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes	
This vault a <u>feasting presence</u> full of light.	<i>festive hall</i>
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man <u>interred</u> .	<i>buried</i>
[<i>laying PARIS in the tomb</i>]	

How <u>oft</u> when men are at the point of death	<i>often</i>	
Have they been merry, which their <u>keepers</u> call	<i>jailers</i>	
A <u>lightning</u> before death! O, how may I	<i>uplifted spirits</i>	5.3.90
Call this a lightning?—O my love! My wife!		
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,		
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.		
Thou art not conquered. Beauty's <u>ensign</u> yet	<i>sign</i>	
Is <u>crimson</u> in thy lips and in thy cheeks,	<i>red</i>	5.3.95
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—	<i>raised</i>	
Tybalt, lie'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?		
O, what more favor can I do to thee		
Than with <u>that hand</u> that cut thy youth <u>in twain</u>	<i>my hand, short</i>	
To <u>sunder his</u> that was thine ² enemy?	<i>thy⁵, cut down my life</i>	5.3.100
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,		
Why art thou yet so <u>fair</u> ? Shall I believe	<i>beautiful</i>	
That <u>unsubstantial Death</u> is amorous,	<i>bodiless Death is your lover</i>	
And that the lean <u>abhorred</u> monster keeps	<i>horrible</i>	
Thee here in dark to be his <u>paramour</u> ?	<i>mistress</i>	5.3.105
For fear of that, I <u>still will stay</u> with thee,	<i>will stay forever</i>	
And never from this palace ³ 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,		5.3.110
And <u>shake the yoke of inauspicious stars</u>	<i>shake off the burden of cruel fate</i>	
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look <u>your last</u> .	<i>body, for the last time</i>	
Arms, take your last embrace. And lips, O, you		
The doors of breath, seal with a <u>righteous kiss</u>	<i>pure</i>	5.3.114
A dateless bargain to engrossing Death. [<i>kisses her</i>]	<i>eternal contract, all-possessing</i>	
Come, bitter <u>conduct</u> , come, <u>unsavory</u> guide,	<i>escort (poison), offensive</i>	
Thou desperate <u>pilot</u> , now at once <u>run on</u>	<i>navigator, run into</i>	
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary <u>bark</u> !	<i>ship</i>	
Here's to my love! [<i>drinks</i>] O true apothec'ry,		
Thy drugs are quick. [<i>kisses her</i>] Thus with a kiss I die. [<i>dies</i>]		5.3.120
FRIAR [<i>enters with lantern, crowbar, spade</i>]		5.3.121
Saint Francis <u>be my speed</u> ! How <u>oft</u> tonight	<i>help me, often</i>	
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?		
BALTHASAR		5.3.123
<u>Here's one</u> , a friend, and one that knows you well.	<i>it's me</i>	
FRIAR		5.3.124
Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,		
What torch is <u>yond</u> , that <u>vainly lends</u> his light	<i>there, wastefully shines</i>	
To <u>grubs</u> and eyeless skulls? As I discern,	<i>worms</i>	
It burneth in the <u>Capel's monument</u> .	<i>Capulet tomb</i>	
BALTHASAR		5.3.128
It doth so, Holy sir, and there's my master,		
One that you love.		
FRIAR Who is it?		5.3.130
BALTHASAR Romeo.		5.3.131
FRIAR		5.3.132
How long hath he been there?		
BALTHASAR Full half an hour.		5.3.133
FRIAR		5.3.134
Go with me to the vault.		
BALTHASAR I dare not, sir.		5.3.135
My master <u>knows not</u> but I <u>am gone hence</u> ,	<i>doesn't know I didn't leave</i>	
And fearfully did <u>menace</u> me with death	<i>threaten</i>	
If I did stay <u>to look on his intents</u> .	<i>to watch him</i>	

FRIAR	5.3.139
Stay, then. I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me.	
O, much I fear some <u>ill unthrifty</u> thing.	<i>evil</i>
BALTHASAR	5.3.141
As I did sleep under this yew ¹ tree here,	
I dreamt my master and another fought,	
And that my master slew him.	
FRIAR	5.3.144
Romeo!	
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains	
The stony entrance of this <u>sepulchre</u> ?	<i>tomb</i>
What mean these masterless and <u>gory</u> swords	<i>abandoned, bloody</i>
To lie discolored by this place of peace?	5.3.148
<i>[enters tomb]</i>	
Romeo! O, <u>pale</u> ! Who else? What, Paris too?	<i>so pale</i>
And <u>steeped</u> in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour	<i>soaked</i>
Is guilty of this <u>lamentable chance</u> !	<i>grievous coincidence</i>
<i>[JULIET wakes]</i>	
The lady stirs!	
JULIET	5.3.153
O <u>comfortable</u> Friar, where is my <u>lord</u> ?	<i>comforting, husband</i>
I do remember well where I should be,	
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?	
<i>[Noise outside]</i>	
FRIAR	5.3.156
I hear some noise! Lady, come from that nest	
Of death, <u>contagion</u> , and unnatural sleep.	<i>disease</i>
A greater power than we can contradict	<i>oppose</i>
Hath <u>thwarted</u> our intents! Come, come away!	<i>wrecked our plans</i>
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,	5.3.160
And Paris too! Come, I'll <u>dispose of thee</u>	<i>hide you</i>
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns!	
Stay not to question, for the <u>watch is coming</u> !	<i>guards are coming</i>
<i>[Another noise]</i>	
Come, go, good Juliet! I dare no longer stay!	
JULIET	5.3.165
Go, get thee hence, for I will not <u>away</u> !	<i>leave</i>
<i>[Friar exits]</i>	
What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand?	
Poison, I see, hath been his <u>timeless</u> end.	<i>eternal / premature</i>
O <u>churl</u> ! Drunk all, and left no friendly drop	<i>selfish man</i>
To help me <u>after</u> ? I will kiss thy lips.	<i>follow after you</i>
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them	<i>perhaps</i> 5.3.170
To make me die with a <u>restorative</u> . <i>[kisses him]</i>	<i>restoring medicine</i>
Thy lips are warm!	
1st GUARD <i>[outside]</i>	5.3.173
Lead, boy. Which way?	
JULIET	5.3.174
Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief.	
<i>[finding Romeo's dagger]</i> O, <u>happy dagger</u> !	<i>how fortunate: a dagger</i>
<u>This</u> is thy sheath! <i>[stabs herself]</i>	<i>my heart</i>
There rust, and let me die. <i>[dies]</i>	
<i>[PAGE enters with GUARDS]</i>	
PAGE	5.3.176
This is the place. There, where the torch doth burn.	
1st GUARD	5.3.177
The ground is bloody. Search about the churchyard.	
Go, some of you. Whoe'er you find <u>attach</u> .	<i>arrest</i>

[Some Guards exit]	
Pitiful sight! Here lies the County slain, And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead, Who here hath lain these two days buried. Go, tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets. Raise up the Montagues. Some others search.	5.3.180 wake
[More Guards exit]	
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie, But the true ground of all these piteous woes We cannot without circumstance descry.	bodies 5.3.185 reason, pitiful details, discover
[2nd GUARD enters with BALTHASAR]	
2nd GUARD	5.3.188
Here's Romeo's man. We found him in the churchyard.	
1st GUARD	5.3.190
Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.	securely
[3rd GUARD enters with FRIAR]	
3rd GUARD	5.3.191
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's side.	 pick, shovel
1st GUARD	5.3.194
A great suspicion. Stay the Friar too.	very suspicious, hold
PRINCE [enters with Attendants]	5.3.195
What misadventure is so early up That calls our person from our morning rest?	problem me
[LORD & LADY CAPULET and Others enter]	
CAPULET	5.3.197
What should it be that they ⁵ so shriek ² abroad?	is ¹ , shrieked ⁺ : shout about
LADY CAPULET	5.3.198
The ¹ people in the street cry "Romeo", Some "Juliet", and some "Paris", and all run With open outcry toward our monument.	O, the ² tomb
PRINCE	5.3.201
What fear is this which startles in our ⁺ ears?	your ²
1st GUARD	5.3.202
Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain, And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before, Warm and new killed.	
PRINCE	5.3.205
Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes!	learn
1st GUARD	5.3.207
Here is a friar, and slaughtered ³ Romeo's man, With instruments upon them, fit to open These dead men's tombs.	 tools
CAPULET	5.3.210
O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds! This dagger hath mista'en, for lo, his house Is empty on the back of Montague, And it mis-sheathèd in my daughter's bosom!	 made a mistake, look, its sheath
LADY CAPULET	5.3.214
O me! This sight of death is as a bell That warns my old age to a sepulchre.	 summons, tomb
[MONTAGUE & Others enter]	
PRINCE	5.3.216
Come, Montague, for thou art early up To see thy son and heir now early ¹ down.	
MONTAGUE	5.3.218
Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight.	prince

Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath. What further woe <u>conspires against mine</u> ² age?	my ⁵ , <i>threatens my old age</i>
PRINCE	5.3.221
Look, and thou shalt see.	
MONTAGUE	5.3.222
O thou <u>untaught</u> ! What manners is in this,	<i>rude boy</i>
To <u>press</u> before thy father to a grave?	<i>rush</i>
PRINCE	5.3.224
<u>Seal up the mouth of outrage</u> for a while	<i>quiet your outcries</i>
Till we can clear these ambiguities	
And know their <u>spring</u> , their head, their true <u>descent</u> ,	<i>source, origin, start</i>
And then will I <u>be general of</u> your woes	<i>lead you in</i>
And lead you even to <u>death</u> . Meantime <u>forbear</u> ,	<i>death of the guilty, be quiet</i>
And <u>let mischance</u> be slave to <u>patience</u> .	<i>be calm in the face of misfortune</i>
[<i>to Guards</i>] Bring forth the <u>parties of suspicion</u> .	<i>suspects</i>
FRIAR	5.3.232
I am the <u>greatest</u> , able to do least,	<i>biggest suspect</i>
Yet most suspected, as the <u>time and place</u>	<i>circumstances</i>
Doth <u>make against me</u> of this <u>direful</u> murder.	<i>make me look guilty, terrible</i>
And here I stand, both to <u>impeach and purge</u>	<i>condemn my wrongs and</i>
Myself condemnèd and myself excused.	<i>excuse what may be pardoned</i>
PRINCE	5.3.237
Then say <u>at once</u> what thou dost know in this.	<i>immediately</i>
FRIAR	5.3.238
I will be brief, for my <u>short date of breath</u>	<i>short time to live</i>
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.	
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,	5.3.240
And she, there dead, that's ² Romeo's faithful wife.	<i>that⁺</i>
I married them, and their <u>stol'n marriage-day</u>	<i>secret wedding day</i>
Was Tybalt's <u>doomsday</u> , whose untimely death	<i>day of death</i>
Banished the new-made bridegroom from the city,	
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet <u>pined</u> .	<i>mourned</i> 5.3.245
[<i>to Capulet</i>] You, to <u>remove that siege of grief from her</u> ,	<i>end her grief</i>
<u>Betrothed</u> and would have married her <u>perforce</u>	<i>promised, by force</i>
To County Paris. [<i>to all</i>] Then comes she to me,	
And with <u>wild</u> looks, bid me <u>devise some mean</u>	<i>upset, make a plan</i>
To <u>rid her from</u> this second marriage,	<i>to get her out of</i> 5.3.250
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.	
Then gave I her, <u>so tutored by my</u> ² art,	mine ¹ , <i>as I have studied</i>
A sleeping potion, which so took effect	
As I intended, for it wrought on her	
The <u>form</u> of death. Meantime I writ to Romeo	<i>appearance, wrote</i> 5.3.255
That he should hither come as this dire night	<i>tragic</i>
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,	
Being the time the potion's <u>force should cease</u> .	<i>effect should wear off</i>
But he which <u>bore</u> my letter, Friar John,	<i>carried</i>
Was <u>stayed</u> by accident, and yesternight	<i>delayed</i> 5.3.260
Returned my letter back. Then all alone	
At the <u>prefixed</u> hour of her waking	<i>expected</i>
Came I to take her from her <u>kindred's vault</u> ,	<i>family tomb</i>
Meaning to keep her <u>closely</u> at my cell	<i>secretly</i>
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.	5.3.265
But when I came, some minute <u>ere</u> the time	<i>before</i>
Of her awaking ⁵ , here <u>untimely</u> lay	<i>awakening², tragically</i>
The noble Paris and <u>true</u> Romeo dead.	<i>faithful</i>
She wakes, and I <u>entreated her come forth</u>	<i>begged her to go</i>
And bear this work of heaven with patience,	5.3.270
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,	
And she, too <u>desperate</u> , would not go with me,	<i>upset</i>

But, as it seems, did <u>violence on herself</u> .	<i>kill herself</i>
<u>All this I know</u> , and to the marriage	<i>this is all I know</i>
Her Nurse is <u>privy</u> . And if <u>ought</u> in this	<i>aware, anything</i> 5.3.275
<u>Miscarried</u> by my fault, let my old life	<i>went wrong</i>
Be sacrificed some hour before <u>his</u> time	<i>my</i>
Unto the rigor of severest law.	
PRINCE	5.3.279
We still have known thee for a holy man.—	<i>we've always known you to be</i>
Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?	
BALTHASAR	5.3.281
I brought my master news of Juliet's death,	
And then <u>in post</u> he came from Mantua	<i>quickly</i>
To this same place, to this same <u>monument</u> . [<i>shows a letter</i>]	<i>tomb</i>
This letter he early bid me give his father,	
And threatened me with death, going in the vault,	
<u>I</u> departed not and left him there.	<i>if I</i>
PRINCE	5.3.287
Give me the letter, I will <u>look on it</u> . [<i>takes the letter</i>]—	<i>read it</i>
Where is the County's page, that <u>raised the watch</u> ?	<i>alerted the guards</i>
Sirrah, what made your master <u>in this place</u> ?	<i>come to this place</i>
PAGE	5.3.291
He came with flowers to <u>strew</u> his lady's grave,	<i>scatter over</i>
And bid me <u>stand aloof</u> , and so I did.	<i>stand away</i>
<u>Anon</u> comes one with light to <u>ope</u> the tomb,	<i>soon, open</i>
And <u>by and by</u> my master drew on him,	<i>soon, drew his sword</i>
And then I ran away to call the <u>watch</u> .	<i>guards</i>
PRINCE [<i>reads the letter</i>]	5.3.296
This letter doth <u>make good</u> the Friar's words,	<i>does support</i>
Their course of love, the <u>tidings</u> of her death,	<i>news</i>
And here he writes that he did buy a poison	
Of a poor ' <u>pothec'ry</u> , and <u>therewithal</u>	<i>druggist, with it</i>
Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.	
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!	5.3.301
See what a <u>scourge</u> is laid upon your hate,	<i>curse</i>
That heav'n finds <u>means</u> to kill your <u>joys</u> with love!	<i>a way, children</i>
And I for <u>winking at your discords</u> too	<i>disregarding your fighting</i>
Have lost <u>a brace of kinsmen</u> ! All are punish'd!	<i>two of my</i>
CAPULET	5.3.306
O brother Montague, give me thy hand.	
<u>This</u> is my daughter's <u>jointure</u> , for no more	<i>this handshake, wedding gift from you</i>
Can I demand.	
MONTAGUE But I can give thee more,	5.3.309
For I will <u>raise</u> ⁴ her statue in pure gold,	<i>have a statue made of her</i>
That while ¹ Verona <u>by that name is known</u> ,	<i>is still known by that name</i>
<u>There shall no figure at such rate be set</u>	<i>no figure will be as valued</i>
As that of true and faithful Juliet.	
CAPULET	5.3.314
<u>As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie</u> ,	<i>I'll place a statue of Romeo by hers</i>
<u>Poor sacrifices of our enmity</u> !	<i>pitiful victims of our hatred</i>
PRINCE	5.3.316
A glooming peace this morning with it brings.	
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his <u>head</u> .	<i>face</i>
<u>Go hence</u> to have more talk of these sad things.	<i>go on</i>
Some shall be pardoned, and some punishèd.	
For never was a story of more woe	
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.	
[End]	

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