

# ***Romeo and Juliet***

By William Shakespeare

Verona, Italy—1590's, July

ROMEO .....Son of MONTAGUE  
BENVOLIO.....Montague cousin of ROMEO  
BALTHASAR .....Montague servant to ROMEO  
ABRAM .....Montague servant  
LORD MONTAGUE.....Father of ROMEO  
LADY MONTAGUE.....Mother of ROMEO  
  
JULIET.....Daughter of CAPULET, age 13  
TYBALT .....Capulet cousin of JULIET  
SAMPSON .....Capulet servant  
GREGORY.....Capulet servant  
LORD CAPULET .....Father of JULIET, in his 50's  
LADY CAPULET .....Mother of JULIET, about 27  
NURSE .....Capulet servant to JULIET  
PETER .....Capulet servant to NURSE  
  
MERCUTIO .....Friend of ROMEO, related to PRINCE  
COUNTY PARIS .....Count to wed JULIET, related to PRINCE  
PRINCE ESCALUS.....Prince of Verona  
FRIAR LAWRENCE.....Franciscan who marries ROMEO & JULIET  
FRIAR JOHN .....Carries message for FRIAR LAWRENCE  
APOTHECARY .....Sells 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: <sup>1</sup>First Quarto of 1597; <sup>2</sup>Second Quarto of 1599; <sup>3</sup>Third Quarto of 1609, <sup>4</sup>Fourth Quarto of 1622, <sup>5</sup>First Folio of 1623, and <sup>+</sup> 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](http://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 fatal <u>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 <u>misadventured</u> piteous overthrows	<i>unfortunate, pitiful, downfall</i>
Doth <sup>2</sup> with their death <u>bury</u> their parents' <u>strife</u> .	<i>do<sup>+</sup>, end, fighting</i>
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd 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</u> coals.	<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 <sup>5</sup> we be <u>in choler</u> , we'll <u>draw</u> .	<i>and<sup>2</sup>, angered, draw our weapons</i>
GREGORY	1.1.4
Ay, while you live, <u>draw</u> your neck out of [the] <sup>1</sup> <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> <sup>2</sup> , for the weakest	<i>weakling<sup>1</sup>: 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 <sup>5</sup> cut off their heads!	<i>I will<sup>2</sup></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> <sup>1</sup> 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 <sup>2</sup> piece of flesh.	tall <sup>1</sup> (bawdy)
GREGORY	1.1.31
'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst,	<i>if you were</i>
thou hadst been poor-john.	<i>a poor catch</i>
[ABRAM & another Montague Servant enter, armed]	
Draw thy <u>tool</u> ! Here comes [two] <sup>1</sup> of the house of Montagues <sup>2</sup> !	<i>sword, the Montagues<sup>5</sup></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 <sup>1</sup> our side <sup>1</sup> ; let them begin.	of <sup>2</sup> , sides <sup>2</sup>
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>
[bites his thumb]	
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 [aside to Gregory]	1.1.48
Is the law on <sup>1</sup> our side if I say " <u>ay</u> "?	of <sup>2</sup> , yes
GREGORY [aside to Sampson]	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 am <u>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 [sees Tybalt coming; to Sampson]	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] <sup>2</sup> .	[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 up 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 &amp; LADY CAPULET and LORD &amp; 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</u> of 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 <sup>2</sup> foot to seek a foe!	<sup>5</sup> a
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>
Cast by their <u>grave-beseeming</u> ornaments,	<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 <sup>+</sup> <u>pleasure</u> in this case,	<i>my, farther<sup>2</sup>/father's<sup>5</sup>, 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 &amp; Lady Montague and Benvolio</i> ]	

MONTAGUE <sup>2</sup> [to Benvolio]	LADY MONTAGUE <sup>1</sup> 1.1.106
Who set this ancient quarrel <u>new abroad</u> ?	<i>in action again</i>
Speak, nephew, were you <u>by</u> when it began?	<i>nearby</i>
BENVOLIO	1.1.108
Here were the servants of your adversary,	
And yours, close fighting <u>ere</u> I did approach.	<i>before</i>
I drew to part them. In the instant came	
The <u>fiery</u> Tybalt, with his sword <u>prepared</u> ,	<i>fiery-tempered, drawn</i>
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,	
He swung about his head and cut the winds	
Who, <u>nothing hurt withal</u> , hissed him in scorn.	<i>not hurting anyone</i>
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,	
Came more and <u>more</u> and fought <u>on part and part</u> ,	<i>people, on each side</i>
Till the Prince came, who parted <u>either part</u> .	<i>both sides</i>
LADY MONTAGUE	1.1.118
O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?	
Right glad I am he was not at this <u>fray</u> .	<i>fight</i>
BENVOLIO	1.1.120
Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun	
Peered <u>forth</u> the golden window of the east,	<i>from</i>
A troubled mind drove <sup>+</sup> me to walk <u>abroad</u> ,	<i>drave<sup>3</sup>, around</i>
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore	
That <u>westward rooteth from the city's side</u> ,	<i>grows west of the city</i>
So early walking did I see your son.	1.1.125
Towards him I <u>made</u> , but he was 'ware of me	<i>walked, aware</i>
And stole into the covert of the wood.	<i>hid in the woods</i>
I, <u>measuring his affections by my<sup>2</sup> own</u> ,	<i>guessing, mood, mine<sup>1</sup></i>
Which then most <u>sought</u> where most might not be found,	<i>wanted to be</i>
<u>Being one too many by my weary self</u> ,	<i>not wanting company</i>
<u>Pursued my humor<sup>2</sup></u> not <u>pursuing his</u> ,	<i>followed, honor<sup>1.5</sup>: mood, questioning</i>
And gladly <u>shunned</u> who gladly fled from me.	<i>avoided him</i>
MONTAGUE	1.1.134
Many a morning hath he there been seen,	
With tears <u>augmenting</u> the fresh morning dew,	<i>adding to</i>
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.	
But <u>all so soon</u> as the all-cheering sun	<i>as soon as</i>
Should in the furthest east begin to draw	
The shady curtains from <u>Aurora's</u> bed,	<i>god of dawn</i>
Away from the light <u>steals home</u> my <u>heavy</u> son,	<i>comes home, sad</i> 1.1.140
And private in his <u>chamber</u> pens himself,	<i>bedroom, locks</i>
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,	
And makes himself an artificial night.	
Black and portentous must this <u>humor</u> prove,	<i>foreboding, mood</i>
Unless good <u>counsel</u> may <u>the cause remove</u> .	<i>advice, remove the cause</i>
BENVOLIO	1.1.146
My noble uncle, do you know the cause?	
MONTAGUE	1.1.147
I neither know it nor can <u>learn of him</u> .	<i>learn it from him</i>
BENVOLIO	1.1.148
Have you <u>importuned</u> him by any means?	<i>questioned</i>
MONTAGUE	1.1.149
Both by myself and many other friends.	
But he, his <sup>3</sup> own <u>affections'</u> counselor,	<i>mood's</i>
<u>Is to himself</u> —I will not say how <u>true</u> —	<i>keeps to himself, true to himself</i>
<u>But to himself</u> so secret and so <u>close</u> ,	<i>only, closed</i>
So far from <u>sounding</u> and <u>discovery</u> ,	<i>reasoning, understanding</i>
As is the bud bit with an <u>envious</u> worm	<i>vicious</i>
<u>Ere he</u> can spread <u>his</u> sweet leaves to the air,	<i>before it, its</i>

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun <sup>+</sup> .	same <sup>2</sup>
<u>Could we but</u> 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
<u>But 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
<u>Alas, that Love, so gentle in his view,</u>	<i>too bad Cupid who looks gentle</i>
<u>Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!</u>	<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.	
<u>Here's much to do with</u> 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 <sup>1</sup> !	<i>created<sup>2</sup>: created of nothing</i>
O heavy lightness, serious vanity,	<i>foolishness</i>
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming <sup>4</sup> forms,	<i>attractive</i>
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,	1.1.185
<u>Still-waking sleep</u> 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 <u>wilt 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 <sup>2</sup> with the fume of sighs;	raised <sup>1</sup>
<u>Being purged</u> , a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;	<i>love being exchanged</i>
<u>Being vexed</u> , a sea nourished <sup>2</sup> with loving <sup>2</sup> tears;	<i>love being denied, raging<sup>1</sup>, lovers'<sup>1</sup></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
[Bid] <sup>1</sup> a sick man in "sadness" make <sup>1</sup> his will?	<i>ask, makes<sup>2</sup></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 proof of chastity well armed,	<i>armor, virginity</i>
From Love's weak childish bow she lives <u>uncharmed<sup>2</sup></u> .	<i>Cupid's, unaffected/unharmed<sup>1</sup></i>
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,	<i>won't be won by sweet talk</i>
Nor bide th'encounter of assailing eyes,	<i>loving looks</i> 1.1.221
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.	<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 <sup>4</sup> 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	1.1.237
'Tis the way	
To <u>call hers, exquisite, in 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.  
Show me a mistress that is passing fair;  
What doth her beauty serve but as a note  
Where I may read who passed that passing fair?  
Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

1.1.242  
*very beautiful  
reminder  
Rosaline who surpassed*

BENVOLIO

I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.  
[*They exit*]

1.1.247  
*teach you that lesson, failure*

## ACT 1, SCENE 2

[*A street. CAPULET, PARIS, SERVANT*]

CAPULET

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

1.2.1  
*required by law*

PARIS

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

1.2.4  
*reputation  
courtship of your daughter*

CAPULET

But saying o'er what I have said before:  
My child is yet a stranger in the world,  
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,  
Let two more summers wither in their pride,  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

1.2.7  
*just saying over again*

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

*pass by  
before, ready*  
1.2.12

CAPULET

And too soon marred are those so early made.  
[The]<sup>+</sup> earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;  
She is<sup>+</sup> the hopeful lady of my earth.  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart.

1.2.13  
*harmed  
grave, other children  
she's<sup>2</sup>, of my earthly body (my offspring)*

My will to her consent is but a part.

*my wishes are less important than hers  
if she agrees*

And, she agreed, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.

*agreeing  
customary*

This night I hold an old accustomed feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest

1.2.20

Such as I love; and you among the store,

*whom, group*

One more, most welcome, makes my number more.

At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.

*humble, see  
beautiful women*

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel

When well-appareled April on the heel

*Spring dressed in flowers*

Of limping winter treads, even such delight

Among fresh female<sup>1</sup> buds shall you this night

*fennel<sup>2</sup>: an herb inspiring passion*

Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,

*see, see all the women*

And like her most whose merit most shall be;

*then like the best one*

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

May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.

*be just one of the crowd*

Come, go with me.

[*to Servant, giving a paper*] Go, sirrah, trudge about

*walk*

Through fair Verona, find those persons out

Whose names are written there, and to them say,

My house and welcome at<sup>1</sup> their pleasure stay.

*on<sup>2</sup>, I welcome their company*

[*Capulet & Paris exit*]



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 <u>learned</u> .	<i>work yardstick, shoemaker tools paintbrush</i>
[BENVOLIO & ROMEO enter]	
In good time!	<i>written</i>
BENVOLIO [to Romeo]	<i>go to one who can read</i>
Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning. One pain is lessened by another's anguish. Turn giddy, and be helped <sup>+</sup> 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.	<i>good timing</i>
ROMEO	1.2.47
Your <u>plantain leaf</u> is excellent for that.	<i>nonsense</i>
BENVOLIO	<i>another pain's</i>
For what, I pray thee?	<i>dizzy, help<sup>2</sup></i>
ROMEO For your <u>broken shin</u> !	<i>another grief's</i>
BENVOLIO	
Why, Romeo, art thou <u>mad</u> ?	<i>toxic</i>
ROMEO	1.2.53
Not mad, but bound more than a madman is, Shut up in prison, kept without my food, Whipped and tormented, and—	<i>a banana leaf (used to heal cuts)</i>
[to Servant] Good e'en, good fellow.	1.2.54
SERVANT	<i>I ask you</i>
God gi' good e'en. I pray, sir, can you read?	<i>a cut</i>
ROMEO	1.2.55
Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.	1.2.56
SERVANT	<i>going mad</i>
Perhaps you have learned it without book. But, I pray, can you read anything you see?	1.2.57
ROMEO	<i>confined</i>
Ay, if I know the letters and the language.	
SERVANT	
Ye say <u>honestly</u> . Rest you merry.	<i>good afternoon</i>
ROMEO	1.2.61
Stay, fellow. I can read. [reads the list]	<i>God give you good afternoon</i>
"Signor Martino and his wife and daughters	1.2.63
County Anselm and his beauteous sisters	<i>I can read my fortune</i>
The lady widow of Vitruvio	1.2.64
Signor Placentio and his lovely nieces	<i>to read that by memorization</i>
Mercutio and his brother Valentine	
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters	1.2.66
My fair niece Rosaline [and] <sup>1</sup> Livia	
Signor Valentino and his cousin Tybalt	
Lucio and the lively Helena"	1.2.67
A fair assembly. Whither should they come?	<i>that's honest, goodbye</i>
SERVANT	1.2.68
Up.	
ROMEO	<i>Count</i>
Whither? To supper?	
SERVANT	
To our house.	<i>pleasant group, where</i>

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>Supps</u> 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 else being by</u> , 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 <sup>2</sup> best.	<i>no one else nearby compared</i>
ROMEO	1.2.107
I'll go along, <u>no such sight to be shown</u> , But to rejoice in <u>splendor of mine own</u> . <i>[They exit]</i>	<i>barely look good, shows<sup>5</sup> 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 bade 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</u> to my dug,	<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 <u>it</u> 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 <u>fall out</u> 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 <u>bid me trudge</u> .	<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 <u>wit</u> ,	<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> <u>left</u> crying and said "Ay."	<i>dear, stopped</i>
To see now how a <u>jest</u> shall <u>come about</u> !	<i>joke, come true</i>
<u>I warrant</u> , if <sup>1</sup> I should live a thousand years,	<i>I swear, and</i> <sup>2</sup> 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. <u>I pray thee, hold thy peace</u> !	<i>I ask you, be quiet</i>
NURSE	1.3.55
Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but <u>laugh</u> ,	<i>can't help but laugh</i>
To think it should leave crying and say "Ay."	
And yet, <u>I warrant</u> , it had upon its brow	<i>I swear</i>
A bump as big as a young <u>cockerel's stone</u> ,	<i>rooster's testicle</i>
A <u>perilous</u> knock, and it cried bitterly.	<i>terrible</i>
"Yea," quoth my husband, "Fall'st upon thy face?	1.3.60
Thou wilt fall backward when thou come'st to age,	
Wilt thou not, Jule?" It stinted and said "Ay."	
JULIET	1.3.63
And <u>stint</u> thou too, <u>I pray thee</u> , 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 <sup>1</sup> that I dream not of.	
NURSE	1.3.72
An honor <sup>1</sup> ? Were not I thine <sup>2</sup> only nurse, I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.	<i>thy<sup>1</sup>, 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 margent of his eyes. This precious book of love, this unbound lover, To beautify him, only lacks a cover. The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride For fair without the fair within to hide. That book in many's eyes doth share the glory That in gold clasps locks in the golden story. So shall you share all that he doth possess By having him, making yourself no less.	<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>
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 <sup>2</sup> mine eye Than your consent gives strength to make it <sup>1</sup> fly.	<i>if looks will make me like him engage<sup>1</sup>: 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 hoodwinked with a scarf,	<i>blindfolded</i>
<u>Bearing</u> a Tartar's painted bow of lath,	<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.] <sup>1</sup>	
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
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Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO	1.4.14
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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.

MERCUTIO	1.4.17
You are a <u>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 bound a pitch above dull woe.  
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
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Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,  
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO	1.4.27
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If love be rough with you, be rough with love!  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.  
Give me a case to put my visage in:  
A visor for a visor. What care I  
What curious eye doth cote deformities?  
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

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 proverbed with a grandsire phrase</u> :	<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 <sup>1</sup> .	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>like</u> <sup>1</sup> <u>lamps</u> <sup>1</sup> by day.	torches, lights <sup>2</sup> lights <sup>2</sup> : lamps lit in day	
Take our <u>good</u> meaning, for our <u>judgment</u> sits	the obvious,	
<u>Five times</u> in that ere once in our five <sup>+</sup> wits.	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?] <sup>1</sup>		
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 <sup>2</sup> men's noses as they lie asleep.	athwart <sup>1</sup>	
Her wagon-spokes made of long <u>spinners</u> <sup>2</sup> legs,	spiders <sup>++</sup> 1.4.64	
The <u>cover</u> of the wings of grasshoppers,	canopy	
The <sup>1</sup> <u>traces</u> of the smallest spider <sup>2</sup> web,	her <sup>2</sup> , harnesses, spider's <sup>5</sup>	
The <sup>1</sup> <u>collars</u> of the <u>moonshine's</u> watery beams,	her <sup>2</sup> , harness collars, moonbeams	
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of <u>film</u> ,	gossamer	
Her wagoner 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 <sup>2</sup> .	man <sup>1</sup>	
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 <sup>1</sup> courtiers' knees, who <sup>1</sup> dream on curtsies <u>straight</u> ;	on <sup>2</sup> , that <sup>2</sup> , 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</u> dream,	right away dream of kisses	
Which <u>oft</u> the angry Mab <u>with blisters</u> plagues	often, gives them blisters (herpes)	
Because their breaths <sup>1</sup> <u>with sweetmeats</u> tainted are.	breath <sup>2</sup> , 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 <sup>+</sup> 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 anon 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 <u>bakes</u> the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs, Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes. This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs, That presses them and <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 <sup>1</sup> to the <u>dew-dropping south</u> .	<i>braids mats the hair of old hags brings misfortune (superstition) 1.4.97 teaches, bear children (bawdy)</i>
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 side<sup>2</sup>, rainy south 1.4.111 plans</i>
ROMEO I fear too early, for my mind <u>misgives</u> Some consequence yet 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 untimely death. But He that hath the steerage of my course Direct my sail <sup>1</sup> !— <u>On, lusty gentlemen</u> !	1.4.113 <i>fears still 1.4.115 party, end the life my hated life evil, early death</i>
BENVOLIO <u>Strike, drum!</u> <i>[All exit]</i>	<i>suit<sup>2</sup>, let's go, merry</i> 1.4.120 1.4.121 <i>play, drummer</i>

## ACT 1, SCENE 5

*[Capulet house. Two SERVANTS, Musicians & Guests]*

1st SERVANT Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He <u>shift</u> a trencher! He <u>scrape</u> a trencher!	1.5.1 <i>isn't helping to clear tables pick up a dish, clean a dish</i>
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.	1.5.4 <i>work habits terrible</i>
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 <u>as thou lovest me</u> , <u>let</u> the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. <i>[2nd Servant exits]</i> Antony and Potpan!	1.5.7 <i>stools, sideboard take care of the utensils marzipan, do me a favor, tell</i>
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 &amp; LADY CAPULET, COUSIN CAPULET, NURSE, JULIET, TYBALT, and more Guests enter</i> ]		
CAPULET	1.5.18	
Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes		
<u>Unplagued with corns</u> will walk 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 corns. Am I <u>come near you</u> <sup>+</sup> now?—		<i>close to the truth, ye<sup>2</sup></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 room</u> !—And <u>foot it</u> , 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 &amp; BENVOLIO enter in masks</i> ]		
Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for 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 Servant</i> <sup>2</sup> ]	1.5.48	
What lady's that, which doth <u>enrich the hand</u>		<i>hold the hand</i>
Of yonder <u>knight</u> ?		<i>that gentleman</i>
[SERVANT	1.5.50	
I know not, sir.] <sup>2</sup>	<small>[not in 1]</small>	
ROMEO	1.5.51	
O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!		
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night		
Like <sup>1</sup> a rich jewel in an <u>Ethiope's</u> ear,		<i>as<sup>2</sup>, 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 dove</u> <u>trooping with</u> crows,		<i>appears, white, among</i>
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.	<i>that, stands out</i>	1.5.56
The <u>measure</u> done, I'll watch her place of <u>stand</u> ,		<i>dance, where she goes</i>
And, <u>touching hers</u> , make blessed my <u>rude</u> hand.		<i>touching her hand, rough</i>



Did my heart love <u>till</u> now? Forswear it, <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 hither, covered with an <u>antic face</u> ,	<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</u> storm you so?	<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 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.	1.5.73
CAPULET	1.5.74
Content thee, gentle <u>coz</u> . Let him alone. He <sup>1</sup> <u>bears him like a portly</u> gentleman, 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 do him disparagement. Therefore be patient. Take no note of <u>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  well-behaved</i>
TYBALT	
It fits, when such a villain is a guest. I'll not endure him!	<i>disrespect him ignore him</i>
CAPULET He shall be endured!	1.5.80
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall! <u>Go to</u> !	<i>wish</i>
Am I the master here, or you? Go to!	<i>pleasant face</i>
You'll not endure him! God <u>shall mend my soul</u> !	<i>inappropriate expression</i>
You'll make a <u>mutiny</u> among my guests?	1.5.84
You will <u>set cock-a-hoop</u> ? You'll be the man?	
TYBALT	
Why, uncle, 'tis a shame!	1.5.86
CAPULET Go to, go to!	<i>go away</i>
You are a saucy boy! Is't so, indeed?	
This <u>trick</u> may chance to scathe you, I <u>know what</u> !	<i>save my soul</i>
<u>You must</u> contrary me? Marry, 'tis time—	<i>riot</i>
<i>[to dancing Guests]</i> Well <u>said</u> , my hearts!	<i>show off</i>
<i>[to Tybalt]</i> You are a <u>princox</u> ! Go,	1.5.92
Be quiet, or—	
<i>[to Servants]</i> More <u>light</u> , more <u>light</u> !	<i>torches</i>
<i>[to Tybalt]</i> For shame!	
I'll make you quiet!	
<i>[going to dancing Guests]</i> <u>What, cheerly, my hearts</u> !	<i>wonderful, my dears</i>
TYBALT <i>[aside]</i>	1.5.100
Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting 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>forced on me by his rage me tremble with anger go okay, bitterness</i>

ROMEO *[taking Juliet's hand]* (a sonnet starts here) 1.5.104  
 If I profane with my unworthiest<sup>2</sup> hand *defile, unworthy*<sup>1</sup>  
 This holy shrine, the gentle sin<sup>2</sup> is this: *fine*<sup>+</sup>  
 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,  
 And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss. *statues of saints*  
*shaking hands, pilgrims'*  
 ROMEO 1.5.112  
 Have not saints lips, and holy palmer's 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: Grant<sup>2</sup> thou, lest faith turn to despair. *yield*<sup>1</sup>, *grant me a kiss, else*  
 JULIET 1.5.116  
 Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake. *they do grant prayers*  
 ROMEO 1.5.117  
 Then move not while my prayer's effect I take. *[kisses her]*  
 Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged. *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!  
 Give me my sin again. *[kisses her]* *so sweetly you tell me I sinned*  
 JULIET You kiss by th' book. *give back*  
 NURSE 1.5.122  
 Madam, your mother craves a word with you. *properly*  
 1.5.123  
*[Juliet goes]*  
 ROMEO *[to Nurse]* 1.5.124  
 What is her mother? *who*  
 NURSE Marry, bachelor, *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 withal. *with*  
 I tell you, he that can lay hold of her *win her*  
 Shall have the chinks. *[moves away]* *money*  
 ROMEO *[aside]* Is she a Capulet? 1.5.131  
 O dear account! My life is my foe's debt. *costly, in debt to my foe*  
 BENVOLIO *[comes to Romeo]* 1.5.133  
 Away, be gone! The sport is at the best! *let's go, party, its peak (proverb)*  
 ROMEO 1.5.134  
 Ay, so I fear. The more is my unrest. *uneasiness*  
*[All start to exit but Juliet & Nurse]*  
 CAPULET 1.5.135  
 Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,  
 We have a trifling foolish banquet towards— *desert soon*  
 Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all.  
 I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.—  
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.— *bring more, go to bed*  
 Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late. *servant, faith, it's getting late*  
 I'll to my rest. *[exit]* *go rest*  
 JULIET 1.5.142  
 Come hither, Nurse. What is yond 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 <sup>1</sup> , that would not dance?	<i>here<sup>2</sup></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 <u>one</u> I danced <u>withal</u> .	<i>from someone, with</i>
LADY CAPULET <sup>1</sup> <i>[offstage]</i> Juliet!	
NURSE	1.5.159
<u>Anon</u> , 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> <sup>3</sup> , 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;	<i>lovers swear</i> 2.0.10
And she as much in love, <u>her means 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 &amp; MERCUTIO enter]</i>	
BENVOLIO	2.1.3
Romeo! My cousin Romeo! <i>[Romeo!]</i> <sup>2</sup>	



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 vestal livery is but sick <sup>2</sup> and green,	<i>virgin's uniform, pale<sup>1</sup></i>
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 <u>she says 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 <u>bold</u> . 'Tis not to me she speaks.	<i>presumptuous</i>
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,	2.2.15
Having some business, <u>do<sup>1</sup> 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 <sup>1</sup> in heaven	<i>eye<sup>2</sup></i>
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 <u>wondering</u> eyes	<i>awe-struck</i>
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him	
When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds	<i>mounts</i>
And sails upon the bosom of the air.	
JULIET	2.2.36
O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore 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 <sup>2</sup> enemy.	<i>only, mine<sup>1</sup></i>
<u>Thou art thyself, 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 <sup>1</sup>	
Belonging to a man. <sup>2</sup> O, be some other name! <sup>1</sup>	2.2.45
What's in a name? That which we call a rose	
By any other name <sup>1</sup> would smell as sweet.	<i>word<sup>2</sup></i>
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 <sup>1</sup> name, which is no part of thee,	<i>in exchange for, thy<sup>2</sup></i>
<u>Take all myself</u> .	<i>take all of me</i>
ROMEO [to her] I take thee at thy 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 thus <u>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 utterance <sup>1</sup> , yet I know the sound.	uttering <sup>2</sup>
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?	
ROMEO	2.2.66
Neither, fair saint <sup>1</sup> , if either thee dislike.	maid <sup>2</sup>
JULIET	2.2.67
How came'st thou <u>hither</u> , tell me, and <u>wherefore</u> ?	<i>here, why</i>
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,	
And the place death, considering who thou art,	
If any of my <u>kinsmen</u> find thee here.	<i>family</i>
ROMEO	2.2.71
With love's light wings did I <u>o'er-perch</u> these walls,	<i>fly over</i>
For stony limits cannot hold love out,	
And <u>what love can do</u> , that dares love attempt.	<i>love will do what it dares</i>
Therefore thy <u>kinsmen</u> are no stop to me.	<i>family</i>
JULIET	2.2.75
If they do see <sup>2</sup> thee, they will murder thee!	find <sup>1</sup>
ROMEO	2.2.76
Alack, there lies more <u>peril</u> in thine eye <sup>2</sup>	<i>danger, eyes<sup>1</sup></i>
Than twenty of their swords! Look <u>thou</u> but sweet,	<i>upon me sweetly</i>
And I am <u>proof</u> against their <u>enmity</u> .	<i>armored, hostility</i>
JULIET	2.2.79
I would not for the world <u>they saw</u> <sup>2</sup> thee here.	find <sup>1</sup> : <i>want them to see you here</i>
ROMEO	2.2.80
I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes <sup>2</sup> ,	sight <sup>1</sup>
And <u>but</u> thou love me, let them find me here.	<i>if you do not love me</i>
My life were better ended by their hate	
Than death <u>proroguèd</u> , <u>wanting of thy love</u> .	<i>postponed, without your love</i>
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 <u>inquire</u> .	<i>seek you</i>
He lent me <u>counsel</u> and I lent him eyes.	<i>advice</i>
I am no <u>pilot</u> , yet wert thou as far	<i>navigator</i>
As that vast shore washed <sup>1</sup> with the farthest sea,	
I would adventure for such <u>merchandise</u> .	<i>treasure</i>
JULIET	2.2.90
Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,	
Else would a <u>maiden</u> blush <u>bepaint</u> my cheek	<i>girlish, color</i>
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.	
Fain would I <u>dwell</u> on form; fain, fain deny	<i>gladly, follow formalities</i>
What I have spoke. But farewell <u>compliment</u> !	<i>etiquette</i>
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay,"	2.2.95
And I will take thy word. Yet if thou swear'st,	
<u>Thou mayst</u> prove false. At lovers' <u>perjuries</u> ,	<i>you may be lying, lies</i>
They say, <u>Jove</u> laughs. O gentle Romeo,	<i>the god Jupiter</i>
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.	
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,	2.2.100
I'll frown and be <u>perverse</u> and <u>say thee nay</u>	<i>stubborn, tell you no</i>
So thou wilt <u>woo</u> ; but <u>else</u> not for the world.	<i>pursue me, otherwise</i>
In truth, fair Montague, I am <u>too fond</u> ,	<i>too affectionate</i>
And therefore thou mayst think <u>my b'havior</u> <sup>2</sup> <u>light</u> ,	havior <sup>1</sup> : <i>I'm not serious</i>
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more <u>true</u>	<i>faithful</i> 2.2.105
Than those <u>that have more</u> <sup>1</sup> <u>coying to be strange</u> .	<i>who play hard-to-get</i>
I should have been more <u>strange</u> , I must confess,	<i>aloof</i>
But that thou overheard'st, <u>ere</u> I was <u>'ware</u> ,	<i>before I was aware</i>

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 discoverèd.	2.2.109 <i>misinterpret, shallow/unchaste</i>
ROMEO Lady, by <u>yonder</u> blessèd moon I swear <sup>1</sup> That <u>tips</u> with silver all these fruit-tree tops—	2.2.112 <i>that, vow<sup>2</sup></i> <i>shines</i>
JULIET O, swear not by the moon, the <u>inconstant</u> moon, That monthly changes in her circled <sup>1</sup> orb, Lest <u>that</u> 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 <u>Ere</u> 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>
ROMEO O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?	<i>become</i> <i>sleep</i> 2.2.130 <i>heart</i> 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> 2.2.137
ROMEO Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?	2.2.138
JULIET <u>But</u> to be frank 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.	<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> 2.2.146 <i>afraid</i>
ROMEO O blessèd, blessèd night! I am <u>afraid</u> , Being in night, all this is but a dream, Too <u>flattering</u> -sweet to be <u>substantial</u> .	<i>wonderfully, real</i> 2.2.149
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,	<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> <sup>+</sup> and leave me to my grief.	courtship / strife <sup>2</sup>
Tomorrow will I <u>send</u> .	send my messenger
ROMEO <u>So thrive</u> <sup>2</sup> my soul—	strive <sup>+</sup> : 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, for a falc'ner's voice	psst, if only I had
To lure this <u>tassel-gentle</u> back again!	noble hawk
Bondage 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 <sup>1</sup>	voice
With <u>repetition</u> 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 <sup>4?</sup>	madame <sup>1</sup> /niece <sup>2</sup> /nyas <sup>+</sup> 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 <sup>1</sup> lets it hop a little from her <sup>1</sup> hand,	that <sup>2</sup> , his <sup>2</sup>
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted <u>gyves</u> ,	chains
And with a silk <sup>1</sup> thread plucks it back again,	silken <sup>2</sup>
So loving-jealous of his liberty.	
ROMEO	2.2.196
I <u>would</u> I were 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> . <i>[exits]</i>	<i>morning</i>
ROMEO <sup>1</sup>	2.2.202
Sleep <u>dwell</u> upon thine eyes, peace in thy <u>breast</u> !	<i>rest, heart</i>
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to <u>rest</u> !	<i>if, rest there</i>
Hence will I to 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. <i>[exits]</i>	<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 <u>reels</u>	<i>dappled, staggers</i>
<u>From forth</u> day's path and Titan's <u>fiery</u> <sup>1</sup> <u>wheels</u> .	<i>out of the way of, burning<sup>2</sup>: 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> <u>cage</u> 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 is</u> her womb;	<i>is also</i> 2.3.10
And from her womb children of <u>divers</u> <u>kind</u>	<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, mickle 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> <u>qualities</u> .	<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</u> <u>earth</u> some special good doth give,	<i>humankind</i>
Nor <u>aught</u> so good <u>but</u> , <u>strained</u> <u>from</u> <u>that</u> <u>fair</u> <u>use</u> ,	<i>anything, that cannot be</i>
<u>Revolts</u> <u>from</u> <u>true</u> <u>birth</u> , <u>stumbling</u> <u>on</u> <u>abuse</u> .	<i>abused for harm</i>
Virtue itself <u>turns</u> <u>vice</u> , being <u>misapplied</u> ,	<i>becomes vice when misapplied</i>
And vice <u>sometimes</u> <u>by</u> <u>action</u> <u>dignified</u> .	<i>can be good if the result is good</i>
<i>[examining a flower]</i>	
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</u> <u>each</u> <u>part</u> ;	<i>makes you feel better</i>
Being tasted, <u>slays</u> <sup>1</sup> <u>all</u> <u>senses</u> with the heart.	<i>stays<sup>2</sup>: kills you</i>
Two such <u>opposèd</u> kings encamp them <u>still</u>	<i>enemy, always</i>
In man as well as herbs, <u>grace</u> and <u>rude</u> <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 <i>[enter]</i>	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</u> <u>head</u>	<i>suggests, disturbed mind</i>
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.	<i>leaving your bed so early</i>
<u>Care</u> <u>keeps</u> <u>his</u> <u>watch</u> in every old man's eye,	<i>worry stays on guard</i>
And where <u>care</u> <u>lodges</u> , sleep will never <u>lie</u> ;	<i>worry stays, lie down</i>
But where <u>unbruised</u> youth with <u>unstuffed</u> <u>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 wounded.</u> 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, blessed man, for <u>lo</u> ,	<i>look</i>
<u>My intercession likewise steads 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>shrift</u> .	<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 <u>all combined, 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 <sup>1</sup> thou didst love so dear,	<i>that<sup>2</sup></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 <sup>2</sup> away in waste	<i>cast<sup>1</sup></i>
<u>To season love, that of it doth not taste!</u>	2.3.75
The sun not yet <u>thy sighs from heaven</u> clears,	<i>to season a love you did not taste</i>
Thy old groans ring yet <sup>1</sup> in mine <sup>2</sup> ancient ears.	<i>dried the fog of your sighs</i>
<u>Lo</u> , here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit	<i>yet ringing<sup>2</sup>, my<sup>1</sup></i>
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.	<i>look</i>
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,	2.3.80
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.	
And art thou changed? Pronounce this sentence then:	<i>repeat this saying</i>
"Women may <u>fall when there's no strength in men.</u> "	<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</i>
FRIAR	2.3.86
For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.	2.3.87
ROMEO	2.3.88
And <u>bade'st</u> me bury love.	<i>told</i>
FRIAR	2.3.89
Not in a grave	<i>and take another out</i>
To lay one in, <u>another out to have</u> .	
ROMEO	2.3.91
I pray thee, chide me not. <u>Her</u> I love now	<i>please don't scold me, the girl</i>
<u>Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.</u>	<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 <sup>1</sup> could not <u>spell</u> .	<i>recite from memory, that<sup>2</sup>, 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> <u>I stand on sudden 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 <sup>1</sup> , that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,	<i>why<sup>2</sup></i>
	Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.	
BENVOLIO		2.4.7
	Tybalt, the kinsman of <sup>1</sup> old Capulet,	<i>nephew, to<sup>2</sup></i>
	Hath sent a letter to <u>his</u> father's house.	<i>Romeo's</i>
MERCUTIO		2.4.9
	<u>A 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 it</u> .	<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, run<sup>2</sup>: stabbed</i>
	a white <u>wench's</u> black eye, <u>shot</u> <sup>1</sup> through the ear with	<i>bull's-eye, cut</i>
	a love-song, the very <u>pin</u> of his heart cleft with	<i>Cupid's arrow (bawdy pun)</i>
	the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft. 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] <sup>1</sup> .	<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 pox of such <u>antic</u> , <u>lisping</u> ,	<i>may the plague kill, silly, Spanish-accented</i>
	<u>affecting fantasticoes</u> <sup>1</sup> , these new	<i>affected showoffs</i>

tuners of accents: "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 Here comes Romeo, [here comes Romeo] <sup>2</sup> .	2.4.38 [not in 1]
MERCUTIO 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 dowdy, 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.	2.4.39 <i>fish eggs (sexually spent)</i>
ROMEO 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> 2.4.48
MERCUTIO The <u>slip</u> , sir, the slip. Can you not <u>conceive</u> ?	<i>day</i> 2.4.50 <i>counterfeit money, follow me</i>
ROMEO Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great, and in such a case as mine a man may <u>strain</u> courtesy.	2.4.51 <i>important bend the rules of</i>
MERCUTIO That's as much as to say such a case as yours <u>constrains</u> a man to <u>bow in the hams</u> .	2.4.54 <i>forces, bend from bowed-legs</i>
ROMEO Meaning, to curtsy.	2.4.56
MERCUTIO <u>Thou hast most kindly hit it</u> .	2.4.57 <i>now you got it</i>
ROMEO A most courteous <u>exposition</u> .	2.4.58 <i>explanation</i>
MERCUTIO Nay, I am the <u>very pink</u> of courtesy.	2.4.59 <i>perfect example</i>
ROMEO "Pink" for <u>flower</u> ?	2.4.60 <i>pink like a flower</i>
MERCUTIO Right.	2.4.61
ROMEO [Why,] <sup>2</sup> then is my <u>pump</u> well <u>flowered</u> !	2.4.62 [not in 1], <i>shoe, (cut with "pinking" shears)</i>
MERCUTIO Sure 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!	2.4.63 <i>good, joke shoe outlast it</i>
ROMEO O <u>single-soled jest</u> , solely singular for the singleness!	2.4.67 <i>thin-soled joke</i>
MERCUTIO <u>Come between us</u> , good Benvolio. <u>My wits faint</u> .	2.4.69 <i>stop us, my wit is tired</i>
ROMEO <u>Switch and spurs</u> , switch and spurs, or I'll <u>cry a match</u> !	2.4.71 <i>bring it on, declare victory</i>
MERCUTIO Nay, if our <sup>2</sup> wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done, for thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy wits	2.4.73 <i>thy<sup>1</sup></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 [then] <sup>2</sup> well served into a sweet goose?	<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</i> <i>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</u> up and down to <u>hide his bauble in a hole</u> !	<i>well</i> <i>stupid-talking</i> <i>idiot, with his tongue out</i> <i>looking for a hole to hide his toy in</i>
BENVOLIO	2.4.96
Stop there, [stop there] <sup>2</sup> !	<small>[not in 1]</small>
MERCUTIO	2.4.97
Thou desire'st me to stop in my tale <u>against the hair</u> .	<i>against my wish</i>
BENVOLIO	2.4.99
Thou wouldst else have made thy tale <u>large</u> <sup>2</sup> !	<i>otherwise you'd, too long<sup>1</sup> (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)</i> <i>end it there</i>
[NURSE & PETER enter]	
ROMEO [sees Nurse; to Mercutio]	2.4.103
Here's <u>goodly gear</u> !	<i>a huge outfit (also bawdy)</i>
MERCUTIO <sup>1</sup> [making fun of her clothes]	ROMEO <sup>2</sup> 2.4.104
A sail, a sail!	
BENVOLIO <sup>1</sup>	MERCUTIO <sup>2</sup> 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 good <u>e'en</u> ?	<i>afternoon</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.114
'Tis no less, I tell ye <sup>2</sup> , for the <u>bawdy</u> hand of the dial is now <u>upon the prick of noon</u> .	<i>you<sup>1</sup>, vulgar</i> <i>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] <sup>2</sup> 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 <sup>1</sup> .	<i>you<sup>2</sup></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 bawd, 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 <u>hare</u> , 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 <u>hoar</u> ,	<i>grey</i>
And an old hare hoar,	
Is very good meat in Lent;	
But a hare that is hoar	
Is <u>too much for</u> 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 &amp; 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 <sup>1</sup> he speak anything against me, I'll take him down,	<i>and<sup>2</sup></i>
<u>if<sup>1</sup> he were lustier than he is</u> , and twenty such	<i>and<sup>2</sup>, 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</u> every <u>knave</u> to <u>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> <sup>1</sup> me <u>inquire you out</u> . What she <u>bade</u> <sup>1</sup> me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell	bid <sup>2</sup> : <i>asked me to find you</i>
ye, if you <sup>1</sup> should lead her into <sup>1</sup> 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 with</u> her, truly it were an <u>ill</u> thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very <u>weak dealing</u> !	bid <sup>2</sup> : <i>asked me to say</i> ye <sup>2</sup> , in <sup>2</sup>
ROMEO	<i>cheat on, horrible</i>
Nurse, <u>commend me</u> to thy lady and mistress.	<i>mean trick</i>
I <u>protest</u> unto thee—	2.4.175
NURSE	<i>give my regards</i>
Good heart, and i' faith I will tell her as much.	<i>solemnly swear</i>
Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman!	2.4.177
ROMEO	2.4.179
What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? Thou <u>dost not mark me</u> .	<i>did not listen to me</i>
NURSE	2.4.181
I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.	
ROMEO	2.4.183
Bid her devise	<i>ask her to find</i>
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon,	<i>some way, confession</i>
And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' <u>cell</u>	<i>chamber</i>
Be <u>shrived</u> and married.	<i>give confession</i>
<i>[offers her money]</i> Here is for thy pains.	
NURSE	2.4.187
No truly sir, not a penny!	
ROMEO	2.4.188
Go to, <u>I say you shall</u> .	<i>I insist</i>
NURSE	2.4.189
This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.	
ROMEO	2.4.190
And <u>stay</u> , good Nurse, behind the <u>abbey</u> wall.	<i>wait, church</i>
Within this hour my <u>man</u> shall be with thee	<i>servant</i>
And bring thee <u>CORDS made like a tackled stair</u> ,	<i>a rope ladder</i>
Which to the <u>high top-gallant</u> of my joy	<i>peak</i>
Must be my convoy in the secret night.	<i>path</i>
Farewell, be trusty, and I'll <u>quit thy pains</u> .	<i>trustworthy, reward you</i>
Farewell, <u>commend me</u> to thy mistress.	<i>give my regards</i>
NURSE	2.4.197
Now God in heaven bless thee! <u>Hark you</u> , sir.	<i>listen</i>
ROMEO	2.4.198
What say'st thou, my dear Nurse?	
NURSE	2.4.199
Is your man <u>secret</u> ? Did you ne'er hear say, "Two may keep <u>counsel</u> , <u>putting one away</u> "?	<i>able to keep a secret</i> <i>a secret, if one's not there</i>
ROMEO	2.4.201
<u>I</u> <sup>†</sup> <u>warrant thee</u> , my man's as true as steel.	<i>I promise you</i>
NURSE	2.4.202
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>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 <u>I'll 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, mocker, <u>that's the dog's name</u> !	<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 <sup>2</sup> Nurse.	<i>my<sup>1</sup></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 <sup>3</sup> 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 <u>me</u> .	<i>toss her back to me</i>
But old folks, many <u>feign</u> as they were dead,	2.5.15
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.	<i>act like</i>
<i>[NURSE &amp; 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 be sad</u> , yet tell them <u>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> , give me leave awhile.	<i>tired, leave me alone</i>
<u>Fie</u> , how my bones ache! What a <u>jaunt</u> <sup>1</sup> have I [had] <sup>1</sup> !	<i>oh, jaunce<sup>2</sup>: 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 <u>I'll warrant him</u> as gentle as a lamb. Go <u>thy ways</u> ,	<i>I bet he's, along</i>
wench, 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 head 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 <sup>2</sup> aching bones?	<i>medicine, mine<sup>1</sup></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</u> in scarlet <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's<sup>4</sup> 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	2.6.35
Come, come with me, and we will <u>make short work</u> .	<i>work quickly</i>
For, <u>by your leaves</u> , you <u>shall not</u> stay alone	<i>begging your pardons, cannot</i>
Till Holy Church <u>incorporate two in one</u> .	<i>join you two in marriage</i>
<i>[They exit]</i>	

### ACT 3, SCENE 1

*[A street. MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO & Servants]*

BENVOLIO	3.1.1
I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's <u>retire</u> .	<i>let's go home</i>
The day is hot, the Capulets <sup>5</sup> <u>abroad</u> ,	Capels are <sup>1</sup> : <i>are out</i>
And if we meet we shall not <u>'scape</u> a brawl,	<i>escape</i>
For now these <u>hot days</u> is the <u>mad blood</u> stirring.	<i>hot days stir our temper</i>

MERCUTIO	3.1.5
Thou art like one of these <sup>2</sup> fellows that when he enters	those <sup>1</sup>
the confines of a tavern <u>claps</u> me his sword upon the	<i>slams</i>
table and says, "God send me no need of thee!"	
and <u>by the operation of the second cup</u> ,	<i>when the 2nd drink takes effect</i>
<u>draws it</u> <sup>1</sup> <u>on the drawer</u> , when indeed	him <sup>2</sup> , <i>draws his sword on the barkeeper</i>
there is no need.	

BENVOLIO	3.1.11
Am I like such a fellow?	

MERCUTIO	3.1.12
Come, come, thou art as <u>hot</u> a <u>jack</u> in thy mood as	<i>hot-tempered, man</i>
any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as	
soon moody to be <u>moved</u> .	<i>angered</i>

BENVOLIO	3.1.15
And what to?	

MERCUTIO <i>[pretending he meant "two"]</i>	3.1.16
<u>Nay</u> , and there were <u>two such</u> , we should have	<i>oh no, if, two of you</i>
none <u>shortly</u> , for one would kill the other. Thou?	<i>soon</i>

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. <u>What</u>	<i>whose</i>
eye but <u>such an</u> eye would <u>spy out</u> such a quarrel?	<i>your, seek</i>

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of	
<u>meat</u> , and yet thy head hath been beaten as <u>addle</u> as	<i>food, scrambled</i>

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 <u>fall out</u> with a tailor for wearing his	<i>quarrel</i>
new <u>doublet</u> before Easter? With another for tying	<i>jacket</i>
his new shoes with old <u>ribbon</u> ? And yet thou wilt	<i>shoelace</i>
<u>tutor me</u> from quarreling?	<i>lecture</i>

BENVOLIO	3.1.32
<u>And</u> I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should	<i>if</i>
buy the <u>fee-simple</u> of my life for an hour and a quarter.	<i>ownership</i>

MERCUTIO	3.1.35
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The fee-simple! O simple!

*[TYBALT & other Capulets enter]*

BENVOLIO	3.1.36
By my head, here come the Capulets.	

MERCUTIO	3.1.37
By my heel, I care not!	

TYBALT	3.1.38
<i>[to Capulets]</i> Follow me close, for I will speak to them.	

<i>[to Benvolio &amp; Mercutio]</i>	
Gentlemen, good <u>e'en</u> . A word with one of you.	<i>afternoon</i>
MERCUTIO	3.1.40
And but one word with one of us? Couple it with <u>something</u> : make it a word and a blow!	<i>something else</i>
TYBALT	3.1.42
You shall find me <u>apt</u> enough to that, sir,	<i>happy</i>
and you will give me <u>occasion</u> !	<i>if, a reason</i>
MERCUTIO	3.1.44
Could you not <u>take some occasion without giving</u> ?	<i>make your own reason</i>
TYBALT	3.1.46
Mercutio, thou <u>consort'st with Romeo</u> —	<i>hang out with Romeo</i>
MERCUTIO	3.1.47
<u>Consort</u> ! What, dost thou make us <u>minstrels</u> ?	<i>ensemble, musicians</i>
<u>And</u> thou make minstrels of us, look to	<i>if</i>
hear nothing but <u>discords</u> . Here's my	<i>disagreement/dissonance</i>
<u>fiddlestick</u> ! Here's that shall make you dance!	<i>(sword)</i>
<u>Zounds</u> , consort!	<i>my god</i>
BENVOLIO	3.1.51
We talk here in the <u>public haunt of men</u> .	<i>public streets</i>
Either withdraw unto some private place,	
Or <u>reason coldly of your grievances</u> ,	<i>calmly discuss your complaints</i>
Or else depart! Here all eyes gaze on us.	
MERCUTIO	3.1.55
Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.	
I will not budge <u>for no man's pleasure</u> , I!	<i>to please anyone</i>
<i>[ROMEO enters]</i>	
TYBALT	3.1.57
Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.	
MERCUTIO	3.1.58
But I'll be <u>hanged</u> , sir, if he wear your <u>livery</u> !	<i>damned, manservant's uniform</i>
Marry, go <u>before to field</u> , he'll be your <u>follower</u> !	<i>to a dueling field, follow you</i>
Your Worship in that sense may call him " <u>man</u> "!	<i>manservant</i>
TYBALT	3.1.61
Romeo! <u>The love<sup>2</sup> I bear thee can afford</u>	<i>hate<sup>1</sup>: I have so little love for you</i>
<u>No better term than this</u> : Thou art a villain!	<i>all I can say is this</i>
ROMEO	3.1.63
Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee	
Doth much excuse the <u>appertaining rage</u>	<i>rage you deserve</i>
<u>To</u> such a greeting. Villain am I none.	<i>for</i>
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 <u>devise</u>	<i>imagine</i>
<u>Till thou shalt know</u> the reason of my love.	<i>until you learn</i>
And so, good Capulet, which name I <u>tender</u>	<i>care for</i>
As dearly as mine <sup>2</sup> own, be satisfied.	<i>my<sup>5</sup></i>
MERCUTIO	3.1.74
<u>O</u> calm, dishonorable, vile submission!	<i>what a</i>
<u>Alla stoccato carries it away!</u> <i>[draws his sword]</i>	<i>let the best fencer win</i>
Tybalt, you <u>rat-catcher</u> , will you <u>walk</u> ?	<i>filthy cat, come here</i>
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 <u>make bold withal</u> ,	<i>beat</i>

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>
lest mine be about your ears <u>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</u> their weapons!	<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> <sup>5</sup> in Verona streets!	this bandying <sup>2</sup> , <i>fighting</i>
Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!	
[ <i>draws and tries to disarm them</i> ]	
[ <i>Tybalt stabs Mercutio</i> ]	
[A CAPULET Away, Tybalt!] <sup>+</sup>	3.1.92
MERCUTIO I am hurt.	3.1.93
A <u>plague</u> o' both [your] <sup>+</sup> houses! I am <u>sped</u> .	<i>death to both your families, done</i>
[ <i>Tybalt &amp; 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. I <u>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> <sup>2</sup>	<i>fatal, wound</i> <sup>1</sup>
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 <sup>5</sup> 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> <sup>2</sup> must end.	what other days <sup>1</sup>
[TYBALT re-enters]	
BENVOLIO	
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again!	3.1.126
ROMEO	3.1.127
Alive <sup>1</sup> , in triumph! And Mercutio <u>slain</u> !	<i>killed</i>
Away to heav'n, respective lenity,	<i>respectful mercy</i>
And fire-eyed <sup>1</sup> fury be my <u>conduct</u> now!—	fire and <sup>2</sup> , <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</u> for thine 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 This shall determine that!	3.1.137
[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 <u>fool</u> !	<i>fate's plaything</i>
BENVOLIO Why dost thou stay?	3.1.143
[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 Up, sir, go with me.	3.1.147
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> <sup>+</sup> <u>him bethink</u>	<i>politely to him, bid</i> <sup>2</sup> , <i>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</u> the unruly <u>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> , <u>turns deadly point to point</u> ,	<i>angry, draws his sword</i>
And, with a <u>martial scorn</u> , with one hand <u>beats</u>	<i>military skill,</i>
<u>Cold death aside</u> 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 <sup>1</sup> arm beats down their <u>fatal points</u> ,	<i>knocks aside, swords</i> 3.1.175
And <u>'twixt them rushes</u> , underneath whose arm	<i>rushes between them</i>
An <u>envious thrust</u> 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 <sup>4</sup>	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 <sup>1</sup> proceeding:	<i>hearts<sup>2</sup></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 <sup>1</sup> 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
<u>Bear hence</u> this body and <u>attend our will</u> .	<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, untalked-of and unseen.  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By<sup>4</sup> their own beauties. Or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning match  
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.  
Hood my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle till strange love grow bold,  
Think true love acted simple modesty.  
Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come thou day in night.  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow upon<sup>2</sup> a raven's back.  
Come gentle night. Come loving black-browed night.  
Give me my Romeo, and when he<sup>+</sup> shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heav'n so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
O, I have bought the mansion of a love  
But not possessed it, and though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child that hath new robes  
And may not wear them. O, here comes my Nurse,  
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks  
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

[NURSE enters with rope-ladder]

Now, Nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords  
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE    Ay, ay, the cords.

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

Can heaven be so envious?

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

JULIET

What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?  
This torture should be roared in dismal hell!  
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but "ay"  
And that bare vowel "I" shall poison more  
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice!  
I am not I if there be such an "ay",  
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer "ay".  
If he be slain, say "ay", or if not, "no"!  
Brief sounds determine of my wal or woe!

NURSE

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes  
—God save the mark—here on his manly breast.  
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse,  
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,  
All in gore-blood. I swoonèd at the sight.



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!	
<u>Vile 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 <sup>1</sup>	JULIET <sup>2</sup> 3.2.78
It did, it did, alas the day, it did!	
JULIET <sup>1</sup>	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 substance of divinest show!	<i>reality of heavenly appearance</i>
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.	
A damnèd <sup>4</sup> saint, an honorable villain!	dim <sup>2</sup> 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> ,	<i>deceitful, worthless, false</i>
All <u>forsworn</u> , all <u>naught</u> , all <u>dissemblers</u> .	<i>servant, brandy</i>
Ah, where's my <u>man</u> ? Give me some <u>aqua vitae</u> .	
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 brow <sup>2</sup> shame is ashamed to sit,	face <sup>1</sup>
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 is<sup>2</sup> my father and my mother, Nurse? are<sup>1</sup>, 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
	<u>Ha!</u> 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>carrion-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> <sup>2</sup> from her lips,	<i>heavenly, kisses</i> <sup>1</sup>
	Who even in pure and <u>vestal</u> modesty	<i>virginal</i> 3.3.40
	<u>Still</u> 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>
	<u>But</u> "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> <u>professed</u> ,	<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 <sup>1</sup> <u>fond</u> madman, hear me <u>but speak a word</u> <sup>1</sup> .	<i>then<sup>2</sup>, foolish, a little speak<sup>2</sup></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 madmen<sup>1</sup> 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 that<sup>2</sup> thou dost not feel! *what<sup>1</sup>*  
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,*  
*what do you want*

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

FRIAR [opens door] 3.3.87  
Welcome then!

NURSE [enters] 3.3.88  
O Holy Friar, O, tell me, Holy Friar,  
Where is<sup>1</sup> my lady's lord? Where's Romeo? *where's<sup>2</sup>, 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 3.3.100  
Ah sir, ah sir! Death's the end of all. *all of us*

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 <sup>1</sup> 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> <sup>2</sup> ? Tell me, that I may <u>sack</u> The <u>hateful mansion</u> ! [ <i>tries to stab himself</i> ]	<i>calls out "Tybalt", about my name 3.3.111 aim my body lie<sup>1</sup>: live, pillage hated place 3.3.118</i>
FRIAR Hold thy desperate hand! Art thou a man? <u>Thy form</u> cries out thou art! Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts <u>denote</u> <sup>1</sup> 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 <sup>1</sup> , By <u>doing</u> damnèd hate <u>upon</u> thyself? Why rail'st 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</u> but <u>hollow</u> <u>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 <sup>1</sup> but lately dead. There art thou happy! Tybalt would kill thee, But thou slew'st Tybalt. There are thou happy! The law that threatened death becomes thy friend And turns it to exile. There art thou happy! <u>A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back</u> ; <u>Happiness</u> courts thee in her best <u>array</u> ; But, like a misbehaved <sup>1</sup> and <u>sullen</u> wench, Thou pouts <sup>+</sup> upon <sup>1</sup> 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 decreed</u> , <u>Ascend her chamber</u> . Hence and comfort her. But <u>look</u> thou stay not till the <u>watch</u> be set, 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 wast<sup>2</sup>: 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 frownst<sup>1</sup> 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
<i>[to Nurse]</i> 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>
<i>[to Romeo]</i> 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. <i>[hands him the ring]</i>	
<u>Hie</u> you, make haste, for it grows very late! <i>[exits]</i>	<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 be set</u>	<i>night guards go on duty</i>
Or by the break of day <u>disguised</u> <sup>3</sup> from hence.	<i>by dawn leave in disguise</i>
<u>Sojourn</u> in Mantua. I'll find out your <u>man</u> ,	<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
<u>But that a joy past joy calls out on me</u> ,	<i>if it weren't for a joy beyond joys</i>
<u>It were a grief, so brief to part with thee</u> .	<i>that calls me away, it would be</i>
Farewell.	<i>sad to leave you in such hurry</i>
<i>[They exit]</i>	

#### 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, <u>but</u> 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 <sup>1</sup> to woo.	<i>allow, times<sup>2</sup></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 to her heaviness</u> .	<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 <sup>1</sup> 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 like this <u>haste</u> ?	<i>approve, speed</i>
We'll keep <sup>2</sup> no great ado, a friend or two,	make <sup>1</sup> : <i>not have a big affair</i>
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,	<i>listen, recently</i>
It may be thought we held him carelessly,	<i>thought little of him</i>
Being our kinsman, if we revel 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> <sup>1</sup> pomegranate tree.	yond <sup>2</sup> : <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> <sup>1</sup> light is not daylight, I know it, I.	yond <sup>2</sup> : <i>that</i>
It is some meteor that the sun exhaled <sup>+</sup> ,	
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 of Cynthia's brow</u> .	<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<sup>+</sup> eyes. *ugly, change<sup>2</sup>: 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 time<sup>5</sup> to come. *times<sup>2</sup>: talk and laugh years from now*

JULIET<sup>1</sup> 3.5.54  
 O God, I have an ill-divining soul! *bad feeling*  
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below<sup>1</sup>, *I think, so low<sup>2</sup>*  
 As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.  
 Either my<sup>2</sup> eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale. *mine<sup>1</sup>*

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	<i>[enters]</i>	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
	<u>Evermore</u> 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, <u>have done</u> . <u>Some</u> 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</u> loss.	<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> ,	<i>the loss so much</i>
	I cannot choose but ever weep <u>the</u> friend.	<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
	<i>[aside]</i> Villain and he be <u>many miles</u> asunder.	<i>he's miles from being a villain</i>
	<i>[to her]</i> God pardon him <sup>4</sup> . 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 <u>kinsman</u> 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 <u>bear</u> a poison, I would <u>temper</u> it,	<i>carry the, mix / dilute</i>
	That Romeo should, upon <u>receipt</u> 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 <u>put thee from thy heaviness</u> ,	<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 counterfeits a bark, 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, take me with you</u> , 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 count her blest,	<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> <sup>5</sup> ?	<i>bride<sup>2</sup>: make her a bride</i>
JULIET	3.5.151
Not proud 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 <sup>2</sup> , how, how <sup>2</sup> ? <u>Chopped logic</u> ? What is this?	<i>now<sup>5</sup>, now<sup>5</sup>, 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,	
<u>But fettle your fine joints 'gainst</u> 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 green-sickness carrion! 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 me in the face! <u>Speak not, reply not, do not answer me!</u> <u>My fingers itch!</u> —Wife, we scarce thought us blest That God had lent us but this only child, But now I see this one is one too much, And that we have a curse in having her. Out on <u>her</u> , <u>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
		<i>damn her, worthless creature</i>	
NURSE	God in heav'n bless her!		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>	
NURSE		<i>gossipy old ladies</i>	3.5.180
	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!		3.5.183
	Utter your <u>gravity</u> o'er a <u>gossip's</u> <sup>1</sup> bowl, For here we need it not!	<i>wisdom in your gossip circle</i>	
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> <sup>2</sup> , 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 <sup>1</sup> you will not wed, I'll "pardon" you: Graze where you will, you shall not house with me! Look to't. Think on't. I do not use to jest! Thursday is near. <u>Lay hand on heart</u> . <u>Advise</u> . If <sup>1</sup> you be mine, I'll give you to my friend. If <sup>1</sup> 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 good! Trust to't. <u>Bethink you</u> . I'll not be <u>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>	
			3.5.191
		<i>"di-máins": estates,</i>	
		<i>well connected / trained</i> <sup>1</sup> , <i>qualities</i>	
		<i>handsome, one could</i>	
		<i>whimpering</i>	
		<i>doll, receiving good fortune</i>	
			3.5.197
		<i>and</i> <sup>2</sup>	3.5.199
		<i>go eat, stay in this house</i>	
		<i>joke</i>	
		<i>look in your, consider it</i>	
		<i>and</i> <sup>2</sup> , <i>if you're my daughter</i>	
		<i>and</i> <sup>2</sup> , <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>	
			3.5.208
JULIET		<i>in heaven</i>	
	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>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 soft 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, <u>it 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 <u>you 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 thus 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 slow to slack his haste</u> .	<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 is the course</u> . 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 <sup>1</sup> of love,	<i>talk<sup>2</sup></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 <sup>1</sup> <u>give her sorrow so much sway</u> ,	<i>do<sup>2</sup>, 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, <u>too much minded</u> 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 <u>That's a certain text</u> .	<i>that's true</i> 4.1.22
PARIS	4.1.23
Come you to make confession to the Friar <sup>1</sup> ?	<i>this Father<sup>2</sup></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 <sup>1</sup> , I am sure, that you love me.	<i>ye<sup>2</sup></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
My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.	<i>I'm free now, troubled</i>
[to him] My lord, we must <u>entreat</u> the 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</u> you <sup>+</sup> .	<i>ye<sup>2</sup>, 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</u> thy grief.	<i>know the cause of your grief</i>
It strains me past the compass of my wits.	<i>I'm at my wit's end</i>
I hear thou must, and <u>nothing</u> may <u>prorogue</u> it,	<i>nothing can delay it</i>
On Thursday next be married to <u>this</u> County.	<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</u> our hands;	<i>you joined our hands</i>
And ere this hand, <u>by</u> 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, this shall slay them both!	4.1.59
Therefore, out of thy <u>long-experienced</u> time	<i>betrays him, knife, hand &amp; heart</i>
Give me some <u>present</u> counsel, or <u>behold</u> :	<i>long life of experience</i>
'Twixt my <u>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</u> <u>commission</u> of thy years and art	<i>judge, concluding</i>
Could <u>to</u> <u>no</u> <u>issue</u> of true honor bring!	<i>your wisdom</i>
<u>Be</u> <u>not</u> <u>so</u> <u>long</u> <u>to</u> <u>speak</u> ! <u>I</u> <u>long</u> <u>to</u> <u>die</u>	4.1.65
<u>If</u> <u>what</u> <u>thou</u> <u>speak'st</u> <u>speak</u> <u>not</u> <u>of</u> <u>remedy</u> !	<i>not bring an honorable solution</i>
FRIAR	
<u>Hold</u> , daughter! I do <u>spy</u> a kind of hope,	<i>speak now, I want to die</i>
Which <u>craves</u> as desperate an <u>execution</u>	<i>if you offer no solution</i>
As <u>that</u> is desperate which we <u>would</u> prevent.	4.1.69
If, rather than to marry County Paris,	<i>stop, see</i>
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,	<i>requires, act</i>
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake	<i>this desperate act, want to</i>
A thing like death to chide away this shame,	
That cop'st with Death himself to 'scape from it;	<i>avoid</i>
And if thou dare'st, I'll <u>give</u> thee <u>remedy</u> .	<i>faces death, escape</i>
JULIET	<i>give you this remedy</i>
O, <u>bid</u> me leap, rather than marry Paris,	4.1.78
From off the battlements of any <sup>2</sup> tower,	<i>tell me to</i>
Or <u>walk</u> in <u>thievish</u> ways, or bid me <u>lurk</u>	<i>yonder<sup>1</sup></i>
Where <u>serpents</u> are. Chain me with roaring bears,	<i>walk in dark alleyways, go</i>
Or hide me nightly in a <u>charnel-house</u>	<i>snakes</i>
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,	<i>mortuary</i>
With <u>reeky</u> <u>shanks</u> and yellow <u>chapless</u> skulls.	<i>covered up</i>
Or bid me go into a new-made grave	<i>stinking limbs, jawless</i>
And hide me with a dead man in his <u>shroud</u> <sup>4</sup>	4.1.85
—Things that, to hear <u>them</u> <u>told</u> , have made me tremble—	<i>burial cloth</i>
And I will do it without fear or doubt,	<i>myself say them</i>
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 breath<sup>1</sup> shall testify thou live'st.  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To paly<sup>4</sup> 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 shalt<sup>3</sup> be borne to that same ancient vault  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift  
And hither shall he come, and he and I  
Will watch thy waking<sup>3</sup>, 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*

*shall<sup>2</sup>, 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 <u>shall be much 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 <u>fall 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 needful ornaments	<i>choose what</i>
As you think fit to <u>furnish me</u> tomorrow?	<i>to wear</i>
LADY CAPULET	4.2.37
No, not <u>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 &amp; Nurse exit]</i>	
LADY CAPULET	4.2.39
<u>We shall be short in our 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, <u>I warrant</u> thee, wife.	<i>I promise</i>
Go thou to Juliet. Help <u>to 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 <sup>5</sup>	up him <sup>2</sup> 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?

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.

4.3.6  
*4.3.7  
picked out everything  
as needed for the ceremony*

LADY CAPULET Good night.

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

[*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.

*stay with you*

4.3.13

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.

*I think*  
*always proven himself* 4.3.30

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?

*get me, frightening  
suffocated, tomb  
fresh* 4.3.35

Or if I live, is it not very like  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place...

*before  
isn't it likely  
thoughts*

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...

*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>
So <u>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 <sup>4</sup> , 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 <sup>1</sup> I drink to thee.	Romeo, Romeo, Romeo. Here's drink. <sup>2</sup>
<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>
Spare not for the cost.	<i>don't be cheap</i>
NURSE <sup>2</sup> Go, you <u>cot-quean</u> , go,	LADY CAPULET <sup>+</sup> , housewife 4.4.7
Get you to bed. Faith, You'll be sick tomorrow	
For <u>this night's</u> watching.	<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 &amp; 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 <sup>4</sup> , '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 long<sup>1</sup> 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<sup>+</sup> lives not *there's no cure for loss / care<sup>2</sup>*

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself *crying and wailing*

Had part in this fair maid. Now heav'n hath all, *both had part, all of her*

And all the better is it for the maid.

Your part in her you could not keep from death, 4.5.75

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<sup>+</sup> now, seeing she is advanced *ye<sup>2</sup>*

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> <sup>+</sup> <u>nature</u> bids us all <u>lament</u> ,	<i>our emotional nature / some<sup>2</sup>, 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 <u>ordained</u> <u>festival</u> ,	<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 &amp; 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 <sup>1</sup> my <u>troth</u> , the <u>case may be amended</u> .	<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] <sup>+</sup> ". 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 will I <u>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</u> you "re" us and "fa" us, you note us!	<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 <sup>+</sup>	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,]<sup>1</sup>  
 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 fares<sup>1</sup> my Juliet? That I ask again, 5.1.15  
 For nothing can be ill if she be well. *doth<sup>2</sup>: 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
Is it e'en <sup>1</sup> so? Then I defy <sup>1</sup> you <sup>2</sup> , stars!—	<i>is it really so, deny<sup>2</sup>, my<sup>1</sup>, 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,	<i>right away</i>
And hire those horses. I'll be with thee <u>straight</u> .	
[ <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</i> 5.1.40
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</i> 5.1.45
An alligator stuffed, and other skins	
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves	<i>odd-shaped, around</i>
A beggarly 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</i> 5.1.51
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</i> 5.1.56
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>
Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have	<i>look, gold coins</i>
A <u>dram of poison</u> , such soon-speeding gear	<i>some, fast-acting stuff</i>
As will disperse itself through all the veins	
That <u>the 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>
Is <u>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 is</u> 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 <sup>1</sup> 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 <u>if his mind be 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 associate me,	<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</u> did reign,	<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</u> fortune! 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>beshrew</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. <u>Hence and stand aloof</u> .	<i>go stand at a distance</i>
<u>Yet</u> put <u>it</u> out, for I would <u>not</u> be seen.	<i>no instead, the torch, don't want to</i>
Under <u>yond</u> <u>yew</u> <sup>1</sup> trees <u>lay thee all</u> along,	<i>those, lie down</i>
Holding thy <sup>2</sup> ear close to the hollow ground;	<i>thine</i> <sup>1</sup>
<u>So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,</u>	<i>any footsteps in the churchyard</i>
<u>Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,</u>	<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 canopy 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 thee</u> .	<i>I command you</i> 5.3.25
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, <u>stand all aloof</u> ,	<i>stay back</i>
And do not interrupt me in <u>my course</u> .	<i>what I'm doing</i>
Why I descend into this bed of death	
Is partly to <u>behold</u> my lady's face,	<i>see</i>
But chiefly to <u>take thence from</u> her dead finger	<i>take off from</i> 5.3.30
A precious ring, a ring that I must use	
In <u>dear 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> 5.3.35
And <u>strew</u> this hungry churchyard with thy limbs!	<i>scatter</i>
The <u>time</u> and my <u>intent</u> s are savage-wild,	<i>circumstance, state of mind</i>
More fierce and more <u>inexorable</u> far	<i>merciless</i>
Than <u>empty</u> tigers or the roaring sea.	<i>hungry</i>
BALTHASAR	5.3.40
I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye <sup>2</sup> .	<i>you</i> <sup>1</sup>

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 fair creature died!	<i>believed, Juliet</i>
And here <u>is come</u> to 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</u> came I <u>hither</u> .	<i>that's why I came here</i>
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man!	
<u>Fly 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> <sup>+</sup> thee run away.	<i>bid<sup>2</sup>: begged</i>
PARIS	5.3.68
I do defy thy <u>commination</u> <sup>2</sup> ,	<i>conjurations<sup>1</sup>: 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 <sup>2</sup> enemy?	<i>thy<sup>5</sup>, 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 <u>amorous</u> ,	<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 <sup>3</sup> 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 righteous kiss	<i>pure</i>	5.3.114
A dateless bargain to engrossing Death. [ <i>kisses her</i> ]	<i>eternal contract, all-possessing</i>	
Come, bitter conduct, 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</u> lends 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 am <u>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 <sup>1</sup> tree here,	
I dreamt my master and another fought,	
And that my master slew him.	
FRIAR    Romeo!	5.3.144
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains	
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?	<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 <u>power</u> 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>
<u>Haply</u> 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, 5.3.180  
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. *wake*

[More Guards exit]  
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie, *bodies* 5.3.185  
But the true ground of all these piteous woes *reason, pitiful*  
We cannot without circumstance descry. *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 *pick, shovel*  
As he was coming from this churchyard's side.

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 *problem*  
That calls our person from our morning rest? *me*

[LORD & LADY CAPULET and Others enter]  
CAPULET 5.3.197  
What should it be that they<sup>5</sup> so shriek<sup>2</sup> abroad? *is<sup>1</sup>, shrieked<sup>+</sup>: shout about*

LADY CAPULET 5.3.198  
The<sup>1</sup> people in the street cry "Romeo",  
Some "Juliet", and some "Paris", and all run  
With open outcry toward our monument. *tomb*

PRINCE 5.3.201  
What fear is this which startles in our<sup>+</sup> ears? *your<sup>2</sup>*

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<sup>3</sup> Romeo's man,  
With instruments upon them, fit to open *tools*  
These dead men's tombs.

CAPULET 5.3.210  
O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!  
This dagger hath mista'en, for lo, his house *made a mistake, look, its sheath*  
Is empty on the back of Montague,  
And it mis-sheathèd in my daughter's bosom!

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<sup>1</sup> 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> <sup>2</sup> age?	my <sup>5</sup> , <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
Seal up the mouth of outrage 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 be <u>general</u> of 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 be slave to patience</u> .	<i>be calm in the face of misfortune</i>
[to Guards] 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 <sup>2</sup> Romeo's faithful wife.	<i>that<sup>+</sup></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
[to Capulet] 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. [to all] Then comes she to me,	
And with <u>wild</u> looks, bid me <u>devise some mean</u>	<i>upset, make a plan</i>
<u>To 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> <sup>2</sup> art,	mine <sup>1</sup> , <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 bore 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 <sup>5</sup> , here <u>untimely</u> lay	<i>awakening<sup>2</sup>, 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,	
I 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 make good 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</u> kinsmen! 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 raise <sup>4</sup> her statue in pure gold,	<i>have a statue made of her</i>
That while <sup>1</sup> 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 punished.	
For never was a story of more woe	
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.	
[End]	

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