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ROMEO AND JULIET,

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

*(Arranged for representation from the text of the second quarto, printed
A.D. 1599,)*

AS PERFORMED BY

Miss MARY ANDERSON

AND COMPANY

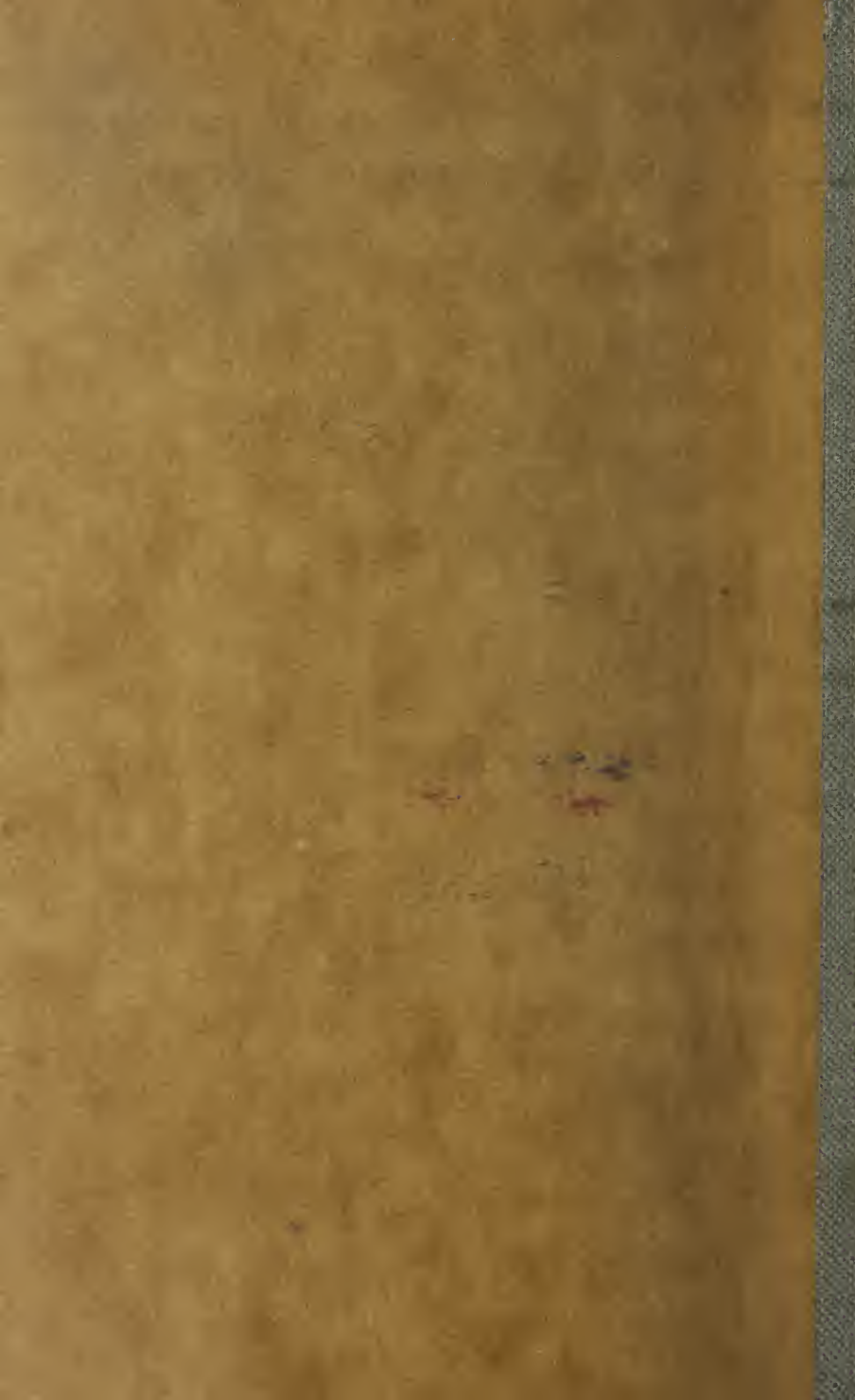
AT

THE LYCEUM THEATRE,

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY,

NOVEMBER, 1884.



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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



ESCALUS, Prince of Verona	...	MR. HARWOOD.
PARIS, a young noble, kinsman to the Prince	MR. E. MAURICE.
MONTAGUE, {heads of two houses CAPULET, { at variance with each other		MR. DE-CORDOVA. MR. WARDE.
An Old Man, cousin to Capulet		MR. DRAYTON.
ROMEO, son to Montague	MR. W. TERRISS.
MERCUTIO, kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo	MR. HERBERT STANDING.
BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend of Romeo	MR. A. LEWIS.
TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet		MR. J. ANDERSON.
FRIAR LAURENCE, a Franciscan Monk	MR. ARTHUR STIRLING.
FRIAR JOHN, of the same order	...	MR. RUSSELL.
BALTHAZAR, servant to Romeo	...	MR. K. BLACK.
SAMPSON, {servants to Capulet { GREGORY, {		MR. MURRAY. MR. LEWIS GILLESPIE.
ABRAM, servant to Montague	...	MR. MILLWARD.
PETER, page to Capulet	MR. H. KEMBLE.
An Apothecary	MR. BEN GREET.
Page to Paris	MASTER BLACK.

*Nobles, Musicians, Retainers, Citizens, Soldiers, Monks, Peasants,
Mourners, Guests, Masquers, Serenaders, Fruit-sellers, Pages to
Capulet, Pages to Montague, Pages to Juliet, Page to Mercutio.*

LADY MONTAGUE	MISS O'REILLY.
LADY CAPULET	MRS. CHARLES CALVERT.
NURSE TO JULIET	MRS. STIRLING.

AND

JULIET	MISS MARY ANDERSON.
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SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I.

S	CENE 1.—Piazza dell' Erbe, Verona	...	<i>O'Connor.</i>
S	CENE 2.—A Room in Capulet's House	...	<i>Hall.</i>
S	CENE 3.—A Street	<i>O'Connor.</i>
S	CENE 4.—A Hall in Capulet's House	...	<i>Hawes Craven.</i>

ACT II.

S	CENE 1.—A Street	<i>O'Connor.</i>
S	CENE 2.—Capulet's Garden	...	<i>O'Connor.</i>

ACT III.

S	CENE 1.—The Monastery	<i>Hawes Craven.</i>
S	CENE 2.—A Grove without Verona	...	<i>Hawes Craven.</i>
S	CENE 3.—A Nook in Capulet's Garden	...	<i>Hawes Craven.</i>
S	CENE 4.—A Chapel connected with the Monastery	<i>Hawes Craven.</i>

ACT IV.

S	CENE 1.—Piazza Dante, at Verona	...	<i>O'Connor.</i>
S	CENE 2.—A Room in Capulet's House	...	<i>Hall.</i>
S	CENE 3.—Friar Laurence's Cell	<i>Bruce Smith.</i>
S	CENE 4.—Balcony and Interior of Juliet's Chamber	<i>Bruce Smith.</i>
S	CENE 5.—Interior of Juliet's Chamber	...	<i>Bruce Smith.</i>
S	CENE 6.—Friar Laurence's Cell	<i>Bruce Smith.</i>
S	CENE 7.—Juliet's Chamber	<i>Bruce Smith.</i>

ACT V.

S	CENE 1.—Piazza dell' Erbe, Verona	...	<i>O'Connor.</i>
S	CENE 2.—A Street in Mantua	<i>Perkins.</i>
S	CENE 3.—The Monastery	<i>Hawes Craven.</i>
S	CENE 4.—A Churchyard without Verona	...	<i>O'Connor.</i>

(7 The action takes place in Verona, or its immediate vicinity,
with the exception of Scene 2, Act V.)

The Play is produced under the Direction of the Hon. Lewis Wingfield.



ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Market Place. Verona.*

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sampson.



GREGORY, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Aye, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

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

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand.

Gre. 'Tis well. Draw; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHAZAR.

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

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

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. Is the law on our side if I say—ay ?

Gre. No.

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

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir ?

Abr. Quarrel, sir ? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you ; I serve as good
a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO and Nobles, at a distance.

Gre. Say—better ; here come one of my master's
kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember
thy swashing blow. *[They fight.]*

Ben. Part, fools : put up your swords ; you know
not what you do. *[Beats down their swords.]*

Enter TYBALT and Nobles.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless
hinds ?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace ; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

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

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee :

Have at thee, coward. *[They fight.]*

Enter Partizans of both Houses, who join the fray ; then
enter Citizens, with clubs.

Cits. Down with the Capulets ! Down with the
Montagues !

Enter CAPULET and LADY CAPULET.

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

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villian, Capulet.

[Trumpets and alarums.]

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt Prince and Attendants : CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens and Servants.]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?—
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,

A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad :
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son :
Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See where he comes : So please you step
aside ;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

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

[Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young ?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me ! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast ?

Ben. It was :—What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours ?

Rom. Not having that which, having, makes
them short.

Ben. In love ?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love ?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

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

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will !
Where shall we dine ?—O me !—What fray was
here ?

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

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love :—
Why then, O brawling love ! O loving hate !
O anything, of nothing first create !
O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms !
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh ?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what ?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Tell me in sadness, who she is you love.

Rom. In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

Rom. A right good marksman !—And she's fair
I love.

Well, in that hit you miss : she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit ;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
O, she is rich in beauty ; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. He, that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost :
Shew me a mistress, that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair ?
Farewell ; thou canst not teach me to forget.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and PETER.

Cap. 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.

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

Cap. 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 eighteen years ;
 Let two more summers wither in their pride,
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
 The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she ;
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
 My will to her consent is but a part ;
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love ; and you, among the store,
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
 Come, go with me ;—Go, sirrah, trudge about
 Through fair Verona ; find those persons out,
 Whose names are written there (*gives a paper*), and
 to them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS.]

Peter. Find them out, whose names are written ?
 I am sent to find out those persons, whose names
 are here writ, and can never find what names the
 the writing person hath here writ. I must to the
 learned :—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

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

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee ?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad ?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman
 is :

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented, and — Good e'en, good
fellow.

Peter. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you
read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Peter. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book :
But, I pray, can you read anything you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Peter. Ye say honestly : Rest you merry !

Rom. Stay, fellow : I can read. [Reads.

Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters ;

County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters ;

The lady widow of Vitruvio ;

Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces ;

Mercutio, and his brother Valentine ;

Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters ;

My fair niece Rosaline, and Livia ;

Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt ;

Lucio, and the lovely Helena.

A fair assembly (*gives back the note*). Whither should
they come ?

Peter. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Peter. To supper ; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Peter. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

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

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st ;
With all the admired beauties of Verona :
Go hither, and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires !
 One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun
 Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut ! you saw her fair, none else being by,
 Herself poised with herself in either eye :
 But in those crystal scales let there be weigh'd
 Your lady's love against some other maid
 That I will shew you, shining at this feast,
 And she shall scant shew well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn,
 But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2. *A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

Lady Capulet.

NURSE, where's my daughter ? call her forth
 to me.

Nurse. I bade her come.—What, lamb !
 what, ladybird !—
 God forbid !—where's this girl ?—what, Juliet !

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls ?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here,

What is your will ?

La. Cap. This is the matter :—Nurse, give leave
 awhile,

We must talk in secret. Nurse, come back again ;
 I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
 Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not eighteen.

Nurse. I'll lay eighteen of my teeth,
And yet I have but eight.
She is not eighteen ; how long is it now
To Lammas-tide ?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, come Lammas-tide at eve.
Why, Susan and she—(God rest all Christian
souls!)—

Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God ;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,—
And of all days in the year, I never shall forget it !
For, sitting i' the sun under the dove-house wall ;
My lord and you were then at Mantua :—
And since that time it is eleven years :
For then she could stand alone ; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before she fell and broke her brow,
And it had upon it's brow a bump as big—
And then my husband—(God rest his soul) !
A was a merry man !—took up the child,
And quoth he : *Yea, dost thou fall upon thy face ?
Thou wilt fall backwards, when thou hast more wit ;
Wilt thou not, Jule ?* and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay :*
To see now, how a jest shall come about !
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it : *Wilt thou not, Jule ?* quoth
he :

And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

La. Cap. Enough of this ; I pray thee, hold thy
peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam ; yet I cannot choose but
laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay :*
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed :
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

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

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour!

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
than you,

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

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

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

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

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content.
Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

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

Enter PETER.

Peter. Madam, the guests are come, supper 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.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3. *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with* Maskers,
Torch-bearers, *and* others.

Romeo.

WHAT, shall this speech be spoke for our
excuse ?

Or shall we on without apology ?

Ben. Let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

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

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. 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.

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

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

Mer. Give me a case to put my visage in.

[Putting on a mask.

A visor for a visor !—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities ?

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

Rom. A torch for me :
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.—
We mean well, in going to this mask,
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer.

Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love !
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on courtesies
straight ;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;
O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit.
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice :
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;

And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plaits the manes of horses in the night,
This, this is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace ;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from our-
selves ;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

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

Mer. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 4. *A Hall in Capulet's House.*

Guests. Musicians *waiting*. CAPULET, LADY
CAPULET, JULIET, PARIS, Pages, &c.

Enter MERCUTIO, ROMEO, BENVOLIO, and Maskers.

Capulet.



ENTLEMEN, welcome ! ladies, that have
their toes

Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with
you.—

Ah, ha, my mistresses ! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
she,

I'll swear hath corns: Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians,
play.

A hall! a hall! give room and foot it, girls.

[Music plays and they dance.]

More light, ye knaves;
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days.

SAMPSON comes down.

Rom. What lady's that which doth enrich the
hand
Of yonder knight?

Sam. I know not, sir.

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

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

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm
you so?

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

Cap. Young Romeo is't ?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman ;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well govern'd youth.

Tyb. I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured :
What, goodman boy !—I say he shall ;—Go to ;—

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. [*To Juliet.*] If I profane with my unworthy
hand

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

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this ;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do
touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

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

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

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands
do,

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

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

Rom. Then move not while my prayers' effect I
take.

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

[*Kissing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is a lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:

I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Mer. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

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

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone:

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards—

Is it e'en so? Why, then, I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—

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

[*Exeunt all but JULIET, Nurse and pages.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse: what is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

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

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

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

Nurse. I know not.

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

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

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

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal.

[LADY CAPULET *calls within*, Juliet !

Nurse. Anon, anon :—
Come let's away ; the strangers are all gone.

[*Exeunt.*





ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Street adjoining Capulet's Garden.*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Benvolio.

BOMEEO! my cousin Romeo!

Mer.

He is wise ;

And, on my life, hath stolcn him home to
bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard
wall ;

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer.

Nay, I'll conjure too—

Romeo ! humours ! madman ! passion ! lover !

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied ;

Cry but—Ah me ! couple but—love and dove ;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nickname for her purblind son and heir.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him. My invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those
trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night.
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. Romeo, good night—I'll to my truckle-bed ;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.

Come, shall we go ?

Ben.

Go, then ; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.

Mer. Romeo ! Romeo !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2. *Capulet's Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Romeo.

HE jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*]

But, soft ! what light through yonder window
breaks !

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

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

O, that she knew she were !—

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

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks :

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those
stars,

As daylight doth a lamp ; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand !

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek !

Jul. Ah me !

Rom. She speaks :—

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

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

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

[*Aside.*

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

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptised ;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

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

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee ;

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

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

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Ful. How cam'st thou hither, tell me ? and
wherefore ?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb ;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls ;

For stony limits cannot hold love out :
And what love can do, that dares love attempt ;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Ful. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

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

Ful. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
sight ;

And, but thou love me, let them find me here :
My life was better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Ful. By whose direction found'st thou out this
place ?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire ;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot, yet wert thou so far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Ful. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my
face ;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form ; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke ; but farewell, compliment !
Dost love me ? I know thou wilt say—Ay ;

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

Rom. By yonder blessed moon I swear—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
 moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all ;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

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

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

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

Ful. I gave thee mine before thou did'st request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Ful. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.—

[*Nurse calls within.*]

I hear some noise within: Dear love, adieu!—
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay, but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Ful. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
indeed.

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

Nurse [within]. Madam!

Ful. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—

Nurse [within]. Madam!

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

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Ful. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
light,—

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books ;

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[Retiring slowly.]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist, Romeo, hist !—O, for a falconer's voice.
To lure this tassel-gentle back again !
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies.
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name :
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My sweet !

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail ; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

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

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

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone :
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird ;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I :
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet
sorrow,

That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.

[*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thy eyes, peace in thy
breast !—

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !





ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Monastery.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a basket.*

Friar.

THE grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the eastern clouds with streaks of light.

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier-cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious juiced flowers ;
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power :
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
part ;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will ;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good-morrow, father !

Fri.

Benedicite !

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?—
Youngson, argues a distemper'd head,

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up-roused by some distemp'rature ;

Rom. I have been feasting with my enemy ;
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded ; both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lies.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is
 set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
 As mine on hers.

When, and where, and how,
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis ! what a change is here !

Rom. I pray thee chide not.

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

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow ; they stumble that run
 fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 2. *A Grove.*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mercutio.



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

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

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

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

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

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

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt ?

Mer. O, he is the most courageous captain of
compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song,
keeps time, distance, and proportion ; rests me his
minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom ;
the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist ;
a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and
second cause : Ah, the immortal passado ! the punte
reverso ! the hay !

Ben. The what ?

Mer. A plague of such antic, lisping, affecting
fantasticoes ; these new tuners of accents ! *A very
good blade !—a very tall man !—a very good wench !—*
Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we
should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these
fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez moy's*, with their
bons, and their bells.

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring :—
O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified ! Now is he for
the numbers that Petrarch flowed in : Laura, to his
lady, was but a kitchen-wench ;—marry, she had
a better love to be-rhyme her ; Dido, a dowdy ;
Cleopatra, a gipsy ; Helen and Hero, hildings and
harlots ; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the

purpose. Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

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

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip: can you not conceive?

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

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Ben. Here's goodly gear!

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a—hem!

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Pr'ythee do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. God den—gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

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

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

Mer. She will indite him to some supper. Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady. Give me my fan, Peter!

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what

saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery ?

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

Nurse. An a' speak anything against me, I'll take him down than a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks ; and, if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave ! I am none of his flirt-gills ; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by, too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.

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

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

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress.

I protest unto thee.—

Nurse. Good heart ! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much : Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse ? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir—that you do protest ; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift

This afternoon ;

And there she shall, at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir ; not a penny.

Rom. Go to ; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir ? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall,

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair ;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell !—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Farewell !—Commend me to thy mistress.

Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times—Peter !


Peter. Anon !

Nurse. Peter, take my fan. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 3. *Capulet's Garden.*

Enter JULIET.

Juliet.

HE clock struck nine when I did send the nurse ;

In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him :—that's not so.—
O, she is lame ! love's herald's should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills :
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

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

Nurse. Peter, Peter!—stay at the gate.

[Exit PETER.]

Jul. Now, good, sweet nurse.—O lord! why look'st
thou sad?

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile;—
Fy, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

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

Nurse. What haste! can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad, answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
know not how to choose a man. What, have you
dined at home?

Jul. No, no.

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head
have I!

It beats as if it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t'other side.—O, my back, my back!—
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I'm sorry that thou art not well:

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love?

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

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

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

Jul. Here's such a coil ;—Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell.
There stays a husband to make you a wife :
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be at scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church ;
Go, I'll to dinner ; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune !—honest nurse, farewell.

SCENE 4. *A Chapel adjacent to the Monastery.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Friar.



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

Rom. 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.

Fri. 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.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady ; O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

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

Jul. 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 half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
work ;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Piazza Dante, at Verona.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page and Servants.

Benvolio.



PRAY thee, good Mercutio, let's retire ;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a
brawl ;

For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

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

Ben. Am I like such a fellow ?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy ; an there were two such we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou ! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter ? with another, for tying his new shoes

with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

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

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter TYBALT and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets!

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

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

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo—

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

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

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

Enter ROMEO.

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

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

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

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

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

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
A la stocatta carries it away— [Draws.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me ?

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

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.

Rom. Draw, Benvolio ;

Beat down their weapons :—Gentlemen, for shame,
Forbear this outrage :—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets :—hold, Tybalt.—good Mercutio !
[Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.

Mer. I am hurt :—

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

Ben. What, art thou hurt ?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ; marry, 'tis
enough,—

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

[Exit Page.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

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

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me;
I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

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

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O, Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

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

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,

That late thou gavest me ; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company ;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

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

Rom. This shall determine that.
[*They fight, TYBALT falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away—be gone !
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain :—
Stand not amazed :—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken,—hence !—be gone !—away !

Rom. O ! I am fortune's fool !

Enter Citizens and Guards in pursuit, and exeunt.

SCENE 2. *A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter JULIET.

Juliet.



ALLOP apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion ; such a waggoner
As Phæton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !
That run-away's eyes may wink ; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen !
Come, gentle night ; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo : and, when he shall die,
Take him, and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

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

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news ; and every tongue that speaks
 But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.
 Now, nurse, what news ? What hast thou there ?
 the cords,

That Romeo bade thee fetch ?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

Jul. Ah me ! what news ? why dost thou wring
 thy hands ?

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

We are undone, lady, we are undone !—

Alack the day !—he's gone, he's killed, he's dead !

Jul. Can heaven be so envious ?

Nurse.

Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot :—O Romeo, Romeo !—

Whoever would have thought it ?—Romeo !

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
 thus ?

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
 God save the mark !—here on his manly breast ;
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse ;
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
 All in gore blood ;—I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break my heart !—poor bankrupt, break at
 once !

To prison, eyes ! ne'er look on liberty !

Vile earth to earth resign ; end motion here :

And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier !

Nurse. O, Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had !
That ever I should live to see thee dead !

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

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

Ful. O God !—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood ?

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

Ful. O nature ! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?

O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace !

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Shame come to Romeo !

Ful. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish ! he was not born to shame :
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit ;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him !

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that killed your
cousin ?

Ful. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name,
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it ?
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my hus-
band :

All this is comfort ; Wherefore weep I then ?
Some words there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me : I would forget it fain ;

But, O! it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;
 That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.
Romeo is banished,—no words can that woe sound.—
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

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

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall
 be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
 Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled!

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


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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 3. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Friar.

 OMEO, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
 man;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's
 doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
 That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company :
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom ?

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

Rom. Ha ! banishment ? be merciful, say—death :
For exile hath more terror in his look
Much more than death : do not say—banishment.
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

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

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is here
Where Juliet lives : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
But Romeo may not—he is banished.
O friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
Howlings attend it : How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and a friend confess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banishment ?

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.

Rom. Hang up philosophy !
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet ;
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom ;

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not
feel :

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide thyself. [Knocking within.]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[Knocking.]

Fri. Who's there?—Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up:

[Knocking.]

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come.

[Knocking.]

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

Nurse. [Without.] Let me come in and you shall
know my errand;
I come from lady Juliet.

Fri.

Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

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

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

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

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;

Rom. Nurse!

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

Rom. Speakest thou of Juliet?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
she?

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

And now falls on her bed ; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls ; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her ; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge ? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :
Art thou a man ? thy form cries out, thou art ;
Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast :
By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself ?
What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her ;
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady.

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

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bade me give you, sir :
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this !

Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you, that chances here :
 Give me thy hand : 'tis late : farewell : good night.

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 4. *Juliet's Chamber and Balcony.*

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Juliet.



WILT thou be gone ? it is not yet near day :
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear :
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

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

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I ;
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
 Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
 Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.

How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune.

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

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark
our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse!

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber;
Be wary, look about.

[Exit Nurse.]

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

[ROMEO descends.]

Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my
friend!

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

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

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

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

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

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

[Exit ROMEO.]

SCENE 5. *Interior of Juliet's Chamber.**Lady Capulet. [Within.]*

O, daughter! are you up?

Ful. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?

Is she not down so late or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

*Enter LADY CAPULET.**La. Cap.* Why, how now, Juliet?*Ful.* Madam, I am not well.*La. Cap.* Evermore weeping for your cousin's death,
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
But much of grief shews still some want of wit.*Ful.* Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.*La. Cap.* Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for
his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Ful. What villain, madam?*La. Cap.* That same villain, Romeo.*Ful.* Villain and he are many miles asunder,
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.*La. Cap.* That is, because the traitor murderer
lives.*Ful.* Ay, madam, from the reach of these my
hands,

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

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou
not:

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

Ful. And joy comes well in such a needful time.

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

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

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

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. How now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you
thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you,
wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud you have; but thankful that you
have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,

But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
 To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
 Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
 I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
 Or never after look me in the face.
 Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;—
 We scarcely thought us blest,
 That God hath sent us but this only child;
 But now I see this one is one too much,
 And that we have a curse in having her:
 Out on her hilding!

Nurse.

Heaven bless her!

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night,
 late, early,
 At home, abroad, alone, in company,
 Waking or sleeping, still my care hath been
 To have her match'd: and having now provided
 A gentleman of princely parentage,
 Of fair desmesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
 Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,*
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.

[*Exit.*

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

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

Ful. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented ?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—

What sayst thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis : Romeo
Is banish'd ; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman ! Romeo's a dishclout to
him ;

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

Ful. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nurse. From my soul too ;
Or else beshrew them both.

Ful. Amen !

Nurse. To what ?

Ful. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
much,

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

Nurse. Marry, I will ; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*


Ful. O most wicked fiend !
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare

So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor ;
 Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
 I'll to the friar, to know his remedy ;
 If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.

SCENE 6. *Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.

Friar.

N Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

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

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

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
 And therefore have I little talk'd of love ;
 For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
 Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
 That she doth give her sorrow so much sway ;
 And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
 To stop the inundation of her tears ;
 Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
 [Aside.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife !

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

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday
 next.

Jul. What must be, shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father ?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion !—

Juliet, on Thursday, early will I rouse you :

Till then, adieu ! and keep this holy kiss. *[Exit.*

Jul. O, shut the door ! and when thou hast done
so,

Come weep with me ; past hope, past cure, past
help !

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

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.

Fri. Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent,
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself ;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Chain me with roaring bears,
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble ;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then ; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris : Wednesday is to-morrow ;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off :
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour.

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
Then, (as the manner of our country is),
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;
And hither shall he come : and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear—

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


Fri. 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.

Jul. Love give me strength ! and strength shall
help afford.

Farewell, dear father !

[*Exeunt*

SCENE 7. *Juliet's Chamber.**Enter JULIET and Nurse.**Juliet.*

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

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy ? do you need no help ?

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

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

[Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse.]

Jul. 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.—
 Nurse !—What should she do here ?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all ?
 Must I of force be married to the county ?—
 No, no ;—this shall forbid it :—lie thou there.

[Laying down a dagger.]

10 What if it be poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead ;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo ?
I fear it is ; and yet, methinks, it should not,
15 For he hath still been tried a holy man.
I will not entertain so bad a thought.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !
20 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
25 Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
30 Lies fest'ring in his shroud : where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort ;—
Alack, alack ! is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
35 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad ;—
O ! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears ?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints ?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?
40 And, in his rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?
O, look ! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did split his body
Upon a rapier's point :—Stay, Tybalt, stay !—
45 Romeo, I come. This do I drink to thee !

[*She throws herself upon the bed.*]



ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Pageant of Juliet's Funeral.*

SCENE 2. *Mantua. A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Romeo.



IF I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at
hand ;
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne ;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream ! that gives a dead man leave to
think,)
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived and was an emperor.
Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy !

Enter BALTHAZAR.

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

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill ;

Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives ;
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
 And presently took post to tell it you :
 O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir ?

Rom. Is it even so ? then I defy you, stars !—
 Thou know'st my lodging : get me ink and paper,
 And hire post-horses ; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus :
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
 Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived :
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do :
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar ?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter ; get thee gone.
 And hire those horses ; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit* BALTHAZAR.]

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

And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house :
Being holyday, the beggar's shop is shut—
What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud ?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art
poor ;

Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have
A dram of poison : such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead.

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

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

Ap. My poverty, but not my will consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

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

Rom. There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's
souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not
sell.

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, "cordial," and not poison ; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 3. *Friar Laurence's Cell.**Enter* FRIAR JOHN.*John.*

OLY Franciscan friar ! brother, ho !

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.*Lau.* This same should be the voice of Friar John.—Welcome from Mantua : What says Romeo ?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.*John.* Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Sealed up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.*Lau.* Who bare my letter then to Romeo ?*John.* I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.*Lau.* Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import ; and the neglecting it
May do much danger : Friar John, go hence ;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.*John.* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit.*Lau.* Now must I to the monument alone ;
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake ;
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents :
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come ;
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb ![Exit.

SCENE 4. *A Churchyard ; in it, a Monument
belonging to the Capulets.*

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

Paris.

GIVE me thy torch, boy : Hence, and stand
aloof ;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou shalt hear it ; whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard ; yet I will adventure.

[Retires.]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal
bed :

The obsequies which I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[The boy whistles.]

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites ?
What, with a torch !—muffle me, night, a while.

[Retires.]

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHAZAR with a torch,
mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
iron.

Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light : Upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof.
And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death,
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring ; a ring, that I must use
 In dear employment : therefore hence, be gone :—
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I farther shall intend to do,
 By Heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs :
 The time and my intents are savage-wild ;
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,
 Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

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

Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship.—Take
 thou that :

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

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
 [*Breaking open the door of the monument.*]

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

Par. [*Advances.*] Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile
 Montague ;

Can vengeance be pursued farther than death ?
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
 Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed, and therefore came I hither.
 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man.
 Fly hence and leave me ;—think upon these gone :
 Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
 Heap not another sin upon my head,
 By urging me to fury :—O, be gone !
 By Heaven, I love thee better than myself ;
 For I come hither arm'd against myself :
 Stay not, be gone :—live, and hereafter say
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
 And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,
boy. [They fight.]

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.
[Exit.]

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

Rom. In faith I will:—Let me peruse this face:—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris!—

O, give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.—

O, my love! my wife!

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:

Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—

Ah, dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe

That unsubstantial death is amorous;

And that the lean abhorred monster keeps

Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;

And never from this palace of dim night

Depart again. O, here

Will I set up my everlasting rest;

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O, you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss.

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on

The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!

Here's to my love! [Drinks.] O, true apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [Dies.]

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR

LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.

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

[Advances.]

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
 The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
 What mean these masterless and gory swords
 To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the monument.*]

Romeo! O pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
 And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
 Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

The lady stirs. [JULIET *wakes and stirs.*]

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

[*Noise within.*]

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

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
 What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
 Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
 O churl! drink all, and leave no friendly drop,
 To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips:
 Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
 To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.]
 Thy lips are warm?

I Watch. [Within.] Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy
 dagger! [Snatching ROMEO's dagger.]
 This is thy sheath; [Stabs herself.] there rust, and let
 me die. [Falls on ROMEO's body and dies.]

CURTAIN.

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7