

# ROMEO AND JULIET TRAVESTIE;

OR,

THE CUP OF COLD POISON.

A Burlesque,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

ANDREW HALLIDAY, Esq.,  
*Joint Author of "Kenilworth," &c., &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,)

LONDON.

93589

ROMEO AND JULIET TRAVESTIE.

First performed at the Royal Strand Theatre, on Thursday, November 3rd, 1859.

CHARACTERS.

- CAPULET (*a rich Nobleman, who in Verona did dwell—a stern Parent with one Daughter*) ..... Mr. H. J. TURNER.  
ROMEO (*a nice Young Man—supposed to have been the Original Villikens—addicted to Walking in the Back Gard'ning*) ..... Miss C. SAUNDERS.  
JULIET (*an uncommon nice Young Gal—the “One Daughter” of Capulet—a belle whom all the Young Fellows in Verona are anxious to ring*) ..... Miss M. WILTON.  
TYBALT (*a Fighting Man—a fiery spark who figures in the belle's life, but who lights upon his match at last*) ..... Miss LAVINE.  
MERCUTIO (*a Person who is supposed by the learned to have been too clever to live, and whose character has never been ascertained, owing to his never having received one from his original master, for whom he is said to have been “one too many”*) ..... Miss M. SIMPSON.  
QUEEN MAB (*“a Dea ex machina, which mects a Goddess sent up by the machinery under the stage”*) ..... Miss MATHEWS.  
NURSE (*a Personage who, in consideration of her long and faithful services in the Old Woman line will always be retained on this Establishment: associated from time immemorial with a walking stick, but on the present occasion with an umbrella*) ..... Mr. J. CLARKE.  
APOTHECARY (*a Practitioner who sells “drams” of poison, and has no scruples about it, and who may consequently be described as an (in toxicologist)*) ..... Mr. J. ROGERS.  
LADY CAPULET (*a match-making Mother. [after Congreve,] who considers that the friction of maternal authority is all that is required to produce the flame of love*) ..... Mrs. C. MELVILLE.  
FRIAR LAURENCE (*in holy orders, which he doesn't attend to—a party who cheers the haven of his rest with old port when he can get it, and devotes himself to pigeon-pie-ty when he has a chance.*) ..... Mr. J. BLAND.  
PARIS (*a capital fellow, a flame of Juliet's who, after a final flare up, expires*) ..... Miss BUFTON.  
BOY, (*A DOCTOR'S*) (*a living testimonial to the efficacy of Antiphous Pills when taken in quantities—an innovation in accordance with the spirit of the times*) ..... Mr. J. IRVING.  
OLD DOG TRAY ..... (*with a Bark-arole*) ..... By A CHRISTIAN.

Guests, Maskers, Poor Relatives, Country Cousins, &c., &c.

✓ X6369982

## S C E N E I.—V E R O N A.

(W. BROADFOOT.)

Cat and Dog Life in the fair City—the Montagues and Capulets come *in blous* and form *striking tableaus* to begin with—a “mill” stopped in consequence of a *strike* of the *hands*—a new Apothecary’s Act and fearful presumption of a member of the profession in consequence—Two Gentlemen of Verona—an invitation to a small tea-party.

## S C E N E II.—J U L I E T ’ S B A L M A S S Q U E I N T H E G A R D E N (B A C K) O F ‘ C A P U E T S H O U S E .

(A. CALLCOTT.)

A agitation of a delicate question, *viz.*, a lady’s age—a host of *Welcome Guests*, among whom there is *one so weak* as to try and set the company by the *ears all round*, the affair ending, after the *Judgment of Paris* (and his condemnation in *Everybody’s adjournal!*) to supper—off with the old love and on with the new—a *lock out* in opposition to a *late hour’s movement*, and a *lock-in* of the Apothecary—the Rendezvous—vows, bow bow bows—*a canine demonstration*, and a *demonstration of caning*.

## S C E N E III.—T H E F R I A R ’ S C E L L .

(A. CALLCOTT.)

A box and stone jug—an Ecclesiastical Commission—a *job by peace work*, when will be performed the “Clandestine Marriage;” after which, an “Unwarrantable intrusion;” the whole to conclude with a “Terrific Combat” and a general *brush*, bringing to an untimely end, at one and the same time, two young gentlemen and the scene.

ROMEO AND JULIET TRAVESTIE.

## S C E N E I V.—J U L I E T ' S B O U D O I R.

(W. BROADFOOT.)

"Good-bye sweet stuff, good-bye"—a Parent's stern command—the Husband both gallant and gay rejected!!!—a dilemma—the way out—alarming result of indulgence in *light* literature.

## S C E N E V.—THE A P O T H E C A R Y ' S S H O P .

(W. BROADFOOT.)

## T H E I N T E R I O R,

(AFTER SHAKESPEARE) ITS FIRST APPEARANCE ON ANY STAGE.

Introduction of homœopathy in consequence of the *apathy* of the public for allopathy, a path in the profession which leads to a great saving—the Compact !!—the Cup of Cold Poison !!!

## S C E N E VI.—THE TOMBS OF THE CAPULETS.

(A. CALLCOTT.)

G B A N D B A L L J E T D E S T L E V B S.  
The "cold corpus"—meeting of the rival Lovers, who, being unable to fall in with each other's views, take the opposite course and fall out—the Downfall of Paris—the Cup of Cold Poison does its deadly work—deep lamentations of "a large circle of sorrowing friends"—opportune and considerate intervention of a *Lea ex Machina*—a Grand Revival—

## I N D I G N A T I O N O F T H E I M M O R T A L B A R D .

An Apology and a happy re-union under the Walls of  
T H E T E M P L E O F F A M E.

# ROMEO AND JULIET;

OR, THE CUP OF COLD POISON.

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SCENE I.—*A Street in Verona.*

*Enter MERCUTIO and ATTENDANTS, R.*

MERCUTIO (*to Attendants*) Friends, rum 'uns, Montagues! the natural foes  
Of all the Capulets, spare not your blows.  
They come this way, behold each braggart stepper;  
Well, as they're mustered strong we'll give 'em pepper.  
ATTENDANTS. (*to MERCUTIO*) We will—we will.

*Enter TYBALT and Attendants, L.*

TYBALT. (*drawing sword*) Your wills—you'd better make 'em.  
For all your hang-dog lives, we mean to take 'em.  
MERCU. (*drawing*) Do you?  
ATTENDANTS of TYBALT. We do—we do!  
MERCU. That's very true.  
Each Capulet we know's a regular doo.

TYBALT. Insult?

MERCU. Whatever it seems, sir, in your eye,  
And after insult you'll have *injury*.

(MERCUTIO takes a sight at TYBALT)

TYBALT. You take a sight at me, sir?

MERCU. (*putting both hands to his nose*) Double!

TYBALT. That second sight will get you into trouble.

Draw.

MERCU. How will you take it pray—before I tug  
To gain your *bier*, methinks, you'll risk your mug.

TYBALT. Half and half measures! I scorn 'em—I've got  
The will to give it, as to take it, hot—

*They fight—in the midst of the fight, PARIS enters, with  
GUARDS who stop the fray.*

*Song—PARIS—Air, “The Keel row.”*

Oh what a row, what a rumpus, and a rioting,

Montagues and Capulets for ever on the brawl;

Verona is a place that you never can be quiet in,

For day and night, they brawl and fight, and never cease at all.

MERCU. Please 'twasn't me, sir, 'twas he began the bobbyry.

TYBALT. Upon my word 'twas he, sir, that first began, I vow,

PARIS. This rumpusing and rioting may end in death and robbery.

So Montagues and Capulets, I pray you cease your row.

PARIS. Put up your swords, your war whoops cease all you.

We've had enough of *whoop and dooden doo*.

Be of the lot, or I myself will pitch in;

In fact, I bid you all to clear the kitchen.

*All go off to the tune of, “Clar de Kitchen”—MERCUTIO returns.*

MERCU. A paradox, I see, in this ill luck;

Our mill is stopp'd 'ere yet our hands have struck.

*Enter APOTHECARY, L.*

APOTH. I hope I see you well. (*aside*) Would he were ill;

And then, perhaps he'd order my new pill.

MERCU. Who are you?

APOTH. The apothecary.

MERCU. Pooh!

Romeo and Juliet, I know all through.

And the apothecary don't arrive.

Upon the scene, you know, 'till act five.

APOTH. Look here, old chap, the times and seasons varies—

There's several new acts for apothecaries.

I'm daily qualified; one of those who will

Be made a voter by the new Reform Bill.

I'll brook no longer to be stowed away

In the fifth act, of even Shakespeare's play.

MERCU. This comes of giving franchise to the masses,

Apothecaries, and the lower classes.

APOTH. I say.

MERCU. Well?

APOTH. Just now, looking from my *windy*,

I thought I saw a row—a regular shindy

Between the Capulets and Montagues—

Verona's cats and dogs—its broils and stews—

Were there no heads broke?

MERCU.

No

APOTH. Not a single nut.

MERCU. No, good apothecary, there was nut.

**APOTH.** It's very odd, but, when there's so much fighting,  
 There ought to be, I think, prescription writing ;  
 But, as for me—ah ! sad is my disaster—  
 I can't sell 'em an inch of sticking plaister.  
 They are so desperate—stick each other through—  
**And** leave me not a single job to do.  
 Oh, for a broken leg—a bruise—a scratch—  
**A** joint to set—a fractured head to patch—  
**A** joint ! I never see one. I have had,  
 (Upon my word, sir, it is far too bad)  
 This blessed day—it was not a *good 'un*—  
 Nothing but a pennyworth of *pudd'n*.  
 Sir, it was like the sun, which, people say,  
 Has spots upon it, seen i' the glare of day ;  
 This one had plums, but like those spots on high,  
 Invisible unto the naked eye.  
 I'm bound to say, although I am not nice,  
 It was not even filling at the price.

**MERCU.** Seek you charity ? I cannot give, unless

You advertise your case of *real* distress ;  
 Put in the *Times*,—pray take the hint,  
 Folks mostly give to see their names in print.

**APOTH.** Hard-hearted world ! but I'll serve it out,  
 I'll turn a quack, like many here about,  
 Dub myself doctor, and profess to cure.  
 What shall be my line ?—why *deafness*, to be sure !  
 Yes, take the fees first, and often change my name—  
 Oh, believe me, it's a splendid *little game*.

(MERCUTIO coughs)

Pray cough no more—here is what will stop it ;  
 Just take these lubricating drops, and drop it.  
 I see you're far from well—your colour gone—  
 What your constitution wants, is tone.

Duet. —“ *Lovely Zitella.*”

**APOTH.** Sarsaparilla three times a day,  
 If you grow iller, why then you may  
 Rub in this ointment—swallow these pills—  
 However long standing, they'll cure all your ills—  
 Sarsaparilla three times a day.

**MERCU.** { Sarsaparilla ! take it away.  
**APOTH.** { Sarsaparilla,—buy some, I pray.  
**MERCU.** { Sarsaparilla to the dogs with 't, I say !  
 Go, saucy fellow ! you're not an M.D.,  
 Don't think to sell ah your rubbish to me ;

If you pester me longer, your pestle I'll take,  
And in your own mortar you powder I'll make.  
Sarsaparilla, &c.

*Dance.—Exit APOTHECARY, R.*

MERCU. (*looking off*) Here comes Romeo—poor fellow, he's  
mooney

Sweet on Rosoline! Oh, regular spooney,—  
Found him this morning at the lady's door,  
Waving up kisses to the second floor—  
Radiant with joy, as Phœbus or Aurora,  
Wooing with warm smiles a *second Flora*!  
And then unto his lady love he played  
Upon the Jewish harp a serenade;  
While ever and anon there came a flow  
Of voice with "Sweep!" and then of "Milk below!"

*ROMEO is heard singing off, L., MERCUTIO stands aside,  
and ROMEO enters, in a melancholy mood, L. to R.*

MURCU. His bosom swells, the heavy sighs rise on it;

The man's in love—that's about the size on it

ROMEO (*taking out Photograph and kissing it*) Sweet Rosoline!  
nor yet as sweet by half

As represented in this photograph.

The sun was envious of those dainty hands—

So fist-like has he drawn them—and he brands

The sweetest smile that ever heart did win,

In likeness of a silly sort of grin!

MERCU. (*looking over his shoulder*) Sixpence in frame complete,  
that's about it.

ROMEO. Now there you're wrong, my friend; perhaps you  
doubt it?

But fourpence is the figure now-a-days—

The *walks* of art are now but common *ways*. (*kisses photograph and sighs*)

MERCU. Good Romeo, are you ill?

ROMEO. Yes, I'm queer.

MERCU. Where do you feel it?

ROMEO. (*laying hand on heart*) Oh! I feel it here.

MERCU. Oh! you are in love—over head and ears—

But why so sad?—your eyes are set with tears,

When you should smile.

ROMEO. Rosy!

MERCU. Pooh! forget her.

You'll see some other girl you'll like much better.

ROMEO. I've dreamt a dream—Oh! 'twas a horrid dream!

MERCU. Queen Mab's been with your worship, it would seem.

She is the very deuce, and goes to work  
 By aid of pickled salmon and roast pork;  
 Sits on the stomach of an alderman;  
 O'er every drowsy sense does hold her ban.  
 Her waggon-spokes of grill'd and devilled bones,  
 Her wheels give out a constant sound of groans;  
 Her whip, a knotted lash of champagne wires;  
 Her chariot, a stew-pan, wrapped in fires;  
 Her shouts are pepper, and her oaths are spice;  
 She's something nasty, after something nice.  
 In fact, my buck, to speak out plain and fair,  
 What you've been suffering from is the nightmare!

ROMEO. Have you quite done? (MERCUTIO nods)

Well, all I've got to say—

We suffer now from *mayors* in the day. (*relapses into grief*)

Enter APOTHECARY with paper, R.

APOTH. Gentlemen and scholars, I have found this bit  
 Of paper—there is something on it writ.

MERCU. Read it.

ROMEO. Read it.

MERCU. Read it.

APOTH. I've lost my specs.

MERCU. You can't read, that's the fact.

APOTH. Ah! he suspects.

ROMEO. What are you?

APOTH. An apothecary.

ROMEO. True—

Learning we don't expect from such as you!

(snatches paper)

Hollo! what's this? By Jove—a blank invite  
 To sup at the rich Capulet's to night. (gives it back)

Go, join these butterflies, you starveling cub.

APOTH. Where there are *butterflies*, there may be *grub*.

ROMEO. Much good may it do you.

MERCU. Pray, have your fill

At Capulet's expense.

APOTH. Trust me, I will.

Oh, ye puddings, pies, and little chickens;

Ye roley-poleys and nice little pickings—

(going, returns) But gentlemen, kind gentlemen, pray buy

A little article, a cake of soap—or try

This shaving paste—a tooth brush, cheap—

Last of my stock. I have a wife to keep.

No end of little children, too, at home.

Oh, do buy something. Twopence for this *comb*

Your worship.

ROMEO. *His worship* has no pity  
For waifs who stray to sell combs in the city.

MERCU. I'll show you how to start him like a hare.

Apothecary ! (beckoning him) Ah ! hem ? Here's the Lord Mayor.

*APOTHECARY exits, r. hurriedly.*

MERCU. That scarecrow just reminds me—

ROMEO. Of what, I pray ?

MERCU. That at the feast at Capulet's to-day

A lady will be present whose good looks

Transcend all that written in the poet's books.

There's no mistake about it. Oh, she is fair,

A duck, a darling, a perfect stunner—there !

ROMEO. Her name ?

MERCU. Juliet. Go with me and see her.

Oh, she's the sweetest girl you e'er came near.

ROMEO. She can't come up to Rosy, the fairest star

In all the firmament of beauty.

MERCU. Bah !

Juliet's the sun itself at height of day.

You scarce can look on her.

ROMEO. Without smoked glass—eh ? (*gong sounds*)

MERCU. Is that Big Ben that struck by late improvement ?

ROMEO. Yes, struck, cracked, on the twelve hour's movement.

MERCU. Let us join this *union*, and save a rout,

In case old Capulet should *lock us out*.

*Air, "I'm off to Charlestown."*

MERCU. The massa and the missus—

ROMEO. The Capulets you mean,

MERCU. Are giving their retainers

ROMEO. Their annual feast of bean ;

BOTH. { And while they both together  
Are holding their soirée  
Let us be off to Capulet's,  
And be in time for tea.

*Chorus.—MERCUTIO and ROMEO.*

We're off to Capulet's to stay until the morning,

We're off to Capulet's to sing and dance and play ;

We'll pay our respects to all the pretty ballet girls,

And we won't go home till morning, until the break of day.

*Exeunt, l.*

SCENE SECOND.—*Garden of Capulet's House, decorated for a Masquerade. House with balcony, l.; view of palace at back; MASKERS at sides, clinking drinking cups, and singing.*

*First Chorus in "Hugonots."*

Fill the cup,  
Fill the cup,  
Fill 'till it run o'er.  
Drink it up,  
Drink it up,  
Fill it up once more.  
Draining, drinking,  
Draining, drinking, clinking,  
To the health of Juliet,  
The health of Juliet!

*Enter BALLET—at end of BALLET, MASKERS pass across the stage—LADY CAPULET comes forward and speaks.*

LADY C. Let me see, what is Juliet's age?—at Lammas tide,  
She will be fourteen—ere then I was a bride,  
And why not Juliet? I see no cause to tarry;  
What are young girls use for, but to marry?  
And now when wed for better or for worse,  
And don't like it, they can sue for a divorce.  
Oh, it takes less time now, if you try it,  
The marriage knot to untie than to tie it.  
Why now always, if wife and husband fight,  
Or have a difference at the dead of night,  
All they've to do—'tis nearly truth I tell—  
'Tis to go down and ring Sir Creswell's bell;  
To make it up he never tries to force 'em,  
He'll come down in his night cap and divorce 'em.  
Juliet shall marry—Young Paris just will suit,  
He's noble, handsome, and he's rich to boot.  
Nurse! nurse!

NURSE. (*without*) Yes, mum.

*Enter NURSE, L.*

LADY C. I want you, nurse; come hither.  
NURSE. Yes, mum.

LADY C. Now, come, thou canst tell me whether  
My daughter Juliet is inclined to favour  
The suit of Paris.

NURSE. Heaven bless and save her,  
She's a sweet creature! and as to Paris, why,  
As I says to Mrs. Harris,—Mum, says I,

He's a handsome chap as e'er you'd wish to see.

But as I've said afore, Miss Juliet she

Is too good for the best of 'em, says I.

And says she to me—says she—It makes me cry.

Does it, says I. Yes, says she, it do.

Yes, ma'am, and I couldn't help a crying too—

LADY C. Pooh! pooh! pooh! what are her predilections!

I want to know the state of her affections.

NURSE. Well, there is one on whom she's set her heart,

From whom she vows that she will never part.

LADY C. Good heavens!

NURSE. Yes, and twenty times a day  
That form she hugs and kisses.

LADY C. (seizing her) What is't you say?

NURSE. That party she does always much extol.

LADY C. The villain's name, I charge you!

NURSE. Ma'am, her doll.

LADY C. Bah! has she no other love?

NURSE. I grieve to state  
She has, a regular passion, which I can't abate;

Not wisely, but too well, she loves—

LADY C. Wretch, do not mock  
A mother's feelings! whom?

NURSE. Why, almond rock!

LADY C. Pooh, she shall marry.

NURSE. She loves not Paris.

LADY C. Bah!  
Paris shall be our's—we'll try *a coup d' etat*.

LADY C. goes up C.  
NURSE. Her heart is *flint* and *steel*, and, save the mark,  
Poor Juliet's heart is *tinder*, and the *spark*  
Is Paris—the match may light! Ah, pretty dove!  
Twill never light in thee flame of love.  
Than by heir apparent to that parent there,  
I'd be without e'er a parent, I declare.

*Enter CAPULET, R., and TYBALT, L., meeting, followed by GUESTS.*

CAPULET. Tybalt, how d'ye do? welcome to ye all,  
My honour'd guests,—pray keep up the ball.

*Enter ROMEO and MERCUTIO, R., masked,*

TYBALT. (to CAPULET) Look, uncle, there's a Montague!

CAPULET. Eh! where?

TYBALT. Why over yonder,—don't you see him there (*points*)

CAPULET. It's Romeo.

TYBALT.

I'll go and punch his head!

CAPULET. No, don't, let's have a row!—the youth's well bred,  
For good behaviour known, and early hours;  
Nor drinks, nor smokes, nor plays—

TYBALT.

Then, by the powers,  
I'll give him challenge! for, to tell the truth,  
There's nought I hate more than your model youth.

(advances)

CAPULET. Hold! think of the rights of hospitality—  
He is our guest, and one of quality.

(CAPULET steps between him and ROMEO)

TYBALT. The time will come we'll meet without these walls,  
And when we do, my buck, look out for squalls.

*Characters walk about the stage and at length dispose themselves at sides, leaving c. at back clear—Enter JULIET, L., dressed in short petticoats and pinafore, PARIS chasing her, JULIET drives her hoop round the stage, and at last PARIS catches and kisses her at back, c.*

ROMEO. (to MERCUTIO) By jove, a goddess.

MERCU. Where's your Rosy now?

ROMEO. Nowhere, I'm bound to say—Oh! that marble brow,  
Those eyes, those lips.

MERCU. Those teeth,

ROMEO. That do resemble,

The eastern ivory

And the *tout ensemble*.

ROMEO. Ah! she's a dove, a pretty pouter—

APOTH. (coming down L., eating from a pie dish) A scrumptious  
girl, a regular out-and-outer.

ROMEO. Her lips are cherries.

APOTH. You can't eat 'em, I

Prefer by far the cherries of this pie. (retires up eating)

NURSE. (coming down, R.) The girl's a credit to her  
brought'n's up,

Although I says it—I'll take another cup.

(drinks and retires up)

CAPULET. (advancing) Ladies and gentlemen—my honored  
guests,My lovely daughter Juliet requests  
The choice of partner—the girl's a treasure,  
I can't refuse her—she would dance a measure.

*The GUESTS form a semicircle—JULIET runs round to music  
with her handkerchief in her hand, which at length she  
throws to ROMEO.*

*Trio.*—ROMEO, JULIET, PARIS.—*Air, "Buffalo Girls."*

ROMEO. Oh pretty little girl, will you dance to-night—dance to-night—dance to-night?

JULIET. This pretty little girl will dance to-night, so, young man, there's my hand.

PARIS. (*coming up*) This pretty little girl shan't dance to-night—dance to-night—dance to-night,

This pretty little girl shan't dance to-night—at least, sir, not with you.

ROMEO. Let the lady choose.

JULIET. (*chooses ROMEO*) Well, I agree, sir,

ROMEO. You see sir—

PARIS. I see, sir, that you seize her,

But for that seizing, at another season

I'll make you smart, or else, I'll know the reason.

CAPULET. Now choose your partners—places for the hop—

Are you all ready—let the weasel pop.

*In the mean time MERCUTIO has chosen LADY CAPULET—the APOTHECARY the NURSE; ROMEO, JULIET; and PARIS one of the guests—when the signal is given they start off into a grotesque dance, to the tune of "Pop goes the Weasel."—presently ROMEO, JULIET, PARIS and MERCUTIO dance off, R., leaving NURSE and APOTHECARY dancing—the music grows fainter and fainter, as if retreating, and at length they dance without music—they stop suddenly—APOTHECARY offers NURSE his arm and exeunt—then enter ROMEO—JULIET with her hoop, as from supper.*

ROMEO. Fairest of the sex, I feel that I could

JULIET.

Well?

ROMEO. I feel a great deal more than tongue can tell.

JULIET. Do you, la—do you like toffee? Just stop—

Hold my hoop, (*gives hoop*) I know a stunning shop—

(*brings out various sweetmeats from pocket*)

There's candy-sugar, peppermint, and nibs,

Hundreds-and-thousands, Bonyparty's ribs,

That's toffee, hardbake, and there's almond rock—

That's nicest. (*eats*) Do I your feelings shock?

ROMEO. Oh, no!

JULIET. There they are—white, blue, green, and red;

Eat 'em, as I do, when you go to bed.

ROMEO. Thank you.

JULIET. Stop, perhaps you haven't, may be,

Set eyes upon the new Berlin baby.

(*blows up toy and makes it squeak*)

ROMEO. I hear it.

JULIET. Aint it funny.

ROMEO. Blow it. (*she blows*)

In that sense blow it not—let me throw it  
Over the garden wall.

JULIET. What, my che-ild?

Inhuman monster, you would drive me wild!

ROMEO. Waste not the time — Love's nectared cup we're  
sipping—

Apple of my eye!

JULIET. Well, go on, my pippin.

(ROMEO takes JULIET down and sings)

*Duet—"The Old Bog Hole."*

ROMEO. This very night when they're all gone away,  
Over the wall there I'll find my way;  
And under your window you'll hear me sigh,  
Julie, come out on the balcony.

JULIET. I'd like it very much, but the nurse might hear,  
And the bottles on the wall might scratch you, dear,  
And the dog might seize you by the leg, while I,  
Julie, would be screaming on the balcony.

BOTH. Arrah! coushla mavourneen, won't you marry me?  
Coushla mavourneen; arrah, grammachree!  
Cushla mavonrneen, won't you marry me?  
And be happy as Kathleen and Barney Magee!

(at the end of the song the GUESTS return, APOTHECARY comes round L., NURSE R., APOTHECARY rather unsteady—business)

CAPULET. (coming forward) My honored guests, it's getting late, and I

Scorn to act towards you with hypocrisy.  
It's half-past twelve—I'm sleepy—and I think  
You'll all have had enough to eat and drink!

*Chorus—"Express Galloppe."*

CAPULET. So go, go, go, let me show you to the door,

GUESTS. No, no, no, no. this is not polite, sir,

Fie, fie, fie, let us dance a little more,

Let us stay, let us stay, then let us say good-night, sir.

CHORUS. Round, round on the lightest fantastic toe,

Let us bound to the echo of our feet;

Round, round in the gallop let us go,

To the music's merry, lively, cheering beat.

(all dance off except ROMEO, who lingers behind to wave kisses to JULIET; APOTHECARY with a bottle is seen to stagger into an arbour, NURSE calls to SERVANTS, who enter)

NURSE. John, Thomas, Antonio, put away  
The remnants of the feast. Another day  
We'll have a party of our poor relations  
To eat 'em up—they don't oft see such rations.  
And mind collect the wine from every cup,  
Pour it back again and bottle it up.

(takes bottle from table, and puts it under her apron, and exit into house, JULIET being still left on the stage.  
NURSE puts her head out and calls)

NURSE. Juliet, Juliet, come to bed.

JULIET. Anon, anon—

(lingering at the door and sighing)

Well, really, he's a very nice young man.

Exit, L.

(the APOTHECARY comes out of the arbour, very drunk, with a bottle and cup)

APOTH. A jollier evening I did never spend. (hiccoughs)  
I'm drunk—it's late, but never too late to mend. (drinks)  
Steady, Apothecary, if you can  
Say "truly rural," you're a sober man.  
I'll try—"The scenery about here is truly rural."  
(speaks "truly rural" in a drunken manner, rendering it  
"tooral looral")

Oh, crikey, such pies, such cold fowls and tarts,  
And this Tokay the cup that cheers our hearts,  
But not inebriates. (interpolating "tooral looral," and hic-  
coughs) Hollo, I say,  
Where's all the company? (stares about) Why, they're  
Gone away. (staggers about the stage)  
I'm all alone—locked in. Well, never mind.  
Upon yon arbour bench a bed I'll find.  
I've hid another bottle and the trifle bowl.  
I was a trifle bold to do it, 'pon my soul.

(falls on his back on stage, and speaks the following in a  
drunken manner, humming occasionally a snatch of  
"Jenny Jones," the music of which is played piano  
throughout.)

The world's a globe for ever turning round.  
I feel it now. I'm flat upon the ground.  
There it goes, round, round. Why, dash my wig! I  
If it ain't spinning like a whirligig.

Talk about the pump and drinking fountain,  
Give me the dew from off Ben Nevis mountain  
That Long John gathers; he's a jolly brick,  
With that long party I am very thick.

" Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are.  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky."

There shines old Mars—he's winking at another,  
There's sweet Venus, his respected mother.

*Staggers into arbour.*

*Enter JULIET on Balcony, L.—DOG barks.*

JULIET. Be quiet, Caesar! (*dog barks and whines*) That dog when  
it gets dark  
Gives us a nightly dose of *whine* and *bark*.

*Song—Serenade, "Don Pasquale."*

JULIET. " 'Tis dog's delight—

DOG. Bow, wow, wow.

JULIET. " To bark and bite.

DOG. Bow, wow, wow.

JULIET. Bad dog, be still.

DOG. Bow, wow, wow.

JULIET. That dog pray kill.

DOG. Bow, wow, wow.

(at the end of song, Dog barks. JULIET goes in.

APOTH. (from arbour) Dog Tray, be quiet (*sings*) He's gentle  
and he's kind.

(spoken) No, he ain't (*DOG barks*) But never, never mind,  
I'll go to sleep in spite of "Old Dog Tray."

(Music.—ROMEO appears on the top of the wall and comes  
down ladder.)

ROMEO. He jests at scars, who never wore a patch,

Or mounted garden wall and got a scratch  
From row of broken bottles.

*JULIET appears on balcony.*

JULIET.

Ha! 'tis he!

ROMEO. Juliet!

Romeo, ah! yes! 'tis he!

JULIET. Oh, say that name again!

Oh, me! oh!

Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?

ROMEO. Well, pon my soul, my love, my sweet, my dear,

I haven't got the most remote idea;

My father perhaps—

JULIET. Deny him. Then my mother,

ROMEO. Then my mother, She does not know I'm out.

JULIET. Oh, what a bother!

ROMEO. What is bother, sweet?

JULIET. That you,

My Romeo, should be a Montague,  
And I Capulet—and yet what's in a name?  
Were you called Jones, I'd love you all the same;  
You'd be no worse, mark this I do entreat—  
The Serpentine by other name would smell as sweet.

ROMEO. Would I were some one else—

JULIET. But fate assigns  
A bitter lot and rules the hardest lines.

ROMEO. (*sneezes and as if with cold in his head*) It's getting  
chilly, dear, but hear me swear—

By the boon, green cheese of heaven—look there,  
Shining as brightly as a silver spoon.

JULIET. (*sneezing, and with a cold*) Swear not by the boon—  
the inconstant boon,

Who changes oft, and twelve times in a year  
Hooks it like a tenant in arrear.

ROMEO. What shall I swear by then, to gain a seat  
In your affections?

JULIET. Oh, do not swear, my sweet,  
At all. A good rule we now commence with,  
We take our seats, the oaths we do dispense with.

ROMEO. Then I am yours.

NURSE. (*calling from within*) Juliet!

JULIET. Hush! I hear  
Old nurse's voice—she comes, go, there's a dear;  
To-morrow in the friar's cell we'll meet.

ROMEO. I trust that cell may not turn out a cheat.

*Duet.—Air, "Behold how brightly."*

ROMEO. Good night, sweet love, 'tis such sweet sorrow  
To bid adieu, e'en for an hour,  
I'd say good night until to-morrow,  
When we shall meet to part no more.

JULIET. Go, go! be off! but mind the dog—  
Hush, hush!—softly tread—  
Look, look before you leap that log,  
Hush, hush!—softly tread—  
Lest the nurse should wake and find you here.

(*Juliet enters & goes in*) JULIET goes in—exit ROMEO over wall.

*Enter NURSE upon the balcony, L., in her night cap, with candle.*

I heard a person singing I'll be sworn,  
It could not be the larks, 'tis not yet morn,  
Well, if the larks are not yet up, the sparks  
Are very likely to be up to larks.

APOTHECARY comes forward and addresses NURSE.

APOTH. Queen of my soul—angel—lovely creature

Of form divine—grace in every feature!

APOTHECARY *sings in imitation of Romeo, "Barcarole—Masaniello."*—the NURSE throws flower pot upon him, comes from the house, and assails him with an umbrella —chases him round the garden and APOTHECARY escapes up ladder.

*Song.—NURSE.—"Limerick Races."*

I'll tell you what, my lad, if I catch you at your fun, sir,  
I'll satisfy your skin if here again you come, sir;  
Oh, murther, won't I crack his head, and I won't have any pity  
On boys who make so free as to court my girl so pretty.

Musha tooraloo, let me catch them at their fun, sir—

Arrah phillaloo, they'll wish they hadn't come come, sir.

The boys here are so gay, so frolicsome and frisky,  
They brawl and fight by day, and at night take too much whisky;  
Oh, botheration take them all, confound their handsome faces,  
If I catch them here again, I'll put them through their paces.

*Chorus: Musha tooraloo, &c. Exit, L.*

SCENE THIRD. — *Friar Lawrence's Cell — table and chairs pushed on with scene.*

*Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE, L., with a basket—sets pie, bottle, &c., to music.*

FRIAR. And now to mortify myself—here goes.

But stop, before I administer blows,  
For my soul's health, I'll treat me to a *lick*  
Of this nice pie—unto my ribs 'twill stick.  
For my transgression, and my grievous sin,  
I'll wear it—yes, I'll wear it next my skin.

*(rubs his stomach and takes bottle)*

I'll take this inside first, to wet my throttle, *(drinks)*  
And then I'll rub my outside with the bottle.

Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ho! ho, ho, ho!

I don't mortify myself—oh, no—no— *(eats pie)*

This pastry is delicious, and this old port

Is the good old fruity thirty shilling sort.

Drawn from the wood—the log-wood—I'll be sworn,  
But when one's short—any port in a storm. *(laughs)*

*Song.—Air, "Nix my Dolly."*

This box, with my stone jug, I don't scorn,  
I don't scorn,  
With no end of victuals, night and morn,  
I make away.  
And no farmer or merchant, I'll venture to say,  
Ever cuts capers by half so gay,  
For I takes my "bellyful" every day,  
I take a jolly pull every day  
Myself for my sins I mortify,  
Mortify,  
With a piece of Watling's porcine pie,  
Which I must say,  
Is calculated to make one gay,  
And pleasantly your stomach to stay,  
If you take a jolly pull every day,  
If you take a jolly pull every day.  
I'll slip my darbies some fine day,  
Some fine day,  
And out of the world take holiday;  
But while I stay,  
I'll religiously stick to the mouching lay,  
Keep from going to dust by wetting my clay,  
And taking my jolly pull every day.  
In its nice bed of crust so crisp and thin,  
Behold the pigeon—now I'll tuck it in; (*eats*)  
Splendid, first-rate—I'll take a little more,  
Capital—(*knock at door*) Who's dat knocking at de door?  
I'm piously employed, (*knocking*) just wait a little,  
*puts away pie and wine, and substitutes vegetables and water jug*  
I'll serve the salad—that's the sort of victual—  
(*goes to door and undoes bolt*)

Enter, son or daughter, as the case may be.

Enter ROMEO, R.

ROMEO. Father, good Morrow!

FRIAR. My son, benedicite!

You're welcome, though my cell is poor and bare.  
Pray can I offer you (*offers onion*) in fact a chair?  
(*FRIAR goes on eating turnip with great appearance of pious self-denial*)

ROMEO. Thank you! calmly he submits to self-denial's rub,  
And finds in vegetables grub and bulb

(*FRIAR puts off table, &c.*)  
Abstemious man! e'er bent on pious toil,  
It's a-hard a friar cannot have a broil.

FRIAR. And now, young man, if there is ought for you  
In my little way that I can do—

ROMEO. Exactly! the very thing I've come about—  
Only it's a job you must be mum about.

FRIAR. A job by *peace* work!

ROMEO. Pray your wonder cease.  
I'll pay you for the job; and for your peace,  
Concede *nine hours*.

FRIAR. Was that a joke you meant?

ROMEO. Nay, more, I will give you up the *document*.

FRIAR. In that case I'll make shift to ban or bless,  
Since shift is made where shifts are made for less.

What would you bid me do? is it a deed—  
A bill without a name?

ROMEO. This is my need,  
Matrimony,—and for a matter o' money,  
I'd not stand still were't all my patrimony!

FRIAR. Faith, then, you shan't. Of course I need not say  
The lady's Rosaline?

ROMEO. There you're wrong!

FRIAR. Hey, day,

Not Rosaline! do you, then, put off your loves  
As often as you change your pairs of gloves?  
Oh, holy poker! what a change is here!  
Why t'other day—

ROMEO. I know, I held her dear.

Now hold her cheap,—and, towards another warming,  
I've sold her at a sacrifice alarming!  
And taken up with Juliet:—I see no harm—  
She's *hot* upon me, and her father's *warm*.

FRIAR. (*significantly*). I see, metal more attractive, I know.

ROMEO. Exactly.

FRIAR. (*aside*) That metal is the rhino!

ROMEO. I hear a step!

FRIAR. To hide I would advise you.

ROMEO. If it's my prize—

FRIAR. Why, then, I will *apprise* you!  
*Exit* ROMEO, L.—*a knock*

FRIAR. Who goes there?

JULIET. Please it's me.

FRIAR. And who is me?

ROMEO. (*popping out his head*) Who can it be?

FRIAR. A voice says "me."

ROMEO. Then it's she!

FRIAR. (*loudly*) Your looks and figure I would first be booking.

(*peeps through the keyhole*) You may come in, I see you are  
good looking.

*Enter JULIET, in cloak, R.*

Mysterious miss, what is it you would discover?  
JULIET. This, miss mysterious, has missed her lover.

(imploringly) Oh, tell me, joyial friar, tell me true;  
Has my sweetheart been here to-day, with you?

FRIAR. Behold, no longer cherish your alarms,  
He, quick as lightning rushes to your arms.

(brings ROMEO from L., they embrace)

ROMEO. Sweetest—dearest—*(kisses her)* there—there.

FRIAR. I say, my son,  
Don't be greedy, leave us half a one.

JULIET. I've got one left, and that shall be your right,  
When unto this beau, here, you have tied me tight.

FRIAR takes their hands—Orchestra begins to play, “Take  
thou this ring,” from *Sonnambula*, which changes to

*Air, “Jemmy Rogers.”*

FRIAR. Then you shall take this young girl, and she shall be  
your wife.

ROMEO. To that I do consent, sir, I'll love her all my life!

FRIAR. And you shall take this young man—your husband he  
shall be.

JULIET. The very thing I do require—to that I do agree!

ALL THREE. So we'll join your hands together, put on the  
magic ring,

And when that I have done the trick, we three shall  
dance and sing.

*Dance—exeunt JULIET and ROMEO, L.*

*Enter MERCUTIO hastily, R.*

FRIAR. *(aside)* Mercutio! What brings him here?

MERCU. Pray excuse us.

Without, there brews a heavy storm of bruises—

The day is hot—the Capulets are out

In the streets, and of their tempers; all about

Their outer garments, they, like Paddy, trail,

And ask their foes to tread upon the tail.

FRIAR. So, you, that you might fight another day,

Have plucked up pluck to cut and run away—

Best part of valour! (MERCUTIO draws sword threateningly)

Murder!

MERCU. Stop your bawling!

You have protection in your cloth of calling. (*puts up sword*)

Who doubts Mercutio's courage, him mistakes :  
 He hates a *broil*, but he will fight for *stakes*.  
 As for these Capulets—adopt their view,  
 Fall in with them, and they'll fall out with you.  
 Assume a fashion—say, the all-round collar,  
 All round you'll find that you have raised their choler ;  
 If in the latest trouser you equip you,  
 They'll take you for a top, and straightway whip you.  
 They'll fight with one who's under their own size ;  
 They'll crack your *nut* because you've *hazel eyes*.  
 Inquire politely of them how's their mother,  
 They'll take it as offence and make a bother.  
 It matters not how small may be the matter ;  
 They'll quarrel if you ask them who's their hatter.  
 Yes, quarrel with their wives—

(FRIAR makes gestures of doubt) I don't deceive.

FRIAR. Quarrel with their wives?—that I don't believe!

It's not in nature—your story can't be true ;  
 I never heard of such a thing—(to audience)—Did you ?

MERCUTIO paces stage—when enter TYBALT, L., drawing sword.

TYBALT. Mercutio—Montague—villain ! But why

Repeat terms synonymous.—Mind your eye !

MERCU. Tybalt, thou rat-catcher, whose red-haired daughter,

Doth vend most doubtful sprats about this quarter ;

Who has demeaned herself, and given her hand oh,

To him who calleth lily-white sand, oh !

And who, because she popped into the water,

Stabbed himself first, and then his donkey arter,

With a pane of glass, too—

TYBALT. I'll hear no more :

That *pane*'s a *painful* subject ; so, sir, drawr ! (they fight)

FRIAR. Oh, here's a rumpus in this scene of peace.

Holloa here ! help—help ! murder ! thieves !—police !

FRIAR runs off, L. TYBALT wounds MERCUTIO. FRIAR and ROMEO enter, L. FRIAR supports MERCUTIO ; and ROMEO runs TYBALT through as he is escaping from the door.

ROMEO. (supporting MERCUTIO) Mercutio, my friend—my noble friend, alas !

Completely cooked's his bird of Michaelmas.\*

But, for our house and thee, I've vengeance taken ;

Tybalt is dead as thee, or I'm mistaken.

MERCU. (dying) Oh, plague o' both your Houses--the Lower  
 And the Upper ! I—I never more

Will join in your *debates* and your *divisions*,  
Which never seem to help you to decisions.

I now must yield to Tybalt's *resolution* ;  
There's nothing for it but a *dissolution*.

FRIAR. Cheer up—cheer up ! and *to the country go*.

ROMEO. 'Twill give you strength—'tis not a mortal blow.

MERCUL. 'Tis not so deep as bill discounters are ;

Nor yet so wide—no, not so wide by far,  
As church doctrine is ; but it is quantum suff,

By which I mean to say, it is enough.

Call on me to-morrow for the taxes,

And this reply they'll make to him who axes :

He ain't at home ; don't shilly shally here.

He's ta'en a drive, but in his Shillibeer (*they begin to lead him off*)

Stop, as he's cooked my goose, oh, let me, if I can,  
Die—die—singing like the fabled swan.

*Air—“Carry me back to old Virginny.”*

I've lived, I'm very much afraid,

An indifferent sort of life,

A raking and a roistering

In a constant broil and strife ;

But now I'm growing faint and cold,

And it's all up with me,

So carry me out and bury me *decent*

Under the old yew tree.

(*takes bones out of his pocket and accompanies himself*)

So carry me out and bury me deep.

Oh, carry me through the door.

The Montagues and Capulets

Will never trouble me more.

*During the chorus, ROMEO and FRIAR hold MERCUTIO up, so that his legs dangle and swing about in an involuntary manner to the music.—Exeunt, L.*

#### SCENE FOURTH.—Juliet's Boudoir.

JULIET *discovered seated,*

JULIET. (*to her doll*) Companion of my youth — my doll,  
good-bye ;

Your like I'll never see. You do not cry—

No victuals do require—and do not bawl

When thus upon the floor I let you fall.

(*drops doll and takes hoop*)

And you, my hoop, too, I must bid adieu ;  
 No longer can I dare to trundle you—  
 No longer to the eye let you be seen.  
 My hoops are now the hoops of erinoline.

(*puts hoop down and takes skipping rope*)  
 My skipping rope that made the hours skip by,  
 I've other ropes to skip with, and I sigh.  
 Husbands don't like to see their wives a-skipping,  
 Fearful lest some day they might find them tripping.

(*throws away rope and takes out sweetmeats*)  
 Ye sugared shapes in every form of neatness,  
 I bid a long farewell to all your sweetness.

*Enter NURSE, hurriedly, L.*

NURSE. Sad news—sad news.

JULIET. What ?

NURSE. Let me get my breath.

JULIET. Speak, speak—thy news, is it of life or death ?

NURSE. It's—it's—oh, the spasms !

JULIET. Where ?

NURSE. Here, within.

Oh, give me—

JULIET. What ?

NURSE. A—a—little drop of gin.

(JULIET takes flask—NURSE drinks ; and when JULIET offers to take it away she puts it in her pocket)

Thank you. I'll keep it here, quite unexposed,  
 To put my lips to when I'm so disposed.

JULIET. And now thy news.

NURSE. Oh, oh ! another twitch !

JULIET. Where ?

NURSE. Here—no there—oh, a regular stitch ! (*drinks*)

JULIET. You'll be *sewn* up if you have more such *stitches*.

Come, come, your news. Tell me what is—which is—  
 Which—who's who—who's fought—who's won—who's  
 Head is broke ?

Who's not—who in whose wheel has put a spoke ?

Speak ! (*shakes her*)

NURSE. The fact is, Tybalt—Mercutio —no !

Paris—no, I don't mean Paris—Romeo

Was seen fighting with—ah ! ah !—Paris,

At least, so I was told by Mrs. Harris

Says she to me.—“ Oh, gracious mum ! ” says she,

“ There's Mr. Romeo fighting ! ” “ La ! ” says I ;

“ You don't mean it ? Who's he fighting with ? ” “ Why,”

Says'she, "They're quite promiscuous, each party  
Pitching into the other one quite hearty.  
Which it is a pity, 'cos of Paris."  
Them were the very words of Mrs. Harris.

JULIET. Oh, bother Mrs. Harris' tongue, most pliable—  
Have you no news of this that is reliable?

NURSE. Yes, here are the full particulars of the strife  
Recorded in the pages of *Bell's Life*.

JULIET. Oh! let me read it?

NURSE. There you will do wrong.  
Let me break it gently to you in a song.

*Air, "King of the Cannibal Islands."*

This is how the row begun—  
Tybalt he did poke his fun;  
Mercutio, that son of a gun,  
He wouldn't stand his nonsense.  
No sooner did they come to blows,  
Than Tybalt hit him on the nose,  
And gave him such an awful dose,  
Immediately the claret flows.  
Then doubling up his bunch of fives,  
Mercutio with science strives  
To fib his foe— at length deprives  
Tybalt of a peeper.

*Chorus.*

Hitting right and left they go,  
Peepers closed at every blow,  
The claret it does freely flow,  
Because of Tybalt's nonsense!

(spoken) First round.

(JULIET supports her, wipes her face with a sponge, and puts flask to her lips)

NURSE. Time!

At it again bold Tybalt goes,  
Mercutio's box of dominoes,  
Come rattling down upon his toes,  
And some go down his thorax,  
Another blow does Tybalt send  
Mercutio cannot defend—  
His other peeper's at an end,  
And now he cries out bellows to mend.  
And flop he comes down on the ground,  
Like Homer's heroes with a sound,  
That makes an echo all around.

Mercutio bites the dust, miss.

*Chorus.*—Hitting right and left they go, &c.

Now up comes Mr. Romeo,  
He cries out here's a precious go ;  
" Tybalt," says he, " you are my foe  
For killing of Mercutio."

On Tybalt's mug, he was not slow  
To plant a most tremendous blow ;  
And Mr. Tybalt cries out, " Oh,  
I've had enough, I think I'll go."  
But Romeo another crack,  
Hits him such an awful whack,  
That down he goes upon his back.

Tybalt's gone to grass, miss.

*Chorus.*—Hitting right and left they go,  
Peepers closed at every blow ;  
Up in the air the sponge doth go.  
Romeo won the belt, miss.

JULIET. Mercutio dead, by Tybalt slain, and, oh !

Tybalt in his turn by Romeo,

My cousin by my husband. Who gave offence ?

NURSE. Tybalt.

JULIET. Then was it done in self defence ?

(ROMEO heard whistling outside, R.)

JULIET. Hush ! that's Romeo's call.

NURSE. Yes ; he bid me say,  
He'd visit you before he went away.

(whistle again—JULIET goes to window, and imitates it in  
return)

JULIET. Oh, for Alladin's lamp to bring that lad in !

(NURSE lifting up her dress, and discovering rope ladder  
hanging on the barred hoops of her crinoline)

NURSE. I've brought a ladder in the shape of padding.

(they put ladder out of window)

A grand device in which a lover glories,

I'll tell some tale while he gets up those storeys

Exit NURSE, L.

Enter ROMEO through window, R.

JULIET. Romeo !

ROMEO. Juliet, hast heard the news ?

JULIET. Of course

It's very bad news.

ROMEO. The noose might have been worse ;  
I'm bann'd—

JULIET. To Norfolk Island or Cayenne.

ROMEO. Oh no, dear, to the district christened, N.  
The region is called Islington.

JULIET. I'm advised,  
The natives there are not yet civilized.  
ROMEO. So I have heard, but very few there are  
Who've penetrated to the north so far.  
JULIET. A dismal place, but I have read somewhere,  
That though so dark there is an *Angel* there.

To that angel's care let me commend thee,  
And may its fine pure spirit e'er attend thee.  
ROMEO. That spirit I'll invoke in numerous goes,  
And under its influence forget my woes !

JULIET. And me,—too much I fear—  
ROMEO. No, Juliet, never !

If cold I ever be, my timbers shiver,  
Ye naval gods, who do that sort of thing ;  
Such conduct on my head remorse would bring !  
I'll ne'er consort with drunkards or with gluttons,  
If e'er I do, my love, why dash my buttons !

JULIET. Your buttons, true ! who now on these will sew ?  
Who'll darn your socks ?

ROMEO. I'm *darned* if I know.

JULIET. But you'll return ?

ROMEO. I've reason to believe  
I'll soon obtain a ticket, dear, of leave.  
But if not soon, don't lay it to aversion—  
Don't make it out a case of base desertion !  
Don't join in those new matrimonial battles,  
And seek protection to your goods and chattels !

JULIET. I'd scorn the action !

ROMEO. You're a brick of bricks—  
I'll stick to you !

JULIET. And you'll have all my sticks.  
*Duet.—Air, "Lucia."*

JULIET. Adieu ! adieu !  
I'm in a stew  
In case that you  
I'll never see.

ROMEO. Oh, never fear,  
My pretty dear,  
Your spirits cheer,  
I'll come to thee.

*Exit ROMEO through window, R.*

*Enter NURSE, hurriedly, L.*

NURSE. Oh, please, Miss Juliet, your papa ! so pray beware—  
At great expense of breath he's getting up the stair.

(*Music.—"Sich a Getting up Stairs"*)

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS, R. 1 E.*

CAPULET. Juliet, my love—my daughter—oh, my daughter!

LADY C. Our sole offspring!

JULIET. I wonder what they're arter?

*Quartette.—Air, "Villikens and his Dinah."*

CAPULET. As Juliet is a valaking her chamber to day,  
Her papa (*that's me*) comes to her, and thus he  
does say,  
Go dress yourself, Juliet, in gorgeous array  
For I've found you a husiband both galliant and gay.  
*(Chorus)*

JULIET. Oh, papa and mamma, this is very unkind,  
To marry just yet I don't feel inclined,  
And all my large fortune I'd gladly give o'er,  
If you'll let me live single a year or two more.  
*(Chorus)*

CAPULET. Refuse your father!

LADY C. And deny your mother!

Ungrateful minx, I see you love another.

PARIS. Let me myself prefer my suit, and it  
May prosper.

JULIET. Sir, your Paris *suit* don't fit.

CAPULET. Go—go, bold daughter, on the world wide,  
Since you refuse to be this young man's bride;  
I'll leave my fortune to the next of kin,  
And you'll not have—no, not a single pin.

JULIET. Oh, stay my father, Paris, and my mother!  
And though I must confess I love another,  
My heart may undergo, with absolution,  
Towards Paris a complete revolution.

CAP. We'll give you half an hour to make your mind up.

*Exeunt PARIS, CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and NURSE,  
the latter weeping, R.*

JULIET. Oh, for a hand this wounded heart to bind up.

*Enter FRIAR, R.*

Oh, ghostly friar, and most reverend chap,  
Here's such a go—a terrible mishap. (*cries on his bosom*)

FRIAR. My child, don't weep. Oh, lor, I'm precious dry.  
I wish, like you, that I could wet my eye—  
That is, clear my whistle.

JULIET. (*going to cupboard*) Stop, be wary,  
There's nothing for *clear whistle* like canary.  
*(gives FRIAR bottle—he drinks)*

FRIAR. I like Canary—and it occurs to me  
Canary makes a *chirping* cup—d'ye see?  
Now, tell me all your trouble.

JULIET. Well, my father  
Bids me marry Paris. I would rather  
Be a toad, and live in green ponds to soak  
Than marry Paris—*live*—I'd rather *croak*.

FRIAR. Hold, daughter, hold, a kind of hope I spy,  
Of desperate execution, by-the-bye.  
If rather than to Paris you'd be wife,  
Thou hast the strength of mind to risk thy life;  
Then is it like that thou wilt have the pluck  
To dare the worst to save thee such ill luck?

JULIET. Rather than marry Paris, I would drink  
South Afric sherry—and I really think  
I would invest of all my wealth the half  
In shares of the Atlantic Telegraph.  
I'd leave off crinoline—neglect my supper—  
I'd even read a work by Mr. Tupper.

FRIAR. Will you do that?

JULIET. I will.

FRIAR. Then take this book—  
It is his latest work. When on page you look,  
A cold, drowsy humour soon will creep  
Over your sense—as more you read, a sleep  
Will overtake you, and your pulse will cease  
So sudden that you can't cry—"Help! Police!  
"Murder!" or "Thieves." And as you lie in bed,  
As hammer or as herring you'll seem dead.

JULIET. But will this state of *coma* mark a pause  
Of any length? Perchance by grammar's laws  
The *coma* may be follow'd by a *stop*  
To life itself.

FRIAR. Oh, pray that notion drop.  
Dismiss the fears that haunt you, and just take  
The dose. This is Wednesday. You shall wake  
In six days' time. In common phrase to speak  
"Twill knock you into the middle of next week."

JULIET. What is thy drift?

FRIAR. My *drift* as pure as *snow*.  
I'll send a letter to thy Romeo.  
And when you lie in state upon your bier,  
We'll watch your waking.

JULIET. Stay, shall I feel queer  
When from my state of *beer* I do awake?

FRIAR. Well, not much. Perhaps your head will ache  
A little—but then your heart—oh, how 'twill beat  
With joy to see your Romeo at your feet.

He'll bear you to a home, where Juliet's spells  
Ever hold sway—I mean, at Sadler's Wells.

JULIET. (taking book) Farewell. Pray, tell my father I repent,  
And that to marry Paris I consent.

*Exit Friar, R.—“Villikins,” played piano.*

Come then, soporific tame—and yet I fear my doom;  
What, if this tame should send me to my tomb?

(reads—yawns—rubs her eyes—stammers, as if under the  
influence of poison, and eventually sinks upon couch,  
dropping the book)

*Enter Nurse, R., calling Juliet and not seeing her.*

NURSE. Miss Juliet! Where is she? Why she's asleep,  
Fast as a church—high church I mean; she's deep  
In dreams of Romeo. Juliet! mistress, rise!  
What! not a word? Juliet! oh—ope thine eyes.

(shakes her)

Has she partaken of too potent tea?  
Eaten too many jumbles, or made free  
With unripe apples? or perhaps she might  
Through too close lacing, feel a little tight.  
Juliet! mistress! my chickabiddy dear—  
And did your papa vex you, did he, dear?  
It shall not marry Paris, then it shan't,  
For Romeo's the hubby it does want.  
And it shall have him, it shall. (touches her) Oh, my precious!  
Cold as an icicle—oh, goodness, gracious!  
She's fainted, swooned away—her pretty cheek  
Is blanched. Juliet, mistress, speak!

(sinks besides her and takes her hand, touching her fingers  
and then her feet)

Her ickle finnies told, her preety tootsies too.  
Sweetest mistress, Juliet, oh—what shall I do?  
The slumbering volcano of her life to stir.  
Ha! try the cratur. (puts flask to JULIET'S mouth) 'Tis  
impotent for her;  
It's all over (weeps) with her, she's taken summat—  
Will take the doctors all their time to come at.  
There's nothing left for this old nurse to do;  
But—but—but—to take—to take summut too.

(drinks, and fall at JULIET'S feet)

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS, R., dancing in a  
grotesque procession and singing.*

Air, “Miss Lucy she is handsome.”

PARIS. Oh! Miss Juliet, she is handsome.  
CAPULET. And Miss Juliet, she is free;

LADY C. And for a pretty little girl,  
 PARIS. There's none to equal she.  
 CAPULET. And she's going to marry Paris,  
 LADY C. And we have fixed the day,  
 CAPULET. So we shall have a wedding  
 ALL. And a dejeuner.

(*suddenly seeing JULIET on couch*)  
 CAPULET. Juliet ! my child !

LADY C. My daughter ! (*attempts to rouse her*)  
 PARIS. Oh, my bride !

CAPULET. She's ill !

LADY C. She's fainted !

PARIS. What's this by her side ?

CAPULET. Is it a phial, and is that phial red ?

PARIS. A work by Mr. Tupper.

ALL. Then she's dead !

*Music—“Villikins and Dinah,” mournfully.—CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS and NURSE.*

Alas for poor Juliet, she's cold on her bier,  
 And never no more, with her fond voice shall cheer !

CAPULET. Her father—

LADY C. Her mother—

NURSE. And her old nurse so true—

ALL. So farewell, sweet Juliet, farewell, boo—oo—oo !

(*Crying Chorus.—Scene closes.*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*Interior of the Apothecary's Shop, painted after Shakespeare's description.*

*Enter APOTHECARY, R.*

APOTH. I'll turn homœopathist—I will !

It brings more grist into the chemist's mill ;  
 Saves him material—these globules take  
 A very small amount of bread to make—  
 A million—whereas this bigger kind of pill  
 Tends very much to swell my baker's bill.  
 The globules too are safe—if a child should take  
 And swallow a whole box-full by mistake.  
 For bon-bons, or what not, why, why of course,  
 The little urchin will be none the worse.

*Enter BOY in apron, L., made up as a very stout “Buttons.”*

BOY. Please which is the arsenic, and which the daff ?

APOTH. Why taste 'em both, and see, you stupid calf.

They're both white and stand by one another ;  
 There find out for yourself and don't bother. *Exit BOY, L.*

What makes that boy so fat, I cannot think,  
*I* do not give him much to eat or drink.  
 Yet every day, more out and out he fills—  
 I shouldn't wonder if he eats my pills.  
 Oh, if my patients would but take my stuff  
 In larger quantities—they don't take enough—  
 That's how it is their health they don't enjoy.  
 See how the antibilious fattens that ere boy.

*Exit, R.*

*Re-enter ROMEO, L., a letter in his hand.*

Alas ! alas ! this lad doth cry in vain,  
 The lass he loves will never come again.  
 Juliet's no more. Shall Romeo survive  
 And keep this fire of burning grief alive.  
 Within his buzzum. No, not if I know it,  
 Some work for desperate hands—Oh, mischief show it.

*Song-Air, "Nothing More."*

I remember, I remember an apothecary,  
 His looks were like December, so lean and cold was he.  
 A tortoise, skin of fishes, earthen pots made all his store,  
 With pack-thread, cakes of roses, empty boxes—nothing more.

I remember, I remember his alligator stuffed,  
 That for talking like a Christian about the town was puffed.  
 It had goggle eyes tremendous, and most alarming maw,  
 But all it could articulate, was this one word—"papa."

Noting all this, I said it was my belief,  
 And if a man did seek to come to grief,  
 No safer, swifter means could he select  
 Than from this catiffs' hand a draft to accept.  
 Ah ! there's the very tortoise, the stuffed fishes,  
 Whose talking's all a cram—the pots—the dishes—  
 The musty seeds—the alligator—stop !  
 This must be the house—yes, this is the shop.  
 What ho !

*Enter APOTHECARY, R.*

APOTH. Here I am, your honour—don't go—stop !  
 Prescriptions accurately prepared !

ROMEO. (*turning and seizing him*) Ha !  
 You've come. Against myself I would make war !  
 Myself ! (*slapping his breast*)

APOTH. Oh, well ! What can I do for you ?  
 ROMEO. Do for me—just what I want you for to do ?  
 Do for me—settle my hash—douse my glim !  
 A cup of poison filled up to the brim.

**APOTH.** Don't you know, sir, that in Mantua  
To sell cold poison is against the law?  
It's hanging business!

**ROMEO.** Tut, tut, in one scale  
Weigh that. (*gives purse*) Your scruples scarce will counter-  
vail  
In t'other.

**APOTH.** They've kicked the beam, and you shall kick  
The bucket. Look here—this will do the trick.

(*producing flask*)

This bottle doth contain a subtle juice,  
Expressed from grape-like berries, the produce  
Of Southern Africa. A fiction doth define  
The liquid of the pleasing name of wine—  
But it is mortal poison.

**ROMEO.** This deadly juice  
Shall play the *deuce* with me—and cook my goose!

*Duett—Air, "The Apothecary."*

**APOTH.** (*giving bottle*) Shake that—take that—  
That will cure your pain;  
You needn't to repeat the draught,  
You'll never ache again.

**ROMEO.** (*giving purse*) Take that—take that!  
Tin, when I am dead,  
Is not the slightest use to me;  
Then all I want is lead,

**APOTH.** I'm very much obliged to you.  
Just take that—ha! ha!  
You'll find it is, and no mistake,  
A mortal pillula.

(chorus) Dum de dum de.

Shake that—take that!  
I feel it isn't right;  
'Tis not my will that gives consent,  
It is my appetite.

**ROMEO.** Take that—take that!  
Never mind your will:  
Your appetite it is I pay,  
So go and have your fill.

Dum de dum.

*Grotesque hornpipe—exeunt, R.*

SCENE SIXTH.—*The Tomb of the Capulets.*

*Enter BALLET OF FLOWER GIRLS, who during the dance hang garlands on Juliet's tomb at back, and exeunt, L. U. E.—Enter FRIAR, R.*

FRIAR. How oft to-night against headstones my feet  
Have stumbled. If Mary Wedlake think it meet  
To ask me if I've bruised my oats, I do return  
This answer—at any rate I've bruised my corn. (*limps*)  
By reason of this bunion on my toe,  
This *pilgrim's progress* has been very slow.  
Now for Juliet—the middle of next week  
Has come—in three hours hence she'll rise, and shriek  
For help. Alas, my note to Romeo,  
Being without a stamp, the G. P. O.  
Sent back to the writer: a rule devised  
In thoughtless haste—an order *Hill* advised.  
(*looking into tomb*) 'Tis near her waking; that none may  
go a blabbing,  
To take her to my crib, I'll call a cab in. *Exit, R.*

*Enter PARIS, L., with lantern.*

PARIS. (*starting in fear*) What's that!—a ghost! Courage,  
Paris. Who goes—  
Tut! what boots the pluck that sinks into your *highlows*.  
A gleam of moonlight on a yew tree bough.  
(*looking into tomb*) 'Tis but a tree—a bough—a bough,  
I vow.  
Sweet Juliet, oh, oh, oh, oh! much I *owe* you;  
Still more, to you my tears shall be *due*,  
And now I'll pay them. (*weeps audibly*) The thorns  
prick my thumbs;  
That I believe's a sign that some one comes. (*retires, R.*)

*Enter ROMEO, L., with lantern, a hatchet in his belt.*

ROMEO. There is the sombre casket that contains  
My precious duck's-a-diamonds remains,  
Effulgent beauty back to charcoal turning;  
Still, still to keep the fire here hotly burning.  
I'll put that fire out—but first one peep,  
Juliet, my bride, my wife—that is asleep;  
That knows no snoring—myself there will I lay,  
How shall I get in—stop—I'll ax my way.  
(*knocks at tomb with hatchet*)

*Enter PARIS, R., hastily.*

PARIS. Stay, cease your axing, I will answer you.  
Thou haughty, banished, outlawed Montague,

She died because you killed her sweetheart—by the act,  
You are an accessory before the fact.

I apprehend you—

ROMEO. "Tis more than I do you.

PARIS. I'll take you up—

ROMEO. I'll not take up with you.

PARIS. Then I'll take you down—draw your sword—

ROMEO. I beg

To say, my buck, I'll take you down a peg.

(they fight and PARIS is wounded)  
PARIS. (staggering) Under my arm you've run your sword—  
I'm sped,

You haven't hurt me—but of course I'm dead.

(lies down on bank, R.)

ROMEO. Of course you are—I'm glad they did dispose  
A bank there—that you shoudn't spoil your clothes.

Let's see who you are—your mug I would spy out,

(holds lantern to his face)

He cannot pour forth speech—his mug's without a spout.

(looks again) Why—why, 'tis Paris—he loved Juliet too.

Oh ! woman, woman—your kindness oft is cruel,

When we're not sick to give us thus our gruel ;

Come I'll take mine—I charge you shut your eyes,

Ye stars and look not on—'tis Romeo cries—

Ye everlasting dips, if that you are

But glimtering night lights, twinkling thus afar,

Let me blow you out—(blows)—You won't—then keep alight,

And see me take—where is it ?—oh, all right.

(takes out bottle)

This deadly potion—(drinks)—ha, ha, ha ! enough—

Apothecery, this is deadly stuff.

And no mistake—this produce of the Cape

Doth double me up—what is this fiery shape

That it doth conjure up ?—Brandy—yes, and sloe,

And yet tis speedy poison—so I go—

"Fra Poco" (Lucia)—dying scene of Edgardo—lies  
down on bank, L., having dropped the bottle so that  
PARIS can reach it.

PARIS wakes, eyes bottle, and then takes it up.

PARIS. What's this ? a bottle !—sherry ? no, it's redder—

(drinks, and makes a face)

If I was dead before, I'm now much deader ! (lies down)

FRIAR. (hastily rushing in, R.) I've got the cab. Hallo ! what  
have we here ?

Dead men !—I rather want a Shillibeer—

(looking first at one and then the other)

What Romeo and Paris, knocked upon the head  
Like the right nails—as nails, too, both are dead.  
Help! help! &c.

Exit.

PARIS. (to ROMEO) I say, old chap!

ROMEO.

Well?

PARIS.

I do not want to worry thee,

But as you've killed me, hadn't you better bury me?

ROMEO. (gets up) I never thought of that—I don't see why  
I shouldn't. (lifts PARIS up—puts him into tomb) There, go  
in—good bye!

PARIS. (from tomb) Good bye!

(ROMEO returns, and lies down on bank)

ROMEO. Oh, bye the way, as one good turn  
Deserves another—suppose you do return  
And bury me.PARIS. (coming out) All right! (lifting up ROMEO) Up! (puts  
him in the tomb) that's the ticket—

Now you are all snug.

ROMEO. Yes, shut the wicket!

(PARIS lies down as before)

PARIS. But I say—

Yes.

PARIS. I still find I'm out.

ROMEO. Does your mother know it?

PARIS. Well, that I doubt.

But, won't you help me?

ROMEO. I'm sleepy—help thyself.

PARIS. Well I will enter,—and inter myself.

(gets up, and goes into tomb)

Enter hurriedly FRIAR, NURSE, APOTHECARY, CAPULET,  
LADY C., r. and l., singing chorus, "Lament" in the opera of  
"Romeo and Juliet."

Here's a go,  
Grief and woe  
We are feeling,—  
And it's oh,  
Romeo!

PARIS, JULIET, and the rest.

What a blow,  
Grief and woe  
We are feeling,—  
And it's oh,  
Romeo! come to grief.

Music changes to "Sally, come up." QUEEN MAB rises  
in front of tomb.

QUEEN MAB. I've just come up from down below,  
 My name's Queen Mab, I'd have you know,  
 To set things right before I go,  
 And all the dead folks rally—  
 So cease your fears, and stop your tears,  
 And don't give way to grief, my dears.  
 The dead folks all I'll rally.

(touches tomb with her wand—the front disappears showing MERCUTIO, TYBALT, ROMEO, JULIET, and PARIS, sitting on five chairs, like nigger serenaders, with banjo, tambourine, bones, &c. They immediately take up the chorus, and the characters in front dance)

*Chorus.*

So come, cheer up, and don't be down,  
 We're all in life come back to town.  
 The killing we have undergone  
 Of course was all a diddle.

(while this is being repeated, the various characters are dancing to the tune; a figure of SHAKESPEARE dressed in white, in the attitude of Roubiliac's statue, rises through trap, holding up his finger in a menacing attitude. The characters stop their singing and dancing in alarm)

FRIAR. A ghost!

MERCU. Whose ghost?

APOTH. Don't know!

NURSE. What brings him here?

JULIET. Oh! I shall faint!

MERCU. Cheer up! I see it's Shakspeare.  
 He's angry with us.

ALL. Pray what have we done?

ROMEO. His noble tragedy we've turned to fun;  
 And he don't like it.

ALL. Oh, what shall we do?

APOTH. Some of you speak to him. Romeo, you  
 Are the hero here, face it out—dare him,

Softens him over a bit,—you know—square him!

ROMEO. (going up to him) I'll try. Immortal bard—illustrious  
 Swan of Avon,

Towards you, we own, we have not been behavin',  
 With that respect which we should like to pay,

But the fact is, if we essayed your play,

As you did write it—the boxes and the pit

Would say we could not act the play a bit.

And so that *with us*, not *at us* they may laugh,  
We've winnowed your fine *corn* into *chaff*.

(SHAKSPERE bows)

NURSE, (*going up*) Another thing you must remember, Poet,  
You wrote burlesques yourself, and well you know it.  
In "The Midsummer Night's Dream."

SHAKSPERE descends.

I had him there,

ROMEO. 'Tis now for you, your verdict to declare.

*Finale.—“Sally come up.”*

ROMEO. And if our version of the play  
Has served to while an hour away,  
Perhaps you'll be so good as say  
If you our efforts *vally*.

JULIET. And if you do—to pleasure you  
For nights to come—we hope not few,  
We'll die again and rally.

ALL. All you, cheers us, the house bring down,  
And spread our fame about the town,  
That you may smile and cease to frown,  
We'll dance unto the fiddle.

(*the characters dance while the curtain falls*)

**Curtain.**