**ACT I**

**PROLOGUE**

Two households , both alike in dignity, In fair Verona, where we lay our scene , From ancient grudge break to new mutiny , Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean . From forth the fatal loins of these two foes A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life ; Whose misadventured piteous overthrows Do with their death bury their parents ' strife . The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love, And the continuance of their parents ' rage , Which , but their children's end, nought could remove , Is now the two hours ' traffic of our stage ; The which if you with patient ears attend , What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend .

**SCENE I. Verona. A public place.**

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet , armed with swords and bucklers*

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

No, for then we should be colliers .

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

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

**SAMPSON**

I strike quickly , being moved .

**GREGORY**

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

**SAMPSON**

A dog of the house of Montague moves me .

**GREGORY**

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

**SAMPSON**

A dog of that house shall move me to stand : I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's .

**GREGORY**

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

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

The quarrel is between our masters and us their men .

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

The heads of the maids ?

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

They must take it in sense that feel it .

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

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

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

How ! turn thy back and run?

**SAMPSON**

Fear me not.

**GREGORY**

No, marry ; I fear thee !

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

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

**SAMPSON**

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

*Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR*

**ABRAHAM**

Do you bite your thumb at us , sir?

**SAMPSON**

I do bite my thumb , sir.

**ABRAHAM**

Do you bite your thumb at us , sir?

**SAMPSON**

[ Aside to GREGORY] Is the law of our side , if I say ay ?

**GREGORY**

No.

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

Do you quarrel , sir?

**ABRAHAM**

Quarrel sir! no, sir.

**SAMPSON**

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

**ABRAHAM**

No better .

**SAMPSON**

Well , sir.

**GREGORY**

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

**SAMPSON**

Yes , better , sir.

**ABRAHAM**

You lie .

**SAMPSON**

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

*They fight*

*Enter BENVOLIO*

**BENVOLIO**

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

*Beats down their swords*

*Enter TYBALT*

**TYBALT**

What , art thou drawn among these heartless hinds ? Turn thee , Benvolio , look upon thy death .

**BENVOLIO**

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

**TYBALT**

What , drawn , and talk of peace ! I hate the word , As I hate hell , all Montagues , and thee : Have at thee , coward !

*They fight*

*Enter, several of both houses , who join the fray ; then enter Citizens , with clubs*

**First Citizen**

Clubs , bills , and partisans ! strike! beat them down ! Down with the Capulets ! down with the Montagues !

*Enter CAPULET in his gown , and LADY CAPULET*

**CAPULET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

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

*Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE*

**MONTAGUE**

Thou villain Capulet ,-- Hold me not, let me go.

**LADY MONTAGUE**

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe .

*Enter PRINCE, with Attendants*

**PRINCE**

Rebellious subjects , enemies to peace , Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel ,-- Will they not hear ? What , ho! you men , you beasts , That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins , On pain of torture , from those bloody hands Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground , And hear the sentence of your moved prince. Three civil brawls , bred of an airy word , By thee , old Capulet , and Montague , Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets , And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments , To wield old partisans , in hands as old , Canker'd with peace , to part your canker'd hate : If ever you disturb our streets again , Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace . For this time , all the rest depart away : You Capulet ; shall go along with me : And, Montague , come you this afternoon , To know our further pleasure in this case, To old Free- town , our common judgment -place. Once more, on pain of death , all men depart .

*Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO*

**MONTAGUE**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**LADY MONTAGUE**

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

**BENVOLIO**

Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun Peer'd forth the golden window of the east , A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ; Where , underneath the grove of sycamore That westward rooteth from the city's side , So early walking did I see your son: Towards him I made, but he was ware of me And stole into the covert of the wood : I, measuring his affections by my own , That most are busied when they're most alone , Pursued my humour not pursuing his, And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me .

**MONTAGUE**

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

**BENVOLIO**

My noble uncle , do you know the cause?

**MONTAGUE**

I neither know it nor can learn of him .

**BENVOLIO**

Have you importuned him by any means ?

**MONTAGUE**

Both by myself and many other friends : But he, his own affections ' counsellor , Is to himself --I will not say how true -- But to himself so secret and so close , So far from sounding and discovery , As is the bud bit with an envious worm , Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air, Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow . We would as willingly give cure as know .

*Enter ROMEO*

**BENVOLIO**

See , where he comes : so please you , step aside ; I'll know his grievance , or be much denied .

**MONTAGUE**

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

*Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE*

**BENVOLIO**

Good-morrow , cousin .

**ROMEO**

Is the day so young ?

**BENVOLIO**

But new struck nine .

**ROMEO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

It was . What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours ?

**ROMEO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

In love?

**ROMEO**

Out --

**BENVOLIO**

Of love?

**ROMEO**

Out of her favour , where I am in love.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

Alas , that love, whose view is muffled still , Should , without eyes , see pathways to his will ! Where shall we dine? O me ! What fray was here ? Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all . Here's much to do with hate , but more with love. Why , then , O brawling love! O loving hate ! O any thing , of nothing first create ! O heavy lightness ! serious vanity ! Mis- shapen chaos of well-seeming forms ! Feather of lead, bright smoke , cold fire , sick health ! Still-waking sleep , that is not what it is ! This love feel I, that feel no love in this . Dost thou not laugh ?

**BENVOLIO**

No, coz , I rather weep .

**ROMEO**

Good heart , at what ?

**BENVOLIO**

At thy good heart's oppression .

**ROMEO**

Why , such is love's transgression . Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast , Which thou wilt propagate , to have it prest With more of thine : this love that thou hast shown Doth add more grief to too much of mine own . Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs ; Being purged , a fire sparkling in lovers ' eyes ; Being vex'd a sea nourish'd with lovers ' tears : What is it else ? a madness most discreet , A choking gall and a preserving sweet . Farewell , my coz .

**BENVOLIO**

Soft! I will go along ; An if you leave me so, you do me wrong .

**ROMEO**

Tut , I have lost myself ; I am not here ; This is not Romeo, he's some other where .

**BENVOLIO**

Tell me in sadness , who is that you love.

**ROMEO**

What , shall I groan and tell thee ?

**BENVOLIO**

Groan ! why , no. But sadly tell me who .

**ROMEO**

Bid a sick man in sadness make his will : Ah , word ill urged to one that is so ill ! In sadness , cousin , I do love a woman .

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

A right good mark -man! And she's fair I love.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

Well , in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit With Cupid's arrow ; she hath Dian's wit ; And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd , From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd . She will not stay the siege of loving terms , Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes , Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold : O, she is rich in beauty , only poor , That when she dies with beauty dies her store .

**BENVOLIO**

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste ?

**ROMEO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

Be ruled by me , forget to think of her.

**ROMEO**

O, teach me how I should forget to think .

**BENVOLIO**

By giving liberty unto thine eyes ; Examine other beauties .

**ROMEO**

'Tis the way To call hers exquisite , in question more: These happy masks that kiss fair ladies ' brows Being black put us in mind they hide the fair; He that is strucken blind cannot forget The precious treasure of his eyesight lost : Show me a mistress that is passing fair, What doth her beauty serve, but as a note Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair? Farewell : thou canst not teach me to forget .

**BENVOLIO**

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

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. A street.**

*Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant*

**CAPULET**

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

**PARIS**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**PARIS**

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

**CAPULET**

And too soon marr'd are those so early made. The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she , She is the hopeful lady of my earth : But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart , My will to her consent is but a part; An she agree , within her scope of choice Lies my consent and fair according voice . This night I hold an old accustom'd feast , Whereto I have invited many a guest , Such as I love; and you , among the store , One more, most welcome , makes my number more. At my poor house look to behold this night Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light : Such comfort as do lusty young men feel When well-apparell'd April on the heel Of limping winter treads , even such delight Among fresh female buds shall you this night Inherit at my house; hear all , all see , And like her most whose merit most shall be : Which on more view , of many mine being one May stand in number , though in reckoning none , Come , go with me .

*To Servant , giving a paper*

Go, sirrah , trudge about Through fair Verona; find those persons out Whose names are written there , and to them say , My house and welcome on their pleasure stay .

*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS*

**Servant**

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

*Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO*

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that .

**BENVOLIO**

For what , I pray thee ?

**ROMEO**

For your broken shin .

**BENVOLIO**

Why , Romeo, art thou mad ?

**ROMEO**

Not mad , but bound more than a mad -man is ; Shut up in prison , kept without my food, Whipp'd and tormented and-- God -den, good fellow .

**Servant**

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

**ROMEO**

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery .

**Servant**

Perhaps you have learned it without book : but, I pray , can you read any thing you see ?

**ROMEO**

Ay, if I know the letters and the language .

**Servant**

Ye say honestly : rest you merry !

**ROMEO**

Stay , fellow ; I can read .

*Reads*

' Signior Martino and his wife and daughters ; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters ; the lady widow of Vitravio ; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces ; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet , his wife and daughters ; my fair niece Rosaline ; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt , Lucio and the lively Helena.' A fair assembly : whither should they come ?

**Servant**

Up.

**ROMEO**

Whither ?

**Servant**

To supper ; to our house.

**ROMEO**

Whose house?

**Servant**

My master's .

**ROMEO**

Indeed , I should have ask'd you that before .

**Servant**

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

*Exit*

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

When the devout religion of mine eye Maintains such falsehood , then turn tears to fires ; And these, who often drown'd could never die , Transparent heretics , be burnt for liars ! One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun .

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

I'll go along , no such sight to be shown , But to rejoice in splendor of mine own .

*Exeunt*

**SCENE III. A room in Capulet's house.**

*Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse*

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

Now , by my maidenhead , at twelve year old , I bade her come . What , lamb ! what , ladybird ! God forbid ! Where's this girl? What , Juliet!

*Enter JULIET*

**JULIET**

How now ! who calls ?

**Nurse**

Your mother .

**JULIET**

Madam, I am here . What is your will ?

**LADY CAPULET**

This is the matter :-- Nurse , give leave awhile , We must talk in secret :-- nurse , come back again ; I have remember'd me , thou's hear our counsel . Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age .

**Nurse**

Faith , I can tell her age unto an hour .

**LADY CAPULET**

She's not fourteen .

**Nurse**

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth ,-- And yet , to my teeth be it spoken , I have but four -- She is not fourteen . How long is it now To Lammas-tide ?

**LADY CAPULET**

A fortnight and odd days .

**Nurse**

Even or odd , of all days in the year , Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen . Susan and she -- God rest all Christian souls !-- Were of an age : well , Susan is with God ; She was too good for me : but, as I said , On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen ; That shall she , marry ; I remember it well . 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years ; And she was wean'd ,--I never shall forget it ,-- Of all the days of the year , upon that day : For I had then laid wormwood to my dug , Sitting in the sun under the dove -house wall ; My lord and you were then at Mantua :-- Nay , I do bear a brain:--but, as I said , When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool , To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug ! Shake quoth the dove -house: ' twas no need , I trow , To bid me trudge : And since that time it is eleven years ; For then she could stand alone ; nay , by the rood , She could have run and waddled all about ; For even the day before , she broke her brow : And then my husband -- God be with his soul! A' was a merry man-- took up the child : ' Yea ,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit ; Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame , The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.' To see , now , how a jest shall come about ! I warrant, 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.'

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

Yes , madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh , To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay.' And yet , I warrant, it had upon its brow A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone; A parlous knock ; and it cried bitterly : ' Yea ,' quoth my husband ,' fall'st upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age ; Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'

**JULIET**

And stint thou too , I pray thee , nurse , say I.

**Nurse**

Peace , I have done. God mark thee to his grace ! Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed : An I might live to see thee married once , I have my wish .

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

It is an honour that I dream not of .

**Nurse**

An honour ! were not I thine only nurse , I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat .

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

Verona's summer hath not such a flower .

**Nurse**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

What say you ? can you love the gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our feast ; Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face, And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ; Examine every married lineament, And see how one another lends content And what obscured in this fair volume lies Find written in the margent of his eyes . This precious book of love, this unbound lover , To beautify him , only lacks a cover : The fish lives in the sea , and 'tis much pride For fair without the fair within to hide : That book in many's eyes doth share the glory , That in gold clasps locks in the golden story; So shall you share all that he doth possess , By having him , making yourself no less .

**Nurse**

No less ! nay , bigger ; women grow by men .

**LADY CAPULET**

Speak briefly , can you like of Paris' love?

**JULIET**

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

*Enter a Servant*

**Servant**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

We follow thee .

*Exit Servant*

Juliet, the county stays .

**Nurse**

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days .

*Exeunt*

**SCENE IV. A street.**

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers , Torch-bearers , and others*

**ROMEO**

What , shall this speech be spoke for our excuse ? Or shall we on without a apology ?

**BENVOLIO**

The date is out of such prolixity : We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf , Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath , Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper ; Nor no without-book prologue , faintly spoke After the prompter , for our entrance : But let them measure us by what they will ; We'll measure them a measure , and be gone .

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Nay , gentle Romeo, we must have you dance .

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

A torch for me : let wantons light of heart Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels , For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase ; I'll be a candle-holder , and look on. The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

**MERCUTIO**

Tut , dun's the mouse , the constable's own word : If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire Of this sir- reverence love, wherein thou stick'st Up to the ears . Come , we burn daylight , ho!

**ROMEO**

Nay , that's not so.

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

And we mean well in going to this mask ; But 'tis no wit to go.

**MERCUTIO**

Why , may one ask ?

**ROMEO**

I dream'd a dream to-night.

**MERCUTIO**

And so did I.

**ROMEO**

Well , what was yours ?

**MERCUTIO**

That dreamers often lie .

**ROMEO**

In bed asleep , while they do dream things true .

**MERCUTIO**

O, then , I see Queen Mab hath been with you . She is the fairies ' midwife , and she comes In shape no bigger than an agate -stone On the fore-finger of an alderman , Drawn with a team of little atomies Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep ; Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders ' 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 wagoner a small grey-coated gnat , Not 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 o' mind the fairies ' coachmakers . And in this state she gallops night by night Through lovers ' brains , and then they dream of love; O'er courtiers ' knees , that dream on court'sies straight , O'er lawyers ' fingers , who straight dream on fees , O'er ladies ' lips , who straight on kisses dream , Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues , Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are: Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose, And then dreams he of smelling out a suit; And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep , Then dreams , he of another benefice: Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck , And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats , Of breaches , ambuscadoes , Spanish blades , Of healths five-fathom deep ; and then anon Drums in his ear , at which he starts and wakes , And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two And sleeps again . This is that very Mab That plats the manes of horses in the night, And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs , Which once untangled , much misfortune bodes : This is the hag , when maids lie on their backs , That presses them and learns them first to bear , Making them women of good carriage : This is she --

**ROMEO**

Peace , peace , Mercutio , peace ! Thou talk'st of nothing .

**MERCUTIO**

True , I talk of dreams , Which are the children of an idle brain, Begot of nothing but vain fantasy, Which is as thin of substance as the air And more inconstant than the wind , who wooes Even now the frozen bosom of the north , And, being anger'd , puffs away from thence , Turning his face to the dew-dropping south .

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

I fear , too early: for my mind misgives Some consequence yet hanging in the stars Shall bitterly begin his fearful date With this night's revels and expire the term Of a despised life closed in my breast By some vile forfeit of untimely death . But He, that hath the steerage of my course , Direct my sail ! On, lusty gentlemen .

**BENVOLIO**

Strike, drum .

*Exeunt*

**SCENE V. A hall in Capulet's house.**

*Musicians waiting . Enter Servingmen with napkins*

**First Servant**

Where's Potpan , that he helps not to take away ? He shift a trencher ? he scrape a trencher !

**Second Servant**

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

**First Servant**

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

**Second Servant**

Ay, boy, ready .

**First Servant**

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

**Second Servant**

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

*Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers*

**CAPULET**

Welcome , gentlemen ! 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 ye now ? Welcome , gentlemen ! I have seen the day That I have worn a visor and could tell A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear , Such as would please : 'tis gone , 'tis gone , 'tis gone : You are welcome , gentlemen ! come , musicians , play. A hall , a hall ! give room ! and foot it , girls .

*Music plays , and they dance*

More light , you knaves ; and turn the tables up, And quench the fire , the room is grown too hot. Ah , sirrah , this unlook'd-for sport comes well . Nay , sit , nay , sit , good cousin Capulet ; For you and I are past our dancing days : How long is't now since last yourself and I Were in a mask ?

**Second Capulet**

By'r lady, thirty years .

**CAPULET**

What , man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much: 'Tis since the nuptials of Lucentio , Come pentecost as quickly as it will , Some five and twenty years ; and then we mask'd .

**Second Capulet**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**ROMEO**

[To a Servingman ] What lady is that , which doth enrich the hand Of yonder knight ?

**Servant**

I know not, sir.

**ROMEO**

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

**TYBALT**

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

**CAPULET**

Why , how now , kinsman ! wherefore storm you so?

**TYBALT**

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

**CAPULET**

Young Romeo is it ?

**TYBALT**

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

**CAPULET**

Content thee , gentle coz , let him alone ; He bears him like a portly gentleman; And, to say truth , Verona brags of him To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth : I would not for the wealth of all the town Here in my house do him disparagement : Therefore be patient , take no note of him : It is my will , the which if thou respect , Show a fair presence and put off these frowns , And ill-beseeming semblance for a feast .

**TYBALT**

It fits , when such a villain is a guest : I'll not endure him .

**CAPULET**

He shall be endured : What , goodman boy! I say , he shall : go to; Am I the master here , or you ? go to. You'll not endure him ! God shall mend my soul! You'll make a mutiny among my guests ! You will set cock -a- hoop ! you'll be the man!

**TYBALT**

Why , uncle , 'tis a shame .

**CAPULET**

Go to, go to; You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed ? This trick may chance to scathe you , I know what : You must contrary me ! marry , 'tis time . Well said , my hearts ! You are a princox ; go: Be quiet , or --More light , more light ! For shame ! I'll make you quiet . What , cheerly , my hearts !

**TYBALT**

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

*Exit*

**ROMEO**

[To JULIET] If I profane with my unworthiest hand This holy shrine , the gentle fine is this : My lips , two blushing pilgrims , ready stand To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss .

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Have not saints lips , and holy palmers too ?

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

O, then , dear saint , let lips do what hands do; They pray , grant thou , lest faith turn to despair .

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take . Thus from my lips , by yours , my sin is purged .

**JULIET**

Then have my lips the sin that they have took .

**ROMEO**

Sin from thy lips ? O trespass sweetly urged ! Give me my sin again .

**JULIET**

You kiss by the book .

**Nurse**

Madam, your mother craves a word with you .

**ROMEO**

What is her mother ?

**Nurse**

Marry , bachelor , Her mother is the lady of the house, And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous I nursed her daughter , that you talk'd withal ; I tell you , he that can lay hold of her Shall have the chinks .

**ROMEO**

Is she a Capulet ? O dear account ! my life is my foe's debt .

**BENVOLIO**

Away , begone ; the sport is at the best .

**ROMEO**

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

**CAPULET**

Nay , gentlemen , prepare not to be gone ; We have a trifling foolish banquet towards . Is it e'en so? why , then , I thank you all I thank you , honest gentlemen ; good night. More torches here ! Come on then , let's to bed . Ah , sirrah , by my fay , it waxes late : I'll to my rest.

*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse*

**JULIET**

Come hither , nurse . What is yond gentleman?

**Nurse**

The son and heir of old Tiberio .

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

Marry , that , I think , be young Petrucio .

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

I know not.

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

My only love sprung from my only hate ! Too early seen unknown , and known too late ! Prodigious birth of love it is to me , That I must love a loathed enemy .

**Nurse**

What's this ? what's this ?

**JULIET**

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

*One calls within 'Juliet.'*

**Nurse**

Anon, anon! Come , let's away ; the strangers all are gone .

*Exeunt*

**ACT II**

**PROLOGUE**

*Enter Chorus*

**Chorus**

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

*Exit*

**SCENE I. A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard .**

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

Can I go forward when my heart is here ? Turn back , dull earth , and find thy centre out .

*He climbs the wall , and leaps down within it*

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO*

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

**MERCUTIO**

He is wise ; And, on my lie , hath stol'n him home to bed .

**BENVOLIO**

He ran this way , and leap'd this orchard wall : Call, good Mercutio .

**MERCUTIO**

Nay , I'll conjure too . Romeo! humours ! madman ! passion ! lover ! Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh : Speak but one rhyme , and I am satisfied ; Cry but 'Ay me !' pronounce but 'love' and ' dove ;' Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word , One nick-name for her purblind son and heir , Young Adam Cupid , he that shot so trim , When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid ! He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not; The ape is dead , and I must conjure him . I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes , By her high forehead and her scarlet lip, By her fine foot , straight leg and quivering thigh And the demesnes that there adjacent lie , That in thy likeness thou appear to us !

**BENVOLIO**

And if he hear thee , thou wilt anger him .

**MERCUTIO**

This cannot anger him : ' twould anger him To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle Of some strange nature , letting it there stand Till she had laid it and conjured it down ; That were some spite : my invocation Is fair and honest , and in his mistres s' name I conjure only but to raise up him .

**BENVOLIO**

Come , he hath hid himself among these trees , To be consorted with the humorous night: Blind is his love and best befits the dark .

**MERCUTIO**

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark . Now will he sit under a medlar tree , And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit As maids call medlars , when they laugh alone . Romeo, that she were , O, that she were An open et caetera , thou a poperin pear ! Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed ; This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep : Come , shall we go?

**BENVOLIO**

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

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. Capulet's orchard .**

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

He jests at scars that never felt a wound .

*JULIET appears above at a window*

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

**JULIET**

Ay me !

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

[ Aside ] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this ?

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am : My name , dear saint , is hateful to myself , Because it is an enemy to thee ; Had I it written , I would tear the word .

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Neither , fair saint , if either thee dislike .

**JULIET**

How camest thou hither , tell me , and wherefore ? The orchard walls are high and hard to climb , And the place death , considering who thou art, If any of my kinsmen find thee here .

**ROMEO**

With love's light wings did I o'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 .

**JULIET**

If they do see thee , they will murder thee .

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

I would not for the world they saw thee here .

**ROMEO**

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight ; And but thou love me , let them find me here : My life were better ended by their hate , Than death prorogued , wanting of thy love.

**JULIET**

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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 thou love me ? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,' And I will take thy word : yet if thou swear'st , Thou mayst prove false ; at lovers ' perjuries Then 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 an 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 ' havior 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 .

**ROMEO**

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops --

**JULIET**

O, swear not by the moon , the inconstant moon , That monthly changes in her circled orb , Lest that thy love prove likewise variable .

**ROMEO**

What shall I swear by?

**JULIET**

Do not swear at all ; Or, if thou wilt , swear by thy gracious self , Which is the god of my idolatry , And I'll believe thee .

**ROMEO**

If my heart's dear love--

**JULIET**

Well , do not swear : although I joy in thee , I have no joy of this contract 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 !

**ROMEO**

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

**JULIET**

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it : And yet I would it were to give again .

**ROMEO**

Wouldst thou withdraw it ? for what purpose , love?

**JULIET**

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

*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, above*

**ROMEO**

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*

**JULIET**

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!

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

[ Within ] Madam!

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

So thrive my soul--

**JULIET**

A thousand times good night!

*Exit, above*

**ROMEO**

A thousand times the worse , to want thy light . Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books , But love from love, toward school with heavy looks .

*Retiring*

*Re-enter JULIET, above*

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

Romeo!

**ROMEO**

My dear ?

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

At the hour of nine .

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Let me stand here till thou remember it .

**JULIET**

I shall forget , to have thee still stand there , Remembering how I love thy company .

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

'Tis almost morning ; I would have thee gone : And yet no further 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 .

**ROMEO**

I would I were thy bird .

**JULIET**

Sweet , so would I: Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing . Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow , That I shall say good night till it be morrow .

*Exit above*

**ROMEO**

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes , peace in thy breast ! Would I were sleep and peace , so sweet to rest! Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell, His help to crave , and my dear hap to tell .

*Exit*

**SCENE III. Friar Laurence's cell.**

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night, Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light , And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels : Now , ere the sun advance his burning eye , The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry, I must up- fill this osier cage of ours With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers . The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb ; What is her burying grave that is her womb , And from her womb children of divers kind We sucking on her natural bosom find , Many for many virtues excellent , None but for some and yet all different . O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies In herbs , plants , stones , and their true qualities : For nought so vile that on the earth doth live But to the earth some special good doth give , Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use Revolts from true birth , stumbling on abuse: Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ; And vice sometimes by action dignified . Within the infant rind of this small flower Poison hath residence and medicine power : For this , being smelt , with that part cheers each part; Being tasted , slays all senses with the heart . Two such opposed kings encamp them still In man as well as herbs , grace and rude will ; And where the worser is predominant , Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

Good morrow , father .

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Benedicite ! What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ? Young son, it argues a distemper'd head So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed : Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye , And where care lodges , sleep will never lie ; But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain Doth couch his limbs , there golden sleep doth reign : Therefore thy earliness doth me assure Thou art up- roused by some distemperature ; Or if not so, then here I hit it right , Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

**ROMEO**

That last is true ; the sweeter rest was mine.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline ?

**ROMEO**

With Rosaline , my ghostly father ? no; I have forgot that name , and that name's woe .

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

That's my good son: but where hast thou been , then ?

**ROMEO**

I'll tell thee , ere thou ask it me again . I have been feasting with mine enemy , Where on a sudden one hath wounded me , That's by me wounded : both our remedies Within thy help and holy physic lies : I bear no hatred , blessed man, for , lo , My intercession likewise steads my foe .

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Be plain , good son, and homely in thy drift; Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift .

**ROMEO**

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set On the fair daughter of rich Capulet : As mine on hers , so hers is set on mine; And all combined , save what thou must combine By holy marriage : when and where and how We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow , I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray , That thou consent to marry us to- day .

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here ! Is Rosaline , whom thou didst love so dear , So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies Not truly in their hearts , but in their eyes . Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline ! How much salt water thrown away in waste , To season love, that of it doth not taste! The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears , Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ; Lo , here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet : If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine , Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline : And art thou changed ? pronounce this sentence then , Women may fall , when there's no strength in men .

**ROMEO**

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline .

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

For doting , not for loving , pupil mine.

**ROMEO**

And bad'st me bury love.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Not in a grave , To lay one in, another out to have .

**ROMEO**

I pray thee , chide not; she whom I love now Doth grace for grace and love for love allow ; The other did not so.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

O, she knew well Thy love did read by rote and could not spell . But come , young waverer , come , go with me , In one respect I'll thy assistant be ; For this alliance may so happy prove , To turn your households ' rancour to pure love.

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Wisely and slow ; they stumble that run fast.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE IV. A street.**

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO*

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

A challenge , on my life .

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo will answer it .

**MERCUTIO**

Any man that can write may answer a letter .

**BENVOLIO**

Nay , he will answer the letter's master, how he dares , being dared .

**MERCUTIO**

Alas poor Romeo! he is already dead ; stabbed with a white wench's black eye ; 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 ?

**BENVOLIO**

Why , what is Tybalt ?

**MERCUTIO**

More than prince of cats , I can tell you . O, he is the 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 punto reverso ! the hai !

**BENVOLIO**

The what ?

**MERCUTIO**

The pox of such antic , lisping , affecting fantasticoes ; these new tuners of accents ! 'By Jesu , a very good blade ! a very tall man! a very good whore !' Why , is not this a lamentable thing , grandsire , that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies , these fashion-mongers , these perdona-mi's , who stand so much on the new form , that they cannot at ease on the old bench ? O, their bones , their bones !

*Enter ROMEO*

**BENVOLIO**

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

**MERCUTIO**

Without his roe , like a dried herring : 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.

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

That's as much as to say , such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams .

**ROMEO**

Meaning , to court'sy .

**MERCUTIO**

Thou hast most kindly hit it .

**ROMEO**

A most courteous exposition .

**MERCUTIO**

Nay , I am the very pink of courtesy .

**ROMEO**

Pink for flower .

**MERCUTIO**

Right .

**ROMEO**

Why , then is my pump well flowered .

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Come between us , good Benvolio ; my wits faint .

**ROMEO**

Switch and spurs , switch and spurs ; or I'll cry a match .

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose .

**MERCUTIO**

I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

**ROMEO**

Nay , good goose , bite not.

**MERCUTIO**

Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting ; it is a most sharp sauce .

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

Stop there , stop there .

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large .

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

Here's goodly gear !

*Enter Nurse and PETER*

**MERCUTIO**

A sail , a sail !

**BENVOLIO**

Two , two ; a shirt and a smock .

**Nurse**

Peter!

**PETER**

Anon!

**Nurse**

My fan , Peter.

**MERCUTIO**

Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

**Nurse**

God ye good morrow , gentlemen .

**MERCUTIO**

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman .

**Nurse**

Is it good den?

**MERCUTIO**

'Tis no less , I tell you , for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon .

**Nurse**

Out upon you ! what a man are you !

**ROMEO**

One , gentlewoman , that God hath made for himself to mar .

**Nurse**

By my troth , it is well said ; ' for himself to mar ,' quoth a'? Gentlemen , can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

**ROMEO**

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

**Nurse**

You say well .

**MERCUTIO**

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

**Nurse**

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

**BENVOLIO**

She will indite him to some supper .

**MERCUTIO**

A bawd , a bawd , a bawd ! so ho!

**ROMEO**

What hast thou found ?

**MERCUTIO**

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

*Sings*

An old hare hoar , And an old hare hoar , Is very good meat in lent But a hare that is hoar Is too much for a score , When it hoars ere it be spent . Romeo, will you come to your father's ? we'll to dinner , thither .

**ROMEO**

I will follow you .

**MERCUTIO**

Farewell , ancient lady; farewell ,

*Singing*

'lady, lady, lady.'

*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO*

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**Nurse**

An a' speak any thing against me , I'll take him down , an 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 a 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 very gross kind of behavior , as they say : for the gentlewoman is young ; and, therefore , if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman , and very weak dealing .

**ROMEO**

Nurse , commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee --

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

Bid her devise Some means to come to shrift this afternoon ; And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell Be shrived and married . Here is for thy pains .

**Nurse**

No truly sir; not a penny.

**ROMEO**

Go to; I say you shall .

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

And stay , good nurse , behind the abbey wall : Within this hour my man shall be with thee And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair ; Which to the high 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.

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

What say'st thou , my dear nurse ?

**Nurse**

Is your man secret ? Did you ne'er hear say , Two may keep counsel , putting one away ?

**ROMEO**

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

**NURSE**

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

**ROMEO**

Ay, nurse ; what of that ? both with an R.

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

Commend me to thy lady.

**Nurse**

Ay, a thousand times .

*Exit Romeo*

Peter!

**PETER**

Anon!

**Nurse**

Peter, take my fan , and go before and apace .

*Exeunt*

**SCENE V. Capulet's orchard .**

*Enter JULIET*

**JULIET**

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse ; In half an hour she promised to return. Perchance she cannot meet him : that's not so. O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts , Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams , Driving back shadows over louring 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 would be as swift in motion as a ball ; My words would bandy her to my sweet love, And his to me : But old folks , many feign as they were dead ; Unwieldy , slow , heavy and pale as lead. O God , she comes !

*Enter Nurse and PETER*

O honey nurse , what news ? Hast thou met with him ? Send thy man away .

**Nurse**

Peter, stay at the gate .

*Exit PETER*

**JULIET**

Now , good sweet nurse ,-- O Lord, why look'st thou sad? Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily ; If good , thou shamest the music of sweet news By playing it to me with so sour a face.

**Nurse**

I am a- weary , give me leave awhile : Fie , how my bones ache ! what a jaunt have I had!

**JULIET**

I would thou hadst my bones , and I thy news: Nay , come , I pray thee , speak ; good , good nurse , speak .

**Nurse**

Jesu , what haste? can you not stay awhile ? Do you not see that I am out of breath ?

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

No, no: but all this did I know before . What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?

**Nurse**

Lord, how my head aches ! what a head have I! It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces . My back o' t' other side ,-- O, my back , my back ! Beshrew your heart for sending me about , To catch my death with jaunting up and down !

**JULIET**

I' faith , I am sorry that thou art not well . Sweet , sweet , sweet nurse , tell me , what says my love?

**Nurse**

Your love says , like an honest gentleman, and a courteous , and a kind , and a handsome , and, I warrant, a virtuous ,-- Where is your mother ?

**JULIET**

Where is my mother ! why , she is within ; Where should she be ? How oddly thou repliest ! ' Your love says , like an honest gentleman, Where is your mother ?'

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

Here's such a coil ! come , what says Romeo?

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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 in scarlet straight at any news . Hie you to church ; I must another way , To fetch a ladder , by the which your love Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark : I am the drudge and toil in your delight , But you shall bear the burden soon at night. Go; I'll to dinner : hie you to the cell.

**JULIET**

Hie to high fortune ! Honest nurse , farewell .

*Exeunt*

**SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's cell.**

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can , It cannot countervail the exchange of joy That one short minute gives me in her sight : Do thou but close our hands with holy words , Then love- devouring death do what he dare; It is enough I may but call her mine.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

*Enter JULIET*

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

**JULIET**

Good even to my ghostly confessor .

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo shall thank thee , daughter , for us both .

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

*Exeunt*

**ACT III**

**SCENE I. A public place.**

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page , and Servants*

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Thou art like one of 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 .

**BENVOLIO**

Am I like such a fellow ?

**MERCUTIO**

Come , come , thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody , and as soon moody to be moved .

**BENVOLIO**

And what to?

**MERCUTIO**

Nay , an there were two such, we should have none shortly , for one would kill the other . Thou ! why , thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less , in his beard , than thou hast : thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts , having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes : what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel ? Thy head is as fun of quarrels as an egg is full of meat , and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling : thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter ? with another , for tying his new shoes with old riband ? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling !

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

The fee-simple ! O simple !

**BENVOLIO**

By my head , here come the Capulets .

**MERCUTIO**

By my heel , I care not.

*Enter TYBALT and others*

**TYBALT**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**TYBALT**

You shall find me apt enough to that , sir, an you will give me occasion .

**MERCUTIO**

Could you not take some occasion without giving ?

**TYBALT**

Mercutio , thou consort'st with Romeo,- -

**MERCUTIO**

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 !

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

*Enter ROMEO*

**TYBALT**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**TYBALT**

Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford No better term than this ,-- thou art a villain .

**ROMEO**

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

**TYBALT**

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

**ROMEO**

I do protest, I never 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 my own ,-- be satisfied .

**MERCUTIO**

O calm , dishonourable , vile submission ! Alla stoccata carries it away .

*Draws*

Tybalt , you rat-catcher , will you walk ?

**TYBALT**

What wouldst thou have with me ?

**MERCUTIO**

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

**TYBALT**

I am for you .

*Drawing*

**ROMEO**

Gentle Mercutio , put thy rapier up.

**MERCUTIO**

Come , sir, your passado .

*They fight*

**ROMEO**

Draw , Benvolio ; beat down their weapons . Gentlemen , for shame , forbear this outrage ! Tybalt , Mercutio , the prince expressly hath Forbidden bandying in Verona streets : Hold, Tybalt ! good Mercutio !

*TYBALT under ROMEO's arm stabs MERCUTIO, and flies with his followers*

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

What , art thou hurt?

**MERCUTIO**

Ay, ay , a scratch , a scratch ; marry , 'tis enough . Where is my page ? Go, villain , fetch a surgeon .

*Exit Page*

**ROMEO**

Courage , man; the hurt cannot be much.

**MERCUTIO**

No, 'tis not so deep as a well , nor so wide as a church-door ; but 'tis enough ,' twill serve: ask for me 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.

**ROMEO**

I thought all for the best .

**MERCUTIO**

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

*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO*

**ROMEO**

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

*Re-enter BENVOLIO*

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again .

**ROMEO**

Alive , in triumph ! and Mercutio slain ! Away to heaven , respective lenity , And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now !

*Re-enter TYBALT*

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 .

**TYBALT**

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

**ROMEO**

This shall determine that .

*They fight ; TYBALT falls*

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

O, I am fortune's fool !

**BENVOLIO**

Why dost thou stay ?

*Exit ROMEO*

*Enter Citizens , & c*

**First Citizen**

Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio ? Tybalt , that murderer , which way ran he?

**BENVOLIO**

There lies that Tybalt .

**First Citizen**

Up, sir, go with me ; I charge thee in the princes name , obey .

*Enter Prince, attended ; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives , and others*

**PRINCE**

Where are the vile beginners of this fray ?

**BENVOLIO**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

Tybalt , my cousin ! O my brother's child ! O prince! O cousin ! husband ! O, the blood is spilt O my dear kinsman ! Prince, as thou art true , For blood of ours , shed blood of Montague . O cousin , cousin !

**PRINCE**

Benvolio , who began this bloody fray ?

**BENVOLIO**

Tybalt , here slain , whom Romeo's hand did slay ; Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink How nice the quarrel was , and urged withal Your high displeasure : all this uttered With gentle breath , calm look , knees humbly bow'd , Could not take truce with the unruly spleen Of Tybalt deaf to peace , but that he tilts With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast , Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point, And, with a martial scorn , with one hand beats Cold death aside , and with the other sends It back to Tybalt , whose dexterity , Retorts it : Romeo he cries aloud , 'Hold, friends ! friends , part!' and, swifter than his tongue , His agile arm beats down their fatal points , And ' twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life Of stout Mercutio , and then Tybalt fled ; But by and by comes back to Romeo, Who had but newly entertain'd revenge , And to 't they go like lightning , for , ere I Could draw to part them , was stout Tybalt slain . And, as he fell , did Romeo turn and fly . This is the truth , or let Benvolio die .

**LADY CAPULET**

He is a kinsman to the Montague ; Affection makes him false ; he speaks not true : Some twenty of them fought in this black strife , And all those twenty could but kill one life . I beg for justice, which thou , prince, must give ; Romeo slew Tybalt , Romeo must not live.

**PRINCE**

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

**MONTAGUE**

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

**PRINCE**

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

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. Capulet's orchard .**

*Enter JULIET*

**JULIET**

Gallop apace , you fiery-footed steeds , Towards Phoebus ' lodging : such a wagoner As Phaethon would whip you to the west , And bring in cloudy night immediately . Spread thy close curtain , love- performing night, That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo Leap to these arms , untalk'd of and unseen . Lovers can see to do their amorous rites By their own beauties ; or , if love be blind, It best agrees with night. Come , civil night, Thou sober-suited matron , all in black , And learn me how to lose a winning match , Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods : Hood my unmann'd blood , bating in my cheeks , With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold , Think true love acted simple modesty . Come , night; come , Romeo; come , thou day in night; For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night Whiter than new snow on a raven's back . 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 , And she brings news ; and every tongue that speaks But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence .

*Enter Nurse , with cords*

Now , nurse , what news ? What hast thou there ? the cords That Romeo bid thee fetch ?

**Nurse**

Ay, ay , the cords .

*Throws them down*

**JULIET**

Ay me ! what news ? why dost thou wring thy hands ?

**Nurse**

Ah , well -a- day ! he's dead , he's dead , he's dead ! We are undone , lady, we are undone ! Alack the day ! he's gone , he's kill'd , he's dead !

**JULIET**

Can heaven be so envious ?

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

O, break , my heart ! poor 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! O courteous Tybalt ! honest gentleman! That ever I should live to see thee dead !

**JULIET**

What storm is this that blows so contrary ? Is Romeo slaughter'd , and is Tybalt dead ? My 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 .

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

O serpent heart , hid with a flowering face! Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave ? Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical ! Dove-feather'd raven ! wolvish-ravening lamb ! Despised substance of divinest show! Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st , A damned saint , an honourable villain ! O nature , what hadst thou to do in hell , When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend In moral paradise of such sweet flesh ? Was ever book containing such vile matter So fairly bound ? O that deceit should dwell In such a gorgeous palace !

**Nurse**

There's no trust, No faith , no honesty in men ; all perjured , All forsworn , all naught , all dissemblers . Ah , where's my man? give me some aqua vitae: These griefs , these woes , these sorrows make me old . Shame come to Romeo!

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

Wash they his wounds with tears : mine shall be spent , When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment . Take up those cords : poor ropes , you are beguiled , Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled : He made you for a highway to my bed ; But I, a maid , die maiden-widowed . Come , cords , come , nurse ; I'll to my wedding-bed ; And death , not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

*Exeunt*

**SCENE III. Friar Laurence's cell.**

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo, come forth ; come forth , thou fearful man: Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts , And thou art wedded to calamity .

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

Father , what news ? what is the prince's doom ? What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand, That I yet know not?

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

Ha, banishment ! be merciful , say ' death ;' For exile hath more terror in his look , Much more than death : do not say ' banishment .'

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

There is no world without Verona walls , But purgatory , torture , hell itself . Hence-banished is banish'd from the world , And world's exile is death : then banished , Is death mis- term'd : calling death banishment , Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe , And smilest upon the stroke that murders me .

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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.

**ROMEO**

'Tis torture , and not mercy : heaven is here , Where Juliet lives ; and every cat and dog And little mouse , every unworthy thing , Live here in heaven and may look on her; But Romeo may not: more validity, More honourable state , more courtship lives In carrion-flies than Romeo: they my seize On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand And steal immortal blessing from her lips , Who even in pure and vestal modesty , Still blush , as thinking their own kisses sin; But Romeo may not; he is banished : Flies may do this , but I from this must fly : They are free men , but I am banished . And say'st thou yet that exile is not death ? Hadst thou no poison mix'd , no sharp-ground knife , No sudden mean of death , though ne'er so mean , But ' banished ' to kill me ?--' banished '? O friar , the damned use that word in hell ; Howlings attend it : how hast thou the heart , Being a divine , a ghostly confessor , A sin- absolver , and my friend profess'd , To mangle me with that word ' banished '?

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word .

**ROMEO**

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment .

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I'll give thee armour to keep off that word : Adversity's sweet milk , philosophy , To comfort thee , though thou art banished .

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

O, then I see that madmen have no ears .

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate .

**ROMEO**

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel : Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, An hour but married , Tybalt murdered , Doting like me and like me banished , Then mightst thou speak , then mightst thou tear thy hair , And fall upon the ground , as I do now , Taking the measure of an unmade grave .

*Knocking within*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Arise; one knocks ; good Romeo, hide thyself .

**ROMEO**

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

*Knocking*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

*Knocking*

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

*Knocking*

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

**Nurse**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Welcome , then .

*Enter Nurse*

**Nurse**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

Nurse !

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her? Doth she not think me an old murderer , Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy With blood removed but little from her own ? Where is she ? and how doth she ? and what says My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

**Nurse**

O, she says nothing , sir, but weeps and weeps ; And now falls on her bed ; and then starts up, And Tybalt calls ; and then on Romeo cries , And then down falls again .

**ROMEO**

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

*Drawing his sword*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold thy desperate hand: Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art: Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote The unreasonable fury of a beast : Unseemly woman in a seeming man! Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both ! Thou hast amazed me : by my holy order , I thought thy disposition better temper'd . Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ? And stay thy lady too that lives in thee , By doing damned hate upon thyself ? Why rail'st thou on thy birth , the heaven , and earth ? Since birth , and heaven , and earth , all three do meet In thee at once ; which thou at once wouldst lose. Fie , fie , thou shamest thy shape , thy love, thy wit ; Which , like a usurer , abound'st in all , And usest none in that true use indeed Which should bedeck thy shape , thy love, thy wit : Thy noble shape is but a form of wax , Digressing from the valour of a man; Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury , Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish ; Thy wit , that ornament to shape and love, Misshapen in the conduct of them both , Like powder in a skitless soldier's flask , Is set afire by thine own ignorance, And thou dismember'd with thine own defence . What , rouse thee , man! thy Juliet is alive , For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ; There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee , But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there are thou happy too : The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend And turns it to exile; there art thou happy: A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back ; Happiness courts thee in her best array ; But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench , Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love: Take heed , take heed , for such die miserable . Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed , Ascend her chamber , hence and comfort her: But look thou stay not till the watch be set, For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ; Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time To blaze your marriage , reconcile your friends , Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back With twenty hundred thousand times more joy Than thou went'st forth in lamentation . Go before , nurse : commend me to thy lady; And bid her hasten all the house to bed , Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto : Romeo is coming .

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide .

**Nurse**

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

*Exit*

**ROMEO**

How well my comfort is revived by this !

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Go hence ; good night; and here stands all your state : Either be gone before the watch be set, Or by the break of day disguised from hence : Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man, And he shall signify from time to time Every good hap to you that chances here : Give me thy hand; 'tis late : farewell ; good night.

**ROMEO**

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

*Exeunt*

**SCENE IV. A room in Capulet's house.**

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS*

**CAPULET**

Things have fall'n out , sir, so unluckily , That we have had no time to move our daughter : Look you , she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly , And so did I:-- Well , we were born to die . 'Tis very late , she'll not come down to-night: I promise you , but for your company , I would have been a- bed an hour ago.

**PARIS**

These times of woe afford no time to woo . Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter .

**LADY CAPULET**

I will , and know her mind early to- morrow ; To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness .

**CAPULET**

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled In all respects by me ; nay , more, I doubt it not. Wife , go you to her ere you go to bed ; Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love; And bid her, mark you me , on Wednesday next -- But, soft! what day is this ?

**PARIS**

Monday , my lord,

**CAPULET**

Monday ! ha, ha! Well , Wednesday is too soon , O' Thursday let it be : o' Thursday , tell her, She shall be married to this noble earl. Will you be ready ? do you like this haste? We'll keep no great ado ,-- a friend or two ; For , hark you , Tybalt being slain so late , It may be thought we held him carelessly , Being our kinsman , if we revel much: Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends , And there an end. But what say you to Thursday ?

**PARIS**

My lord, I would that Thursday were to- morrow .

**CAPULET**

Well get you gone : o' Thursday be it , then . Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed , Prepare her, wife , against this wedding-day . Farewell , my lord. Light to my chamber , ho! Afore me ! it is so very very late , That we may call it early by and by. Good night.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE V. Capulet's orchard .**

*Enter ROMEO and JULIET above , at the window*

**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 .

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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 to be gone .

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

It is , it is : hie hence , be gone , away ! It is the lark that sings so out of tune , Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps . Some say the lark makes sweet division ; This doth not so, for she divideth us : Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes , O, now I would they had changed voices too ! Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray , Hunting thee hence with hunt's -up to the day , O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows .

**ROMEO**

More light and light ; more dark and dark our woes !

*Enter Nurse , to the chamber*

**Nurse**

Madam!

**JULIET**

Nurse ?

**Nurse**

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber : The day is broke ; be wary , look about .

*Exit*

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Farewell , farewell ! one kiss , and I'll descend .

*He goeth down*

**JULIET**

Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay , husband , friend ! I must hear from thee every day in the hour , For in a minute there are many days : O, by this count I shall be much in years Ere I again behold my Romeo!

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

O think'st thou we shall ever meet again ?

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

*Exit*

**JULIET**

O fortune , fortune ! all men call thee fickle : If thou art fickle , what dost thou with him . That is renown'd for faith ? Be fickle , fortune ; For then , I hope, thou wilt not keep him long, But send him back .

**LADY CAPULET**

[ Within ] Ho, daughter ! are you up?

**JULIET**

Who is't that calls ? is it my lady mother ? Is she not down so late , or up so early? What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither ?

*Enter LADY CAPULET*

**LADY CAPULET**

Why , how now , Juliet!

**JULIET**

Madam, I am not well .

**LADY CAPULET**

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death ? What , wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears ? An if thou couldst , thou couldst not make him live; Therefore , have done: some grief shows much of love; But much of grief shows still some want of wit .

**JULIET**

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss .

**LADY CAPULET**

So shall you feel the loss , but not the friend Which you weep for .

**JULIET**

Feeling so the loss , Cannot choose but ever weep the friend .

**LADY CAPULET**

Well , girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death , As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him .

**JULIET**

What villain madam?

**LADY CAPULET**

That same villain , Romeo.

**JULIET**

[ Aside ] Villain and he be many miles asunder .-- God Pardon him ! I do, with all my heart ; And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart .

**LADY CAPULET**

That is , because the traitor murderer lives .

**JULIET**

Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands : Would none but I might venge my cousin's death !

**LADY CAPULET**

We will have vengeance for it , fear thou not: Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua , Where that same banish'd runagate doth live, Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram , That he shall soon keep Tybalt company : And then , I hope, thou wilt be satisfied .

**JULIET**

Indeed , I never shall be satisfied With Romeo, till I behold him -- dead -- Is my poor heart for a kinsman vex'd . Madam, if you could find out but a man To bear a poison , I would temper it ; That Romeo should , upon receipt thereof , Soon sleep in quiet . O, how my heart abhors To hear him named , and cannot come to him . To wreak the love I bore my cousin Upon his body that slaughter'd him !

**LADY CAPULET**

Find thou the means , and I'll find such a man. But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings , girl.

**JULIET**

And joy comes well in such a needy time : What are they , I beseech your ladyship ?

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

Madam, in happy time , what day is that ?

**LADY CAPULET**

Marry , my child , early next Thursday morn , The gallant , young and noble gentleman, The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church , Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride .

**JULIET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

*Enter CAPULET and Nurse*

**CAPULET**

When the sun sets , the air doth drizzle dew ; But for the sunset of my brother's son It rains downright . How now ! a conduit , girl? what , still in tears ? Evermore showering ? In one little body Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea , a wind ; For still thy eyes , which I may call the sea , Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is , Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds , thy sighs ; Who , raging with thy tears , and they with them , Without a sudden calm , will overset Thy tempest-tossed body. How now , wife ! Have you deliver'd to her our decree ?

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

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

**CAPULET**

How now , how now , chop- logic ! What is this ? 'Proud,' and 'I thank you ,' and 'I thank you not;' And yet 'not proud,' mistress minion , you , Thank me no thankings , nor, proud me no prouds , But fettle your fine joints ' gainst Thursday next , To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church , Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither . Out , you green- sickness carrion ! out , you baggage ! You tallow -face!

**LADY CAPULET**

Fie , fie ! what , are you mad ?

**JULIET**

Good father , I beseech you on my knees , Hear me with patience but to speak a word .

**CAPULET**

Hang thee , young baggage ! disobedient wretch ! I tell thee what : get thee to church o' Thursday , Or never after look me in the face: Speak not, reply not, do not answer me ; My fingers itch . Wife , we scarce thought us blest That God had lent us but this only child ; But now I see this one is one too much, And that we have a curse in having her: Out on her, hilding !

**Nurse**

God in heaven bless her! You are to blame , my lord, to rate her so.

**CAPULET**

And why , my lady wisdom ? hold your tongue , Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips , go.

**Nurse**

I speak no treason .

**CAPULET**

O, God ye god -den.

**Nurse**

May not one speak ?

**CAPULET**

Peace , you mumbling fool ! Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl ; For here we need it not.

**LADY CAPULET**

You are too hot.

**CAPULET**

God's bread ! it makes me mad : Day , night, hour , tide , time , work , play, Alone, in company , still my care hath been To have her match'd : and having now provided A gentleman of noble parentage , Of fair demesnes , youthful , and nobly train'd , Stuff'd , as they say , with honourable parts , Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man; And then to have a wretched puling fool , A whining mammet , in her fortune's tender, To answer ' I'll not wed ; I cannot love, I am too young ; I pray you , pardon me .' But, as you will not wed , I'll pardon you : Graze where you will you shall not house with me : Look to't , think on't , I do not use to jest. Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart , advise : An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ; And you be not, hang , beg, starve , die in the streets , For , by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee , Nor what is mine shall never do thee good : Trust to't , bethink you ; I'll not be forsworn .

*Exit*

**JULIET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

Talk not to me , for I'll not speak a word : Do as thou wilt , for I have done with thee .

*Exit*

**JULIET**

O God !-- O nurse , how shall this be prevented ? My husband is on earth , my faith in heaven ; How shall that faith return again to earth , Unless that husband send it me from heaven By leaving earth ? comfort me , counsel me . Alack , alack , that heaven should practise stratagems Upon so soft a subject as myself ! What say'st thou ? hast thou not a word of joy ? Some comfort , nurse .

**Nurse**

Faith , here it is . Romeo is 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 : an eagle , madam, Hath not so green, so quick , so fair an eye As Paris hath . Beshrew my very heart , I think you are happy in this second match , For it excels your first : or if it did not, Your first is dead ; or ' twere as good he were , As living here and you no use of him .

**JULIET**

Speakest thou from thy heart ?

**Nurse**

And from my soul too ; Or else beshrew them both .

**JULIET**

Amen!

**Nurse**

What ?

**JULIET**

Well , thou hast comforted me marvellous much. Go in: and tell my lady I am gone , Having displeased my father , to Laurence' cell, To make confession and to be absolved .

**Nurse**

Marry , I will ; and this is wisely done.

*Exit*

**JULIET**

Ancient damnation ! O most wicked fiend ! Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn , Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue Which she hath 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*

**ACT IV**

**SCENE I. Friar Laurence's cell.**

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

On Thursday , sir? the time is very short .

**PARIS**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**PARIS**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

[ Aside ] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd . Look , sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter JULIET*

**PARIS**

Happily met, my lady and my wife !

**JULIET**

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

**PARIS**

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

**JULIET**

What must be shall be .

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

That's a certain text.

**PARIS**

Come you to make confession to this father ?

**JULIET**

To answer that , I should confess to you .

**PARIS**

Do not deny to him that you love me .

**JULIET**

I will confess to you that I love him .

**PARIS**

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

**JULIET**

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

**PARIS**

Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears .

**JULIET**

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

**PARIS**

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

**JULIET**

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

**PARIS**

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

**JULIET**

It may be so, for it is not mine own . Are you at leisure , holy father , now ; Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

My leisure serves me , pensive daughter , now . My lord, we must entreat the time alone .

**PARIS**

God shield I should disturb devotion ! Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye : Till then , adieu ; and keep this holy kiss .

*Exit*

**JULIET**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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 .

**JULIET**

Tell me not, friar , that thou hear'st of this , Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it : If , in thy wisdom , thou canst give no help , Do thou but call my resolution wise , And with this knife I'll help it presently . God join'd my heart and Romeo's , thou our hands ; And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd , Shall be the label to another deed , Or my true heart with treacherous revolt Turn to another , this shall slay them both : Therefore , out of thy long- experienced time , Give me some present counsel , or , behold , ' Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife Shall play the umpire , arbitrating that Which the commission of thy years and art Could to no issue of true honour bring . Be not so long to speak ; I long to die , If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy .

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**JULIET**

O, bid me leap , rather than marry Paris, From off the battlements of yonder tower ; Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears ; Or shut me nightly in a charnel -house, O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones , With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls ; Or bid me go into a new -made grave And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ; Things that , to hear them told , have made me tremble ; And I will do it without fear or doubt , To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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 vial , being then in bed , And this distilled liquor drink thou off ; When presently through all thy veins shall run A cold and drowsy humour , for no pulse Shall keep his native progress , but surcease : No warmth , no breath , shall testify thou livest ; The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade To paly ashes , thy eyes ' windows fall , Like death , when he shuts up the day of life ; Each part, deprived of supple government , Shall , stiff and stark and cold , appear like death : And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death Thou shalt continue two and forty hours , And then awake as from a pleasant sleep . Now , when the bridegroom in the morning comes To rouse thee from thy bed , there art thou dead : Then , as the manner of our country is , In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie . In the 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 inconstant toy , nor womanish fear , Abate thy valour in the acting it .

**JULIET**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**JULIET**

Love give me strength ! and strength shall help afford . Farewell , dear father !

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. Hall in Capulet's house.**

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse , and two Servingmen*

**CAPULET**

So many guests invite as here are writ .

*Exit First Servant*

Sirrah , go hire me twenty cunning cooks .

**Second Servant**

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

**CAPULET**

How canst thou try them so?

**Second Servant**

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

**CAPULET**

Go, be gone .

*Exit Second Servant*

We shall be much unfurnished for this time . What , is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

**Nurse**

Ay, forsooth .

**CAPULET**

Well , he may chance to do some good on her: A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is .

**Nurse**

See where she comes from shrift with merry look .

*Enter JULIET*

**CAPULET**

How now , my headstrong ! where have you been gadding ?

**JULIET**

Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin Of disobedient opposition To you and your behests , and am enjoin'd By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here , And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you ! Henceforward I am ever ruled by you .

**CAPULET**

Send for the county ; go tell him of this : I'll have this knot knit up to- morrow morning .

**JULIET**

I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell; And gave him what becomed love I might , Not step o'er the bounds of modesty .

**CAPULET**

Why , I am glad on't ; this is well : stand up: This is as't should be . Let me see the county ; Ay, marry , go, I say , and fetch him hither . Now , afore God ! this reverend holy friar , Our whole city is much bound to him .

**JULIET**

Nurse , will you go with me into my closet , To help me sort such needful ornaments As you think fit to furnish me to- morrow ?

**LADY CAPULET**

No, not till Thursday ; there is time enough .

**CAPULET**

Go, nurse , go with her: we'll to church to- morrow .

*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse*

**LADY CAPULET**

We shall be short in our provision : 'Tis now near night.

**CAPULET**

Tush , I will stir about , And all things shall be well , I warrant thee , wife : Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her; I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone ; I'll play the housewife for this once . What , ho! They are all forth . Well , I will walk myself To County Paris, to prepare him up Against to- morrow : my heart is wondrous light , Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd .

*Exeunt*

**SCENE III. Juliet's chamber .**

*Enter JULIET and Nurse*

**JULIET**

Ay, those attires are best : but, gentle nurse , I pray thee , leave me to my self 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*

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries As are behoveful 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.

**LADY CAPULET**

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

*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse*

**JULIET**

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

*Laying down her dagger*

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

*She falls upon her bed , within the curtains*

**SCENE IV. Hall in Capulet's house.**

*Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse*

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

They call for dates and quinces in the pastry .

*Enter CAPULET*

**CAPULET**

Come , stir , stir , stir ! the second cock hath crow'd , The curfew -bell hath rung , 'tis three o'clock : Look to the baked meats , good Angelica: Spare not for the cost .

**Nurse**

Go, you cot-quean , go, Get you to bed ; faith , You'll be sick to- morrow For this night's watching .

**CAPULET**

No, not a whit : what ! I have watch'd ere now All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick .

**LADY CAPULET**

Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time ; But I will watch you from such watching now .

*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse*

**CAPULET**

A jealous hood , a jealous hood !

*Enter three or four Servingmen , with spits , logs , and baskets*

Now , fellow , What's there ?

**First Servant**

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

**CAPULET**

Make haste, make haste.

*Exit First Servant*

Sirrah , fetch drier logs : Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

**Second Servant**

I have a head , sir, that will find out logs , And never trouble Peter for the matter .

*Exit*

**CAPULET**

Mass , and well said ; a merry whoreson , ha! Thou shalt be logger-head . Good faith , 'tis day : The county will be here with music straight , For so he said he would : I hear him near .

*Music within*

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

*Re-enter Nurse*

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up; I'll go and chat with Paris: hie , make haste, Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already : Make haste, I say .

*Exeunt*

**SCENE V. Juliet's chamber .**

*Enter Nurse*

**Nurse**

Mistress! what , mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she : Why , lamb ! why , lady! fie , you slug -a- bed ! Why , love, I say ! madam! sweet-heart ! why , bride ! What , not a word ? you take your pennyworths now ; Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I warrant, The County Paris hath set up his rest, That you shall rest but little . God forgive me , Marry , and amen, how sound is she asleep ! I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam! Ay, let the county take you in your bed ; He'll fright you up, i' faith . Will it not be ?

*Undraws the curtains*

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

*Enter LADY CAPULET*

**LADY CAPULET**

What noise is here ?

**Nurse**

O lamentable day !

**LADY CAPULET**

What is the matter ?

**Nurse**

Look , look ! O heavy day !

**LADY CAPULET**

O me , O me ! My child , my only life , Revive , look up, or I will die with thee ! Help , help ! Call help .

*Enter CAPULET*

**CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

She's dead , deceased , she's dead ; alack the day !

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

O lamentable day !

**LADY CAPULET**

O woful time !

**CAPULET**

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

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Come , is the bride ready to go to church ?

**CAPULET**

Ready to go, but never to return. O son! the night before thy wedding-day Hath Death lain with thy wife . There she lies , Flower as she was , deflowered by him . Death is my son-in- law , Death is my heir ; My daughter he hath wedded : I will die , And leave him all ; life , living , all is Death's .

**PARIS**

Have I thought long to see this morning's face, And doth it give me such a sight as this ?

**LADY CAPULET**

Accursed , unhappy , wretched , hateful day ! Most miserable hour that e'er time saw In lasting labour of his pilgrimage ! But one , poor one , one poor and loving child , But one thing to rejoice and solace in, And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight !

**Nurse**

O woe ! O woful , woful , woful day ! Most lamentable day , most woful day , That ever , ever , I did yet behold ! O day ! O day ! O day ! O hateful day ! Never was seen so black a day as this : O woful day , O woful day !

**PARIS**

Beguiled , divorced , wronged , spited , slain ! Most detestable death , by thee beguil'd , By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown ! O love! O life ! not life , but love in death !

**CAPULET**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**CAPULET**

All things that we ordained festival, Turn from their office to black funeral ; Our instruments to melancholy bells , Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast , Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change , Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse , And all things change them to the contrary .

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

*Exeunt CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR LAURENCE*

**First Musician**

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

**Nurse**

Honest goodfellows , ah , put up, put up; For , well you know , this is a pitiful case.

*Exit*

**First Musician**

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

*Enter PETER*

**PETER**

Musicians , O, musicians , ' Heart's ease , Heart's ease :' O, an you will have me live, play ' Heart's ease .'

**First Musician**

Why ' Heart's ease ?'

**PETER**

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

**First Musician**

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

**PETER**

You will not, then ?

**First Musician**

No.

**PETER**

I will then give it you soundly .

**First Musician**

What will you give us ?

**PETER**

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

**First Musician**

Then I will give you the serving-creature .

**PETER**

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

**First Musician**

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

**Second Musician**

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

**PETER**

Then have at you with my wit ! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit , and put up my iron dagger . Answer me like men : ' When griping grief the heart doth wound , And doleful dumps the mind oppress , Then music with her silver sound '-- why ' silver sound '? why 'music with her silver sound '? What say you , Simon Catling ?

**Musician**

Marry , sir, because silver hath a sweet sound .

**PETER**

Pretty ! What say you , Hugh Rebeck ?

**Second Musician**

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

**PETER**

Pretty too ! What say you , James Soundpost ?

**Third Musician**

Faith , I know not what to say .

**PETER**

O, I cry you mercy ; you are the singer : I will say for you . It is 'music with her silver sound ,' because musicians have no gold for sounding : ' Then music with her silver sound With speedy help doth lend redress .'

*Exit*

**First Musician**

What a pestilent knave is this same !

**Second Musician**

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

*Exeunt*

**ACT V**

**SCENE I. Mantua . A street.**

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

If I may trust the flattering truth 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 BALTHASAR, booted*

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

**BALTHASAR**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**BALTHASAR**

I do beseech you , sir, have patience : Your looks are pale and wild , and do import Some misadventure .

**ROMEO**

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

**BALTHASAR**

No, my good lord.

**ROMEO**

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

*Exit BALTHASAR*

Well , Juliet, I will lie with thee 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 ,-- which late I noted In tatter'd weeds , with overwhelming brows , Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks , Sharp misery had worn him to the bones : And in his needy shop a tortoise hung , An alligator stuff'd , and other skins Of ill-shaped fishes ; and about his shelves A beggarly account of empty boxes , Green earthen pots , bladders and musty seeds , Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses , Were thinly scatter'd , to make up a show. Noting this penury , to myself I said '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 forerun my need ; And this same needy man must sell it me . As I remember , this should be the house. Being holiday , the beggar's shop is shut . What , ho! apothecary !

*Enter Apothecary*

**Apothecary**

Who calls so loud ?

**ROMEO**

Come hither , man. I see that thou art poor : Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have A dram of poison , such soon-speeding gear As will disperse itself through all the veins That the life-weary taker may fall dead And that the trunk may be discharged of breath As violently as hasty powder fired Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb .

**Apothecary**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**Apothecary**

My poverty , but not my will , consents .

**ROMEO**

I pay thy poverty , and not thy will .

**Apothecary**

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

**ROMEO**

There is thy gold , worse poison to men's souls , Doing more murders in this loathsome world , Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell . I sell thee poison ; thou hast sold me none . Farewell : buy food, and get thyself in flesh . Come , cordial and not poison , go with me To Juliet's grave ; for there must I use thee .

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. Friar Laurence's cell.**

*Enter FRIAR JOHN*

**FRIAR JOHN**

Holy Franciscan friar ! brother , ho!

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

This same should be the voice of Friar John. Welcome from Mantua : what says Romeo? Or, if his mind be writ , give me his letter .

**FRIAR JOHN**

Going to find a bare- foot brother out One of our order , to associate me , Here in this city visiting the sick , And finding him , the searchers of the town , Suspecting that we both were in a house Where the infectious pestilence did reign , Seal'd up the doors , and would not let us forth ; So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd .

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Who bare my letter , then , to Romeo?

**FRIAR JOHN**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**FRIAR JOHN**

Brother, I'll go and bring it thee .

*Exit*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Now must I to the monument alone ; Within 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 III. A churchyard ; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets .**

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

**PARIS**

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

**PAGE**

[ Aside ] I am almost afraid to stand alone Here in the churchyard ; yet I will adventure .

*Retires*

**PARIS**

Sweet flower , with flowers thy bridal bed I strew ,-- O woe ! thy canopy is dust and stones ;-- Which with sweet water nightly I will dew , Or, wanting that , with tears distill'd by moans : The obsequies that I for thee will keep Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep .

*The Page whistles*

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

*Retires*

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch , mattock , & c*

**ROMEO**

Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron. Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning See thou deliver it to my lord and father . Give me the light : upon thy life , I charge thee , Whate'er thou hear'st or seest , stand all aloof , And do not interrupt me in my course . Why I descend into this bed of death , Is partly to behold my lady's face; But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger A precious ring, a ring that I must use In dear employment : therefore hence , be gone : But if thou , jealous , dost return to pry In what I further shall intend to do, By heaven , I will tear thee joint by joint And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs : The time and my intents are savage-wild , More fierce and more inexorable far Than empty tigers or the roaring sea .

**BALTHASAR**

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

**ROMEO**

So shalt thou show me friendship . Take thou that : Live, and be prosperous : and farewell , good fellow .

**BALTHASAR**

[ Aside ] For all this same , I'll hide me hereabout : His looks I fear , and his intents I doubt .

*Retires*

**ROMEO**

Thou detestable maw , thou womb of death , Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth , Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open, And, in despite , I'll cram thee with more food!

*Opens the tomb*

**PARIS**

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

*Comes forward*

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

**ROMEO**

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

**PARIS**

I do defy thy conjurations , And apprehend thee for a felon here .

**ROMEO**

Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee , boy!

*They fight*

**PAGE**

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

*Exit*

**PARIS**

O, I am slain !

*Falls*

If thou be merciful , Open the tomb , lay me with Juliet.

*Dies*

**ROMEO**

In faith , I will . Let me peruse this face. Mercutio's kinsman , noble County Paris! What said my man, when my betossed soul Did not attend him as we rode ? I think He told me Paris should have married Juliet: Said he not so? or did I dream it so? Or am I mad , hearing him talk of Juliet, To think it was so? O, give me thy hand, One writ with me in sour misfortune's book ! I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave ; A grave ? O no! a lantern , slaughter'd youth , For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes This vault a feasting presence full of light . Death , lie thou there , by a dead man interr'd .

*Laying PARIS in the tomb*

How oft when men are at the point of death Have they been merry ! which their keepers call A lightning before death : O, how may I Call this a lightning ? O my love! my wife ! Death , that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath , Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty : Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks , And death's pale flag is not advanced there . Tybalt , liest thou there in thy bloody sheet ? O, what more favour can I do to thee , Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain To sunder his that was thine enemy ? Forgive me , cousin ! Ah , dear Juliet, Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe That unsubstantial death is amorous , And that the lean abhorred monster keeps Thee here in dark to be his paramour ? For fear of that , I still will stay with thee ; And never from this palace of dim night Depart again : here , here will I remain With worms that are thy chamber-maids ; O, here Will I set up my everlasting rest, And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars From this world-wearied flesh . Eyes , look your last! Arms , take your last embrace ! and, lips , O you The doors of breath , seal with a righteous kiss A dateless bargain to engrossing death ! Come , bitter conduct , come , unsavoury guide ! Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark! Here's to my love!

*Drinks*

O true apothecary ! Thy drugs are quick . Thus with a kiss I die .

*Dies*

*Enter, at the other end of the churchyard , FRIAR LAURENCE, with a lantern , crow , and spade*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**BALTHASAR**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Bliss be upon you ! Tell me , good my friend , What torch is yond , that vainly lends his light To grubs and eyeless skulls ? as I discern , It burneth in the Capel's monument.

**BALTHASAR**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Who is it ?

**BALTHASAR**

Romeo.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

How long hath he been there ?

**BALTHASAR**

Full half an hour .

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Go with me to the vault .

**BALTHASAR**

I dare not, sir My master knows not but I am gone hence ; And fearfully did menace me with death , If I did stay to look on his intents .

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Stay , then ; I'll go alone . Fear comes upon me : O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing .

**BALTHASAR**

As I did sleep under this yew-tree here , I dreamt my master and another fought , And that my master slew him .

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo!

*Advances*

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

*Enters the tomb*

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*

**JULIET**

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

*Noise within*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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 no longer stay .

**JULIET**

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

*Exit FRIAR LAURENCE*

What's here ? a cup, closed in my true love's hand? Poison , I see , hath been his timeless end: O churl ! drunk all , and left no friendly drop To help me after ? I will kiss thy lips ; Haply some poison yet doth hang on them , To make die with a restorative .

*Kisses him*

Thy lips are warm .

**First Watchman**

[ Within ] Lead, boy: which way ?

**JULIET**

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

*Snatching ROMEO's dagger*

This is thy sheath ;

*Stabs herself*

there rust , and let me die .

*Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies*

*Enter Watch , with the Page of PARIS*

**PAGE**

This is the place; there , where the torch doth burn .

**First Watchman**

The ground is bloody ; search about the churchyard : Go, some of you , whoe'er you find attach . Pitiful sight ! here lies the county slain , And Juliet bleeding , warm , and newly dead , Who here hath lain these two days buried . Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets : Raise up the Montagues : some others search : We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ; But the true ground of all these piteous woes We cannot without circumstance descry .

*Re-enter some of the Watch , with BALTHASAR*

**Second Watchman**

Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard .

**First Watchman**

Hold him in safety , till the prince come hither .

*Re-enter others of the Watch , with FRIAR LAURENCE*

**Third Watchman**

Here is a friar , that trembles , sighs and weeps : We took this mattock and this spade from him , As he was coming from this churchyard side .

**First Watchman**

A great suspicion : stay the friar too .

*Enter the PRINCE and Attendants*

**PRINCE**

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

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others*

**CAPULET**

What should it be , that they so shriek abroad ?

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**PRINCE**

What fear is this which startles in our ears ?

**First Watchman**

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

**PRINCE**

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

**First Watchman**

Here is a friar , and slaughter'd Romeo's man; With instruments upon them , fit to open These dead men's tombs .

**CAPULET**

O heavens ! O wife , look how our daughter bleeds ! This dagger hath mista'en -- for , lo , his house Is empty on the back of Montague ,-- And it mis- sheathed in my daughter's bosom !

**LADY CAPULET**

O me ! this sight of death is as a bell, That warns my old age to a sepulchre .

*Enter MONTAGUE and others*

**PRINCE**

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

**MONTAGUE**

Alas , my liege , my wife is dead to-night; Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath : What further woe conspires against mine age ?

**PRINCE**

Look , and thou shalt see .

**MONTAGUE**

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

**PRINCE**

Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while , Till we can clear these ambiguities , And know their spring , their head , their true descent ; And then will I be general of your woes , And lead you even to death : meantime forbear , And let mischance be slave to patience . Bring forth the parties of suspicion .

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I am the greatest , able to do least, Yet most suspected , as the time and place Doth make against me of this direful murder ; And here I stand , both to impeach and purge Myself condemned and myself excused .

**PRINCE**

Then say at once what thou dost know in this .

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I will be brief , for my short date of breath Is not so long as is a tedious tale . Romeo, there dead , was husband to that Juliet; And she , there dead , that Romeo's faithful wife : I married them ; and their stol'n marriage-day Was Tybalt's dooms-day , whose untimely death Banish'd the new -made bridegroom from the city, For whom , and not for Tybalt , Juliet pined . You , to remove that siege of grief from her, Betroth'd and would have married her perforce To County Paris: then comes she to me , And, with wild looks , bid me devise some mean To rid her from this second marriage , Or in my cell there would she kill herself . Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art, A sleeping potion ; which so took effect As I intended , for it wrought on her The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo, That he should hither come as this dire night, To help to take her from her borrow'd grave , Being the time the potion's force should cease . But he which bore my letter , Friar John, Was stay'd by accident , and yesternight Return'd my letter back . Then all alone At the prefixed hour of her waking , Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ; Meaning to keep her closely at my cell, Till I conveniently could send to Romeo: But when I came , some minute ere the time Of her awaking , here untimely lay The noble Paris and true Romeo dead . She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth , And bear this work of heaven with patience : But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ; And she , too desperate , would not go with me , But, as it seems , did violence on herself . All this I know ; and to the marriage Her nurse is privy : and, if aught in this Miscarried by my fault , let my old life Be sacrificed , some hour before his time , Unto the rigour of severest law .

**PRINCE**

We still have known thee for a holy man. Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this ?

**BALTHASAR**

I brought my master news of Juliet's death ; And then in post he came from Mantua To this same place, to this same monument. This letter he early bid me give his father , And threatened me with death , going in the vault , I departed not and left him there .

**PRINCE**

Give me the letter ; I will look on it . Where is the county's page , that raised the watch ? Sirrah , what made your master in this place?

**PAGE**

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

**PRINCE**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**MONTAGUE**

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

**CAPULET**

As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie ; Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

**PRINCE**

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

*Exeunt*