

# ***Romeo and Juliet***

By William Shakespeare

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## **Characters in the Play**

ROMEO  
MONTAGUE, his father  
LADY MONTAGUE, his mother  
BENVOLIO, their kinsman  
ABRAM, a Montague servingman  
BALTHASAR, Romeo's servingman

JULIET  
CAPULET, her father  
LADY CAPULET, her mother  
NURSE to Juliet  
TYBALT, kinsman to the Capulets  
PETRUCHIO, Tybalt's companion  
Capulet's Cousin  
Servingmen:  
    SAMPSON  
    GREGORY  
    PETER  
Other Servingmen

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona  
PARIS, the Prince's kinsman and Juliet's suitor  
MERCUTIO, the Prince's kinsman and Romeo's friend  
Paris' Page

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
FRIAR JOHN  
APOTHECARY  
Three or four Citizens  
Three Musicians  
Three Watchmen

CHORUS

Attendants, Maskers, Torchbearers, a Boy with a drum,  
Gentlemen, Gentlewomen, Tybalt's Page, Servingmen.

## ***THE PROLOGUE***

*Enter Chorus.*

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 5  
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows  
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-marked love  
And the continuance of their parents' rage, 10  
Which, but their children's end, naught 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.

*Chorus exits.*

## ACT 1

### Scene 1

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, with swords and bucklers,  
of the house of Capulet.*

SAMPSON Gregory, on 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 of  
collar. 5  
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. 10  
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. 15  
SAMPSON 'Tis 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. 20  
SAMPSON 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant.  
When I have fought with the men, I will be civil  
with the maids; I will cut off their heads.  
GREGORY The heads of the maids? 25  
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. 30  
GREGORY 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou  
hadst been poor-john. Draw thy tool. Here comes  
of the house of Montagues.

*Enter Abram with another Servingman.*

SAMPSON My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back  
thee. 35  
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. 40  
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 disgrace to them if they bear it.

*He bites his thumb.*

ABRAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? 45

SAMPSON I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON, *aside to Gregory* Is the law of our side if I  
say "Ay"?

GREGORY, *aside to Sampson* No. 50

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

GREGORY Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAM Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

SAMPSON But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as 55  
good a man as you.

ABRAM No better.

SAMPSON Well, sir.

*Enter Benvolio.*

GREGORY, *aside to Sampson* Say "better"; here comes 60  
one of my master's kinsmen.

SAMPSON Yes, better, sir.

ABRAM You lie.

SAMPSON Draw if you be men.—Gregory, remember  
thy washing blow. *They fight.*

BENVOLIO Part, fools! *Drawing his sword.* 65  
Put up your swords. You know not what you do.

*Enter Tybalt, drawing his sword.*

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. 70

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 three or four Citizens with clubs or partisans.*

CITIZENS

Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues! 75

*Enter old Capulet in his gown, and his Wife.*

CAPULET

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

LADY CAPULET

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

*Enter old Montague and his Wife.*

CAPULET  
My sword, I say. Old Montague is come  
And flourishes his blade in spite of me. 80

MONTAGUE  
Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE  
Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

*Enter Prince Escalus with his train.*

PRINCE  
Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel—  
Will they not hear?—What ho! You men, you beasts, 85  
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 mistempered weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your movèd prince. 90  
Three civil brawls bred of an airy word  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets  
And made Verona's ancient citizens  
Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments 95  
To wield old partisans in hands as old,  
Cankered with peace, to part your cankered 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. 100  
You, Capulet, shall go along with me,  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon  
To know our farther pleasure in this case,  
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. 105

*All but Montague, Lady Montague,  
and Benvolio exit.*

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

BENVOLIO  
Here were the servants of your adversary,  
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.  
I drew to part them. In the instant came 110  
The fiery Tybalt with his sword prepared,  
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,  
He swung about his head and cut the winds,  
Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn.  
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows 115  
Came more and more and fought on part and part,  
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE  
O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?  
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO  
Madam, an hour before the worshiped sun 120  
Peered forth the golden window of the east,

A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad,  
 Where underneath the grove of sycamore  
 That westward rooteth from this city side,  
 So early walking did I see your son. 125  
 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  
 (Which then most sought where most might not be  
 found, 130  
 Being one too many by my weary self),  
 Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,  
 And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.  
 MONTAGUE  
 Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, 135  
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.  
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
 Should in the farthest east begin to draw  
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
 Away from light steals home my heavy son 140  
 And private in his chamber pens himself,  
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  
 And makes himself an artificial night.  
 Black and portentous must this humor prove,  
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove. 145  
 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' counselor, 150  
 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 155  
 Or dedicate his beauty to the same.  
 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. 160  
 MONTAGUE  
 I would thou wert so happy by thy stay  
 To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.  
*Montague and Lady Montague exit.*  
 BENVOLIO  
 Good morrow, cousin.  
 ROMEO Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO  
 But new struck nine. 165

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? 170

ROMEO Out—

BENVOLIO Of love?

ROMEO  
 Out of her favor where I am in love.

BENVOLIO  
 Alas that love, so gentle in his view,  
 Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof! 175

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. 180  
 Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,  
 O anything of nothing first create!  
 O heavy lightness, serious vanity,  
 Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,  
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health, 185  
 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? 190

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 pressed  
 With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown 195  
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
 Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;  
 Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
 Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears.  
 What is it else? A madness most discreet, 200  
 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. 205  
 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  
 A sick man in sadness makes his will— 210  
 A word ill urged to one that is so ill.  
 In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO  
 I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO  
 A right good markman! And she's fair I love.

BENVOLIO  
 A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit. 215

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 armed,  
 From love's weak childish bow she lives uncharmed.  
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms, 220  
 Nor bide th' 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? 225

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. 230  
 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. 235  
 Examine other beauties.

ROMEO 'Tis the way  
 To call hers, exquisite, in question more.  
 These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,  
 Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair. 240  
 He that is stricken blind cannot forget  
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.  
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair;  
 What doth her beauty serve but as a note  
 Where I may read who passed that passing fair? 245  
 Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

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

*They exit.*

## Scene 2

*Enter Capulet, County Paris, and a Servingman.*

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 honorable reckoning are you both,  
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long. 5  
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 10  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET

And too soon marred are those so early made.  
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;  
She's the hopeful lady of my earth. 15  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;  
My will to her consent is but a part.  
And, she agreed, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
This night I hold an old accustomed feast, 20  
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. 25  
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel  
When well-appareled April on the heel  
Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
Among fresh fennel buds shall you this night  
Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see, 30  
And like her most whose merit most shall be;  
Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,  
May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.  
Come go with me. *To Servingman, giving him a list.*  
Go, sirrah, trudge about 35  
Through fair Verona, find those persons out  
Whose names are written there, and to them say  
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

*Capulet and Paris exit.*

SERVINGMAN Find them out whose names are written  
here! It is written that the shoemaker should 40  
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. 45  
In good time!

*Enter Benvolio and Romeo.*

BENVOLIO, *to Romeo*

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning;  
One pain is lessened by another's anguish.

Turn giddy, and be helped by backward turning.  
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish. 50  
 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
 And the rank poison of the old will die.  
 ROMEO  
 Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.  
 BENVOLIO  
 For what, I pray thee?  
 ROMEO For your broken shin. 55  
 BENVOLIO Why Romeo, art thou mad?  
 ROMEO  
 Not mad, but bound more than a madman is,  
 Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
 Whipped and tormented, and—good e'en, good  
 fellow. 60  
 SERVINGMAN God gi' good e'en. I pray, sir, can you  
 read?  
 ROMEO  
 Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.  
 SERVINGMAN Perhaps you have learned it without  
 book. But I pray, can you read anything you see? 65  
 ROMEO  
 Ay, if I know the letters and the language.  
 SERVINGMAN You say honestly. Rest you merry.  
 ROMEO Stay, fellow. I can read. (*He reads the letter.*)  
*Signior Martino and his wife and daughters,*  
*County Anselme and his beauteous sisters,* 70  
*The lady widow of Vitruvio,*  
*Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces,*  
*Mercutio and his brother Valentine,*  
*Mine Uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters,*  
*My fair niece Rosaline and Livia,* 75  
*Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt,*  
*Lucio and the lively Helena.*  
 A fair assembly. Whither should they come?  
 SERVINGMAN Up.  
 ROMEO Whither? To supper? 80  
 SERVINGMAN To our house.  
 ROMEO Whose house?  
 SERVINGMAN My master's.  
 ROMEO  
 Indeed I should have asked thee that before.  
 SERVINGMAN Now I'll tell you without asking. My 85  
 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. *He exits.*  
 BENVOLIO  
 At this same ancient feast of Capulet's  
 Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves, 90  
 With all the admirèd 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 95  
 Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire;

And these who, often drowned, 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. 100

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 weighed  
 Your lady's love against some other maid  
 That I will show you shining at this feast, 105  
 And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

ROMEO

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

*They exit.*

### Scene 3

*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? 5

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 remembered me, thou 's hear our counsel. 10  
 Thou knowest 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 teen  
 be it spoken, I have but four) she's not fourteen. 15  
 How long is it now to Lammastide?

LADY CAPULET A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE

Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
 Come Lammass Eve at night shall she be fourteen.  
 Susan and she (God rest all Christian souls!) 20  
 Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;

She was too good for me. But, as I said,  
 On Lammass Eve at night shall she be fourteen.  
 That shall she. Marry, I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years, 25  
 And she was weaned (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 dovehouse wall.	
My lord and you were then at Mantua.	30
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 dovehouse. 'Twas no need, I	35
throw,	
To bid me trudge.	
And since that time it is eleven years.	
For then she could stand high-lone. Nay, by th'	
rood,	40
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,	
He was a merry man) took up the child.	
"Yea," quoth he, "Dost thou fall upon thy face?"	45
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,	
Wilt thou not, Jule?" And, by my holidam,	
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,	50
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	55
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 cock'rel's stone,	
A perilous knock, and it cried bitterly.	
"Yea," quoth my husband. "Fall'st upon thy face?"	60
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.	65
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?	70
JULIET	
It is an honor that I dream not of.	
NURSE	
An honor? Were not I thine only nurse,	
I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy	
teat.	
LADY CAPULET	
Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you	75
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. 80

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? 85  
 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, 90  
 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 95  
 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. 100

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. 105

*Enter Servingman.*

SERVINGMAN Madam, the guests are come, supper  
 served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the  
 Nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in  
 extremity. I must hence to wait. I beseech you,  
 follow straight. 110

LADY CAPULET  
 We follow thee. *Servingman exits.*  
 Juliet, the County stays.

NURSE  
 Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.  
*They exit.*

#### Scene 4

*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other  
 Maskers, Torchbearers, and a Boy with a drum.*

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

BENVOLIO  
 The date is out of such prolixity.  
 We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,  
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, 5  
 Scaring the ladies like a crowkeeper,  
 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. 10

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 15  
 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 20  
 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, 25  
 Too rude, too boist'rous, 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 30  
 What curious eye doth cote 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 35  
 Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,  
 For I am proverbed 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. 40  
 If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire—  
 Or, save your reverence, love—wherein thou  
 stickest

Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!	
ROMEO	
Nay, that's not so.	45
MERCUTIO I mean, sir, in delay	
We waste our lights; in vain, light lights 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 masque,	50
But 'tis no wit to go.	
MERCUTIO Why, may one ask?	
ROMEO	
I dreamt a dream tonight.	
MERCUTIO And so did I.	
ROMEO	
Well, what was yours?	55
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	60
On the forefinger of an alderman,	
Drawn with a team of little atomi	
Over men's noses as they lie asleep.	
Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs,	
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,	65
Her traces of the smallest spider web,	
Her collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams,	
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,	
Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,	
Not half so big as a round little worm	70
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid.	
Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,	
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,	
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.	
And in this state she gallops night by night	75
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;	
On courtiers' knees, that dream on cur'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	80
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 he lies asleep;	85
Then he dreams 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	90
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes	
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two	
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab	

That plats the manes of horses in the night  
 And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs, 95  
 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— 100

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, 105  
 Which is as thin of substance as the air  
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north  
 And, being angered, puffs away from thence,  
 Turning his side to the dew-dropping south. 110

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 115  
 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. 120

BENVOLIO Strike, drum.

*They march about the stage  
 and then withdraw to the side.*

Scene 5  
*Servingmen come forth with napkins.*

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

SECOND SERVINGMAN When good manners shall lie  
 all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed 5  
 too, 'tis a foul thing.

FIRST SERVINGMAN Away with the joint stools, remove  
 the court cupboard, look to the plate.—  
 Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane, and, as  
 thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone 10  
 and Nell.—Anthony and Potpan!

THIRD SERVINGMAN Ay, boy, ready.

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

THIRD SERVINGMAN We cannot be here and there too. 15  
 Cheerly, boys! Be brisk awhile, and the longer liver  
 take all. *They move aside.*



*Enter Capulet and his household, all the guests and gentlewomen to Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, and the other Maskers.*

CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes  
Unplagued with corns will walk a bout with  
you.— 20

Ah, my mistresses, which of you all  
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,  
She, I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you  
now?—

Welcome, gentlemen. I have seen the day 25  
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. *Music plays and they dance.* 30

A hall, a hall, give room!—And foot it, girls.—  
More light, you knaves, and turn the tables up,  
And quench the fire; the room is grown too hot.—  
Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.—  
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet, 35  
For you and I are past our dancing days.  
How long is 't now since last yourself and I  
Were in a mask?

CAPULET'S COUSIN By 'r Lady, thirty years.

CAPULET

What, man, 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much. 40  
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,  
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,  
Some five and twenty years, and then we masked.

CAPULET'S COUSIN

'Tis more, 'tis more. His son is elder, sir. 45  
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's that which doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder knight?

SERVINGMAN I know not, sir. 50

ROMEO

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear—  
Beauty too rich for use, for Earth too dear. 55  
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. 60

TYBALT

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—

Fetch me my rapier, boy.

*Page exits.*

What, dares the slave

Come hither covered with an antic face To flear and scorn at our solemnity? Now, by the stock and honor of my kin, To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.	65
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.	70
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-governed youth. I would not for the wealth of all this 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, An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.	75       80
TYBALT It fits when such a villain is a guest. I'll not endure him.	85
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!	90
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 princ Cox, go. Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame, I'll make you quiet.—What, cheerly, my hearts!	95
TYBALT Patience perforce with willful choler meeting Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting. I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall, Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt' rest gall.	100
<i>He exits.</i>	
ROMEO, <i>taking Juliet's hand</i> If I profane with my unworhiest hand This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this: My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.	105
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, 110  
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. 115

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

ROMEO  
Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.  
*He kisses her.*

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

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

ROMEO  
Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged! 120  
Give me my sin again. *He kisses her.*

JULIET You kiss by th' book.

NURSE  
Madam, your mother craves a word with you.  
*Juliet moves toward her mother.*

ROMEO  
What is her mother?

NURSE Marry, bachelor, 125  
Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.  
I nursed her daughter that you talked withal.  
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her  
Shall have the chinks. *Nurse moves away.* 130

ROMEO, *aside* 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. 135  
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. 140  
I'll to my rest.  
*All but Juliet and the Nurse begin to exit.*

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 Petruchio. 145

JULIET

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

NURSE I know not.

JULIET

Go ask his name. *The Nurse goes.* If he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE, *returning*

His name is Romeo, and a Montague,

150

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.

155

NURSE

What's this? What's this?

JULIET A rhyme I learned even now

Of one I danced withal.

*One calls within "Juliet."*

NURSE Anon, anon.

Come, let's away. The strangers all are gone.

160

*They exit.*

## ACT 2

*Enter Chorus.*

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,  
And young affection gapes to be his heir.  
That fair for which love groaned for and would die,  
With tender Juliet matched, is now not fair.  
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again, 5  
Alike bewitchèd 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 10  
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear,  
And she as much in love, her means much less  
To meet her new beloved anywhere.  
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,  
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

*Chorus exits.*

### Scene 1

*Enter Romeo alone.*

ROMEO

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

*He withdraws.*

*Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.*

BENVOLIO

Romeo, my cousin Romeo, Romeo!

MERCUTIO He is wise

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed. 5

BENVOLIO

He ran this way and leapt this orchard wall.

Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo! Humors! Madman! Passion! Lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh. 10

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 nickname for her purblind son and heir, 15

Young Abraham 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, 20

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  
An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him. 25

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 30  
Is fair and honest. In his mistress' 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. 35

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.—  
O Romeo, that she were, O, that she were 40  
An open-arse, thou a pop'rin 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 45  
To seek him here that means not to be found.

*They exit.*

Scene 2  
*Romeo comes forward.*

ROMEO  
He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*Enter Juliet above.*

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 5  
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! 10  
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, 15  
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

20

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye 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!

25

JULIET Ay me.

ROMEO, *aside* She speaks.

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

30

35

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?

40

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. O, be some other name  
Belonging to a man.

45

What's in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other word would smell as sweet.  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,  
And, for thy name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

50

ROMEO I take thee at thy word.

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized.  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

55

JULIET

What man art thou that, thus bescreened 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.

60

JULIET

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

65

ROMEO

Neither, fair maid, 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. 70

ROMEO  
With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,  
For stony limits cannot hold love out,  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

JULIET  
If they do see thee, they will murder thee. 75

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 eyes, 80  
And, but thou love me, let them find me here.  
My life were better ended by their hate  
Than death proroguèd, wanting of thy love.

JULIET  
By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO  
By love, that first did prompt me to inquire. 85  
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.  
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far  
As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,  
I should adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET  
Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face, 90  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.  
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," 95  
And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.  
Or, if thou thinkest I am too quickly won, 100  
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo, but else not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
And therefore thou mayst think my havior light.  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true 105  
Than those that have more coying to be strange.  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou overheard'st ere I was ware  
My true-love passion. Therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love, 110  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROMEO  
Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I vow,  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—



JULIET

O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb, 115  
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, 120  
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 tonight.  
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden, 125  
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 130  
Come to thy heart as that within my breast.

ROMEO

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO

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

JULIET

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it, 135  
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, 140  
My love as deep. The more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.

*Nurse calls from within.*

I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu.—

Anon, good nurse.—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little; I will come again. *She exits.* 145

ROMEO

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

*Reenter Juliet above.*

JULIET

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.  
If that thy bent of love be honorable, 150  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,  
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. 155  
 NURSE, *within* Madam.  
 JULIET  
 I come anon.—But if thou meanest not well,  
 I do beseech thee—  
 NURSE, *within* Madam.  
 JULIET By and by, I come.— 160  
 To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief.  
 Tomorrow will I send.  
 ROMEO So thrive my soul—  
 JULIET A thousand times good night. *She exits.*  
 ROMEO  
 A thousand times the worse to want thy light. 165  
 Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their  
 books,  
 But love from love, toward school with heavy looks. *Going.*

*Enter Juliet above again.*

JULIET  
 Hist, Romeo, hist! O, for a falc'ner's voice  
 To lure this tassel-gentle back again! 170  
 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!"  
 ROMEO  
 It is my soul that calls upon my name. 175  
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
 Like softest music to attending ears.  
 JULIET  
 Romeo.  
 ROMEO My dear.  
 JULIET What o'clock tomorrow 180  
 Shall I send to thee?  
 ROMEO By the hour of nine.  
 JULIET  
 I will not fail. 'Tis twenty year till then.  
 I have forgot why I did call thee back.  
 ROMEO  
 Let me stand here till thou remember it. 185  
 JULIET  
 I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
 Rememb'ring 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, 190  
 And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,  
 That lets it hop a little from his hand,  
 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
 And with a silken thread plucks it back again,  
 So loving-jealous of his liberty. 195

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

200

That I shall say "Good night" till it be morrow.

*She exits.*

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 friar's close cell,

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

205

*He exits.*

### Scene 3

*Enter Friar Lawrence alone with a basket.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,  
And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.

5

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,  
I must upfill this osier cage of ours

With baleful weeds and precious-juicèd flowers.

The Earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;

What is her burying grave, that is her womb;

10

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.

15

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies

In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.

For naught so vile that on the Earth doth live

But to the Earth some special good doth give;

Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.

20

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,

And vice sometime by action dignified.

*Enter Romeo.*

Within the infant rind of this weak flower

Poison hath residence and medicine power:

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each  
part;

25

Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart.

Two such opposèd kings encamp them still

In man as well as herbs—grace and rude will;

And where the worser is predominant,

30

Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAWRENCE	Benedicite.	
	What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?	
	Young son, it argues a distempered head	35
	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 unstuffed brain	
	Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth	40
	reign.	
	Therefore thy earliness doth me assure	
	Thou art uproused with some distemp'rature,	
	Or, if not so, then here I hit it right:	
	Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.	45
ROMEO		
	That last is true. The sweeter rest was mine.	
FRIAR LAWRENCE		
	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 LAWRENCE		
	That's my good son. But where hast thou been	50
	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	55
	Within thy help and holy physic lies.	
	I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,	
	My intercession likewise steads my foe.	
FRIAR LAWRENCE		
	Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.	
	Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.	60
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	65
	We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow	
	I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,	
	That thou consent to marry us today.	
FRIAR LAWRENCE		
	Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!	
	Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,	70
	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 washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!	
	How much salt water thrown away in waste	75
	To season love, that of it doth not taste!	
	The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,	
	Thy old groans yet ringing in mine ancient ears.	
	Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit	
	Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.	80

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. 85

ROMEO  
 Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
 For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO  
 And bad'st me bury love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE Not in a grave  
 To lay one in, another out to have. 90

ROMEO  
 I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now  
 Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.  
 The other did not so.

FRIAR LAWRENCE O, she knew well  
 Thy love did read by rote, that could not spell. 95  
 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' rancor to pure love.

ROMEO  
 O, let us hence. I stand on sudden haste. 100

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
 Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.

*They exit.*

Scene 4  
*Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.*

MERCUTIO  
 Where the devil should this Romeo be?  
 Came he not home tonight?

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

MERCUTIO  
 Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that  
 Rosaline, 5  
 Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

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

MERCUTIO A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO Romeo will answer it. 10

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, run 15  
 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. O, he's the courageous20

captain of compliments. He fights as you sing  
 prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion.  
 He rests his minim rests, one, two, and the third in  
 your bosom—the very butcher of a silk button, a  
 duelist, a duelist, a gentleman of the very first house 25  
 of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal  
*passado*, the *punto reverso*, the *hay*!

BENVOLIO The what?

MERCUTIO The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting  
 phantasies, these new tuners of accent: “By 30  
 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 “pardon-me” ’s,  
 who stand so much on the new form 35  
 that they cannot sit 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. O  
 flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the 40  
 numbers that Petrarch flowed in. Laura to his lady  
 was a kitchen wench (marry, she had a better love  
 to berhyme her), Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gypsy,  
 Helen and Hero hildings and harlots, Thisbe a gray 45  
 eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo,  
*bonjour*. 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 slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive? 50

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. 55

ROMEO Meaning, to curtsy.

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. 60

MERCUTIO Right.

ROMEO Why, then is my pump well flowered.

MERCUTIO Sure wit, 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,  
 solely singular. 65

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

MERCUTIO Come between us, good Benvolio. My wits  
 faints. 70

ROMEO Switch and spurs, switch and spurs, or I’ll cry  
 a match.

MERCUTIO Nay, if our wits run the wild-geese chase, I

am 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?	75
ROMEO Thou wast never with me for anything 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.	80
MERCUTIO Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.	
ROMEO And is it not, then, well served into a sweet goose?	
MERCUTIO O, here's a wit of cheveril that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.	85
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 driveling love is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.	90     95
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.	100

*Enter Nurse and her man Peter.*

ROMEO Here's goodly gear. A sail, a sail!	
MERCUTIO Two, two—a shirt and a smock.	105
NURSE Peter.	
PETER Anon.	
NURSE My fan, Peter.	
MERCUTIO Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan's the fairer face.	110
NURSE God you good morrow, gentlemen.	
MERCUTIO God you good e'en, fair gentlewoman.	
NURSE Is it good e'en?	
MERCUTIO 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.	115
NURSE Out upon you! What a man are you?	
ROMEO One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself to mar.	
NURSE By my troth, it is well said: "for himself to mar," quoth he? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?	120
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.	125
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. 130

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. 135

*Singing. 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 140  
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, lady, lady, 145  
lady. *Mercutio and Benvolio exit.*

NURSE 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 150  
stand to in a month.

NURSE An he speak anything against me, I'll take him  
down, an he were lustier than he is, and twenty  
such jacks. An if I cannot, I'll find those that shall.  
Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none 155  
of his skains-mates. *To Peter.* And thou must stand  
by too and suffer every knave to use me at his  
pleasure.

PETER I saw no man use you at his pleasure. If I had,  
my weapon should quickly have been out. I warrant 160  
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! *To Romeo.* Pray 165  
you, sir, a word. And, as I told you, my young lady  
bid me inquire you out. What she bid me say, I will  
keep to myself. But first let me tell you, if you  
should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it  
were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say. For 170  
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. 175  
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. 180

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 Lawrence' cell 185  
 Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.  
*Offering her money.*

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. 190  
 Within this hour my man shall be with thee  
 And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,  
 Which to the high topgallant of my joy  
 Must be my convoy in the secret night.  
 Farewell. Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains. 195  
 Farewell. Commend me to thy mistress.  
 NURSE  
 Now, God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.  
 ROMEO What sayst thou, my dear nurse?  
 NURSE  
 Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say  
 "Two may keep counsel, putting one away"? 200  
 ROMEO  
 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 205  
 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? 210  
 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. 215  
 ROMEO Commend me to thy lady.  
 NURSE Ay, a thousand times.—Peter.  
 PETER Anon.  
 NURSE Before and apace.

*They exit.*

Scene 5  
*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 glides than the sun's beams, 5  
 Driving back shadows over louring hills.  
 Therefore do nimble-pinioned 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 10  
 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. 15  
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead,  
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

*Enter Nurse and Peter.*

O God, she comes!—O, honey nurse, what news?  
 Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.  
 NURSE Peter, stay at the gate. *Peter exits.* 20  
 JULIET  
 Now, good sweet nurse—O Lord, why lookest 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. 25  
 NURSE  
 I am aweary. Give me leave awhile.  
 Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I!  
 JULIET  
 I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.  
 Nay, come, I pray thee, speak. Good, good nurse,  
 speak. 30  
 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 35  
 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 40  
 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, 45  
 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? 50  
 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! Ah, my back, my back!

Beshrew your heart for sending me about  
To catch my death with jaunting up and down. 55

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 60  
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?” 65

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? 70

NURSE  
Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET I have.

NURSE  
Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell.  
There stays a husband to make you a wife.  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks; 75  
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, 80  
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.  
Go. I'll to dinner. Hie you to the cell.

JULIET  
Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

*They exit.*

Scene 6  
*Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
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. 5  
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 LAWRENCE  
These violent delights have violent ends  
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder, 10  
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. 15

*Enter Juliet.*

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.  
A lover may bestride the gossamers  
That idles in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall, so light is vanity. 20

JULIET

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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 heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more 25  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbor 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, 30  
Braggs 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 LAWRENCE

Come, come with me, and we will make short work, 35  
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone  
Till Holy Church incorporate two in one.

*They exit.*

## ACT 3

### Scene 1

*Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and their men.*

BENVOLIO

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire.  
The day is hot, the Capels are 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 these 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 him on the drawer when indeed there is  
no need. 5 10

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? 15

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 full of quarrels as  
an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been  
beaten as addle as an egg for quarreling. Thou hast  
quarreled with a man for coughing in the street  
because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain  
asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor  
for wearing his new doublet before Easter? With  
another, for tying his new shoes with old ribbon?  
And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling? 20 25 30

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! 35

*Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.*

BENVOLIO By my head, here comes the Capulets.

MERCUTIO By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT, *to his companions*

Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—

Gentlemen, good e'en. 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. 40

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? 45

TYBALT Mercutio, thou consortest 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! 50

BENVOLIO  
We talk here in the public haunt of men.  
Either withdraw unto some private place,  
Or 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. 55  
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." 60

TYBALT  
Romeo, the love 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. 65  
Therefore farewell. I see thou knowest 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 70  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.  
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender  
As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

MERCUTIO  
O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!  
*Alla stoccato* carries it away. *He draws.* 75  
Tybalt, you ratcatcher, 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, dry-beat the rest of the 80  
eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher  
by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your  
ears ere it be out.

TYBALT I am for you. *He draws.*

ROMEO  
Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up. 85

MERCUTIO Come, sir, your *passado*. *They fight.*

ROMEO

Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons.

*Romeo draws.*

Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage!  
Tybalt! Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath  
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.  
Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

90

*Romeo attempts to beat down their rapiers.*

*Tybalt stabs Mercutio.*

PETRUCHIO Away, Tybalt!

*Tybalt, Petruchio, and their followers exit.*

MERCUTIO I am hurt.

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

95

BENVOLIO What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

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

*Page exits.*

ROMEO

Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as 100

a church door, but 'tis enough. 'Twill serve. Ask for  
me tomorrow, 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.

105

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!

110

*All but Romeo exit.*

ROMEO

This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,  
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt  
In my behalf. My reputation stained  
With Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate  
And in my temper softened valor's steel.

115

120

*Enter Benvolio.*

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is 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.

125

*Enter Tybalt.*

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.—

Now, Tybalt, take the “villain” back again 130

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 135

Shalt with him hence.

ROMEO This shall determine that.

*They fight. Tybalt falls.*

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, begone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.

Stand not amazed. The Prince will doom thee death 140

If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away.

ROMEO

O, I am Fortune’s fool!

BENVOLIO Why dost thou stay?

*Romeo exits.*

*Enter Citizens.*

CITIZEN

Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he? 145

BENVOLIO

There lies that Tybalt.

CITIZEN, *to Tybalt* Up, sir, go with me.

I charge thee in the Prince’s name, obey.

*Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wives and all.*

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO

O noble prince, I can discover all 150

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 spilled 155

Of 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— 160  
 Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink  
 How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal  
 Your high displeasure. All this utterèd  
 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed  
 Could not take truce with the unruly spleen 165  
 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 170  
 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, 175  
 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 entertained revenge, 180  
 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. 185  
 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. 190

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. 195

PRINCE And for that offense  
 Immediately we do exile him hence.  
 I have an interest in your hearts' proceeding:  
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding.  
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine 200  
 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 is found, that hour is his last. 205  
 Bear hence this body and attend our will.  
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

*They exit, the Capulet men  
 bearing off Tybalt's body.*

Scene 2  
*Enter Juliet alone.*

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging. Such a wagoner  
As Phaëton would whip you to the west  
And bring in cloudy night immediately. 5  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties, or, if love be blind, 10  
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning match  
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.  
Hood my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle till strange love grow bold, 15  
Think true love acted simple modesty.  
Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come, thou day in  
night,  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back. 20  
Come, gentle night; come, loving black-browed  
night,  
Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine 25  
That all the world will be in love with night  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
O, I have bought the mansion of a love  
But not possessed it, and, though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day 30  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child that hath new robes  
And may not wear them.

*Enter Nurse with cords.*

O, here comes my nurse,  
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks 35  
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.—  
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The  
cords  
That Romeo bid thee fetch?  
NURSE Ay, ay, the cords. 40

*Dropping the rope ladder.*

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

Can heaven be so envious? 45

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

JULIET  
 What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?  
 This torture should be roared in dismal hell. 50  
 Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but "Ay,"  
 And that bare vowel "I" shall poison more  
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.  
 I am not I if there be such an "I,"  
 Or those eyes shut that makes thee answer "Ay." 55  
 If he be slain, say "Ay," or if not, "No."  
 Brief sounds determine 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, 60  
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,  
 All in gore blood. I swoonèd at the sight.

JULIET  
 O break, my heart, poor bankrout, break at once!  
 To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty.  
 Vile earth to earth resign; end motion here, 65  
 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? 70  
 Is Romeo slaughtered and is Tybalt dead?  
 My dearest 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 banishèd. 75  
 Romeo that killed him—he is banishèd.

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 flow'ring face!  
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? 80  
 Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!  
 Dove-feathered raven, wolvis-ravens lamb!  
 Despisèd substance of divinest show!  
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,  
 A damnèd saint, an honorable villain. 85  
 O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell  
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?  
 Was ever book containing such vile matter  
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell 90  
 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. 95  
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me  
 old.  
 Shame come to Romeo!  
 JULIET Blistered be thy tongue  
 For such a wish! He was not born to shame. 100  
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,  
 For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned  
 Sole monarch of the universal Earth.  
 O, what a beast was I to chide at him!  
 NURSE  
 Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin? 105  
 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? 110  
 That villain cousin would have killed 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, 115  
 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 murdered me. I would forget it fain, 120  
 But, O, it presses to my memory  
 Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds:  
 "Tybalt is dead and Romeo banishèd."  
 That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd,"  
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death 125  
 Was woe enough if it had ended there;  
 Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship  
 And needly will be ranked with other griefs,  
 Why followed not, when she said "Tybalt's dead,"  
 "Thy father" or "thy mother," nay, or both, 130  
 Which modern lamentation might have moved?  
 But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,  
 "Romeo is banishèd." To speak that word  
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
 All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banishèd." 135  
 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. 140  
 JULIET  
 Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be  
 spent,  
 When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.—  
 Take up those cords.

*The Nurse picks up the rope ladder.*

Poor ropes, you are beguiled, 145  
Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.  
He made you for a highway to my bed,  
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowèd.  
Come, cords—come, nurse. I'll to my wedding bed,  
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead! 150

NURSE

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

JULIET

O, find him! *Giving the Nurse a ring.* 155  
Give this ring to my true knight  
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

*They exit.*

### Scene 3

*Enter Friar Lawrence.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man.  
Affliction is enamored 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 5  
That I yet know not?

FRIAR LAWRENCE Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company.  
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

ROMEO

What less than doomsday is the Prince's doom? 10

FRIAR LAWRENCE

A gentler judgment vanished 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." 15

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Here from Verona art thou banishèd.  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

There is no world without Verona walls  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Hence "banishèd" is "banished from the world," 20  
And world's exile is death. Then "banishèd"  
Is death misnamed. Calling death "banishèd,"  
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden ax  
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR LAWRENCE	
O deadly sin, O rude unthankfulness!	25
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince, Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law And turned that black word "death" to "banishment."	
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.	30
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,	35
More honorable state, more courtship lives In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand And steal immortal blessing from her lips, Who even in pure and vestal modesty	40
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin; But Romeo may not; he is banishèd. Flies may do this, but I from this must fly. They are free men, but I am banishèd. And sayest thou yet that exile is not death?	45
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife, No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean, But "banishèd" to kill me? "Banishèd"?	
O friar, the damnèd use that word in hell. Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart, Being a divine, a ghostly confessor, A sin absolver, and my friend professed, To mangle me with that word "banishèd"?	50
FRIAR LAWRENCE	
Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.	55
ROMEO	
O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.	
FRIAR LAWRENCE	
I'll give thee armor to keep off that word, Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy, To comfort thee, though thou art banishèd.	
ROMEO	
Yet "banishèd"? 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.	60
FRIAR LAWRENCE	
O, then I see that madmen have no ears.	
ROMEO	
How should they when that wise men have no eyes?	65
FRIAR LAWRENCE	
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 murderèd, Doting like me, and like me banishèd,	70

Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy  
hair  
And fall upon the ground as I do now,  
*Romeo throws himself down.*  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

*Knock within.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Arise. One knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself. 75

ROMEO

Not I, unless the breath of heartsick groans,  
Mistlike, enfold me from the search of eyes.

*Knock.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo,  
arise.

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile.—Stand up. 80

*Knock.*

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

*Knock.*

Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's  
your will?

NURSE, *within*

Let me come in, and you shall know my errand. 85

I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE, *admitting the Nurse*

Welcome, then.

*Enter Nurse.*

NURSE

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

There on the ground, with his own tears made  
drunk. 90

NURSE

O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case. O woeful sympathy!  
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,  
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubb'ring.— 95  
Stand up, stand up. Stand an 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, death's the end of all. 100

ROMEO, *rising up*

Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?  
Doth not she think me an old murderer,  
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy  
With blood removed but little from her own?  
Where is she? And how doth she? And what says 105  
My concealed lady to our canceled 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. 110

ROMEO As if that name,  
 Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
 Did murder her, as that name's cursèd hand  
 Murdered her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me,  
 In what vile part of this anatomy 115  
 Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack  
 The hateful mansion. *He draws his dagger.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE Hold thy desperate hand!  
 Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art.  
 Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote 120  
 The unreasonable fury of a beast.  
 Unseemly woman in a seeming man,  
 And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!  
 Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,  
 I thought thy disposition better tempered. 125  
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself,  
 And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,  
 By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?  
 Why railest thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth,  
 Since birth and heaven and earth all three do meet 130  
 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. 135  
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
 Digressing from the valor of a man;  
 Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,  
 Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish;  
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, 140  
 Misshapen in the conduct of them both,  
 Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,  
 Is set afire by thine own ignorance,  
 And thou dismembered with thine own defense.  
 What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive, 145  
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:  
 There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,  
 But thou slewest Tybalt: there art thou happy.  
 The law that threatened death becomes thy friend  
 And turns it to exile: there art thou happy. 150  
 A pack of blessings light upon thy back;  
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
 But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,  
 Thou pouts upon thy fortune and thy love.  
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. 155  
 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 160  
 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, 165  
 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 stayed here all the night  
 To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!— 170  
 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.  
*Nurse gives Romeo a ring.*  
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.  
*She exits.*  
 ROMEO  
 How well my comfort is revived by this! 175  
 FRIAR LAWRENCE  
 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, 180  
 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. 185  
 Farewell.  
*They exit.*

Scene 4  
*Enter old Capulet, his Wife, and Paris.*

CAPULET  
 Things have fallen 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 tonight. 5  
 I promise you, but for your company,  
 I would have been abed an hour ago.  
 PARIS  
 These times of woe afford no times to woo.—  
 Madam, good night. Commend me to your  
 daughter. 10  
 LADY CAPULET  
 I will, and know her mind early tomorrow.  
 Tonight she's 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.— 15  
 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? 20  
 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? 25  
 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, 30  
 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?  
 PARIS  
 My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.  
 CAPULET  
 Well, get you gone. O' Thursday be it, then.  
*To Lady Capulet.* Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed.  
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.— 35  
 Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!—  
 Afore me, it is so very late that we  
 May call it early by and by.—Good night.  
*They exit.*

Scene 5  
*Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.*

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 yond pomegranate tree.  
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale. 5  
 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. 10  
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.  
 JULIET  
 Yond light is not daylight, I know it, I.  
 It is some meteor that the sun exhaled  
 To be to thee this night a torchbearer  
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua. 15  
 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 gray is not the morning's eye;  
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow. 20  
 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. 25  
 JULIET  
 It is, it is. Hie hence, begone, 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. 30  
 Some say the lark and loathed toad changed 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 begone. More light and light it grows. 35  
 ROMEO  
 More light and light, more dark and dark our woes.

*Enter Nurse.*

NURSE Madam.  
 JULIET Nurse?  
 NURSE  
 Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.  
 The day is broke; be wary; look about. *She exits.* 40  
 JULIET  
 Then, window, let day in, and let life out.  
 ROMEO  
 Farewell, farewell. One kiss and I'll descend.  
*They kiss, and Romeo descends.*  
 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. 45  
 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. 50  
 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 times to come.  
 JULIET  
 O God, I have an ill-divining soul!  
 Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low, 55  
 As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.  
 Either my eyesight fails or thou lookest pale.  
 ROMEO  
 And trust me, love, in my eye so do you.  
 Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu. *He exits.*  
 JULIET  
 O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle. 60  
 If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
 That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, Fortune,  
 For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

*Enter Lady Capulet.*

LADY CAPULET Ho, daughter, are you up? 65

JULIET

Who is 't that calls? It is my lady mother.

Is she not down so late or up so early?

What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

*Juliet descends.*

LADY CAPULET

Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET Madam, I am not well. 70

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, 75

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, 80

I 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 slaughtered him.

JULIET

What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET That same villain, Romeo. 85

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. 90

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 banished runagate doth live,

Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram 95

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, so for a kinsman vexed. 100

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	105
To wreak the love I bore my cousin	
Upon his body that hath slaughtered 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.	110
What are they, 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 expects not, nor I looked not for.	115
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.	120
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,	125
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.	130

*Enter Capulet and Nurse.*

CAPULET  
When the sun sets, the earth 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 show'ring? In one little body 135  
Thou counterfeitst 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, 140  
Without a sudden calm, will overset  
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?  
Have you delivered 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. 145

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 blessed,  
 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
 So worthy a gentleman to be her bride? 150

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, how, how, how? Chopped logic? What is this?  
 "Proud," and "I thank you," and "I thank you not," 155  
 And yet "not proud"? Mistress minion you,  
 Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,  
 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. 160  
 Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!  
 You tallow face!

LADY CAPULET Fie, fie, what, are you mad?

JULIET, *kneeling*  
 Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
 Hear me with patience but to speak a word. 165

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 170  
 blessed  
 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. 175

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. 180

CAPULET O, God 'i' g' eden!

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. 185

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 matched. And having now provided 190  
 A gentleman of noble parentage,  
 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly ligned,  
 Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,  
 Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man—  
 And then to have a wretched puling fool, 195

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
 To answer "I'll not wed. I cannot love.  
 I am too young. I pray you, pardon me."  
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you!  
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me. 200  
 Look to 't; think on 't. I do not use to jest.  
 Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart; advise.  
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend.  
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,  
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee, 205  
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.  
 Trust to 't; bethink you. I'll not be forsworn.

*He exits.*

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. 210  
 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. 215

*She exits.*

JULIET, *rising*

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.— 220  
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems  
 Upon so soft a subject as myself.—  
 What sayst thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?  
 Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE Faith, here it is. 225

Romeo is banished, 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. 230  
 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, 235  
 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

Speak'st thou from thy heart?

NURSE

And from my soul too, else beshrew them both. 240

JULIET Amen.

NURSE What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.

Go in and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeased my father, to Lawrence' cell 245  
To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. *She exits.*

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 250  
Which she hath praised him with above compare  
So many thousand times? Go, counselor.  
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. 255

*She exits.*



## ACT 4

### Scene 1

*Enter Friar Lawrence and County Paris.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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 LAWRENCE

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

5

PARIS

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
And therefore have I little talk of love,  
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous  
That she do 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.

10

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

15

FRIAR LAWRENCE, *aside*

I would I knew not why it should be slowed.—  
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward 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.

20

JULIET

What must be shall be.

FRIAR LAWRENCE 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.

25

JULIET

I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS

So will you, 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. 30

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. 35

PARIS  
 Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered 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 LAWRENCE  
 My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.— 40  
 My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

PARIS  
 God shield I should disturb devotion!—  
 Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you.  
 Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. *He exits.*

JULIET  
 O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so, 45  
 Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past help.

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
 O 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. 50

JULIET  
 Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest 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. 55  
*She shows him her knife.*

God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
 And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's sealed,  
 Shall be the label to another deed,  
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both. 60

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 65  
 Could to no issue of true honor bring.  
 Be not so long to speak. I long to die  
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
 Hold, daughter, I do spy a kind of hope,  
 Which craves as desperate an execution 70  
 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, 75  
That cop'st 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 any tower,	
Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk	80
Where serpents are. Chain me with roaring bears,	
Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,	
O'ercovered quite with dead men's rattling bones,	
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls.	
Or bid me go into a new-made grave	85
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 unstained wife to my sweet love.	90

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold, then. Go home; be merry; give consent  
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.  
Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone;  
Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.

*Holding out a vial.*

Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
And this distilling liquor drink thou off;  
When presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humor; for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.  
No warmth, no breath 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 borrowed likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.  
Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes uncovered on the bier  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,  
And hither shall he come, and he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame,  
If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear  
Abate thy valor in the acting it.

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE, *giving Juliet the vial*  
Hold, get you gone. Be strong and prosperous  
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed 125  
To Mantua with my letters to thy lord.

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

*They exit in different directions.*

Scene 2

*Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and Servingmen,  
two or three.*

CAPULET  
So many guests invite as here are writ.  
*One or two of the Servingmen exit  
with Capulet's list.*

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

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

CAPULET How canst thou try them so? 5

SERVINGMAN 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, begone. *Servingman exits.*

We shall be much unfurnished for this time.— 10

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

NURSE Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET  
Well, he may chance to do some good on her.  
A peevish self-willed harlotry it is.

*Enter Juliet.*

NURSE  
See where she comes from shrift with merry look. 15

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

JULIET  
Where I have learned me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition  
To you and your behests, and am enjoined 20  
By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here  
*Kneeling.*  
To 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 tomorrow morning. 25

JULIET  
I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell  
And gave him what becomèd love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAPULET  
Why, I am glad on 't. This is well. Stand up.

*Juliet rises.*

This is as 't should be.—Let me see the County. 30  
 Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—  
 Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,  
 All 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 35  
 As you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET  
 No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

CAPULET  
 Go, nurse. Go with her. We'll to church tomorrow.  
*Juliet and the Nurse exit.*

LADY CAPULET  
 We shall be short in our provision.  
 'Tis now near night. 40

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 tonight. Let me alone.  
 I'll play the housewife for this once.—What ho!— 45  
 They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself  
 To County Paris, to prepare up him  
 Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light  
 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

*They exit.*

Scene 3  
*Enter Juliet and Nurse.*

JULIET  
 Ay, those attires are best. But, gentle nurse,  
 I pray thee leave me to myself tonight,  
 For I have need of many orisons  
 To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
 Which, well thou knowest, is cross and full of sin. 5

*Enter Lady Capulet.*

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

JULIET  
 No, madam, we have culled such necessities  
 As are behooveful for our state tomorrow.  
 So please you, let me now be left alone,  
 And let the Nurse this night sit up with you, 10  
 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.  
*Lady Capulet and the Nurse exit.*

JULIET  
 Farewell.—God knows when we shall meet again. 15  
 I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins  
 That almost freezes up the heat of life.



CAPULET

Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crowed.  
The curfew bell hath rung. 'Tis three o'clock.—  
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica.  
Spare not for cost.

5

NURSE Go, you cot-quean, go,  
Get you to bed. Faith, you'll be sick tomorrow  
For this night's watching.

CAPULET

No, not a whit. What, I have watched ere now  
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

10

LADY CAPULET

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

*Lady Capulet and Nurse exit.*

CAPULET

A jealous hood, a jealous hood!

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

Now fellow,  
What is there?

15

FIRST SERVINGMAN

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

CAPULET

Make haste, make haste. *First Servingman exits.*  
Sirrah, fetch drier logs.

Call Peter. He will show thee where they are.

20

SECOND SERVINGMAN

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

CAPULET

Mass, and well said. A merry whoreson, ha!  
Thou shalt be loggerhead.

*Second Servingman exits.*

Good faith, 'tis day.

25

The County will be here with music straight,

*Play music.*

For so he said he would. I hear him near.—  
Nurse!—Wife! What ho!—What, nurse, I say!

*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.

30

*He exits.*

#### Scene 5

NURSE, *approaching the bed*

Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!—Fast, I warrant  
her, she—

Why, lamb, why, lady! Fie, you slugabed!  
Why, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Why, bride!—  
What, not a word?—You take your pennyworths  
now. 5

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! 10  
I needs must 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?

*She opens the bed's curtains.*

What, dressed, and in your clothes, and down  
again? 15  
I must needs wake you. Lady, lady, lady!—  
Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead.—  
O, weraday, that ever I was born!—  
Some aqua vitae, ho!—My lord! My lady!

*Enter Lady Capulet.*

LADY CAPULET  
What noise is here? 20  
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. 25  
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. 30  
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! 35  
LADY CAPULET O woeful 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 Lawrence and the County Paris, with  
Musicians.*



FRIAR LAWRENCE

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET

Ready to go, but never to return.—

40

O son, the night before thy wedding day  
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,  
Flower as she was, deflowerèd 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.

45

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 labor of his pilgrimage!  
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel death hath caught it from my sight!

50

NURSE

O woe, O woeful, woeful, woeful day!  
Most lamentable day, most woeful 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 woeful day, O woeful day!

55

60

PARIS

Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!  
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,  
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!  
O love! O life! Not life, but love in death!

CAPULET

Despised, distressèd, hated, martyred, killed!  
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st 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.

65

70

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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 you 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,

75

80

85

And in her best array, bear her to church,  
For though fond nature bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAPULET

All things that we ordainèd festival 90  
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, 95  
And all things change them to the contrary.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him,  
And go, Sir Paris. Everyone prepare  
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.  
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill. 100  
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

*All but the Nurse and the Musicians exit.*

FIRST MUSICIAN

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

NURSE

Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up,  
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

FIRST MUSICIAN

Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended. 105  
*Nurse exits.*

*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 110  
heart is full." 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? 115

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. 120

FIRST MUSICIAN Then will I give you the  
serving-creature.

PETER Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on  
your pate. I will carry no crochets. I'll *re* you, I'll *fa*  
you. Do you note me? 125

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. 130  
Answer me like men.

*Sings. When griping griefs 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? 135  
 FIRST MUSICIAN Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.  
 PETER Prates.—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?  
 SECOND MUSICIAN I say "silver sound" because musicians 140  
 sound for silver.  
 PETER Prates 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 145  
 musicians have no gold for sounding:  
*Sings. Then music with her silver sound  
 With speedy help doth lend redress.*  
*He exits.*  
 FIRST MUSICIAN What a pestilent knave is this same!  
 SECOND MUSICIAN Hang him, Jack. Come, we'll in 150  
 here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.  
*They exit.*

## ACT 5

Scene 1  
*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 unaccustomed spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. 5  
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. 10  
Ah me, how sweet is love itself possessed  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

*Enter Romeo's man Balthasar, in riding boots.*

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?  
How doth my lady? Is my father well? 15  
How doth 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 Capels' monument,  
And her immortal part with angels lives. 20  
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 e'en so?—Then I deny you, stars!— 25  
Thou knowest my lodging. Get me ink and paper,  
And hire post-horses. I will hence tonight.

BALTHASAR

I do beseech you, sir, have patience.  
Your looks are pale and wild and do import  
Some misadventure. 30

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, 35  
And hire those horses. I'll be with thee straight.

*Balthasar exits.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.  
Let's see for means. O mischief, thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.

I do remember an apothecary	40
(And hereabouts he dwells) which late I noted	
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,	
Culling of simples. Meager were his looks.	
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.	
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,	45
An alligator stuffed, 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	50
Were thinly scattered 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."	55
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!	60

*Enter Apothecary.*

APOTHECARY Who calls so loud?

ROMEO

Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.

*He offers money.*

Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have	
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear	
As will disperse itself through all the veins,	65
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	70
Is death to any he that utters them.	

ROMEO

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,	
And fearest to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,	
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,	
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back.	75
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.	80
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APOTHECARY, *giving him the poison*

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, *handing him the money*

There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,

Doing more murder in this loathsome world 85  
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.

*Apothecary exits.*

Come, cordial and not poison, go with me 90  
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

*He exits.*

Scene 2  
*Enter Friar John.*

FRIAR JOHN  
Holy Franciscan friar, brother, ho!

*Enter Friar Lawrence.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
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 barefoot brother out, 5  
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, 10  
Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth,  
So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN  
I could not send it—here it is again—

*Returning the letter.*

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee, 15  
So fearful were they of infection.

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
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. 20  
Get me an iron crow and bring it straight  
Unto my cell.

FRIAR JOHN  
Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. *He exits.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
Now must I to the monument alone.  
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake. 25  
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! 30

*He exits.*

Scene 3  
*Enter Paris and his Page.*

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 thy ear close to the hollow ground.  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread 5  
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)  
But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me  
As signal that thou hearest something approach.  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee. Go.

PAGE, *aside*

I am almost afraid to stand alone 10  
Here in the churchyard. Yet I will adventure.

*He moves away from Paris.*

PARIS, *scattering flowers*

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 distilled by moans. 15  
The obsequies that I for thee will keep  
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

*Page whistles.*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.  
What cursèd foot wanders this way tonight,  
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? 20  
What, with a torch? Muffle me, night, awhile.

*He steps aside.*

*Enter Romeo and Balthasar.*

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, 25  
Whate'er thou hearest 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 30  
A precious ring, a ring that I must use  
In dear employment. Therefore hence, begone.  
But, if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
In what I farther shall intend to do,  
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint 35  
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. 40

ROMEO

So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that.

*Giving money.*

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.

*He steps aside.*

ROMEO, *beginning to force open the tomb*

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, 45

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.

PARIS

This is that banished haughty Montague

That murdered my love's cousin, with which grief 50

It is supposed the fair creature died,

And here is come to do some villainous shame

To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.

*Stepping forward.*

Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague.

Can vengeance be pursued further than death? 55

Condemnèd 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 desp'rate man.

Fly hence and leave me. Think upon these gone. 60

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,

Put not another sin upon my head

By urging me to fury. O, begone!

By heaven, I love thee better than myself,

For I come hither armed against myself. 65

Stay not, begone, live, and hereafter say

A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

PARIS

I do defy thy commination

And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO

Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy! 70

*They draw and fight.*

PAGE

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

*He exits.*

PARIS

O, I am slain! If thou be merciful,

Open the tomb; lay me with Juliet.

*He dies.*

ROMEO

In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face.

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris! 75

What said my man when my betossèd 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, 80

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.—

*He opens the tomb.*

A grave? O, no. A lantern, slaughtered youth,  
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes 85  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.—  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.

*Laying Paris in the tomb.*

How oft when men are at the point of death  
Have they been merry, which their keepers call  
A light'ning before death! O, how may I 90  
Call this a light'ning?—O my love, my wife,  
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.  
Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, 95  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—  
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
O, what more favor can I do to thee  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain  
To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100  
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? 105  
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 chambermaids. O, here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest 110  
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. 115

*Kissing Juliet.*

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide!  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark!  
Here's to my love. *Drinking.* O true apothecary,  
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. 120

*He dies.*

*Enter Friar Lawrence with lantern, crow, and spade.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Saint Francis be my speed! How oft tonight  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?

BALTHASAR

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Bliss be upon you. Tell me, good my friend,  
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light 125  
To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern,  
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE Who is it? 130

BALTHASAR Romeo.

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
 How long hath he been there?

BALTHASAR Full half an hour.

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
 Go with me to the vault.

BALTHASAR I dare not, sir. 135

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 LAWRENCE  
 Stay, then. I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me.  
 O, much I fear some ill unthrifty thing. 140

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE, *moving toward the tomb*  
 Romeo!—

Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains 145  
 The stony entrance of this sepulcher?  
 What mean these masterless and gory swords  
 To lie discolored by this place of peace?  
 Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too?  
 And steeped in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour 150  
 Is guilty of this lamentable chance!  
 The lady stirs.

JULIET  
 O comfortable friar, where is my lord?  
 I do remember well where I should be,  
 And there I am. Where is my Romeo? 155

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
 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, 160  
 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. I dare no longer stay.

JULIET  
 Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. 165

*He exits.*

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, 170  
 To make me die with a restorative. *She kisses him.*  
 Thy lips are warm!

*Enter Paris's Page and Watch.*

FIRST WATCH Lead, boy. Which way?

JULIET

Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O, happy dagger,  
This is thy sheath. There rust, and let me die. 175  
*She takes Romeo's dagger, stabs herself, and dies.*

PAGE

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

FIRST WATCH

The ground is bloody.—Search about the  
churchyard.

Go, some of you; whoe'er you find, attach.

*Some watchmen exit.*

Pitiful sight! Here lies the County slain, 180  
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,  
Who here hath lain this two days buried.—  
Go, tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets.  
Raise up the Montagues. Some others search.

*Others exit.*

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie, 185  
But the true ground of all these piteous woes  
We cannot without circumstance descry.

*Enter Watchmen with Romeo's man Balthasar.*

SECOND WATCH

Here's Romeo's man. We found him in the  
churchyard.

FIRST WATCH

Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither. 190

*Enter Friar Lawrence and another Watchman.*

THIRD WATCH

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

FIRST WATCH

A great suspicion. Stay the Friar too.

*Enter the Prince with Attendants.*

PRINCE

What misadventure is so early up 195  
That calls our person from our morning rest?

*Enter Capulet and Lady Capulet.*

CAPULET

What should it be that is so shrieked abroad?

LADY CAPULET

O, the people in the street cry "Romeo,"  
Some "Juliet," and some "Paris," and all run  
With open outcry toward our monument. 200

PRINCE  
 What fear is this which startles in our ears?

FIRST WATCH  
 Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,  
 And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before,  
 Warm and new killed.

PRINCE  
 Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes. 205

FIRST WATCH  
 Here is a friar, and slaughtered 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! 210  
 This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo, his house  
 Is empty on the back of Montague,  
 And it mis-sheathèd in my daughter's bosom.

LADY CAPULET  
 O me, this sight of death is as a bell  
 That warns my old age to a sepulcher. 215

*Enter Montague.*

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

MONTAGUE  
 Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight.  
 Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath.  
 What further woe conspires against mine age? 220

PRINCE Look, and thou shalt see.

MONTAGUE, *seeing Romeo dead*  
 O thou untaught! What manners is in this,  
 To press before thy father to a grave?

PRINCE  
 Seal up the mouth of outrage for awhile,  
 Till we can clear these ambiguities 225  
 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.— 230  
 Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
 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 235  
 Myself condemnèd and myself excused.

PRINCE  
 Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
 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, 240

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife.  
 I married them, and their stol'n marriage day  
 Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death  
 Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city,  
 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined. 245  
 You, to remove that siege of grief from her,  
 Betrothed 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, 250  
 Or in my cell there would she kill herself.  
 Then gave I her (so tutored 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 255  
 That he should hither come as this dire night  
 To help to take her from her borrowed grave,  
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.  
 But he which bore my letter, Friar John,  
 Was stayed by accident, and yesternight 260  
 Returned 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. 265  
 But when I came, some minute ere the time  
 Of her awakening, 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. 270  
 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 275  
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
 Be sacrificed some hour before his time  
 Unto the rigor of severest law.

PRINCE  
 We still have known thee for a holy man.—  
 Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this? 280

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, 285  
 If I departed not and left him there.

PRINCE  
 Give me the letter. I will look on it.—  
*He takes Romeo's letter.*
 Where is the County's page, that raised the  
 watch?—  
 Sirrah, what made your master in this place? 290

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. 295

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. 300  
 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 punished. 305

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 ray her statue in pure gold, 310  
 That whiles 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. 315

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 pardoned, and some punished.  
 For never was a story of more woe 320  
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

*All exit.*