Romeo and Juliet
By William Shakespeare

Verona, Italy—1590's, July

ROMEO ......................Son of MONTAGUE
BENVOLIO..................Montague cousin of ROMEO
BALTHASAR .................Montague servant to ROMEO
ABRAM .....................Montague servant
LORD MONTAGUE.......Father of ROMEO
LADY MONTAGUE......Mother of ROMEO
JULIET ....................Daughter of CAPULET, age 13
TYBALT .....................Capulet cousin of JULIET
SAMPSON .................Capulet servant
GREGORY ..................Capulet servant
LORD CAPULET ...........Father of JULIET, in his 50's
LADY CAPULET ..........Mother of JULIET, about 27
NURSE ....................Capulet servant to JULIET
PETER .....................Capulet servant to NURSE
MERCUTIO .................Friend of ROMEO, related to PRINCE
COUNTY PARIS ..........Count to wed JULIET, related to PRINCE
PRINCE ESCALUS.........Prince of Verona
FRIAR LAWRENCE.......Franciscan who marries ROMEO & JULIET
FRIAR JOHN ..............Carries message for FRIAR LAWRENCE
APOTHECARY .............Sells poison to ROMEO
CITIZENS, SERVANTS, MUSICIANS, GUARDS, etc.

Shakespeare’s complete original script based on the Second Quarto of 1599, with corrections and alternate text from other editions indicated as: ¹First Quarto of 1597; ²Second Quarto of 1599; ³Third Quarto of 1609, ⁴Fourth Quarto of 1622, ⁵First Folio of 1623, and ⁶for later editions. First performed around 1595. Line-numbering matches the Folger Library edition of 1992. Spelling and punctuation are modernized (American) with some indications of pronunciation. Stage directions are clarified. Side notes are given for vocabulary, figurative language, and allusions. This script be downloaded from www.hundsness.com and used freely for education and performance. David Hundsness, editor, 2004.
PROLOGUE

CHORUS 1.0.1
Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross’d lovers take their life,
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents’ strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark’d love,
And the continuance of their parents’ rage,
Which, but their children’s end, 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.

ACT 1, SCENE 1
[Verona, a street, morning. SAMPSON & GREGORY, armed]

SAMPSON 1.1.1
Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

GREGORY 1.1.2
No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON 1.1.3
I mean, if we be in choler, we'll draw.

GREGORY 1.1.4
Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of [the] collar.

SAMPSON 1.1.5
I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY 1.1.6
But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON 1.1.7
A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY 1.1.8
To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand.
Therefore if thou art moved, thou runn'st away!

SAMPSON 1.1.9
A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GREGORY 1.1.10
The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

SAMPSON 1.1.11
'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 1.1.12
The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

SAMPSON 1.1.13
'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. When I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids, and cut off their heads!

GREGORY 1.1.14
The heads of the maids?
SAMPSON 1.1.26
Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads!
Take it in whatever sense thou wilt.

GREGORY 1.1.28
They must take it in sense that feel it!

SAMPSON 1.1.29
Me they shall feel while I am able to stand, and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GREGORY 1.1.31
'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor-john.

[ABRAM & another Montague Servant enter, armed]

SAMPSON 1.1.34
My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back thee.

GREGORY 1.1.36
How, turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON 1.1.37
Fear me not.

GREGORY 1.1.38
No, marry. I fear thee!

SAMPSON 1.1.39
Let us take the law on our side; let them begin.

GREGORY 1.1.41
I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

SAMPSON 1.1.43
Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they bear it.

[ABRAM & another Montague Servant enter, armed]

SAMPSON 1.1.45
Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

ABRAM 1.1.46
I do bite my thumb, sir.

SAMPSON 1.1.47
Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

ABRAM [aside to Gregory] 1.1.48
Is the law on 'our side if I say "ay"?

GREGORY [aside to Sampson] 1.1.50
No!

SAMPSON 1.1.51
No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

GREGORY 1.1.53
Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAM 1.1.54
Quarrel sir? No, sir!

SAMPSON 1.1.55
But if you do, sir, I am for you! I serve as good a man as you.

ABRAM 1.1.57
No better?

SAMPSON 1.1.58
Well, sir—

GREGORY [sees Tybalt coming; to Sampson] 1.1.59
Say "better"! Here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

SAMPSON 1.1.61
Yes, better, [sir].

ABRAM 1.1.62
You lie!
SAMPSON 1.1.63
Draw, if you be men!
Gregory, remember thy washing blow. slashing stroke

[They fight]
BENVOLIO [enters, sword drawn] 1.1.65
Part, fools! separate
Put up your swords! You know not what you do! put away
TYBALT [enters, to Benvolio] 1.1.67
draws his sword
What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? deer/servants
Turn thee, Benvolio. Look upon thy death! face your death

BENVOLIO 1.1.69
I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword, just, put away
Or manage it to part these men with me. use
TYBALT 1.1.71
What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word, your sword drawn
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee!
Have at thee, coward!

[They fight]
CITIZENS [enter, armed] 1.1.74
Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down! weapons
Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

[LORD & LADY CAPULET and LORD & LADY MONTAGUE enter] 1.1.76
CAPULET
What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho! outdated weapon
LADY CAPULET [mocking his old age] 1.1.77
A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?
CAPULET 1.1.79
My sword, I say! Old Montague is come waves, to spite
And flourishes his blade in spite of me!
MONTAGUE 1.1.81
Thou villain Capulet! [she stops him] Hold me not, let me go!

PRINCE [enters with Attendants] 1.1.83
Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, offenders, bloody
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel deadly
—Will they not hear?—What, ho! You men, you beasts, pouring
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage hostile
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 moved Prince! angered 1.1.90
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word public, started by few words
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague.
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets, three times
And made Verona's ancient citizens oldest
Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments.
To wield old partisans, in hands as old, put aside their dignity
Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace! you'll be executed for
For this time, all the rest depart away.
You Capulet, shall go along with me, my, farther/father's decisions
And Montague, come you this afternoon, public court
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Freetown, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart!

[All exit but Lord & Lady Montague and Benvolio]
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
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,
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 worshipped sun
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 the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood.
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought where most might not be found,
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 dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from the light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself.
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humor prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO
My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE
I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO
Have you importuned him by any means?

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

\textit{[ROMEO enters]}

BENVOLIO
See where he comes. So please you, step aside.
I'll know his grievance or be much denied.
MONTAGUE
I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
To hear true shift.——Come, madam, let's away.

\textit{[They exit]}

BENVOLIO
Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO
Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO
But new struck nine.

ROMEO
Ay me, sad hours seem long.

BENVOLIO
It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

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

BENVOLIO
In love?

ROMEO
Out—

BENVOLIO
Of love?

ROMEO
Out of her favor where I am in love.

BENVOLIO
Alas, that Love, whose view is muffled still,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO
Alas, that Love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine?

\textit{[sees signs of the fight]}
O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Why, then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
O anything of nothing first create!\footnote{created: created of nothing}
O heavy lightness, serious vanity,
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming\footnote{attractive} forms,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Still-waking sleep that is not what it is!

This love feels I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO
No coz. I rather weep.

ROMEO
Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO
At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO
Why, such is love's transgression.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to have it pressed
With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

\textit{good morning}

\textit{just now}

\textit{away}

\textit{confessions}

\textit{too bad Cupid who looks gentle is actually rough}

\textit{blindfolded, always purposes}

\textit{it's all about}

\textit{I love one who does not love me}

\textit{friend}

\textit{heart}

\textit{will increase, added}

\textit{cousin}
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, A choking gall and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO       Soft, I will go along. And if you leave me so, you do me wrong!

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

BENVOLIO       Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

ROMEO         What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO       Groan? Why no, But sadly tell me who.

ROMEO         [Bid] a sick man in "sadness" make his will? 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.

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, 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?

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

BENVOLIO       Be ruled by me; forget to think of her.

ROMEO         O, teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO       By giving liberty unto thine eyes. Examine other beauties!

ROMEO         'Tis the way To call hers, exquisite, in question more. These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows, Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair. He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. 1.1.242
Show me a mistress that is passing fair;
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who passed that passing fair?
Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO 1.1.247
I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[They exit]

**ACT 1, SCENE 2**
[A street. CAPULET, PARIS, SERVANT]

CAPULET 1.2.1
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 1.2.4
Of honorable reckoning are you both,
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAPULET 1.2.7
But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS 1.2.12
Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET 1.2.13
And too soon marred are those so early made.
She is' the hopeful lady of my earth.
But woot 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,
Whereto I have invited many a guest
Such as I love; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparelled April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female' buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be;
Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me.

[The+ earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she; she's², of my earthly body (my offspring)
[The]+, other children
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,
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.
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Among fresh female' buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be;
Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me.

[to Servant, giving a paper] Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona, find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome at' their pleasure stay.

[Capulet & Paris exit]
SERVANT
Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must go to one who can read.

BENVOLIO & ROMEO enter

In good time!

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.
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!

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—

[to Servant] Good e'en, good fellow.

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

ROMEO Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERVANT Perhaps you have learned it without book.
But, I pray, can you read anything you see?

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

SERVANT Ye say honestly. Rest you merry.

ROMEO Stay, fellow. I can read. [reads the list]

"Signor Martino and his wife and daughters
County Anselm and his beauteous sisters
The lady widow of Vitruvio
Signor Placentio and his lovely nieces
Mercutio and his brother Valentine
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters
My fair niece Rosaline [and] Livia
Signor Valentino and his cousin Tybalt
Lucio and the lively Helena"

A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

SERVANT Up.

ROMEO Whither? To supper?

SERVANT To our house.
ROMEO 1.2.82
Whose house?

SERVANT 1.2.83
My master's.

ROMEO 1.2.84
Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

SERVANT 1.2.85
Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [exits]

BENVOLIO 1.2.89
At this same ancient feast of Capulet's Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so loves, With all the admired beauties of Verona. Go thither, and with unattained eye Compare her face with some that I shall show, And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO 1.2.95
When the devout religion of mine eye Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires; 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.

BENVOLIO 1.2.101
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, And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

ROMEO 1.2.107
I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [They exit]

ACT 1, SCENE 3
[Capulet house. LADY CAPULET & NURSE]

LADY CAPULET 1.3.1
Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.

NURSE 1.3.2
Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old, I bade her come.—What, lamb! What, ladybird!—God forbid! Where's this girl?—What, Juliet! [enters]

JULIET 1.3.5
How now, who calls?

NURSE 1.3.6
Your mother.

JULIET 1.3.7
Madam, I am here. What is your will? LADY CAPULET 1.3.8
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. Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE 1.3.12
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. How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

LADY CAPULET
A fortnight and odd days.

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

LADY CAPULET
Enough of this. I pray thee, hold thy peace!

NURSE
Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh, To think it should leave crying and say "Ay."

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.
And I might live to see thee married once, if
I have my wish.

**LADY CAPULET**  1.3.68

Marry, that “marry” is the very theme
I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married? how do you feel about marriage

**JULIET**  1.3.71

It is an honor¹ that I dream not of.

**NURSE**  1.3.72

An honor¹? Were not I thine² only nurse, thy³, if I weren't your only wet-nurse
I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat. the breast

**LADY CAPULET**  1.3.75

Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem high-breeding
Are made already mothers. By my count at the same age
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

**NURSE**  1.3.81

A man, young lady! Lady, such a man perfect like a wax model
As all the world. Why, he's a man of wax!

**LADY CAPULET**  1.3.83

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

**NURSE**  1.3.84

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

**LADY CAPULET**  1.3.85

What say you? Can you love the gentleman? see
This night you shall behold read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen. And find delight written there with beauty's pen.
Examine every married lineament each tells a story
And see how one another lends content, anything unclear in this book
And what obscured in this fair volume lies well balanced facial feature
Find written in the margent of his eyes. margins
This precious book of love, this unbound lover, uncovered/unmarried
To beautify him, only lacks a cover. he only needs a cover
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride a splendid sight
For fair without the fair within to hide beauty outside is beauty within
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory a book cover is made
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story beautiful by a beautiful tale
So shall you share all that he doth possess all his wealth and status marrying him
By having him, making yourself no less.

**NURSE**  1.3.90

No less? Nay, bigger. Women grow by men. get pregnant

**LADY CAPULET**  1.3.101

Speak briefly. Can you like of Paris' love?

**JULIET**  1.3.102

I'll look to like, if looking liking move, if looks will make me like him
But no more deep will I endart engage*: I won't look any deeper
mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it' fly. than you want me to

**SERVANT**  1.3.106

[enters] have come
Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, they're calling for you
you called, my young lady asked for, is being cursed
the Nurse cursed in the pantry, and is in chaos, go away
everything in extremity. I must hence
wait tables, beg, right away
to wait. I beseech you, follow straight.

**LADY CAPULET**  1.3.111

We follow thee. [Servant exits] will follow
Juliet, the County stays. the Count is waiting
NURSE
  Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[They exit]

ACT 1, SCENE 4
[A street, that night.
ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO & Others with torches and 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,
  Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper.
  [Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
   After the prompter, for our entrance.]
  But let them measure us by what they will.
  We'll measure them a measure and be gone.

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

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

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

MERCUTIO
  You are a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings
  And soar with them above a common bound.

ROMEO
  I am too sore enpiercèd with his shaft
  To soar with his light feathers, and so bound
  Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO
  And to sink in it, should you burden love,
  You'd burden love by sinking in it
  Too great oppression for a tender thing.

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

MERCUTIO
  If love be rough with you, be rough with love!
  Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
  Give me a case to put my visage in:
  A visor for a visor. What care I
  What curious eye doth 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
  Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
  For I am proverbed with a grandsire phrase:
I'll be a candle holder and look on. (proverb)

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done'.

party, bright (proverb)

MERCUTIO 1.4.40

Tut, dun's the mouse. a mouse is grey-brown (proverb)

so keep quiet as a mouse

If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire a horse named Dun, pull, mud

pardon me, are stuck

Of—save your reverence—love, wherein thou stick'st waste

Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

MERCUTIO 1.4.49

Nay, that's not so. masquerade party

not wise

MERCUTIO 1.4.52

Why, may one ask? last night

ROMEO 1.4.53

And we mean well in going to this mask. not wise

But 'tis no wit to go.

ROMEO 1.4.55

Why, may one ask? last night

MERCUTIO 1.4.56

That dreamers often lie! (pun)

ROMEO 1.4.57

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true!

MERCUTIO 1.4.58

O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you! Queen Mab? What's she?]'

MERCUTIO 1.4.59

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone gem-stone

On the forefinger of an alderman, officer

Drawn with a team of little atomies pulled by, tiny creatures

Over men's noses as they lie asleep. athwart

Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners legs, spiders*

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers, canopy

The traces of the smallest spider's web, her*, harnesses, spider's*

The collars of the moonshine's watery beams, her*, harness collars, moonbeams

Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film, gossamer

Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat, driver

Not half so big as a round little worm man

Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid.

Her chariot is an empty hazelnut, cabinetmaker, worm

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub, for time long forgotten

Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.

And in this state she gallops night by night

And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;

O'er courtiers' knees, who dream on curtsies straight; on ?, that ?, right away

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees; right away 1.4.78

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream, right away dream of kisses

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues often, gives them blisters (herpes)

Because their breaths' with sweetmeats tainted are breath', smell of sweet foods (bawdy)

Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;

And sometimes she with a tithe-pig's tail pig donated to the church

Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,

Then he dreams of another benefice.

clergyman 1.4.85

getting more church money
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambushadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep, and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.

This is she—

ROMEO           Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace! 1.4.101
Thou talk'st of nothing.
MERCUTIO                     True, I talk of dreams, 1.4.103
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being angered, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.
BENVOLIO 1.4.111
This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves!
Supper is done, and we shall come too late!
ROMEO 1.4.113
I fear too early, for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death
But He that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail!

[All exit]

ACT 1, SCENE 5
[Capulet house. Two SERVANTS, Musicians & Guests]

1st SERVANT 1.5.1
Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away?
He shift a trencher! He scrape a trencher!

2nd SERVANT 1.5.4
When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's
hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1st SERVANT 1.5.7
Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard,
look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of
marchpane, and as thou lovest me, let the
porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. [2nd Servant exits]
Antony and Potpan!

3rd SERVANT 1.5.12
[enters with another Servant]
Ay, boy, ready.
1st SERVANT 1.5.13
You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

3rd SERVANT 1.5.14
We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys!
Be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.
[They exit]

[LORD & LADY CAPULET, COUSIN CAPULET, NURSE, JULIET, TYBALT, and more Guests enter]
CAPULET 1.5.18
Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes Unplagued with corns will walk about with you.— with no corns, dance
Ah ha, my mistresses! Which of you all Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty, Whoever lives longest She I'll swear hath corns. Am I come near you? now?— close to the truth, ye²
Welcome, gentlemen. I have seen the day 1.5.25
That I have worn a visor and could tell mask
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, beautiful
Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone. delight her
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play!—

[Music plays]
A hall, a hall, give room!—And foot it, girls!— make, dance

[They dance]
More light, you knaves, and turn the tables up, idiots, fold 1.5.32
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.— put out

[ROMEO, MERCUTIO & BENVOLIO enter in masks]
Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well! servant, unexpected maskers,
[to Cousin] Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet, come at a good time
For you and I are past our dancing days.
How long is't now since last yourself and I Were in a mask?

COUSIN 1.5.39
By'r Lady, thirty years.

CAPULET 1.5.40
What, man, 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much. wedding
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio, Pentecost Sunday
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will, twenty five
Some five and twenty years, and then we masked.

COUSIN 1.5.44
'Tis more, 'tis more. His son is elder, sir. older than that
His son is thirty.

CAPULET 1.5.46
Will you tell me that? child
His son was but a ward two years ago.

ROMEO 1.5.48
[seeing Juliet; to a Servant²]
What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand hold the hand that gentleman
Of yonder knight? [not in 1]

[SERVANT²] 1.5.50
I know not, sir.²

ROMEO 1.5.51
O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright! as², Ethiopian's everyday use
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night appears, white, among
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear, that, stands out 1.5.56
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! dance, where she goes
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows, touching her hand, rough
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessèd my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight,
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT  [aside]  1.5.61
This, by his voice, should be a Montague!
[to Page] Fetch me my rapier, boy. [Page exits]
What, dares the slave
Come hither, covered with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin! [starts to go]
CAPULET  1.5.68
Why, how now, kinsman! Wherefore storm you so?
TYBALT  1.5.69
Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite
to scorn at our solemnity this night!
CAPULET  1.5.72
Young Romeo is it?
TYBALT  'Tis he, that villain Romeo.
CAPULET  1.5.73
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 the town
Here in my house do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient. Take no note of him.
He is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
TYBALT
It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him!
CAPULET  He shall be endured!
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall! Go to!
TYBALT  1.5.80
Go to, go to!
You will not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
TYBALT  1.5.84
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—
[to Tybalt] You are a princox! Go,
[to Servants] More light, more light!
[to Tybalt] I'll make you quiet!
[to dancing Guests] What, cheerly, my hearts!
TYBALT  [aside]  1.5.100
Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bit'rest gall. [exits]
(a sonnet starts here) 1.5.104

If I profane with my unworthiest 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.

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

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

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

O, then dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray: Grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

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

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.

You kiss by the book.

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

What is her mother?

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

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

Away, be gone! The sport is at the best!

Ay, so I fear. The more is my unrest.

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

Come hither, Nurse. What is yond gentleman?
The son and heir of old Tiberio.
JULIET 1.5.144
What's he that now is going out of door?
NURSE 1.5.145
Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
JULIET 1.5.146
What's he that follows there¹, that would not dance?
NURSE 1.5.147
I know not.
JULIET 1.5.148
Go ask his name. [Nurse goes]
NURSE 1.5.149
[aside] If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed!
JULIET 1.5.150
My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
NURSE 1.5.151
His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy!
JULIET 1.5.152
My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
NURSE 1.5.153
What's this? What's this?
JULIET 1.5.154
A rhyme I learned even now
Of one I danced withal.
LADY CAPULET ² [offstage] Juliet!
NURSE 1.5.155
Anon, anon.
Come, let's away. The strangers all are gone.
[They exit]

ACT 2, PROLOGUE

CHORUS 2.0.1
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 matched³, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
Alike betwitchèd by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new belovèd anywhere.
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

ACT 2, SCENE 1
[Outside the Capulet house, same night. ROMEO]

ROMEO 2.1.1
Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[exits]
[BENVOLIO & MERCUTIO enter]
BENVOLIO 2.1.3
Romeo! My cousin Romeo! [Romeo!]²
MERCUTIO He is wise, and, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed. 2.1.4

BENVOLIO He ran this way and leaped this orchard wall. Call, good Mercutio. 2.1.6

garden fence call him

MERCUTIO Nay, I'll conjure too. Romeo! Humors! Madman! Passion! Lover! He is a moody one. 2.1.8

moody one form

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, Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so true.

When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!—

blind 2.1.15 cheating, trim: straight

"di-máins": region between (bawdy)

flesh and blood

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not.

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—

monkey is playing dead

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

BENVOLIO And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him!

MERCUTIO This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

(bawdy)

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand

Till she had laid it and conjured it down.

That were some spite! My invocation

would provoke him, spell

Is fair and honest. In his mistress' name,

I conjure only but to raise up him.

(bawdy)

BENVOLIO Come, he hath hid himself among these trees To be consorted with the humorous night.

commune, moody

Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

target

Now will he sit under a medlar tree

a fruit of suggestive shape

And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit

As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—

snicker

O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were

medlar, long pear

An open-arse and thou a pop'rin pear!

trundle': cot

Romeo, good night.—I'll to my truckle-bed.

camping outdoors

This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.

Come, shall we go?

useless 2.1.45

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

[They exit]

ACT 2, SCENE 2
[Outside Juliet's balcony. ROMEO]

ROMEO He jests at scars that never felt a wound. teases me for pains he's never felt 2.2.1

[JULIET enters at window]

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? wait, that, shines

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

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

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
I wish I were that I might touch that cheek!

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.

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

[to her] I take thee at they word.
Call me but Love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

What man art thou that thus bescreened in night
So stumblest on my counsel?
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET

My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.

Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

ROMEO

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee!

ROMEO

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

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
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, who first did prompt me to inquire.

JULIET

I know thou wilt say "Ay," and I will take thy word. Yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay
So thou wilt woo; but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my b'havior light,
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
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,
Which the dark night hath so discoverèd.

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I swear¹
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

JULIET

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled² orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?

JULIET

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

ROMEO

If my heart's dear love—

JULIET

Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract tonight.
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say "It lightens." Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

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,
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

JULIET

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

NURSE [inside, calls for Juliet]

JULIET

I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu! [to her] Anon, good Nurse!
[to him] Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little; I will come again. [goes in]

ROMEO

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

JULIET [comes out again]

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

misinterpret, shallow/unchaste
that, vow²
shines
ever-changing
orbit
unless, inconsistent
devotion
enjoy seeing you
these vows
before, sweetheart
become
sleep
heart

I wish it were still mine
just to be lavish
gifts
wait, just, back
afraid
wonderfully, real
your intentions
someone, arrange
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite, 
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay 
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

NURSE  [inside]  
Madam!

JULIET  
[to her] I come, anon!  
[to him] But if thou mean'st not well, 
I do beseech thee—

NURSE  [inside] Madam!  
JULIET  [to her] By and by I come!  
[to him] To cease thy suit and leave me to my grief. 
Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO  So thrive my soul— 

ROMEO  
A thousand times good night! [goes in]

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

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

ROMEO  [aside]  
It is my soul that calls upon my name!

JULIET  
Romeo!

ROMEO  My dear? madame?niece?nyas? 

JULIET  What o'clock tomorrow 
Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO  By the hour of nine.

JULIET  
I will not fail. Tis twenty years till then. 
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO  Let me stand here till thou remember it.

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

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

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

ROMEO  I would I were thy bird.

JULIET  
Sweet, so would I. 
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. \{exits\}

ROMEO\(^1\)

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. \{exits\}

ACT 2, SCENE 3
[St. Peter's Church, dawn. FRIAR LAWRENCE with basket]

FRIAR

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels. \{out of the way of, burning\}'s sun-chariot
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In 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.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
\[examining a flower\]
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays' all senses with the heart.
Two such opposéd kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

ROMEO \{enter\}

Good morrow, Father.

FRIAR \begin{center} Benedicité! \end{center}

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distempered head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
Therefore thy earliness do me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperad;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right:
Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.
ROMEO 2.3.46
That last is true. The sweeter rest was mine. 

I had an even sweeter rest

FRIAR 2.3.47
God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO 2.3.48
With Rosaline, my ghostly Father? No!

I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

FRIAR 2.3.50
That's my good son. But where hast thou been then?

ROMEO 2.3.52
I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy,

Where on a sudden one hath wounded me suddenly

That's by me wounded. Both our remedies

Within thy help and holy physic lies.

I bear no hatred, blessed man, for lo,

My intercession likewise steals my foe.

FRIAR 2.3.59
Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

ROMEO 2.3.61
Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,

And all combined, save what thou must combine

By holy marriage. When and where and how

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 2.3.69
Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear, forgotten

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 a lot of salt water

Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!

How much salt water thrown away in waste cast1

To season love, that of it doth not taste! to season a love you did not taste

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears dried the fog of your sighs yet ringing2, my1

Thy old groans ring yet in mine ancient ears. yet ringing2, my1

Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit look

Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.

If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine, repeat this saying

Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.

And art thou changed? Pronounce this sentence then: fall from grace when

"Women may fall when there's no strength in men."

ROMEO 2.3.86
Thou chide'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR 2.3.87
For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO 2.3.88
And bade'st me bury love.

FRIAR 2.3.89
Not in a grave and take another out

To lay one in, another out to have.

ROMEO 2.3.91
I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now please don't scold me, the girl

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.

The other did not so.
FRIAR  O, she knew well recite from memory, that read
Thy love did read by rote for one reason I'll help you
and that, read
could not spell.

ROMEO  But come, young waverer, come, go with me.
In one respect I'll thy assistant be, marriage
For this alliance may so happy prove families' hatred
To turn your households' rancor to pure love.
go, I cannot wait

FRIAR  Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.
[They exit]

ACT 2, SCENE 4
[A street, noon. BENVOLIO & MERCUTIO]

MERCUTIO  Where the devil should this Romeo be? last night
Came he not home tonight?
BENVOLIO  Not to his father's. I spoke with his man. man's servant
MERCUTIO  Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline, why
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
BENVOLIO  Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet, nephew, to
Hath sent a letter to his father's house. Romeo's
MERCUTIO  A challenge, on my life. I bet my life it's a challenge to fight
BENVOLIO  Romeo will answer it. accept it
MERCUTIO  Any man that can write may answer a letter.
accepting the dare
BENVOLIO  Nay, he will answer the letter's master, Tybalt
how he dares, being dared.
MERCUTIO  Alas poor Romeo, he is already dead, stabbed with
a white wench's black eye, shot through the ear with
a love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft with
the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft. And is he a man
accepting the dare
accepting the dare
to encounter Tybalt? fight
BENVOLIO  Why, what is Tybalt? what's so scary about Tybalt
MERCUTIO  More than Prince of Cats [I can tell you] (a cat named Tybalt in a popular story)
O, he's the courageous captain of compliments.
fencing etiquette
He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time,
harmony in a duet
distance, and proportion. He rests his minim rests,
short
one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very
butcher of a silk button; a duelist, a duelist,
silk shirt, swordsman
a gentleman of the very first house
best fencing school
of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal
well trained in fencing codes
passado! The punto reverso! The hay!— forward thrust, backhand, hit
BENVOLIO  The what?
MERCUTIO  The pox of such antic, lisping, may the plague kill, silly, Spanish-accented
affecting fantasticoes, these new affected showoffs
tuners of accents: "By Jesu, a very good blade! A very tall man! A very good whore!" Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardon-me's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

[ROMEO enters]

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 numbers that Petrarch flowed in. Laura to his lady was a kitchen-wench (marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her), Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gipsy, Helen and Hero hildings and harlots. Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signor 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?

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

Meaning, to 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?

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!

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

Come between us, good Benvolio. My wits faint.

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose 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?

ROMEO 2.4.77
Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose!

MERCUTIO 2.4.79
I will bite thee by the ear for that jest!

ROMEO 2.4.80
Nay, good goose, bite not!

MERCUTIO 2.4.81
Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

ROMEO 2.4.83
And is it not [then]² well served into a sweet goose? isn't a sharp sauce served with

MERCUTIO 2.4.85
O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

ROMEO 2.4.87
I stretch it out for that word "broad", which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose! a big fat goose

MERCUTIO 2.4.90
Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo, now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature. For this drivelling love is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole!

BENVOLIO 2.4.96
Stop there, [stop there]²!

MERCUTIO 2.4.97
Thou desire'st me to stop in my tale against the hair.

BENVOLIO 2.4.99
Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large²! otherwise you'd, too long¹ (bawdy)

MERCUTIO 2.4.100
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!

MERCUTIO² 2.4.105
A sail, a sail!

BENVOLIO¹
Two, two: a shirt and a smock.

NURSE 2.4.106
Peter!

PETER 2.4.107
Anon!

NURSE 2.4.108
My fan, Peter.

MERCUTIO 2.4.109
Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan's the fairer face.

NURSE 2.4.111
God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO 2.4.112
God ye good e'en, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE 2.4.113
Is it good e'en?

MERCUTIO 2.4.114
'Tis no less, I tell ye², for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.
NURSE 2.4.116
Out upon you! What a man are you?

ROMEO 2.4.117
One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

NURSE 2.4.119
By my troth, it is well said. "For himself to mar,"
quoth he? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where Imay find [the]^2 young Romeo?

ROMEO 2.4.122
I can tell you, but young Romeo will be older when youhave found him than he was when you sought him. I amthe youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

NURSE 2.4.126
You say well.

MERCUTIO 2.4.127
Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i' faith;
wisely, wisely.

NURSE 2.4.129
If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with ye^1.

BENVOLIO [making fun of her wrong word for "conference"] 2.4.131
She will "indite" him to some supper!

MERCUTIO 2.4.132
A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

ROMEO 2.4.133
whore/hare, (a hunting call)

ROMEO 2.4.144
I will follow you.

MERCUTIO 2.4.145
Farewell ancient lady, farewell"lady, lady, lady."

NURSE 2.4.147
I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant
was this that was so full of his ropery?

ROMEO 2.4.149
A gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk and willspeak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

NURSE 2.4.152
If^1 he speak anything against me, I'll take him down,if^2 he were lustier than he is, and twenty suchjacks! And if I cannot, I'll find those that shall!
Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills!
I am none of his skains-mates!
[to Peter] And thou must stand by too, andsuffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!

PETER 2.4.159
I saw no man use you at his pleasure. If I had, myweapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you! I swear
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 you, sir, a word. And as I told you,
my young lady bade me inquire you out. What she
bade me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell
ye, if you should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they
say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say,
For the gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you
should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to
be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing!

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

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

ROMEO
What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? Thou dost not mark me.

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

ROMEO
Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon,
And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' cell
Be shrived and married.

NURSE
No truly sir, not a penny!

ROMEO
Go to, I say you shall.

NURSE
This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

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

NURSE
Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you,

ROMEO
What say'st thou, my dear Nurse?

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

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

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

ROMEO

Ay, Nurse, what of that? Both with an R.

NURSE

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

ROMEO

Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE

Ay, a thousand times. [Romeo exits]

PETER

Anon!

NURSE

Before and apace.

[They exit]

ACT 2, SCENE 5

[Capulet house. JULIET]

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse.
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so.
O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills.
Therefore do nimble-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
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball.
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.
But old folks, many feign as they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

[NURSE & PETER enter]

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]

JULIET

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

NURSE

I am aweary, give me leave awhile.
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt' have I [had]!

[1] sometimes: handsome
[2] I swear
[3] sheet, whole
[4] "rosemary" and "Romeo" begin both with a letter
[5] the same letter
[6] she means "sentence"
[7] you mock me, a dog goes "Rrrrr"
[8] "romantic" and "Romeo" begin both with a letter
[9] slow, messengers
[10] gloomy
[12] Venus' chariot, swift
[13] highest point
[14] feelings
[15] toss her back to me
[16] act like
[17] servant
[18] are ruining
[19] if the news is sad, tell it merrily
[20] tired, leave me alone
[21] oh, jaunce: long trip
JULIET 2.5.28
I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news. wish
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak! Good, good Nurse, speak!

NURSE 2.5.31
Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay awhile? wait
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JULIET 2.5.33
How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse. you aren't telling
Is thy news good, or bad? Answer to that!
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance! wait for the details
Let me be satisfied: is't good or bad?

NURSE 2.5.40
Well, you have made a simple choice! You know not
how to choose a man. Romeo? No, not he! Though
his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels
all men's, and for a hand and a foot and a body,
though they be not to be talked on, yet they are
nothing to talk about. past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy,
but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways,
wench, serve God. What, have you dined at home?

JULIET 2.5.49
No, no. But all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? What of that?

NURSE 2.5.51
Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. headache break
My back, o' th' other side! O, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
curse, all around
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

JULIET 2.5.56
I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me, what says my love?

NURSE 2.5.59
Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous,
and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous— I believe
Where is your mother?

JULIET 2.5.62
Where is my mother? Why, she is within.
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
"Where is your mother?"

NURSE 2.5.66
O God's lady dear! impatient, really now
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow.
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET 2.5.70
Where's such a coil! Come, what says Romeo?
such a fuss
Have you got leave to go to shrift today?
permission, confession

JULIET 2.5.72
I have.

NURSE 2.5.73
Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell.
hurry, away, chamber
There stays a husband to make you a wife!
waits
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks;
uncontrollable
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
turn red, immediately
Hie you to church. I must another way
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night!
Go! I'll to dinner. Hie you to the cell!

JULIET
Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse. Farewell!

[They exit]

ACT 2, SCENE 6
[Church, afternoon. FRIAR & ROMEO]

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

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

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

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

JULIET
Good even to my ghostly confessor.

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

[Roméo kisses her]

JULIET
I'll return as much thanks, otherwise he gave too much.

[Roméo kisses her back]

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

JULIET
Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth.
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.
ACT 3, SCENE 1
[A street. MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO & Servants]

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

MERCUTIO
Thou art like one of 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 it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

BENVOLIO
Am I like such a fellow?

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

BENVOLIO
And what to?

MERCUTIO
Nay, and 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. Whose 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?

BENVOLIO
And 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!

TYBALT [to Capulets] Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
[to Benvolio & Mercutio]
Gentlemen, good e'en. A word with one of you. afternoon

MERCUTIO
And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something: make it a word and a blow! something else

TYBALT
You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, happy
and you will give me occasion! if, a reason

MERCUTIO
Could you not take some occasion without giving? make your own reason

TYBALT
Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo— hang out with Romeo

MERCUTIO
Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels? ensemble, musicians
And thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my disagreement/dissonance (sword)
fiddlestick! Here's that shall make you dance!
your god
Zounds, consort!

BENVOLIO
We talk here in the public haunt of men. public streets
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances, calmly discuss your complaints
Or else depart! Here all eyes gaze on us.

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

[ROMEO enters]

TYBALT
Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man. 3.1.57

MERCUTIO
But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery! damned, manservant's uniform
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower! to a dueling field, follow you
Your Worship in that sense may call him "man"! manservant

TYBALT
Romeo! The love\(^2\) I bear thee can afford hate\(^2\): I have so little love for you
No better term than this: Thou art a villain! all I can say is this

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

TYBALT
Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries rage
That thou hast done me. Therefore turn and draw!

ROMEO
I do protest I never injured thee, imagine
But love thee better than thou canst devise until you learn
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love, care for
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender my\(^5\)
As dearly as mine\(^2\) own, be satisfied.

MERCUTIO
O calm, dishonorable, vile submission! what a
Alla stoccato carries it away! [draws his sword] let the best fencer win
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk? filthy cat, come here

TYBALT
What wouldst thou have with me? 3.1.76

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

TYBALT
I am for you. [draws his sword] I am ready for you 3.1.84

ROMEO
Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up! sword, away 3.1.85

MERCUTIO
Come, sir, your passado! best stroke 3.1.86

[They fight]

ROMEO
Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons! disarm them 3.1.87

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage! stop

Tybalt! Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath Forbidden bandying 5 in Verona streets! this bandying 5 , fighting

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio! [draws and tries to disarm them]

[Tybalt stabs Mercutio]

[Mercutio sticks in Tybalt's belly] 3.1.88

MERCUTIO
I am hurt. without a scratch

A plague o' both [your] houses! I am sped. death to both your families, done 3.1.89

[Benvolio & Capulets exit]

Is he gone and hath nothing? What, art thou hurt? 3.1.90

BENVOLIO
Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough. where is my page?—Go, villein, fetch a surgeon! [Page exits]

MERCUTIO
Where is my page?—Go, villein, fetch a surgeon! [Page exits]

ROMEO
Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much. 3.1.91

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

ROMEO
I thought all for the best. 3.1.92

MERCUTIO
Help me into some house, Benvolio, I've had it thoroughly

Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses! I have it, finished, swear

They have made worms' meat of me. I have it, damn

And soundly too. Your houses! I've had it thoroughly

[All exit but Romeo]

ROMEO
This gentleman, the Prince's near ally, close relative

My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt fatal, wound 1

In my behalf. My reputation stained for

With Tybalt's slander. Tybalt, that an hour

Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,

Thy beauty hath made me effeminate weak

And in my temper softened valor's steel!

BENVOLIO [re-enters] risen to heaven

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's 5 dead! soon, leave

That gallant spirit hath aspirèd the clouds,

Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.
ROMEO 3.1.124
This day's black fate on more days doth depend:
will have consequences
This but begins the woe others¹ must end.
what other days¹

[TYBALT re-enters]

BENVOLIO
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again!

ROMEO 3.1.126
Alive¹, in triumph! And Mercutio slain!
killed
Away to heav'n, respectful lenity.
respectful mercy
And fire-eyed¹ fury be my conduct now!—
guide
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again
that insult 3.1.130
That late thou gav'est me, for Mercutio's soul
lately
Is but a little way above our heads,
waiting for your soul
Staying for thine to keep him company!
go with him to heaven
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him!

TYBALT 3.1.135
Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,  kept company with him here
Shalt with him hence!
shall be with him from now on

ROMEO 3.1.137
This shall determine that!

[They fight. Romeo kills Tybalt]

BENVOLIO 3.1.138
Romeo, away, be gone!
people are coming, killed
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
dazed, sentence
Stand not amazed! The Prince will doom thee death
go away
If thou art taken! Hence, be gone, away!

ROMEO 3.1.142
O, I am Fortune's fool!
fate's plaything

BENVOLIO 3.1.143
Why dost thou stay?

[CITIZEN enter]

CITIZEN
Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?

BENVOLIO 3.1.146
There lies that Tybalt.

CITIZEN
Up, sir, go with me.
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey!

[PRINCE & Attendants, LORD & LADY MONTAGUE, LORD & LADY CAPULET, and Others enter]

PRINCE 3.1.149
Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO 3.1.150
O noble Prince, I can discover all
explain details
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.

LADY CAPULET 3.1.154
Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
relative
O Prince! O cousin! Husband! O, the blood is spilt
fair
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,  take
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague!

PRINCE 3.1.159
Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO 3.1.160
Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.
politely to him, bid², reminded him
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade' him bethink
trivial,
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
reminded him you'd be angry
Your high displeasure. All this utterèd
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed, on bent knee
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen calm down, temper 3.1.165
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts thrusts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast, angry, draws his sword
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point, military skill,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats defends against death 3.1.170
Cold death aside and with the other sends skill
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity avoids
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud, I swear on my life
"Hold, friends! Friends, part!" and swifter than his tongue
His agile' arm beats down their fatal points, rushes between them
And 'twixt them rushes, underneath whose arm vicious
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life brave
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled, soon
But by and by comes back to Romeo, before
Who had but newly entertained revenge, bold
And to't they go like lightning, for, ere I flee
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,
And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly.
defends against death 3.1.180
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LADY CAPULET 3.1.185
He is a kinsman to the Montague.  
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true! lie
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife, feud
And all those twenty could but kill one life. only
I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give. 

PRINCE 3.1.191
Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio. mercenaries
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe? Mercutio's

MONTAGUE 3.1.193
Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's friend. crime, only
His fault concludes but what the law should end:
The life of Tybalt.

PRINCE 3.1.196
And for that offence banish him from Verona
Immediately we do exile him hence. relative, barbaric
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding: 
banish him from Verona
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding. 
banish him from Verona
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine punish, heavy 3.1.200
That you shall all repent the loss of mine! regret
I' will be deaf to pleading and excuses. 
regret
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses. buy your way out of this
Therefore use none! Let Romeo hence in haste, go away 3.1.205
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last! 
just causes more
Bear hence this body and attend our will.
carry away, come to hear more
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
carry away, come to hear more
[All exit]

ACT 3, SCENE 2
[Capulet house. JULIET]

JULIET 3.2.1
Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, fast, horse
Towards Phoebus' lodging. Such a wagoner the sun god's home, driver
As Phaeton would whip you to the west the sun god's sun
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
those horses eyes may close
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,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods,
Hood my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle till strange love grow bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come thou day in night.
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven’s back.

Come gentle night. Come loving black-browed night.
Give me my Romeo, and when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heav’n so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love
But not possessed it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my Nurse,
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo’s name speaks heavenly eloquence.

[NURSE enters with rope-ladder]
Now, Nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE Ay, ay, the cords.

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

NURSE Ah, woe the day! He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!

JULIET
Can heaven be so envious?

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

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

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

O, break, my heart! Poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth to earth resign! End motion here!
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

NURSE

O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JULIET

What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo 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 banished.
Romeo that killed him, he is banished.

JULIET

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

NURSE

There's no trust, no faith, no honesty in men. All perjured, deceitful, worthless, false servants, brandy.

Ah, where's my man? Give me some aqua vitae.

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

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, 3.2.115
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then? 3.2.120
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murdered me. I would forget it fain,
But O, it presses to my memory
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds. 3.2.125
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo...banishèd."
That "banishèd, " that one word "banishèd"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough if it had ended there.
Or if sour woe delights in fellowship 3.2.130
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, 3.2.135
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!"
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound. 3.2.140
In that word's death. No words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother, Nurse? 3.2.145
NURSE
Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse. 3.2.149
Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment. 3.2.153
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguiled.
He made you for a highway to my bed, 3.2.157
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords. Come, Nurse, I'll to my wedding-bed, 3.2.161
And Death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
NURSE
Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo 3.2.165
To comfort you. I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.
I'll to him. He is hid at Lawrence' cell.
JULIET
O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight, [hands her a ring]
And bid him come to take his last farewell.
[They exit]

ACT 3, SCENE 3
[Church, that night. FRIAR, ROMEO]

FRIAR
Romeo, come forth. Come forth, thou fearful man. 3.3.1
Affliction is enamored of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
ROMEO
Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom? 3.3.4
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand
That I yet know not?
FRIAR                          Too familiar 3.3.7
Is my dear son with such sour company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.  

ROMEO 3.3.10
What less than doomsday is the Prince's doom?

FRIAR 3.3.11
A gentler judgment vanished from his lips:
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO 3.3.13
Ha! Banishment? Be merciful, say "death"!
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death! Do not say "banishment"!

FRIAR 3.3.16
Hence from Verona art thou banishèd.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO 3.3.18
There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself!
Hence "banishèd" is "banish'd from the world,"
And world's exile is death! Then "banished"
Is death mis-termed. Calling death "banished,"
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe
And smile'st upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR 3.3.25
O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law
And turned that black word "death" to "banishment."
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

ROMEO 3.3.31
'Tis torture, and not mercy! Heav'n is here
Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honorable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo. They my seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
But Romeo may not; he is banishèd.
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly
They are free men, but I am banishèd.

And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
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"?

FRIAR 3.3.55
Thou fond madman, hear me but speak a word.

ROMEO 3.3.56
O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR 3.3.57
I'll give thee armor to keep off that word:
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banishèd.

ROMEO 3.3.60
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!

FRIAR 3.3.64
O, then I see that madmen¹ have no ears.

ROMEO 3.3.65
How should they when that wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR 3.3.66
Let me dispute with thee of thy estate. ³reason with you about your situation

ROMEO 3.3.67
Thou canst not speak of that² 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,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. ³measurement of my

[NURSE knocks at door]

FRIAR 3.3.75
Arise. One knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO 3.3.76
Not I, unless the breath of heartsick groans,
Mist-like, enfold me from the search of eyes.

[Knocking]

FRIAR 3.3.78
Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise,
Thou wilt be taken!

[Knocking] —Stay awhile!—Stand up, wait a minute.
Run to my study!

[Knocking] —By and by!—God's will, just a minute.
What simpleness is this!

[Knocking] —I come, I come!
Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's your will?

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

FRIAR [opens door] Welcome then! 3.3.87
NURSE [enters] 3.3.88
O Holy Friar, O, tell me, Holy Friar,
Where is¹ my lady's lord? Where's Romeo?

FRIAR 3.3.90
There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

NURSE 3.3.92
O, he is even in my mistress' case, in the same condition as Juliet
Just in her case! O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she, same condition
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
[to Romeo] Stand up, stand up! Stand, and you be a man! pitiful, she lies the same way
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand!
Why should you fall into so deep an O? if

ROMEO 3.3.99
Nurse!

NURSE Ah sir, ah sir! Death's the end of all. all of us 3.3.100

ROMEO 3.3.101
Spake'st thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? And how doth she? And what says
My concealed lady to our cancelled love?

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

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

FRIAR
Hold thy desperate hand!
Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art!
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast!
Unseemly woman in a seeming man,
And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me! By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heav'n and earth,
Since birth and heav'n and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose?
Fie, fie, thou shame'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the 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,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless 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,
For whose dear sake thou wert but lately dead.
There art thou happy! Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt. There are thou happy!
The law that threatened death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile. There art thou happy!
A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pou'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber. Hence and comfort her.
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
ruined the beginning
of her close relative
secret bride about
NURSE 3.3.107

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

ROMEO
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Since birth and heav'n and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose?
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Thou pou'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber. Hence and comfort her.
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went’st forth in lamentation.
[to Nurse] Go before, Nurse. Commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

NURSE
O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night
To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!
[to Romeo] 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. [hands him the ring]
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late! [exits]

ROMEO
How well my comfort is revived by this!

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

ACT 3, SCENE 4
[Capulet house. LORD & LADY CAPULET, 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.
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

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

LADY CAPULET
I will, and know her mind early tomorrow.
Tonight she's mewed up to her heaviness.

CAPULET
Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me. Nay, more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her—mark you me?—on Wednesday next—
But soft, what day is this?
PARIS Monday, my lord.
CAPULET Monday! Ha, ha. Well, Wednesday is too soon.
O' Thursday let it be. [to her] O' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl!
[to him] Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado, a friend or two,
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
PARIS My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow!
CAPULET Well get you gone. O' Thursday be it, then!
[to her] Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.
[to him] Farewell, my lord.
[to Servant] Light to my chamber, ho!
[to him] Afore me, it is so very late that we
May call it early by and by. Good night.
[They exit]

ACT 3, SCENE 5
[Juliet's bedroom, dawn. ROMEO & JULIET]

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

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

JULIET
Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I.
It is some meteor that the sun exhaled,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heav'n so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come death, and welcome; Juliet wills it so!
How is't, my soul? Let's talk. It is not day.
JULIET  [realizing it is late]
It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division.
This doth not so, for she divideth us!
Some say the lark and loathed toad 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 be gone! More light and light it grows.

ROMEO
More light and light, more dark and dark our woes!

NURSE  [enters]
Madam!

JULIET
Nurse?

NURSE
Your lady mother is coming to your chamber!
The day is broke. Be wary. Look about! [exits]

JULIET
Then, window, let day in, and let life out!

ROMEO
Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend. [goes down]

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

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

JULIET
O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

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

JULIET
O Fortune, Fortune! All men call thee fickle.
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!

LADY CAPULET  [off-stage] Ho, daughter, are you up?

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?
LADY CAPULET [enters]

Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

JULIET How are you still?

LADY CAPULET What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

JULIET stop crying, a little

And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.

Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love,

LADY CAPULET But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JULIET foolishness

So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

LADY CAPULET Which you weep for.

JULIET the loss so much

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LADY CAPULET as because that villain

JULIET Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET deep

JULIET but Tybalt whom you weep for cannot feel

LADY CAPULET for the

JULIET Feeling so the loss,

LADY CAPULET I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

JULIET for the

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JULIET stop crying, a little

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LADY CAPULET Foolishness

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LADY CAPULET Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

JULIET Still
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy
That thou expects not, nor I looked not for.
JULIET

Madam, in happy time! What day is that?
LADY CAPULET

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

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

Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.
[CAPULET & NURSE enter]
CAPULET

When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew,
But for the sunset of my brother's son
t rains downright.
How now, a conduit, girl? What, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeits a bark, a sea, a wind,
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears. The bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood. The winds, thy sighs,
Who, raging with thy tears and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossèd 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!
CAPULET

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

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

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

has arranged
expected
good
well, morning
Count
am shocked
before
what's this, fountain
still
imitate, boat
body
unless there's, capsize
storm-tossed
told her our decision
she'll have none of it
wish
wait, explain this to me
have none of it
happy, consider herself blessed
arranged
bride: make her a bride
I'm not happy that
but I'm, you meant for me to
now, now, quibbling
spoiled hussy
prepare your fine self for
rotten thing, good-for-nothing
coward
LADY CAPULET  Fie, fie. What, are you mad?

JULIET

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

CAPULET

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

NURSE                       God in heav’n bless her! 3.5.176
You are to blame, my lord, to rate
her so!

CAPULET 3.5.178

And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue,
Good Prudence! Smatter with your gossips, go!

NURSE 3.5.180

I speak no treason—

CAPULET 3.5.181

May not one speak?

CAPULET 3.5.182

Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o’er a gossip’s1 bowl,
For here we need it not!

LADY CAPULET            You are too hot! 3.5.186

CAPULET 3.5.187

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
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly liened2,
Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,
Proportioned as one’s thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched pulling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune’s tender,
To answer ‘I’ll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me!’
[to Juliet] But if you will not wed, I’ll “pardon” you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me!

JULIET 3.5.192

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month! A week!
Or if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.
LADY CAPULET 3.5.214
Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [exits] do what you will

JULIET 3.5.216
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 alive, marriage vow sworn
Unless that husband send it me from heaven can I marry again
By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsel me!
Alack, alack, that heav'n should practice stratagems dying, advise
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy? set traps
Some comfort, Nurse.

NURSE 3.5.220
Faith, here it is. you can bet the world
Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing claim
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you, he'll have to do it in secret
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth, so, the way things stand
I think it best you married with the County. Count Paris
O, he's a lovely gentleman! dishrag compared to him
Romeo's a dish-clout to him. An eagle, madam, fortunate, marriage
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye is better than
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart, as good as dead
I think you are happy in this second match, on earth, never able to see you
For it excels your first; or if it did not, 3.5.235
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were
As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET 3.5.239
Speakest thou from thy heart?
And from my soul too, else beshrew them both. curse
Amen.

NURSE 3.5.240
What?

JULIET 3.5.241
Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.
Go in and tell my lady I am gone, mother
Having displeased my father, to Lawrence' cell, forgiven
To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE 3.5.247
Merry, I will; and this is wisely done. [exits]

JULIET 3.5.248
Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn, cursed old woman
to break my wedding vow
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue criticize, husband beyond comparison
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counselor.
you'll never hear my secrets
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. [exits] kill myself

ACT 4, SCENE 1
[Church, later that day. FRIAR & PARIS]

FRIAR 4.1.1
On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.
PARIS 4.1.2
My father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

FRIAR 4.1.4
You say you do not know the lady's mind?
Uneven is the course. I like it not.

PARIS 4.1.6
Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talked of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears,
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR 4.1.16
[aside] I would I knew not why it should be slowed.

JULIET enters
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

PARIS 4.1.18
Happily met, my lady and my wife!

JULIET 4.1.19
That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PARIS 4.1.20
That "may be" must be, love, on Thursday next.

JULIET 4.1.21
What must be shall be.

FRIAR 4.1.22
That's a certain text.

PARIS 4.1.23
Come you to make confession to the Friar?

JULIET 4.1.24
To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS 4.1.25
Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET 4.1.26
I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS 4.1.27
So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

JULIET 4.1.28
If I do so, it will be of more price
Being spoke behind your back than to your face.

PARIS 4.1.30
Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

JULIET 4.1.31
The tears have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.

PARIS 4.1.33
The tears have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.

JULIET 4.1.34
That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

PARIS 4.1.36
Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

JULIET 4.1.37
It may be so, for it is not mine own.

[to Friar] Are you at leisure, Holy Father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
FRIAR 4.1.40
My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
I'm free now, troubled
[to him] My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
ask for
PARIS 4.1.42
God shield I should disturb devotion!—
forbid, religious devotion
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you¹.
ye², wake you (with music)
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. [kisses her, exits]

JULIET 4.1.45
O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help!

FRIAR 4.1.47
O Juliet, I already know thy grief.
know the cause of your grief
It strains me past the compass of my wits.
I'm at my wit's end
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
nothing can delay it
On Thursday next be married to this County.
Count Paris

JULIET 4.1.51
Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it!
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise, 4.1.54
And with this knife I'll help it presently!
[now]
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!
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time
Give me some present counsel, or behold:
Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honor bring!
not bring an honorable solution
Be not so long to speak! I long to die
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy!

FRIAR 4.1.59
Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with Death himself to 'scape from it;
And if thou dare'st, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET 4.1.66
O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
tell me to
From off the battlements of any¹ tower,
wander
Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk
walk in dark alleyways, go
Where serpents are. Chain me with roaring bears,
Snakes
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house
mortuary
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
covered up
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls.
stinking limbs, jawless
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
burial cloth
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud¹
—Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble—
myself say them
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
loyal
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.
FRIAR

Hold, then. Go home, be merry. Give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.
Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone.
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drink thou off.
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou live'st.
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  [gives her the vial]
Hold. Get you gone. Be strong and prosperous
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua with my letters to thy lord.

JULIET
Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford!
Farewell, dear Father!
[They exit]

ACT 4, SCENE 2
[Capulet house, almost night. LORD & LADY CAPULET, NURSE & SERVANTS]

CAPULET  [handing a paper to 1st Servant]
So many guests, invite as here are writ.
[1st Servant exits]
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.
2nd SERVANT
You shall have none ill, sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.
CAPULET
How canst thou try them so?
2nd SERVANT 4.2.6
Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers.
Therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

CAPULET 4.2.9
Go, be gone. [2nd Servant exits]
We shall be much unfurnished for this time.
[to Nurse] What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

NURSE 4.2.12
Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET 4.2.13
Well, he may chance to do some good on her.
A peevish self-willed harlotry it is.

[CAPULET enters]
NURSE 4.2.15
See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

CAPULET 4.2.16
How now, my headstrong! Where have you been gadding?

JULIET 4.2.18
Where I have learned me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoined
By Holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here
To beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you.
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

CAPULET 4.2.24
Send for the County! Go tell him of this!
I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning!

JULIET 4.2.26
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 4.2.29
Why, I am glad on't! This is well! Stand up!
This is as't should be!—Let me see the County!
Ay, marry! Go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend Holy Friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

JULIET 4.2.34
Nurse, will you go with me into my closet
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET 4.2.37
No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

CAPULET 4.2.38
Go, Nurse, go with her. We'll to church tomorrow.

LADY CAPULET 4.2.39
We shall be short in our provision.
'Tis now near night!

CAPULET 4.2.41
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.
[calling for servants] —What, ho!—
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris to prepare him up.

—continued—

**Notes:**
- bad (proverb)
- are very unprepared, event
- truly
- unruly, willful tramp she is
- look, here, confession
- stubborn girl
- wandering
- learned to be sorry for
- commands, told
- fall to my knees
- forgive me
- from now on, will always be
- wedding knot tied
- the appropriate amount of love
- choose what
to wear
- we won't have enough food or drink
- almost
- nonsense, I'll get things going
- I promise
- get her ready
go to bed, leave it to me
- out
- up him
Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light for, I am lighthearted has been set straight
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed! conflicted!

[They exit]

ACT 4, SCENE 3
[Juliet’s bedroom, that night. JULIET & NURSE]

JULIET
Ay, those attires are best. But gentle Nurse, clothes
I pray thee, leave me to myself tonight, leave me alone
For I have need of many orisons prayers
To move the heavens to smile upon my state, encourage, situation
Which, well thou know’st, is cross and full of sin. conflicted

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

JULIET
No, madam. We have culled such necessaries picked out everything
As are behoveful for our state tomorrow as needed for the ceremony
So please you, let me now be left alone, stay with you
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you;
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

LADY CAPULET Good night.

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

[They exit]

JULIET
Farewell. God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins fainting cold fear rushing
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
freeses me to death
I’ll call them back again to comfort me.
—Nurse!—What should she do here? dreadful
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
dreadful
Come, vial.
fainting cold fear rushing
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it. [takes a dagger and puts it by the bed] Lie thou there.
cunningly, administered
What if it be a poison, which the Friar otherwise
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is, and yet methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
always proven himself
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
get me, frightening
Come to redeem me? There’s a fearful point!
suffocated, tomb
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
suffocated, tomb
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 fresh
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
before
Or if I live, is it not very like
isn’t it likely
The horrible conceit of death and night,
thoughts
Together with the terror of the place...
tomb
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
tomb
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
just recently buried
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
rotting
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
haunt
Lies festering in his shroud; where as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort...
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad...
O, if I wake\textsuperscript{3}, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?\textsuperscript{4}
O look! Methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point! Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! This do\textsuperscript{5} I drink to thee.

[She drinks then falls in bed within the curtains]

\textbf{ACT 4, SCENE 4}
\textit{[Capulet house, before dawn. LADY CAPULET & NURSE]}

\textbf{LADY CAPULET} 4.4.1
Hold, take these keys and fetch more spices, Nurse.

\textbf{NURSE} 4.4.2
They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

\textbf{CAPULET [enters]} 4.4.3
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 the cost.

\textbf{NURSE\textsuperscript{2}} 4.4.4
Go, you cot-quean, go. Get you to bed. Faith, You'll be sick tomorrow
For this night's watching.

\textbf{CAPULET} 4.4.10
No, not a whit. What! I have watched ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

\textbf{LADY CAPULET} 4.4.12
Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now!

[Lady Capulet & Nurse exit]

\textbf{CAPULET} 4.4.14
A jealous hood, a jealous hood!

[\textit{SERVANTS enter with logs, baskets, etc.}]

\textbf{1st SERVANT} 4.4.17
Now, fellow, what is there?

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

\textbf{CAPULET} 4.4.18
Make haste, make haste! [\textit{1st Servant exits}]
[\textit{to 2nd Servant}]
Sirrah, fetch drier logs.
Call Peter. He will show thee where they are.

\textbf{2nd SERVANT} 4.4.21
I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

\textbf{CAPULET} 4.4.23
Mass, and well said! A merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be loggerhead! [\textit{2nd Servant exits}]
Good faith, 'tis day!
The County will be here with music straight.
For so he said he would.
ACT 4, SCENE 5
[Juliet's bedroom. NURSE, JULIET within the bed curtains]

NURSE
Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!—Fast, I warrant her, she.—
Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Why, bride!
What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little! God forgive me,
Marry, and amen.—How sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the County take you in your bed!
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?
[opens the bed curtains]
What, dressed? And in your clothes? And down again?
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!
LADY CAPULET [enters]
What noise is here?
NURSE O lamentable day!
LADY CAPULET
What is the matter?
NURSE Look, look! O heavy day!
LADY CAPULET
O me, O me! My child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! Call help!
CAPULET [enters]
For shame, bring Juliet forth! Her lord is come.
NURSE She's dead, deceased! She's dead! Alack the day!
LADY CAPULET
Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!
CAPULET
Ha? Let me see her. Out, alas! She's cold!
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff!
Life and these lips have long been separated!
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
NURSE O lamentable day!
LADY CAPULET O woeful time!
CAPULET
Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.
[FRIAR, PARIS & MUSICIANS enter]

FRIAR 4.5.39
Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET 4.5.40
Ready to go, but never to return,—
O son! The night before thy wedding day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law; Death is my heir.
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all: life, living, all is Death's.

PARIS 4.5.47
Have I thought long' to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

LADY CAPULET 4.5.49
[all speak together]
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 catched it from my sight!

NURSE 4.5.55
[together]
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!

PARIS 4.5.61
[together]
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 4.5.65
[together]
Despised, distressèd, hated, martyred, killed!
Uncomfortable time, why came'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 burièd.

FRIAR 4.5.71
Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure' lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid. Now heav'n 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 heav'n itself?
O, in this love you love your child so ill
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
She's not well married that lives married long,
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse, and as the custom is,
In all her best array, bear her to church.
For though fond* nature bids us all lament, our emotional nature / some\(^2\), to cry
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment. mocked by reason

CAPULET

All things that we ordained festival, intended for the wedding feast
Turn from their office to black funeral: purpose
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 corpse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

FRIAR

Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him,
And go, Sir Paris. Everyone prepare
to follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heav'ns do lour upon you for some ill.
Move them no more by crossing their high will.
[Lord & Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar exit]

1st MUSICIAN (Simon) put away, instruments
Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

NURSE put away
Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up.
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [exits]

1st MUSICIAN truly, situation / instrument case,
Ay, by', my troth, the case may be amended.

PETER could be better [enters]
Musicians, O musicians, "Heart's Ease", "Heart's Ease".
O, and you will have me live, play "Heart's Ease".

1st MUSICIAN if you want me to live
Why "Heart's Ease"?

PETER mournful song
O, musicians, because my heart itself plays "My Heart is Full [of Woe]". O, play me some merry dump to comfort me.

1st MUSICIAN mournful song
Not a dump we! 'Tis no time to play now.

PETER if you want me to live
You will not, then?

1st MUSICIAN give it to you
No.

PETER give it to you
I will then give it you soundly!

1st MUSICIAN give it to you
What will you give us?

PETER a sneer
No money, on my faith, but the gleek!
I will give you the minstrel!
call you "minstrels"

1st MUSICIAN call you what you are: a servant
Then I will give you the serving-creature!

call you what you are: a servant

PETER note what I'm saying [draws his dagger]
Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate! I will carry no crotches!
I'll "re" you, I'll "fa" you! Do you note me?

1st MUSICIAN note what I'm saying
And you "re" us and "fa" us, you note us!

2nd MUSICIAN (Hugh) put away, pull, intelligence
Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

PETER put away
Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you
with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer

I'll attack you, beat
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?
lute
1st MUSICIAN (Simon)  4.5.137
Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
PETER
Prates! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?
foolish chatter, fiddle
2nd MUSICIAN (Hugh)  4.5.140
I say "silver sound" because musicians sound for silver.
play, silver coins
PETER
Prates too!—What say you, James Soundpost?
foolish chatter,
3rd MUSICIAN (James)  4.5.142
part of a stringed instrument
Faith, I know not what to say.
PETER
O, I cry you mercy. You are the singer. I will say
for you. It is "music with her silver sound" because
musicians have no gold for sounding: [sings]
don't get paid gold for playing
"Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress." [exits]
make things better
1st MUSICIAN  4.5.149
What a pestilent knave is this same!
miserable fool he is
2nd MUSICIAN  4.5.150
Hang him, jack! Come, we'll in here,
man, we'll go in here
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.
wait for, stay for dinner
[They exit]

ACT 5, SCENE 1
[Mantua, that afternoon. 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.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,
—Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think!—
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips
That I revived and was an emperor.
Ah me! How sweet is love itself possessed
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!
[BALTHASAR enters]
News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares' my Juliet? That I ask again,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.
BALTHASAR
Then she is well and nothing can be ill.
She's in heaven (an expression)
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
the Capulet tomb
And her immortal part with angels lives.
soul
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
family's tomb
And presently took post to tell it you.
bad
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
immediately rented a horse
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.
make it my duty
ROMEO 5.1.25
Is it e'en so? Then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging. Get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses. I will hence tonight.

BALTHASAR 5.1.28
I do beseech you, sir, have patience!
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

ROMEO 5.1.29
Tush, thou art deceived!
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

BALTHASAR 5.1.30
No, my good lord.

ROMEO 5.1.31
No matter. Get thee gone,
And hire those horses. I'll be with thee straight.

[Enter Balthasar.]

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 apothec'ry,
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,
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 pack-thread, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scattered to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said
"And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him."
O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! Apothec'ry!

APOTHECARY 5.1.61
[Enters] Who calls so loud?

ROMEO 5.1.62
Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.
Hold, there are forty ducats. Let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

APOTHECARY 5.1.70
Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

ROMEO 5.1.71
Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back.
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.
The world affords no law to make thee rich.

Then be not poor, but break it, and take this! [Offers money] break the law

APOTHECARY 5.1.79

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROMEO 5.1.80

I pay' thy poverty and not thy will.

APOTHECARY [offers poison] 5.1.81

Put this in any liquid thing you will

And drink it off, and if you had the strength

Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO [hands him the money] 5.1.84

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

Doing more murder in this loathsome world hateful

Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.

mixture

I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.

Farewell. Buy food and get thyself in flesh.

[Apothecary exits] add flesh to your bones

To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [exits]

ACT 5, SCENE 2 [Church. FRIAR JOHN]

FRIAR JOHN 5.2.1

Holy Franciscan Friar! Brother, ho!

FRIAR [enters] 5.2.2

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 5.2.5

Going to find a barefoot brother out,

One of our order, to associate me,

Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town,

Suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign,

Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth,

So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

FRIAR 5.2.13

Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN 5.2.14

I could not send it—here it is again —

[bends him the letter]

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,

So fearful were they of infection.

FRIAR 5.2.17

Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,

The letter was not nice but full of charge

Of dear import, and the neglecting it

May do much danger! Friar John, go hence.

Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
crowbar

Unto my cell.

FRIAR JOHN 5.2.23

Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [exits]

FRIAR 5.2.24

Now must I to the monument alone.

Within three hours will fair Juliet wake.

She will beshrew me much that Romeo curse
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! [exits]  

ACT 5, SCENE 3
[Capulet tomb, late that night.
PARIS & PAGE with flowers and torch, JULIET in tomb]  

PARIS
Give me thy torch, boy. Hence and stand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew\textsuperscript{1} trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me
As signal that thou hear’st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE  [aside]
I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard, yet I will adventure. [hides]  

PARIS  [scattering flowers over the tomb]
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.
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 cursed foot wanders this way tonight
To cross my obsequies and true love’s rite?
What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, awhile. [hides]

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

BALTHASAR
I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye\textsuperscript{1}.  

\textsuperscript{1}additions
ROMEO
So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that. \[gives money\] that's how 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. \[hides\] intentions

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

PARIS  \[aside\] This is that banish'd haughty Montague That murdered my love's cousin, with which grief It is supposèd the fair creature died! And here is come to do some villainous shame To the dead bodies! I will apprehend him. \[to Romeo\] Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague! Can vengeance be pursued further than death? Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee!

O, obey, and go with me, for thou must die!

ROMEO  I must indeed, and therefore came I hither. Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man! Fly hence, and leave me! Think upon these gone; Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth, Put not another sin upon my head By urging me to fury! O, be gone!

By heav'n, I love thee better than myself, For I come hither armed against myself. Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

PARIS  \[aside\] This is that banish'd haughty Montague That murdered my love's cousin, with which grief It is supposèd the fair creature died! And here is come to do some villainous shame To the dead bodies! I will apprehend him. \[to Romeo\] Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague! Can vengeance be pursued further than death? Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee!

O, obey, and go with me, for thou must die!

PARIS  I do defy thy commination\(^2\), And apprehend thee for a felon here.

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

[They fight]

PAGE  O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch! \[exits\] guards

PARIS  O, I am slain! \[falls\] If thou be merciful, Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. \[dies\]

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

[5.3.41: 5.3.71]
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry, which their keepers call jailers
A lightning before death! O, how may I uplifted spirits
Call this a lightning?—O my love! My wife!
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet sign
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, lie'st 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?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair beautiful
That unsubstantial Death is amorous bodiless Death is your lover,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps mistress
Thee here in dark to be his paramour will stay forever
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 remain
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars shake off the burden of cruel fate
From this world-weary flesh body, for the last time
Arms, take your last embrace. And lips, O, you pure
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss eternal contract, all-possessing
A dateless bargain to engrossing Death. [kisses her] escort (poison), offensive
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide, navigator, run into
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on ship
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! [drinks] O true apothec'ry,
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing Death. [kisses her] escort (poison), offensive
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide, navigator, run into
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on ship
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FRIAR

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

BALTHASAR

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

FRIAR

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

[enters tomb]

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

[JULIET wakes]

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?

[Friar exits]

I hear some noise! Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents! Come, come away!
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And Paris too! Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns!
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming!

[Noise outside]

Come, go, good Juliet! I dare no longer stay!

JULIET

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

[Friar enters]

What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
O churl! Drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips.

[Haply some poison yet doth hang on them
To make me die with a restorative. [kisses him]
Thy lips are warm!]

[PAGE enters with GUARDS]

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

1st GUARD

Lead, boy. Which way?

JULIET

Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief.
[finding Romeo's dagger]

O, happy dagger!
This is my sheath! [stabs herself]

Therust, and let me die. [dies]
Pitiful sight! Here lies the County slain,
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go, tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets,
Raise up the Montagues. Some others search.

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

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.

A great suspicion. Stay the Friar too.

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

What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

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

What fear is this which startles in our ears?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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?

PRINCE
Look, and thou shalt see.

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

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

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

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

FRIAR
I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And she, there dead, that's 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 the city,
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.

[to Capulet] You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betrothed and would have married her perforce
To County Paris. [to all] Then comes she to me,
And with wild looks, bid me devise some mean
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so 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, 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
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.
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
And bear this work of heaven with patience,
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her Nurse is privy. And if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed some hour before his time
Unto the 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?

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. [shows a letter]
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
I departed not and left him there.

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

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

PRINCE  [reads the letter]
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 'pothec'ry, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.

Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague! 5.3.301
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen! All are punish'd!

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

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

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

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

[End]
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