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**THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO & JULIET**  
**by William Shakespeare**

slightly transformed and edited by Peter Gould

for

“GET THEE TO THE FUNNERY”

at the Sign of the Four

Craftsbury Vermont

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## THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET AND ROMEO

by William Shakespeare

{slightly changed & abridged by Peter Gould for “GET THEE TO THE FUNNERY”}

### *DRAMATIS PERSONAE*

Chorus.  
 Escalus, Prince of Verona  
 Paris, a young Count, kinsman to the Prince  
 Montague, heads of two houses at variance with each other  
 Capulet, heads of two houses at variance with each other  
 Romeo, son to Montague  
 Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet  
 Mercutio, kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo  
 Benvolio, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo  
 Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet  
 Friar Laurence, a Franciscan monk  
 Friar John, a Franciscan monk  
 Balthasar, servant to Romeo  
 Abram, servant to Montague  
 Sampson, servant to Capulet  
 Gregory, servant to Capulet  
 Peter, servant to Juliet's nurse  
 An Apothecary  
 Lady Montague, wife to Montague  
 Lady Capulet, wife to Capulet  
 Juliet, daughter to Capulet  
 Nurse to Juliet  
 Citizens of Verona; Gentles of both houses; Maskers, Torchbearers, Officers, Servants, & Attendants

### *THE PROLOGUE*

*Enter Chorus.*

Chor. 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 misadventur'd 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. [Exit.]

**PRE-SCENE 1:** Verona, Within a Noble Tomb

*Music. A Crowd of Dream Figures hovers around Juliet, crying "Wake up! Juliet!"  
Juliet awakes. Figures vanish. Romeo is lying in her arms. At first she does not notice him*

Jul. Where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,  
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

*Enter Friar.*

Friar. I hear some noise. Lady! Come, come away.

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.

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

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

*Sounds without . Trumpet.*

Friar: I can no longer stay! *Exit Friar.*

Jul:What's here? A cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?

*Romeo awakes--Juliet and Romeo look on each other. Juliet swoons. Music.*

*Thus the Flashback begins---*

**SCENE 1.**

*Scenes of bustling and servants running around. Juliet is scampering among them.*

*A room in Capulet's house. Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.*

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

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,

I bade her come. What, lamb! what ladybird!

God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet! *Enter Juliet.*

Jul. How now? Who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here. What is your will?

Lady. This is the matter- Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret... Nurse, come back again;

I have rememb'ed me, thou'lt hear our counsel.

Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

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

Lady. 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 is not fourteen. How long is it now

To Lammastide?

Lady. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
 Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.  
 Susan and she (God rest all Christian souls!)  
 Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;  
 She was too good for me. But, as I said,  
 On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen;  
 That shall she, marry; I remember it well.  
 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;  
 And she was wean'd (I never shall forget it),  
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day;  
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  
 Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall.  
 My lord and you were then at Mantua.  
 Nay, I do bear a brain.  
 And since that time it is eleven years,  
 For even the day before, she broke her brow;  
 And then my husband (God be with his soul!  
 'A was a merry man) took up the child.  
 'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?  
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;  
 Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidam,  
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay.'  
 Lady. 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.'  
 'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?  
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;  
 Wilt thou not, Jule?' It stinted, and said 'Ay.'  
 Jul. 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 nurs'd.  
 An I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.  
 Lady. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme  
 I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
 How stands your disposition to be married?  
 Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.  
 Lady. Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you,  
 Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
 Are made already mothers. By my count,  
 I was your mother much upon these years  
 That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:  
 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.  
 Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man  
 As all the world- why he's a man of wax.

Lady. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.  
 Nurse. Nay, he's a flower, in faith- a very flower.  
 Lady. What say you? Can you love the gentleman?  
 Tonight you'll see him at our feast.  
 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;  
 This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
 To beautify him only lacks a cover.  
 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;  
 So shall you share all that he doth possess,  
 By having him making yourself no less.  
 Nurse. No less? Nay, bigger! Women grow by men—

## SCENE 2

*Nurse, miming pregnancy, bumps into Paris & Capulet. In another part of Capulet's House*

Paris. But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?  
 Capulet. But saying o'er what I have said before:  
 My child is yet a stranger in the world;  
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,  
 Let two more summers wither in their pride,  
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.  
 Paris. Younger than she are happy mothers made.  
 Capulet. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.  
 The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,  
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth:  
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
 My will to her consent is but a part;  
 An she agree, within her scope of choice  
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,  
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
 Lusty young men, among fresh female buds,  
 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.  
*(Enter a Servant) To Servant, giving a paper*  
 Go, sirrah, trudge about  
 Through fair Verona; find those persons out  
 Whose names are written there, and to them say,  
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.  
*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS*

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

**SCENE 3.**--*Verona; Mantua. In a Public Place*

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

Samp. I strike quickly, being moved.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

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

Greg. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand.

Therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Samp. I will push Montague's men  
from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

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

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Samp. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads.

Take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. Draw thy tool! Here comes two of the house of Montagues.

*Enter two other Servingmen [Abram and Balthasar].*

Samp. My naked weapon is out. Quarrel! I will back thee.

Greg. How? turn thy back and run?

Samp. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry. I fear thee!

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

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

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

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

Samp. I do bite my thumb, sir.

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

Samp. [*aside to Gregory*] Is the law of our side if I say ay?

Greg. [*aside to Sampson*] No.

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

Greg. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

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

Abr. No better.

Samp. Well, sir.

*Enter Benvolio.*

Greg. [*aside to Sampson*] Say 'better.' Here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Samp. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Samp. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools! *Beats down their swords.*

Put up your swords. You know not what you do.

*Enter Tybalt.*

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

Turn thee Benvolio! look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

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

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward! *They fight.*

*Enter an officer, and three or four Citizens with clubs or partisans.*

Officer. Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! beat them down!

Citizens. Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

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

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

Lady Cap.. A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come

And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter Old Montague and his Wife.*

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

Lady Mon, Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

*Enter Prince Escalus, with his Train.*

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,

Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel-

Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

With purple fountains issuing from your veins!

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands

Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground

And hear the sentence of your movéd prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word

By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets

And made Verona's ancient citizens

Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments

To wield old partisans, in hands as old,

Cank'ed with peace, to part your cank'ed hate.

If ever you disturb our streets again,

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time all the rest depart away.

You, Capulet, shall go along with me;

And, Montague, come you this afternoon,

To know our farther pleasure in this case,  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*Exeunt [all but Montague, his Wife, and Benvolio].*

**SCENE 4.** *In the Same Public Place*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary

And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.

I drew to part them. In the instant came

The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd.

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 Mon. O, where is Romeo? Saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun

Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,

A troubled mind 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.

Lady Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun

Should in the farthest East begin to draw

The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,

Away from light steals home my heavy son

And private in his chamber pens himself,

Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out

And makes himself an artificial night.

Mon. Black and portentous must this humour prove

Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him

He's to himself so secret and so close,

So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.



Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
We would as willingly give cure as know.

*Enter Romeo.*

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

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay  
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away, *Exeunt [Montague and Wife].*

**SCENE 5.** *The Same*

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

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

Rom. Not having that which having makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out-

Ben. Of love?

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

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

Rom. Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!  
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?  
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O anything, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is

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

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;  
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears.

Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft! I will go along.

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here:

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? Why, no; but sadly tell me who.

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

Ben. I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.

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

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

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit,

And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From Love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

O, she's rich in beauty; only poor

That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow

Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me: forget to think of her.

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

*Enter Servant.*

God-den, good fellow.

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

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

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

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

Servant Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

Romeo. Stay, fellow; I can read. *Reads:*

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

A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Servant Up.

Romeo. Whither?

Servant. To supper; to our house.

Romeo. Whose house?

Servant. My master's.

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

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

Rest you merry! *Exit*

Benvolio. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's

Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,

With all the admired beauties of Verona:

Go thither, and with unattainted eye

Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. One fairer than my love? The all-seeing sun

Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,

Herself pois'd with herself in either eye;

But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd

Your lady's love against some other maid

That I will show you shining at this feast,

And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,

But to rejoice in splendour of my own. *[Exeunt.]*

**(A little musical interlude here to suggest the passage of time  
from mid-day to evening.)**

## SCENE 6

*A street.*

*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers; Torchbearers.*

Rom. Give me a torch. I am not for this ambling.

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

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

Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes

With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead

So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings

And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft

To soar with his light feathers; and so bound

I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.  
 Under love's heavy burden do I sink.  
 Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love-  
 Too great oppression for a tender thing.  
 Rom. Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,  
 Too rude, too boist'rous, and it pricks like thorn.  
 Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love.  
 Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.  
 Give me a case to put my visage in.  
 A visor for a visor! What care I  
 What curious eye doth quote deformities?  
 Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.  
 Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in  
 But every man betake him to his legs.  
 Rom. And we mean well, in going to this masque;  
 But 'tis no wit to go.  
 Mer. Why, may one ask?  
 Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.  
 Mer. And so did I.  
 Rom. Well, what was yours?  
 Mer. That dreamers often lie.  
 Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.  
 Mer. O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
 She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone  
 On the forefinger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies  
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;  
 Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs,  
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;  
 Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;  
 Her collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;  
 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;  
 Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;  
 Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.  
 And in this state she 'gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.

Sometime she gallops o'er a lawyerr's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;  
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
 Of healths five fadom 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-

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

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

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

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

Ben. Strike, drum.

*They march about the stage. [Exeunt.]*

**SCENE 7.** *Capulet's house.*

*A room off to the side.*

*Enter Juliet, Nurse, and Mother, getting ready for the party. Enter Servingman.*

Lady Capulet. My Juliet, can you like of Paris' love?

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

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for,  
 the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait.

I beseech you follow straight.

Wife. We follow thee. *Exit Servingman.*

Juliet, the County stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Maskers, Enter, [with Servants,] Capulet, his Wife,  
 Juliet, Tybalt, and all the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.*

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

*Music plays, and they dance.*

More light, you knaves! and turn the tables up,  
 And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

*More music and dancing.*

Rom. *[to a Servingman]* What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand  
 Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

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

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

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

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

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

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

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

Cap. He shall be endur'd.  
 Am I the master here, or you? Go to!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to!  
 You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed?  
 Well said, my hearts!- You are a princox- go!  
 Be quiet, or- More light, more light!- For shame!  
 I'll make you quiet; what!- Cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,  
 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt'rest gall.      *Exit. The company dance.*

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

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

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

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in pray'r.

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

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

Rom. Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.  
 Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd. [*Kisses her.*]

Jul. You kiss by th' book.

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

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,  
 Her mother is the lady of the house.  
 And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.  
 I nurs'd her daughter that you talk'd withal.

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her  
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

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

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

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

*Exeunt [all but Juliet and Nurse].*

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

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

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

Jul. And he that follows there, what is he called?

Nurse. I know not.

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

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

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

*One calls within: 'Juliet.'*

Jul. Anon, anon! *Exit.*

**SCENE 8.** *A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.*  
*Enter Romeo alone.*

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

*Climbs the wall and leaps down within it. Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.*

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!

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

Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this orchard wall.  
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.  
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh;  
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied!  
Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove';  
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,



And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,  
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us!  
 Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.  
 Mer. This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him  
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle  
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
 Till she had laid it and conjur'd it down.  
 That were some spite; My invocation  
 Is fair and honest: in his mistress' name,  
 I conjure only but to raise up him.  
 Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees.  
 Mer. Now will he sit under a medlar tree  
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit  
 As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.  
 O, Romeo, that she were, O that she were  
 An open arse, and thou a poperin pear!  
 Ben. Let's go then; 'tis in vain  
 To seek him here that means not to be found.  
 Mer. Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle-bed.  
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep. *Exeunt.*

**SCENE 9.** *Capulet's orchard.*

*Enter Romeo.*

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound. *Enter Juliet above at a window.*  
 But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?  
 It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!  
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
 Who is already sick and pale with grief  
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she.  
 It is my lady; O, it is my love!  
 O that she knew she were!  
 She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?  
 Her eye discourses; I will answer it.  
 I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks.  
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
 See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
 O that I were a glove upon that hand,  
 That I might touch that cheek!  
 Jul. Ay me!  
 Rom. She speaks.  
 O, speak again, bright angel!

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name!

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part

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

What's in a name? That which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet.

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes

Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;

And for that name, which is no part of thee,

Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word.

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou that, thus bescreen'd in night,

So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am.

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,

Because it is an enemy to thee.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words

Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

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

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

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out,

And what love can do, that dares love attempt.

Therefore thy kinsmen are no threat to me.

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

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

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

And but thou love me, let them find me here.

My life were better ended by their hate

Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

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

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire.

Jul. Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form- fain, fain deny

What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me, I know thou wilt say 'Ay';

And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou mayst prove false. O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly won,

I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,

My true-love passion. Therefore pardon me,

And not impute this yielding to light love,

Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops-

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

That monthly changes in her circled orb,

Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,

Which is the god of my idolatry,

And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love-

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night.

It is too rash, too unadvis'd, 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 flow'r when next we meet.

Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest

Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

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

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;

And yet I would it were to give again.

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

Jul. 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.

I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!

*[Nurse] calls within.*

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. *[Exit.]*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,

Being in night, all this is but a dream,

Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

*Enter Juliet above.*

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

If that thy bent of love be honourable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay

And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. *(within)* Madam!

Jul. I come, anon.- But if thou meanest not well,

I do beseech thee-

Nurse. *(within)* Madam!

Jul. By-and-by I come.-

To cease thy suit and leave me to my grief.

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul-

Jul. A thousand times good night!

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

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name.

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,

Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow

Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail. 'Tis twenty years till then.

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

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

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

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

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I.

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. *Exit.*

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

**SCENE 10.** *Friar Laurence's cell.*  
*Enter Friar Laurence alone, with a basket.*

Friar. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Check'ring the Eastern clouds with streaks of light.  
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye  
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,  
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours  
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.

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, strain'd from that fair use,  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,  
And vice sometime's by action dignified.  
Within the infant rind of this small flower  
Poison hath residence, and medicine power;  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
In man as well as herbs- grace and rude will;  
And where the worser is predominant,

Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

*Enter Romeo.*

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Friar. Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Young son, it argues a distempered head

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.

Or if not so, then here I hit it right-

Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true--though sweeter rest was mine.

Friar. God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No.

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

Friar. That's my good son! But where hast thou been then?

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

I have been feasting with mine enemy,

Where on a sudden one hath wounded me

That's by me wounded. Both our remedies

Within thy help and holy physic lies.

Friar. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. 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 combin'd, save what thou must combine

By holy marriage. When, and where, and how

We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,

That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Friar. Holy Saint Francis! What a change is here!

Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,

So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria! What a deal of brine

Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!

How much salt water thrown away in waste,

To season love, that of it doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in mine ancient ears.

Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit

Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.

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

Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Friar. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.  
 But come, young waverer, come go with me.  
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be;  
 For this alliance may so happy prove  
 To turn your households' rancour to pure love.  
 Rom. O, let us hence! I stand on sudden haste.  
 Friar. Wisely, and slow. They stumble that run fast.

*Exeunt.*

**SCENE 11.** *A street. Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.*

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?  
 Came he not home to-night?  
 Ben. Not to his father's. I spoke with his man.  
 Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,  
 Torments him so that he will sure run mad.  
 Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,  
 Hath sent a letter to his father's house.  
 Mer. A challenge, on my life.  
 Ben. Romeo will answer it.  
 Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.  
 Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.  
 Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye;  
 shot through the ear with a love song; the very pin of his heart cleft  
 with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?  
 Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?  
 Mer. More than Prince of Cats, I can tell you. O, he's the  
 courageous captain of compliments! the very  
 butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist!

*Enter Romeo.*

Ben. Here comes Romeo! here comes Romeo!  
 Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!  
 Signior Romeo, bon jour! There's a French salutation to your French slop.  
 You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.  
 Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?  
 Mer. The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive?  
 Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio. My business was great, and in such a  
 case as mine a man may strain courtesy.  
 Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a  
 man to bow in the hams.  
 Rom. Meaning, to curtsy.  
 Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.  
 Rom. A most courteous exposition.  
 Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable,

now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, byart 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.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

*Enter Nurse and her Man [Peter].*

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good-den?

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

Nurse. Out upon you! Can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

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

Ben. She will invite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd!

Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady. Farewell. *Exeunt Mercutio, Benvolio.*

Nurse. Marry, farewell! I Pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was  
this that was so full of his ropery?

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

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down, an 'a  
were lustier than he is, and twenty such jacks; and if I cannot,  
I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! And thou must stand  
by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!

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

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

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

Nurse. Good heart, and I faith I will tell her as much.

Lord, Lord! she will be a joyful woman.

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

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



Rom. Bid her devise

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

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

Rom. Go to! I say you shall.

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

Rom. Farewell. Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.

*Exeunt.*

**SCENE 12.** Capulet's orchard.

*Enter Juliet.*

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she 'promis'd 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 low'ring hills.

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.

*Enter Nurse*

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?  
Hast met with him? O Lord, why look'st thou sad?  
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile.

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I had!

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

Nay, come, I pray thee speak. Good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

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

To say to me that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay  
 Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.  
 Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that.  
 Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nurse. O God's Lady dear!  
 Is this the poultice for my aching bones?  
 Henceforward do your messages yourself.

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

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

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;  
 There stays a husband to make you a wife.  
 Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks!  
 Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

*Exeunt.*

**SCENE 13.** *Friar Laurence's cell.*  
*Enter Friar [Laurence] and Romeo.*

Friar. So smile the heavens upon this holy act

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

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 too slow.

*Enter Juliet.*

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

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor. *(kiss)*

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

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much. *(kiss)*

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

Jul. Oh, my true love is grown to such excess  
 It cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

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

**SCENE 14.** *A public place.*

*Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and Men.*

Ben. 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.

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

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. 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.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat. Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street and waking up thy dog. And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

*Enter Tybalt and others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

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

Gentlemen, good den. A word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us?

Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

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

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

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

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men.

Either withdraw unto some private place

And reason coldly of your grievances,

Or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter Romeo.*

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

Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford

No better term than this: thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting. Villain am I none.

Therefore farewell. I see thou knowest me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee,

But love thee better than thou canst devise

Till thou shalt know the reason of my love;

And so good Capulet, which name I tender

As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission! *[Draws.]*

Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. *[Draws.]*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado!

*[They fight.]*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame! forbear this outrage!

Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath

Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

*Tybalt under Romeo's arm thrusts Mercutio in, and flies with his Followers.*

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.

Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough.

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

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door;

but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me to-morrow, and you

shall find me a grave man. A plague o' both your houses! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!

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

And soundly too. Your houses!

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,

Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on moe days doth depend;

This but begins the woe others must end.

*Enter Tybalt.*

Ben. Here comes Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive in triumph, and Mercutio slain?

Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again

That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads,

Staying for thine to keep him company.

Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,

Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

*They fight. Tybalt falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.

Stand not amaz'd. The Prince will doom thee death

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

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

*Exit Romeo. Enter Citizens.*

Citizen. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

Citizen. Up, sir, go with me.

I charge thee in the Prince's name obey.

*Enter Prince [attended], Old Montague, Capulet,  
their Wives, and [others].*

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble Prince. I can discover all

The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Lady Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!

O Prince! O husband! O, the blood is spill'd

Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,

For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin!

Prince. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did stay.

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink

How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal

Your high displeasure. All this- uttered

With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd-

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts

With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;

Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,

Romeo he cries aloud,

'Hold, friends! friends, part!' but underneath his arm

An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life

Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;

But by-and-by comes back to Romeo,

Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,

And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I

Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;

And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.

This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.  
 Lady Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague;  
 Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.  
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,  
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.  
 I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give.  
 Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.  
 Prince. Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio.  
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?  
 Mon. Not Romeo, Prince; he was Mercutio's friend;  
 His fault concludes but what the law should end,  
 The life of Tybalt.  
 Prince. And for that offence  
 Immediately we do exile him hence.  
 I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,  
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;  
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;  
 Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.  
 Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,  
 Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.

*Exeunt.*

**{ Suggestion: A good place for an intermission. }**

**SCENE 15.** *Capulet's orchard. Enter Juliet alone.*

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
 Towards Phoebus' lodging! Such a wagoner  
 As Phaeton would whip you to the West  
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
 That runaway eyes may wink, and Romeo  
 Leap to these arms untalk'd of and unseen.  
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
 By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,  
 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,  
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.  
 Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,  
 With thy black mantle till strange love, grown bold,  
 Think true love acted simple modesty.  
 Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;  
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night

Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.  
 Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night;  
 Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
 That all the world will be in love with night  
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
 But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,  
 Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day  
 As is the night before some festival  
 To an impatient child that hath new robes  
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse---

*Enter Nurse*

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks  
 But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.  
 Now, nurse, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?  
 Nurse. He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!  
 We are undone, lady, we are undone!  
 Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!  
 Jul. Can heaven be so envious?  
 Nurse. Romeo can,  
 Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!  
 Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!  
 Jul. What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?  
 This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.  
 Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but 'I,'  
 If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, 'no.'  
 Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.  
 Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,  
 (God save the mark!) here on his manly breast.  
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;  
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,  
 All in gore-blood. I swounded at the sight.  
 Jul. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!  
 To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty!  
 Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!  
 O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman  
 That ever I should live to see thee dead!  
 Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?  
 Is Romeo slauht'ed, and is Tybalt dead?  
 My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?  
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!  
 For who is living, if those two are gone?



Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;

Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

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

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

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolvisish-ravens lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st-

A damned saint, an honourable villain!

Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.

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

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish! He was not born to shame.

Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

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

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?

But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worsers than Tybalt's death,

That murd'ered me. I would forget it fain;

But O, it presses to my memory

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds!

'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo- banished.'

That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there;

Why followed not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,

Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?

But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,

'Romeo is banished'- to speak that word  
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
 All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished'-  
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.  
 Where is my father and my mother, nurse?  
 Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.  
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.  
 Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent,  
 When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
 Nurse. Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo  
 To comfort you. I wot well where he is.  
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.  
 I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.  
 Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight  
 And bid him come to take his last farewell.

*Exeunt.*

**SCENE 16.** *Friar Laurence's cell.*

*Enter Friar Laurence & Romeo.*

Friar. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man.  
 Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
 And thou art wedded to calamity.  
*Enter Nurse.*  
 Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar  
 Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?  
 Friar. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.  
 Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
 Just in her case!  
 Rom. Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?  
 Doth not she think me an old murderer,  
 Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy  
 With blood remov'd but little from her own?  
 Where is she? and how doth she!  
 Nurse. O, she doth nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;  
 And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,  
 And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,  
 And then down falls again.  
 Rom. As if that name,  
 Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
 Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
 Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,  
 In what vile part of this anatomy

Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack  
The hateful mansion.

Friar. Hold thy desperate hand.

By my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?  
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives?  
What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead.  
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slewest Tybalt. There art thou happy too.  
The law, that threat'ned death, becomes thy friend  
And turns it to exile. There art thou happy.  
A pack of blessings light upon thy back;  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
But, like a misbhav'd and sullen wench,  
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her.  
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,  
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back  
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.  
Go before, nurse. Commend me to thy lady,  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.  
Romeo is coming.

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

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. *Exit.*

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd 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 disguis'd 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.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,

It were a grief so brief to part with thee.  
Farewell.

*Exeunt.*

**SCENE 17.** *Next morning, Capulet's orchard.*

*Enter Romeo and Juliet (their pose can be a reprise of the very first scene)*

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

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

Jul. Yond light is not daylight; I know it, I.  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales  
To be to thee this night a torchbearer  
And light thee on the way to Mantua.  
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death.  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
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.

Jul. 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.  
O, now be gone! More light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light- more dark and dark our woes!

*Enter Nurse.*

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

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

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

Rom. Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend. *He starts down.*

Jul. Art thou gone so, my lord, my love, my 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!

Rom. Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

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

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul!

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you.

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! *Exit.*

Lady. [*within*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

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

Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither? *Enter Mother.*

Lady. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

Lady. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

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

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

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

Lady. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,

Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy

That thou expects not nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time! What day is that?

Lady. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,

The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,

Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now by Saint Peter's Church, 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. Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter Capulet and Nurse.*

Cap. What, still in tears? How now, wife?  
 Have you delivered to her our decree?

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

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

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

Cap. How, how, how, how, choplogic? 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 there!  
 Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!  
 You tallow-face!

Lady. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

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

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!  
 I tell thee what- get thee to church on 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.

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

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

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God-i-god-en! (*or some suitable cry*)

Nurse. May not one speak?

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

Lady. You are too hot.

Juliet. Dear Father--

Cap. God's bread! It makes me mad!

*(pause to collect breath)*

Day, night, late, early,  
 At home, abroad, alone, in company,  
 Waking or sleeping, still my care hath been  
 To have her match'd; and having now provided  
 A gentleman of princely parentage,  
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
 To answer 'I'll not wed, I cannot love;  
 I am too young, I pray you pardon me!  
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you.  
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.  
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,  
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.  
 Trust to't. Bethink you. I'll not be forsworn.      *Exit.*

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

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

Jul. O God!- O nurse, how shall this be prevented?  
 Comfort me, counsel me.  
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems  
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!  
 What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?  
 Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is.  
 I think it best you married with the County.  
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!  
 Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,  
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
 I think you are happy in this second match,  
 For it excels your first; or if it did not,  
 Your first is dead- or 'twere as good he were  
 As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speak'st thou this from thy heart?

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

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

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

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

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare  
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor!  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.  
I'll to the friar to know his remedy.

If all else fail, myself have power to die. *Exit.*

**SCENE 18.** *Friar Laurence's cell.*  
*Enter Friar Laurence and County Paris.*

Friar. On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

Par. Lord Capulet will have it so,  
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

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

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

Friar. [*aside*] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.-  
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell. *Enter Juliet.*

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

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

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

Jul. What must be shall be.

Friar. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.



Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.  
 Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.  
 Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,  
 Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.  
 Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.  
 Jul. The tears have got small victory by that,  
 For it was bad enough before their spite.  
 Par. Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.  
 Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;  
 And what I spake, I spake it to my face.  
 Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast sland' red it.  
 Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.  
 Are you at leisure, holy father, now,  
 Or shall I come to you at evening mass?  
 Friar. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.  
 My lord, we must entreat the time alone.  
 Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!  
 Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye.  
 Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. *Exit.*  
 Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,  
 Come weep with me- past hope, past cure, past help!  
 Friar. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;  
 It strains me past the compass of my wits.  
 I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
 On Thursday next be married to this County.  
 Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
 Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.  
 Be not so long to speak. I long to die  
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.  
 Friar. Hold, daughter. I do spy a kind of hope,  
 Which craves as desperate an execution  
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
 If, rather than to marry County Paris  
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
 Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
 Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
 From off the battlements of yonder tower,  
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel house,  
 O'ercover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
 With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;  
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave  
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud-  
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble-



Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her.

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is. *Enter Juliet.*

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? Where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin

Of disobedient opposition

I am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here

To beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County. Go tell him of this.

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell

And gave him what becomed love I might,

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. 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.

Mother. Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,

All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet

To help me sort such needful ornaments

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

Mother. No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her. We'll to church to-morrow. *Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*

Mother. We shall be short in our provision.

'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,

And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her.

I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone.

I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!

They are all forth; well, I will walk myself

To County Paris, to prepare him up

Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. *Exeunt.*

**SCENE 20.** *Juliet's chamber.*

*Enter Juliet and Nurse.*

Jul. Gentle nurse,

I pray thee leave me to myself to-night;

For I have need of many orisons

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou knowest, is cross and full of sin.

*Enter Mother.*

Mother. What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; let me now be left alone,  
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;  
For I am sure you have your hands full all  
In this so sudden business.

Mother. Good night.

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need. *Exeunt Mother and Nurse.*

Jul. Good night, Mother.

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins

That almost freezes up the heat of life.

I'll call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse!- What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, No! This shall forbid it. Lie thou there. *Lays down a dagger.*

What if it be a poison which the friar

Subtilly hath minist'red to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I will not entertain so bad a thought.

What if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

There in the vault

Where for this many hundred years the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies fest'ring in his shroud; Then might I not—

So early waking—what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,

Environed with all these hideous fears,

I'll 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 desp'rate brains?

O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
 Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!  
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee. *She drinks and falls upon her bed.*

**SCENE 21.** *Capulet's house. Enter Capulet.*

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

*Enter Nurse.*

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

*Exit. Nurse moves toward Juliet's room*

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! Fast, I warrant her, she.

Why, lamb! why, lady! Fie, you slug-abed!

*[Draws aside the curtains.]*

What, dress'd, and in your clothes, and down again?  
 I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!  
 Alas, She's dead! Help! Help! My lord! my lady!

*Enter Mother.*

Mother. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

Mother. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

Mother. O me, O me! My child, my only life!

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!

Help, help! Call help. *Enter Father.*

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

Nurse. She's dead, she's dead! Alack the day!

Cap. 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.

*Enter Friar [Laurence] and the County Paris*

Friar. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before thy wedding day

Hath Death lain with thy wife. See, 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.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?  
 Mother. But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
 But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
 And cruel Death hath catch'd it from my sight!  
 Nurse. O woe? O woful, woful, woful day!  
 Never was seen so black a day as this.  
 Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!  
 Most detestable Death, by thee beguil'd,  
 Cap. Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now  
 To murder, murder our solemnity?  
 With my dear child my joys are buried!  
 Friar. Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure lives not  
 In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
 Had part in this fair maid! now heaven hath all,  
 And all the better is it for the maid.  
 Your part in her you could not keep from death,  
 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
 The most you sought was her promotion,  
 For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd;  
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd  
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?  
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill  
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well.  
 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;  
 Cap. All things that we ordained festival  
 Turn from their office to black funeral-  
 Our instruments to melancholy bells,  
 Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;  
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;  
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse;  
 And all things change them to the contrary.  
 Friar. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;  
 And go, Sir Paris. Every one prepare  
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave.  
 The heavens do low'r upon you for some ill;  
 Move them no more by crossing their high will. *Exeunt.*

**SCENE 22.** *Mantua. A street.*

*Enter Romeo.*

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep  
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead  
 (Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think!)  
 And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips  
 That I reviv'd and was an emperor.  
 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

*Enter Romeo's Man Balthasar.*

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.

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.

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

Rom. Is it e'en so? Then I defy you, stars!

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

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd.

Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Man. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter. Get thee gone.

And hire horses. I'll be with thee straight. *Exit Balthasar.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

Let's see for means. O mischief, thou art swift  
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary,  
 And hereabouts 'a dwells, which late I noted  
 In tatt' red weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;  
 About his shelves  
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses  
 Were thinly scattered, to make up a show.  
 Noting this penury, to myself I said,  
 'An if a man did need a poison now  
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.'

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.  
 What, ho! apothecary!

*Enter Apothecary.*

Apoth. Who calls so loud?

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

Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have  
 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear  
 As will disperse itself through all the veins  
 That the life-weary taker will fall dead,  
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath  
 As violently as hasty powder fir'd  
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

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

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness  
 And fearest to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,  
 Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,  
 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.

Apoth. My poverty but not my will consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

Apoth. 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.

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

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

**SCENE 23.** *Verona. Friar Laurence's cell.*

*Enter Friar John to Friar Laurence.*

John. Holy Franciscan friar, brother, ho!

*Enter Friar Laurence.*

Laur. This same should be the voice of Friar John.

Welcome from Mantua. What says Romeo?

Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Brother, I have no letter. Nor did I



Deliver yours. My way was halted at  
 A roadblock, where they would not let me forth,  
 So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Laur. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

John. I could not send it- here it is again-

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

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. *Exit.*

Laur. Now, must I to the monument alone.

Within two hours will Juliet wake.

She will beshrew me much that Romeo

Hath had no notice of these accidents;

But I will write again to Mantua,

And keep her at my cell till Romeo come-

Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! *Exit.*

**SCENE 24.** *Verona. A churchyard; in it the monument of the Capulets.*

*Enter Paris and his Page with flowers and [a torch].*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy. Hence, and stand aloof.

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

Under yond yew tree lay thee all along,

Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground.

So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread

But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me,

As signal that thou hear'st something approach.

Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. *[aside]* I am almost afraid to stand alone

Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. *[Retires.]*

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

*Boy whistles*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night

To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?

What, with a torch? Muffle me, night, awhile. *[Retires.]*

*Enter Romeo, and Balthasar with a torch, a mattock,  
 and a crow of iron.*

Rom. 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 hearest or seest, stand all aloof  
 And do not interrupt me in my course.  
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
 In what I farther shall intend to do,  
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint  
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.

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

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

Bal. [*aside*] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,  
 Gorg'd 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.

*Romeo opens the tomb.*

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague  
 That murd'red my love's cousin—with which grief  
 It is supposed the fair creature died—  
 And here is come to do some villanous shame  
 To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.  
 Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!  
 Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?  
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee.  
 Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.  
 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man.  
 Fly hence and leave me.

Put not another sin upon my head  
 By urging me to fury. O, be gone!  
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself,  
 For I come hither arm'd against myself.  
 Stay not, be gone. Live, and hereafter say  
 A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjuration  
 And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy! *They fight.*

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

*Exit. [Paris falls.]*

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

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

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.  
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.  
 A grave? O, no, a lantern, slaught'ed youth,  
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.  
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

*[Lays him in the tomb.]*

O my love! my wife!  
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.  
 Thou art not conquer'd. Beauty's ensign yet  
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

*[optional:]*

—— Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?

O, what more favour can I do to thee  
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain  
 To sunder his that was thine enemy?

Forgive me, cousin. ——

Ah, dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
 That unsubstantial Death is amorous,  
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
 For fear of that I still will stay with thee  
 And never from this palace of dim night  
 Depart again. Here, here will I remain  
 With worms that are thy chambermaids.  
 Eyes, look your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips,  
 seal with a righteous kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

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

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. *Falls.*

**SCENE 25.** *Outside the Grave.*

*Enter Friar Laurence with lantern, crowbar, and spade.*

Friar. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night  
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?  
 Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

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

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

Friar. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Friar. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Friar. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence.

Friar. Stay then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me.

O, much I fear some ill unthrifty thing.

Romeo!

Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains  
 The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

*[Enters the tomb.]*

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

*Juliet awakes. Romeo lies upon her.*

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,  
 And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

Friar. 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.  
 Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.  
 Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay.

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

*Sounds without . Trumpet.*

Friar: I can no longer stay! *Exit Friar.*

Jul:What's here? A cup, clos'd 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!

*A voice without:* Lead, boy. Which way?

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

*Snatches Romeo's dagger.*

This is thy sheath; there rest, and let me die. *Stabs herself and falls on Romeo's body.*

**SCENE 26: Within the Grave**

*Enter the Prince [and Attendants] Large Noise Off.*

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears?

*(Prince carries Romeo's letter. His guard drag the Friar in) Enter Capulet and Montague parties & citizens. All discourse in growing volume at the sight.*

Prince. Ho!

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.

Friar, tell us once what thou dost know in this.

Friar. I will be brief.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;  
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife.  
I married them; and their stol'n marriage day  
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death  
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;  
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.  
A sleeping potion I gave Juliet,  
Which wrought on her the form of death.

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

Chorus. A glooming peace this morning with it brings.

The sun for sorrow will not show his head.  
For never was a story of more woe  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.