

**Romeo and Juliet-Shakespeare in Delaware Park**

Summer '23 edit

**PROLOGUE**

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

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

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY. They are playing ball on the beach. Also on the beach, friends of House Capulet and a few from House Montague approaching*

**SAMPSON**

I strike quickly, being moved.

**GREGORY**

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

**SAMPSON**

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

**GREGORY**

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

**SAMPSON**

A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will  
 take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.  
 I will show myself a tyrant: when I  
 have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the  
 maids, and cut off their heads.

**GREGORY**

The heads of the maids?

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

They must take it in sense that feel it.

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

Draw thy tool! here comes  
two of the house of the Montagues.

**SAMPSON**

Quarrel, I will back thee

**GREGORY**

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

**SAMPSON**

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

*Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR*

**ABRAHAM**

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

**SAMPSON**

I do bite my thumb, sir.

**ABRAHAM**

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

**SAMPSON**

*(Aside to GREGORY)* Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

**GREGORY**

No.

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

Do you quarrel, sir?

**BALTHASAR**

Quarrel sir! no, sir.

**SAMPSON**

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

**BALTHASAR**

No better.

**SAMPSON**

Well, sir.

**GREGORY**

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

**SAMPSON**

Yes, better, sir.

**ABRAHAM**

You lie.

**SAMPSON**

Draw, if you be men.

*They fight. Enter BENVOLIO*

**BENVOLIO**

Part, fools!

You know not what you do.

*Enter TYBALT*

**TYBALT**

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

**BENVOLIO**

I do but keep the peace

Part these men with me.

**TYBALT**

What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward!

*They fight. Enter, several of both houses, who join the fray*

*Enter CAPULET and LADY CAPULET*

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

Why call you for a sword?

**LADY CAPULET**

My sword, I say!

*Enter MONTAGUE*

**MONTAGUE**

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

**BALTHASAR**

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

*Enter PRINCE, with Attendants*

**PRINCE**

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
 Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel,--  
 Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,  
 That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
 With purple fountains issuing from your veins,  
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
 Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,  
 And hear the sentence of your moved prince.  
 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,  
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets.  
 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,  
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*Exit all but MONTAGUE and BENVOLIO*

**MONTAGUE**

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

**BENVOLIO**

Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun  
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,  
 A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;  
 Where, by the salty ocean shore  
 So early walking did I see your son

**MONTAGUE**

Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew.  
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs  
 Away from the light steals home my heavy son,  
 And private in his chamber pens himself,  
 Shuts up his windows, locks far daylight out  
 And makes himself an artificial night:  
 Black and portentous must this humor prove,  
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

**BENVOLIO**

Do you know the cause?

**MONTAGUE**

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

**BENVOLIO**

Have you importuned him by any means?

**MONTAGUE**

Both by myself and many other friends:  
 But he, his own affections' counselor,  
 Is to himself--I will not say how true--  
 But to himself so secret and so close  
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow.  
 We would as willingly give cure as know.

*Enter ROMEO*

**BENVOLIO**

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

*Exit MONTAGUE*

**BENVOLIO**

Good morrow, cousin.

**ROMEO**

Is the day so young?

**BENVOLIO**

But new struck nine.

**ROMEO**

Ay me, sad hours seem long.  
 Was that my mother that went hence so fast?

**BENVOLIO**

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

**ROMEO**

Not having that which, having, makes them short.

**BENVOLIO**

In love?

**ROMEO**

Out—

**BENVOLIO**

Of love?

**ROMEO**

Out of her favor where I am in love.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  
Dost thou not laugh?

**BENVOLIO**

No, coz, I rather weep.

**ROMEO**

Good heart, at what?

**BENVOLIO**

At thy good heart's oppression.

**ROMEO**

Why, such is love's transgression.  
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;  
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears.  
Farewell, my coz.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

I have lost myself. I am not here.  
This is not Romeo. He's some other where.

**BENVOLIO**

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

**ROMEO**

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

**BENVOLIO**

I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

**ROMEO**

Well in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit  
With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit,  
And, in strong proof of chastity well armed,  
From love's weak childish bow she lives uncharmed.  
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,  
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,  
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

**BENVOLIO**

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

**ROMEO**

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.

**BENVOLIO**

Be ruled by me. Forget to think of her.

**ROMEO**

O, teach me how I should forget to think!

**BENVOLIO**

By giving liberty unto thine eyes.  
Examine other beauties.

**ROMEO**

Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**SCENE II. A street.**

*Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and ensemble member*

**CAPULET**

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

**PARIS**

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

**CAPULET**

But saying o'er what I have said before:  
My child is yet a stranger in the world;  
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.  
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
My will to her consent is but a part;  
An she agree, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
Such as I love; and you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light

*(To ensemble member, giving a paper)*

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.

*Exit CAPULET and PARIS*

*On another part of the stage ENTER BENVOLIO and ROMEO*

**BENVOLIO**

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

**ROMEO**

Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

**BENVOLIO**

For what, I pray thee?

**ROMEO**

For your broken shin.

**BENVOLIO**

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

**ROMEO**

God-den, good fellow.

**Ensemble**

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

**ROMEO**

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

**Ensemble**

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.

**Ensemble**

Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

**ROMEO**

Stay, fellow; I can read.

*Reads*

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;  
 Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine  
 uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece  
 Rosaline; Signior Valentio and his cousin  
 Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena.' A fair  
 assembly: whither should they come?



**Ensemble**

To supper; to our house.

**ROMEO**

Whose house?

**Ensemble**

My Lord's.

**ROMEO**

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

**Ensemble**

Now I'll tell you without asking: my lord 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.

**ROMEO**

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.  
I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,  
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

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

*Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse*

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

I bade her come. What, lamb! what, ladybird!  
God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

*Enter JULIET*

**JULIET**

How now! who calls?

**NURSE**

Your mother.

**JULIET**

Madam, I am here.  
What is your will?

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**NURSE**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**NURSE**

Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh,  
 To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay.'  
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow  
 A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;

A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:  
 'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?  
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;  
 Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'

**JULIET**

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

**NURSE**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

It is an honor that I dream not of.

**NURSE**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**NURSE**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

**NURSE**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

What say you? can you love the gentleman?  
 This night you shall behold him at our feast;  
 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen  
 This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
 To beautify him, only lacks a cover:  
 So shall you share all that he doth possess,  
 By having him, making yourself no less.

**NURSE**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

**JULIET**

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

*Enter a maid*

**MAID**

Madam, the guests are come,  
I beseech you, follow straight.

**LADY CAPULET**

We follow thee.

*Exit Maid*

**NURSE**

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

*Exit*

**SCENE IV. A street.**

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with friends*

**ROMEO**

Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

**BENVOLIO**

Come, every man betake him to his legs.

**MERCUTIO**

Come, we burn daylight, ho!

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Why, may one ask?

**ROMEO**

I dream'd a dream to-night.

**MERCUTIO**

And so did I.

**ROMEO**

Well, what was yours?

**MERCUTIO**

That dreamers often lie.

**ROMEO**

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

**MERCUTIO**

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;  
Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,  
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,  
The traces of the smallest spider's web,  
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,  
Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,  
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight,  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:  
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two  
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
 That plats the manes of horses in the night,  
 And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,  
 Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes:  
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
 That presses them and learns them first to bear,  
 Making them women of good carriage:  
 This is she--

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

True, I talk of dreams,  
 Which are the children of an idle brain,  
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy  
 Which is as thin of substance as the air  
 And more inconstant than the wind

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

I fear, too early: for my mind misgives  
 Some consequence yet hanging in the stars  
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,  
 Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

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

*The Capulet ball is in full swing with people dancing and mingling.*

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

**CAPULET**

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. This is a lengthy sequence involving many cast members*

**ROMEO** *(To Benvolio and Mercutio)*

What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder knight?

**BENVOLIO/MERCUTIO**

I know not

**ROMEO**

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;  
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,  
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.  
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!  
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

**TYBALT**

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.  
What dares the slave  
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,  
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?  
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,  
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

**CAPULET**

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

**TYBALT**

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

**CAPULET**

Young Romeo is it?

**TYBALT**

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

**CAPULET**

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

**TYBALT**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**TYBALT**

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

**CAPULET**

Go to, go to;  
You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?  
Be quiet, or-- For shame!  
I'll make you quiet.

**TYBALT**

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall  
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.

*Exit.*

*slower dance begins. Romeo and Juliet find themselves near each other on the dance floor.  
They dance.*

**ROMEO**

*(To JULIET)*

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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



**ROMEO**

Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

*They kiss*

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

**JULIET**

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

**ROMEO**

Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged!

Give me my sin again.

*They kiss*

**JULIET**

You kiss by the book.

**NURSE**

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

**ROMEO**

What is her mother?

**NURSE**

Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

**ROMEO**

Is she a Capulet?

**BENVOLIO**

Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

**ROMEO**

Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest. *Exit Romeo and Benvolio*

**JULIET**

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

**NURSE**

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

**JULIET**

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

**NURSE**

Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio.

**JULIET**

What's he that follows there?

**NURSE**

I know not.

**JULIET**

Go ask his name: if he be married.

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

**NURSE**

His name is Romeo, and a Montague;

The only son of your great enemy.

**JULIET**

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

**NURSE**

What's this? what's this?

**JULIET**

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

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

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

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

*He hears his friends approach and hides. Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO*

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, I'll conjure too.  
 Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!  
 Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:  
 Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied.  
 Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove';  
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
 By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,  
 By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh  
 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,  
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

**BENVOLIO**

And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

**MERCUTIO**

This cannot anger him my invocation  
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress's name  
I conjure only but to raise up him.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.  
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:  
Come, shall we go?

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Romeo, good night *(They exit)*

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

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*JULIET appears above at a window*

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

Would through the airy region stream so bright  
 That birds would sing and think it were not night.  
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
 That I might touch that cheek!

**JULIET**

Ay me!

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

(Aside) Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

**ROMEO**

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;  
And but thou love me, let them find me here

**JULIET**

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

**ROMEO**

By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;  
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.

**JULIET**

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'  
 And I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st,  
 Thou mayst prove false. O gentle Romeo,  
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
 I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,  
 So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.  
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
 And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light:  
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,  
 My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,  
 And not impute this yielding to light love,  
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

**ROMEO**

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear...

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

What shall I swear by?

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

If my heart's dear love--

**JULIET**

Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,  
 I have no joy of this contract to-night:  
 It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;  
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be  
 Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!  
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
 Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest  
 Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

**ROMEO**

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

**JULIET**

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

**JULIET**

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

*Nurse calls within*

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!  
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.  
Stay but a little, I will come again.

*Exit*

**ROMEO**

O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard.  
Being in night, all this is but a dream

*Re-enter JULIET*

**JULIET**

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.  
If that thy bent of love be honorable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;  
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay  
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

**NURSE**

(Within) Madam!

**JULIET**

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

**NURSE**

(Within)Madam!

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

So thrive my soul--

**JULIET**

A thousand times good night!

**ROMEO**

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

*He starts to exit ,JULIET re-enters*

**JULIET**

Romeo!

**ROMEO**

My love?

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

At the hour of nine.

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

Good night, good night! parting is such  
sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.     *She exits*

**ROMEO**

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!  
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!



**SCENE III. Friar Lawrence's cell.***Friar Lawrence training his students***FRIAR LAWRENCE**

The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
 Chequering 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 herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:  
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live  
 But to the earth some special good doth give,  
 Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use  
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:  
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;  
 And vice sometimes by action dignified.  
 Within the infant rind of this small flower  
 Poison hath residence and medicine power:  
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
 Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
 In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;  
 And where the worser is predominant,  
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

*Exit students. Enter ROMEO***ROMEO**

Good morrow, father.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed

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

Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

**ROMEO**

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.  
I have been feasting with mine enemy,  
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,  
That's by me wounded: both our remedies  
Within thy help and holy physic lies

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set  
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;  
And all combined, save what thou must combine  
By holy marriage: when and where and how  
We met, we wooed 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 LAWRENCE**

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!  
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine  
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:  
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then,  
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

**ROMEO**

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

*Exit*

**SCENE IV. A street.**

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO the morning after the party*

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

A challenge, on my life.

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo will answer it.

**MERCUTIO**

Any man that can write may answer a letter.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Alas poor Romeo! he is already dead;  
 shot through the ear with a  
 love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the  
 blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to  
 encounter Tybalt?

**BENVOLIO**

Why, what is Tybalt?

**MERCUTIO**

More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso!

*Enter ROMEO*

**BENVOLIO**

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

**MERCUTIO**

Signor Romeo, bon jour!

You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great!

*MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO have a big reaction to ROMEO'S news and all horse around a bit*

**MERCUTIO**

Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature

**BENVOLIO**

Stop there, stop there.

**ROMEO**

Here's goodly gear!

*Enter Nurse*

**NURSE**

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

**MERCUTIO**

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

**NURSE**

Is it good den?

**MERCUTIO**

'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the

dial is now upon the prick of noon.

**NURSE**

Out upon you! what a man are you!

**ROMEO**

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

**NURSE**

Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I  
may find the young Romeo?

**ROMEO**

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

**NURSE**

You say well.

**MERCUTIO**

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

**NURSE**

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

**BENVOLIO**

She will indite him to some supper.

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

I will follow you.

**MERCUTIO**

Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, *Exit MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO singing 'lady, lady,*

**NURSE**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**NURSE**

Pray you, sir, a word:  
my young lady bade me inquire you  
out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself:  
but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into  
a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross  
kind of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman  
is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double  
with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered  
to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

**ROMEO**

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

**NURSE**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**NURSE**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**NURSE**

This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.  
 Now God in heaven bless thee!

**ROMEO**

Commend me to thy lady.

**NURSE**

Ay, a thousand times.

*Exit*

**SCENE V. Juliet's room**

*Enter JULIET*

**JULIET**

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;  
 In half an hour she promised to return.  
 Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.  
 O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,  
 Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams.  
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
 Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve  
 Is three long hours, yet she is not come.  
 Had she affections and warm youthful blood,  
 She would be as swift in motion as a ball;  
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
 And his to me  
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead;  
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

O God, she comes!

*Enter Nurse*

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

**NURSE**

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

**JULIET**

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

**NURSE**

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

**JULIET**

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

**NURSE**

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

**JULIET**

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

**NURSE**

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

**JULIET**

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

**NURSE**

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

**JULIET**

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

**NURSE**

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

**JULIET**

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

**NURSE**

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

**JULIET**

I have.

**NURSE**

Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell;  
There stays a husband to make you a wife!

*They embrace , overjoyed as the scene shifts*

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

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

These violent delights have violent ends  
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,



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 with NURSE*

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

**JULIET**

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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.

***They marry. Intermission?***

**ACT III****SCENE I. A public place.**

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO*

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

Am I like such a fellow?

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

And what to?

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, an there were two such, we should have none  
shortly, for one would kill the other.  
And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling!

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

The fee-simple! O simple!

**BENVOLIO**

By my head, here come the Capulets.

**MERCUTIO**

By my heel, I care not.

*Enter TYBALT and others*

**TYBALT**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**TYBALT**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

**TYBALT**

Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,--

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

*Enter ROMEO*

**TYBALT**

Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.  
Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford  
No better term than this,--thou art a villain.

**ROMEO**

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

**TYBALT**

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

**ROMEO**

I do protest, I never injured thee,  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:  
And so, good Capulet,--which name I tender  
As dearly as my own,--be satisfied.

**MERCUTIO**

O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!  
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

**TYBALT**

What wouldst thou have with me?

**MERCUTIO**

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives

**TYBALT**

I am for you.

*They fight*

**ROMEO**

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!  
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath  
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:  
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

*TYBALT under ROMEO's arm stabs MERCUTIO*

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

What, art thou hurt?

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

**MERCUTIO**

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a  
church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for  
me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I  
am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o'  
both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a  
cat, to scratch a man to death!

Why the devil came you between us?  
I was hurt under your arm.

**ROMEO**

I thought all for the best.

**MERCUTIO**

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

*Exit MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO*

**ROMEO**

This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
 My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
 In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
 With Tybalt's slander,--Tybalt, that an hour  
 Hath been my kinsman!

*Re-enter BENVOLIO*

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

**ROMEO**

Away to heaven, respective lenity,  
 And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

*Re-enter TYBALT*

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,  
 That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul  
 Is but a little way above our heads,  
 Staying for thine to keep him company:  
 Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

*They fight; TYBALT falls*

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

O, I am fortune's fool!

**BENVOLIO**

Why dost thou stay?!

*Exit ROMEO. Enter Citizens, Prince, MONTAGUE, CAPULETS, and other*

**PRINCE** Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

**BENVOLIO**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**PRINCE**

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

**BENVOLIO**

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

This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

**LADY CAPULET**

He is a kinsman to the Montague;  
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true:  
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;  
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

**PRINCE**

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

**MONTAGUE**

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

**PRINCE**

And for that offense  
Immediately we do exile him hence:  
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,  
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;  
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine  
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:  
Let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.

*Exit ...Intermission?*

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

*Enter JULIET*

**JULIET**

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner  
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.  
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;  
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

Oh, here comes my nurse.

*Enter Nurse*

Ay me! 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!

**JULIET**

Can heaven be so envious?

**NURSE**

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

**JULIET**

What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?  
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.  
Hath Romeo slain himself?

**NURSE**

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

**JULIET**

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

**NURSE**

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

**JULIET**

What storm is this that blows so contrary?  
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?  
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?

**NURSE**

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;  
Romeo that killed him, he is banished.

**JULIET**

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

**NURSE**

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



**JULIET**

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!  
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
 Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
 A damned saint, an honorable 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 perjured,  
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.  
 Shame come to Romeo!

**JULIET**

Blister'd be thy tongue  
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;

**NURSE**

Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

**JULIET**

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?  
 But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
 That villain cousin would have killed my husband:  
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring  
 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, worsen than Tybalt's death,  
 That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;  
 But, O, it presses to my memory,  
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:  
 'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo--banished;'  
 That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'  
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.  
 "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:

**JULIET**

Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,  
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
Nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;  
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

**NURSE**

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

**JULIET**

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

*Exit*

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

*Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Too familiar  
Is my dear son with such sour company:  
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.  
A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

There is no world without Verona walls,

But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
 Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,  
 And world's exile is death: then banished,  
 Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,  
 Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
 And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
 Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
 Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
 And turn'd that black word death to banishment:  
 This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

**ROMEO**

'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
 Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog  
 And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
 Live here in heaven and may look on her;  
 But Romeo may not: more validity,  
 More honorable state  
 In carrion-flies than Romeo: they my seize  
 On the wonder of dear Juliet's hand  
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips  
 But Romeo may not; he is banished  
 And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?  
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,  
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
 But 'banished' to kill me?--'banished'?  
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
 Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,  
 Being a divine, a confessor,  
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
 To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!  
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,

It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

**ROMEO**

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

*Knocking*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

*Knocking*

Hark, how they knock! Who's there?

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

**NURSE**

*(Within)* Let me come in, and you shall know  
my errand;  
I come from Lady Juliet.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Welcome, then.

*Enter Nurse*

**NURSE**

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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

**NURSE**

O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case! O woeful sympathy!  
Even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.  
Stand up, stand up and you be a man

**ROMEO**

Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?  
 Where is she? and how doth she? and what says  
 My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

**NURSE**

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

**ROMEO**

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

*Drawing the knife*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Hold thy desperate hand:  
 Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:  
 Thy tears are childish; thy wild acts denote  
 The unreasonable fury of a beast:  
 Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,  
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?  
 And stay thy lady too that lives in thee,  
 By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
 What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
 There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
 But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:  
 The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend  
 And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
 A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;  
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
 But, 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,  
 Romeo is coming.

**NURSE**

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

**ROMEO**

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

**NURSE**

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

**ROMEO**

How well my comfort is revived by this!

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Go hence; good night;  
 I'll find out your man,  
 And he shall signify from time to time  
 Every good hap to you that chances here:  
 Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

**ROMEO**

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

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

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS*

**CAPULET**

Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,  
 That we have had no time to move our daughter:  
 Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
 And so did I:--Well, we were born to die.  
 'Tis very late, she'll not come down tonight:

**PARIS**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

I will, and know her mind early tomorrow;  
 Tonight she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

**CAPULET**

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

**PARIS**

Monday, my lord,

**CAPULET**

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

**PARIS**

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

**CAPULET**

Well get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then.  
 Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.  
 Farewell, my lord.  
 Good night.

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

*Enter ROMEO and JULIET above, at the window*

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
 No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks  
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:  
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

**JULIET**

Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:  
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua:  
 Therefore stay yet; thou needest not to be gone.

**ROMEO**

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;  
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
 I have more care to stay than will to go:  
 Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.  
 How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

**JULIET**

It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!  
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune  
 Some say the lark makes sweet division;  
 This doth not so, for she divideth us:  
 O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

**ROMEO**

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

*Enter Nurse, to the chamber*

**NURSE**

Madam!

**JULIET**

Nurse?

**NURSE**

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

*Exit*

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!  
 I must hear from thee every day in the hour

**ROMEO**

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



**JULIET**

O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

**ROMEO**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

*(Within)*Ho, daughter! are you up?

*Enter LADY CAPULET*

**LADY CAPULET**

Why, how now, Juliet!

**JULIET**

Madam, I am not well.

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

What villain madam?

**LADY CAPULET**

That same villain, Romeo.

**JULIET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

**JULIET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
 With Romeo, till I behold him--dead--  
 Madam, if you could find out but a man  
 To bear a poison, I would temper it;  
 That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
 Soon sleep in quiet !

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter CAPULET and Nurse*

**CAPULET**

How now, wife!  
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

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

**CAPULET**

Thank me no thankings, nor, proud me no prouds,  
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

**LADY CAPULET**

Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

**JULIET**

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

**CAPULET**

Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!  
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face:  
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

**NURSE**

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

**CAPULET**

And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,

**NURSE**

I speak no treason

**CAPULET**

Peace, you mumbling fool!

**LADY CAPULET**

You are too hot.

**CAPULET**

To have her match'd: and having now provided  
 A gentleman of noble parentage,  
 youthful, and nobly train'd,  
 Stuff'd, as they say, with honorable parts,  
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
 To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love,  
 I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'  
 But, as you will not wed, I'll pardon you:  
 Graze where you will you shall not house with me:  
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
 Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:  
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
 And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in  
 the streets, for, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee

*Exit*

**JULIET**

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!  
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week;  
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

**LADY CAPULET**

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

*Exit*

**JULIET**

O God!--O nurse, how shall this be prevented?  
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven  
 Comfort me, counsel me.  
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?  
 Some comfort, nurse.

**NURSE**

Faith, here it is.  
 Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,  
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;  
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
 I think it best you married Paris.  
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!  
 An eagle, madam,

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

**JULIET**

Speakest thou from thy heart?

**NURSE**

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

**JULIET**

Amen!

**NURSE**

What?

**JULIET**

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

**NURSE**

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

*Exit Nurse*

**JULIET**

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!  
 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.

**ACT IV**

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

*FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS discovered in his cell*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

**PARIS**

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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

**PARIS**

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
 And therefore have I little talk'd of love;  
 Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous  
 That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,  
 And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,  
 To stop the inundation of her tears;  
 Now do you know the reason of this haste.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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

*Enter JULIET*

**PARIS**

Happily met, my lady and my wife!

**JULIET**

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

**PARIS**

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

**JULIET**

What must be shall be.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

That's a certain text.

**PARIS**

Come you to make confession to this father?

**JULIET**

To answer that, I should confess to you.

**PARIS**

Do not deny to him that you love me.

**JULIET**

I will confess to you that I love him.

**PARIS**

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

**JULIET**

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

**PARIS**

Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

**JULIET**

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

**PARIS**

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

**JULIET**

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

**PARIS**

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

**JULIET**

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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

**PARIS**

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

*Exit*

**JULIET**

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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 Paris.

**JULIET**

Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:  
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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

And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

**JULIET**

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;  
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:  
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;  
When presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humor, for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;  
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:  
Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,  
And hither shall he come: and he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame;  
If no inconstant toy, nor fear,  
Abate thy valor in the acting it.

**JULIET**

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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

**JULIET**

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



*Exit*

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

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and ensemble members*

*Enter JULIET*

**CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

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

**CAPULET**

Why, I am glad on't; this is well: stand up:  
This is as't should be.

**JULIET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

**CAPULET**

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

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

*Enter JULIET and Nurse*

**JULIET**

Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,  
I pray thee, leave me to my self to-night,  
For I have need of many orisons  
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross, and full of sin.

*Exit Nurse*

**JULIET**

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.  
 I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
 That almost freezes up the heat of life:  
 Come, vial.  
 What if this mixture do not work at all?  
 Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?  
 No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there.

*Laying down her dagger*

What if it be a poison, which the friar  
 Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,  
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,  
 Because he married me before to Romeo?  
 I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,  
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
 I wake before the time that Romeo  
 Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!  
 Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,  
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?  
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
 The horrible conceit of death and night,  
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
 Of all my buried ancestors are packed:  
 Where bloody Tybalt  
 Lies in his shroud; where, as they say,  
 At some hours in the night spirits resort;--  
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:--  
 O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
 Stay, Tybalt, stay!  
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

*She falls upon her bed*

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

*Enter Nurse*

**NURSE**

Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:  
 Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!  
 Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!  
 What, not a word? how sound is she asleep!

I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!  
 What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!  
 I must needs wake you; Lady! lady! lady!  
 Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!

*Enter LADY CAPULET*

**LADY CAPULET**

What noise is here?

**NURSE**

O lamentable day!

**LADY CAPULET**

What is the matter?

**NURSE**

Look, look! O heavy day!

**LADY CAPULET**

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

*Enter CAPULET*

**CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

She's dead, deceased, she's dead!

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

Alas! she's cold:  
 Life and these lips have long been separated:  
 Death lies on her like an untimely frost  
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

**NURSE**

O lamentable day!

**LADY CAPULET**

O woeful time!

**CAPULET**

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

*Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and PARIS*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

**CAPULET**

Ready to go, but never to return.  
 O son! the night before thy wedding-day  
 Hath Death lain with thy wife.

**PARIS**

Have I thought long to see this morning's face,  
 And doth it give me such a sight as this?  
 Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,  
 By cruel thee quite overthrown!  
 O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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  
 Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;  
 And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare  
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave:

*Exit CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR LAWRENCE*

**ACT V**

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

*ROMEO on the street . Enter BALTHASAR*

**ROMEO**

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

**BALTHASAR**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**BALTHASAR**

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

Some misadventure.

**ROMEO**

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

**BALTHASAR**

No, my good lord.

**ROMEO**

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

*Exit BALTHASAR*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.

**SCENE I.B**

*We cross fade to another area on stage. Romeo has gone somewhere to find the APOTHECARY*

**ROMEO**

What, ho! Apothecary!

**APOTHECARY**

Who calls so loud?

**ROMEO**

Come hither, man.  
 Let me have  
 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear  
 As will disperse itself through all the veins  
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead

**APOTHECARY**

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

**ROMEO**

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

*Exit*

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

*Enter FRIAR JOHN*

**FRIAR JOHN**

Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

*Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Friar John.

Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?

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

**FRIAR JOHN**

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

**FRIAR JOHN**

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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

**FRIAR JOHN**

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Now must I to the monument alone;  
 Within three hours will fair Juliet wake:  
 She will beshrew me much that Romeo  
 Hath had no notice of these accidents;  
 But I will write again to Mantua,  
 And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;  
 Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

*Exit*

**SCENE III. A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets**

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch*

**ROMEO**

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning  
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
 Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,  
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
 And do not interrupt me in my course.  
 therefore hence, be gone:  
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
 In what I further shall intend to do,  
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint  
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:  
 The time and my intents are savage-wild,  
 More fierce than the roaring sea.

**BALTHASAR**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**BALTHASAR**

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

*Balthasar hides. Enter PARIS*

**PARIS**

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

*Comes forward*

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

**ROMEO**

I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;  
 By urging me to fury: O, be gone!  
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself;  
 For I come hither armed against myself:  
 Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,  
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

**PARIS**

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

**ROMEO**

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

*They fight*

**BALTHASAR**

O Lord, they fight! I will call for help  
*He exits*

**PARIS**

O, I am slain!

*Falls*

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

*Dies*

**ROMEO**

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.  
 Mercutio's kinsman, noble Paris!  
 What said Balthasar, when my betossed soul  
 Did not attend him as we rode? I think  
 He told me Paris should have married Juliet:  
 Said he not so? or did I dream it so?  
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet?  
 O, give me thy hand  
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!  
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;  
 A grave? O no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,  
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.  
 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.  
 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  
 O, here will I set up my everlasting rest,  
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
 From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!  
 Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you  
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
 Here's to my love! *He drinks*  
 O true apothecary!  
 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

*JULIET wakes up. They see each other, she kisses him and he dies.*

#### **JULIET**

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

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

*Snatching ROMEO's dagger*

This is thy sheath;  
*Stabs herself*  
 there rust, and let me die.

*Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies. Enter the PRINCE and ensemble*

#### **PRINCE**

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

*Everyone discovers ROMEO and JULIET dead*

#### **PRINCE**

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

#### **FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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

**PRINCE**

Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

I will be brief, for my short date of breath  
 Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;  
 And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:  
 I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day  
 Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death  
 Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from the city,  
 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.  
 All this I know; and to the marriage  
 Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this  
 Miscarried by my fault, let my life  
 Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,  
 Unto the rigor of severest law.

**PRINCE**

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.

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**MONTAGUE**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**PRINCE**

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

*End of play*