Dramatis Personae

ESCALUS prince of Verona. (PRINCE)
PARIS a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.
MONTAGUE heads of two houses at variance with each other.
CAPULET
An old man, cousin to Capulet. (SECOND CAPULET)
ROMEO son to Montague.
MERCUTIO kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.
BENVOLIO nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.
TYBALT nephew to Lady Capulet.
FRIAR LAURENCE Franciscans.
FRIAR JOHN

BALTHASAR servant to Romeo.
SAMSON servants to Capulet.
GREGORY
PETER servant to Juliet’s nurse.
ABRAHAM servant to Montague.
An Apothecary. (APOTHECARY)
Three Musicians.
(FIRST MUSICIAN)
(SECOND MUSICIAN)
(THIRD MUSICIAN)
Page to Paris (PAGE) another Page; an Officer.
LADY MONTAGUE wife to Montague.
LADY CAPULET wife to Capulet.
JULIET daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet. (NURSE)
Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses, Maskers.

Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.
(FIRST CITIZEN), (SERVANT), (FIRST SERVANT), (SECOND SERVANT), (FIRST WATCHMAN), (SECOND WATCHMAN), (THIRD WATCHMAN), Chorus.

SCENE Verona: Mantua.
Romeo and Juliet

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;
Whole 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.

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

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

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

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

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

GREGORY
The heads of the maids?

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

GREGORY
They must take it in sense that feel it.

ACT I

SCENE I
Verona. A public place.

[Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house
of CAPULET, armed with swords and bucklers]

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

GREGORY
No, for then we should be colliers.

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

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

SAMPSON
I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY
But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON
A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY
To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to
stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'est away.
SAMPSON Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

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

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

GREGORY How! turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON Fear me not.

GREGORY No, marry; I fear thee!

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

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

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

[Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR]

ABRAHAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

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

GREGORY No.

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

GREGORY Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM Quarrel sir! no, sir.

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

ABRAHAM No better.

SAMPSON Well, sir.

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

SAMPSON Yes, better, sir.

ABRAHAM You lie.

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

[They fight]

[Enter BENVOLIO]

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

[Beats down their swords]

[Enter TYBALT]

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

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

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

[They fight]

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

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

[Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET]

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

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

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

[Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE]

MONTAGUE Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

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

[Enter PRINCE, with Attendants]

PRINCE Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,— Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper’d weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb’d the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona’s ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker’d with peace, to part your canker’d hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me:
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgement-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO]

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

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

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

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

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

BENVOLIO My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO Have you importuned him by any means?

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

[Enter ROMEO]

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

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

[Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE]

BENVOLIO Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO But new struck nine.

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

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

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

BENVOLIO In love?
Romeo and Juliet: ACT I

ROMEO Out—

BENVOLIO Of love?

ROMEO Out of her favour, where I am in love.

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

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

BENVOLIO No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO At thy good heart’s oppression.

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

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

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

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

ROMEO What, shall I groan and tell thee?

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

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

BENVOLIO I aim’d so near, when I supposed you loved.

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

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

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

BENVOLIO Then she hath sworn that she will still
live chaste?

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Exeunt]

SCENE II
A street.

[Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant]

CAPULET But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and ’tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
PARIS Of honourable reckoning are you both; And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long. But now, my lord, what say you to my suit? CAPULET But saying o'er what I have said before: My child is yet a stranger in the world; She hath not seen the change of fourteen years; Let two more summers wither in their pride, Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride. PARIS Younger than she are happy mothers made. CAPULET And too soon marr'd are those so early made. The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she, She is the hopeful lady of my earth: But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart, My will to her consent is but a part; An she agree, within her scope of choice Lies my consent and fair according voice. This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, Whereto I have invited many a guest, Such as I love; and you, among the store, One more, most welcome, makes my number more. At my poor house look to behold this night Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light: Such comfort as do lusty young men feel When well-apparel'd April on the heel Of limping winter treads, even such delight Among fresh female buds shall you this night Inherit at my house; hear all, all see, And like her most whose merit most shall be: Which on more view, of many mine being one May stand in number, though in reckoning none, Come, go with me. [Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS] SERVANT Find them out whose names are written here! It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.— In good time. [Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO] BENVOLIO Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning, One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish; Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning: One desperate grief cures with another's languish: Take thou some new infection to thy eye, And the rank poison of the old will die. ROMEO Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that. BENVOLIO For what, I pray thee? ROMEO For your broken shin. BENVOLIO Why, Romeo, art thou mad? ROMEO Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is; Shut up in prison, kept without my food, Whipp'd and tormented and— God-den, good fellow. SERVANT God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read? ROMEO Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. SERVANT Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see? ROMEO Ay, if I know the letters and the language. SERVANT Ye say honestly: rest you merry! ROMEO Stay, fellow; I can read. [Reads] “Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitravio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife—and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.” A fair assembly: whither should they come? SERVANT Up. ROMEO Whither? SERVANT To supper; to our house. ROMEO Whose house? SERVANT My master's. ROMEO Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before. SERVANT Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house
of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.
Rest you merry!

[Exit]

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

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

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

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

[Exeunt]

SCENE III
A room in CAPULET's house.

[Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse]

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

NURSE Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,
I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady bird!
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.
### Romeo and Juliet: ACT I

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age; Wilt thou not, Jule?&quot; it stinted and said “Ay.”</th>
<th>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.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>JULIET And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.</td>
<td>[Enter a Servant]</td>
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<tr>
<td>NURSE Peace, I have done. God marke 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.</td>
<td>SERVANT M adam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>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?</td>
<td>LADY CAPULET We follow thee.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JULIET And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.</td>
<td>JULIET, the county stays.</td>
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<tr>
<td>NURSE An honour! were not I thine only nurse, I would say thou hast suck’d wisdom from thy teat.</td>
<td>NURSE Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.</td>
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<tr>
<td>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.</td>
<td>[Exeunt]</td>
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<tr>
<td>NURSE A man, young lady! lady, such a man As all the world—why, he’s a man of wax.</td>
<td>SCENE IV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NURSE Nay, he’s a flower; in faith, a very flower.</td>
<td>A street.</td>
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<td>LADY CAPULET What say you? can you love the gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our feast; Read o’er the volume of young Paris’ face, And find delight writ there with beauty’s pen; Examine every married lineament, And see how one another lends content And what obscured in this fair volume lies Find written in the margent of his eyes. This precious book of love, this unbound lover, To beautify him, only lacks a cover: The fish lives in the sea, and ‘tis much pride For fair without the fair within to hide: That book in many’s eyes doth share the glory, That in gold clasps locks in the golden story; So shall you share all that he doth possess, By having him, making yourself no less.</td>
<td>[Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six M askers, Torch-bearers, and others]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NURSE No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.</td>
<td>ROMEO What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without a apology?</td>
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<tr>
<td>LADY CAPULET Verona’s summer hath not such a flower.</td>
<td>BENVOLIO The date is out of such prolixity: We’ll have no Cupid hoodwink’d with a scarf, Bearing a Tartar’s painted bow of lath, Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper; Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke After the prompter, for our entrance: But let them measure us by what they will; We’ll measure them a measure, and be gone.</td>
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<td>NURSE What say you? can you love the gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our feast; Read o’er the volume of young Paris’ face, And find delight writ there with beauty’s pen; Examine every married lineament, And see how one another lends content And what obscured in this fair volume lies Find written in the margent of his eyes. This precious book of love, this unbound lover, To beautify him, only lacks a cover: The fish lives in the sea, and ‘tis much pride For fair without the fair within to hide: That book in many’s eyes doth share the glory, That in gold clasps locks in the golden story; So shall you share all that he doth possess, By having him, making yourself no less.</td>
<td>ROMEO Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling; Being but heavy, I will bear the light.</td>
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<tr>
<td>NURSE Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.</td>
<td>MERCUTIO Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.</td>
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<td>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.</td>
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<td>ROMEO I am too sore enspierced with his shaft To soar with his light feathers, and so bound, I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe: Under love’s heavy burden do I sink.</td>
<td>MERCUTIO You are a lover; borrow Cupid’s wings, And soar with them above a common bound.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
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 prickling, and you beat love down. 
Give me a case to put my visage in; 
A visor for a visor! what care I 
What curious eye doth quote deformities? 
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

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

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

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

ROMEO: Nay, that's not so.

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

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

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

ROMEO: Why, may one ask?

MERCUTIO: I dream'd a dream to-night. 
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day. 
Take our good meaning, for our judgement sits 
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

ROMEO: 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,
Romeo and Juliet: ACT I

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13

With this night's revels and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

BENVOLIO  Strike, drum.

[Exeunt]

SCENE V
A hall in CAPULET’s house.

[Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen with napkins]

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

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

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

SECOND SERVANT  Ay, boy, ready.

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

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

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

CAPULET  Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you. Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, She, I’ll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now? Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day That I have worn a visor and could tell A whispering tale in a fair lady’s ear, Such as would please: ‘tis gone,’tis gone, ‘tis gone: You are welcome, gentlemen! come, musicians, play. A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

[Musick plays, and they dance]

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

SECOND CAPULET  By'r lady, thirty years.

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

SECOND CAPULET  ’Tis more, ’tis more, his son is elder, sir; His son is thirty.

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

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

SERVANT  I know not, sir.

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

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

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

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

CAPULET  Young Romeo is it?

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

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

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

TYBALT Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy: 'tis so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:
You must contrary me marry, 'tis time.
Well said, my hearts! You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or — More light, more light! For shame!
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

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

[Exit]

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

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

ROMEO Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

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

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

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

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

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

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

JULIET You kiss by the book.

NURSE Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROMEO What is her mother?

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

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

BENVOLIO Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

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

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

[Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse]

JULIET Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE The son and heir of old Tiberio.

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

NURSE Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio.

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

NURSE I know not.

JULIET Go ask his name; if he be married.
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Romeo and Juliet: ACT II

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

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

NURSE  What's this? what's this?

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

[One calls within "Juliet."]

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

[Exeunt]

ACT II

PROLOGUE

[Enter Chorus]

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

[Exit]

SCENE I  
A lane by the wall of CAPULET’s orchard.

[Enter ROMEO]

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

[He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it]

[Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO]

BENVOLIO  Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

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

BENVOLIO  He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:  
Call, good Mercutio.
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This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep: Come, shall we go?

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

[Exeunt]

SCENE II
CAPULET's orchard.

[Enter ROMEO]

ROMEO He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[JULIET appears above at a window]

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

JULIET Ay me!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROMEO Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

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

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 dare love attempt; Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

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

ROMEO Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet, And I am proof against their enmity.
JULIET I would not for the world they saw thee here.

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

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

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

JULIET Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face, Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny What I have spoke: but farewell compliment! Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say “Ay,” And I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st, Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries Then say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo, If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully: Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won, I'll frown and be perverse 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 may'st think my 'haviuor light: But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true Than those that have more cunning to be strange. I should have been more strange, I must confess, But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware, My true love's passion; therefore pardon me, And not impute this yielding to light love, Which the dark night hath so discovered.

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

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

ROMEO What shall I swear by?

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

ROMEO If my heart's dear love—

JULIET Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract to-night:

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden; Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be Ere one can say “It lightens.” Sweet, good night! This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

ROMEO O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

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

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

ROMEO Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

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

[Nurse calls within]

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

[Exit, above]

ROMEO O blessed, blessed night! I am afear’d. Being in night, all this is but a dream, Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

[Re-enter JULIET, above]

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

NURSE [Within] Madam!

JULIET I come, anon.— But if thou mean'est not well, I do beseech thee—

NURSE [Within] Madam!
Romeo and Juliet: ACT II

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

ROMEO So thrive my soul—

JULIET A thousand times good night!

[Exit, above]

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

[Retiring]

[Re-enter JULIET, above]

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

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

JULIET Romeo!

ROMEO My dear?

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

ROMEO At the hour of nine.

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

ROMEO Let me stand here till thou remember it.

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

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

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

ROMEO I would I were thy bird.

[Enter ROMEO]
ROMEO  Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE  Benedicite!  What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAURENCE  God pardon sin! wast thou
With Rosaline?

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

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

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

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

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

FRIAR LAURENCE  Wise and slow; they stumble that
run fast.

[Exeunt]

SCENE IV
A street.

[Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO]

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

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

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

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

MERCUTIO  A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO  Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO  Any man that can write may answer a letter.
BENVOLIO Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

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

BENVOLIO Why, what is Tybalt?

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

BENVOLIO The what?

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

[Enter ROMEO]

BENVOLIO Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO Without his roe, like a dried herring: flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen and Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

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

MERCUTIO The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive? Romeo, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

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

ROMEO Meaning, to court'sy.

MERCUTIO Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROMEO A most courteous exposition.

MERCUTIO Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROMEO Pink for flower.

MERCUTIO Right.

ROMEO Why, then is my pump well flowered.

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

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

MERCUTIO Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

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

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

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

MERCUTIO I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROMEO Nay, good goose, bite not.

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

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

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

ROMEO I stretch it out for that word "broad"; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.
MERCUTIO Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

BENVOLIO Stop there, stop there.

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

BENVOLIO Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

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

ROMEO Here's goodly gear!

[Enter Nurse and PETER]

MERCUTIO A sail, a sail!

BENVOLIO Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

NURSE Peter!

PETER Anon!

NURSE My fan, Peter.

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

NURSE God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE Is it good den?

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

NURSE Out upon you! what a man are you!

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

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

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

NURSE You say well.

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

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

BENVOLIO She will indite him to some supper.

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

ROMEO What hast thou found?

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

[Sings]

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.

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

ROMEO I will follow you.

MERCUTIO Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,

[Singing]

"lady, lady, lady."

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO]

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

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

NURSE An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were luster than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

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

NURSE Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you
| Out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: | Romeo and Juliet: ACT II |
| 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 offer'd to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. | Romeo | Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee— |
| 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 offer'd to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. | Nurse | Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman. |
| Nurse | 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. |
| Nurse | Bid her devise Some means to come to shrift this afternoon; And there she shall at Friar Laurence's cell Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains. |
| Nurse | No truly sir; not a penny. |
| Nurse | Go to; I say you shall. |
| Nurse | This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there. |
| Nurse | And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall: Within this hour my man shall be with thee And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair; Which to the high top-gallant of my joy Must be my convoy in the secret night. Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains: Farewell; commend me to thy mistress. |
| Nurse | Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir. |
| Nurse | What say'st thou, my dear nurse? |
| Nurse | Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say, Two may keep counsel, putting one away? |
| Nurse | I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel. |
| Nurse | Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 'Twas a little prating thing—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter? |
| Nurse | Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R. |
| Nurse | Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for the—No; I know it begins with some other letter:—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it. |
| Nurse | Commend me to thy lady. |
| Nurse | Ay, a thousand times. |

[Exit Romeo]

Peter!

Peter! Anon!

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

[Exeunt]

**SCENE V**

CAPULET's orchard.

[Enter JULIET]

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

[Enter Nurse and PETER]

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

Nurse Peter, stay at the gate.

[Exit PETER]
JULIET Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad? Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily; If good, thou shames't 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 man's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

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

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

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

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

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

NURSE O God's lady dear! Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultice for my aching bones? Henceforward do your messages yourself.

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

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

JULIET I have.

NURSE Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell; There stays a husband to make you a wife: Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks, They'll be in scarlet straight at any news. Hie you to church; I must another way, To fetch a ladder, by the which your love Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark: But you shall bear the burden soon at night. Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

JULIET Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell. [Exeunt]

SCENE VI
FRIAR LAURENCE's cell.
[Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO]

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

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

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

[Enter JULIET]

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

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRITI ARUFARCH

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brag of his substance, not of ornament:
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

FRITI ARUFARCH

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

[Exeunt]

ACT III

SCENE I
A public place.

[Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants]

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

And what to?

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

The fee-simple! O simple!

BENVOLIO

By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

[Enter TYBALT and others]

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

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

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

Could you not take some occasion
without giving?

TYBALT

Mercutio, thou consort’st with Romeo.—

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.
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MERCUTIO Men’s eyes were made to look, and let them gaze; I will not budge for no man’s pleasure.

[Enter ROMEO]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?]

TYBALT What wouldst thou have with me?

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

TYBALT I am for you.

[Drawing]

ROMEO Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO Come, sir, your passado.

[They fight]

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

[Tybalt under Romeo's arm stabs Mercutio, and flies with his followers]

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

BENVOLIO What, art thou hurt?

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

[Exit Page]

ROMEO Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

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

ROMEO I thought all for the best.

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

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO]

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

[Re-enter BENVOLIO]

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

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

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

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

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
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.

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

This shall determine that.

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.

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

This shall determine that.

[They fight; TYBALT falls]

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!

O, I am fortune's fool!

Why dost thou stay?

[Exit ROMEO]

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

There lies that Tybalt.

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

[Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives, and others]

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

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.

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

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

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

And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;

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!

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

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

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

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

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

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

[Exeunt]

SCENE II
CAPULET's orchard.

[Enter JULIET]

JULIET  Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: as is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

[Enter Nurse, with cords]

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
The cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In moral paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Exeunt]

SCENE III
FRIAR LAURENCE's cell.

[Enter FRIAR LAURENCE]

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

[Enter ROMEO]

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

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

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

FRIAR LAURENCE A gentler judgement vanish'd
from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
ROMEO Ha, banishment! be merciful, say “death”; For exile hath more terror in his look, Much more than death: do not say “banishment.”

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

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

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

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

ROMEO O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAURENCE I’ll give thee armour to keep off that word: Adversity’s sweet milk, philosophy, To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
NURSE  O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case! O woful sympathy!  
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.  
Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man:  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
Why should you fall into so deep an O?  

ROMEO  Nurse!  

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

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

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

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

[Drawing his sword]  

FRIAR LAURENCE  Hold thy desperate hand:  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;  
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote  
The unreasonable fury of a beast:  
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!  
Or ill-behaving beast in seeming both!  
Thou hast amazed me by my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?  
And stay thy lady too that lives in thee,  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
Why rais'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?  
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet  
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.  
Fie, fie, thou shames thy shape, thy love, thy wit;  
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,  
And usest none in that true use indeed  
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:  
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
Digressing from the valour of a man;  
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,  
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;  

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
Mishapen in the conduct of them both,  
Like powder in a skitless soldier's flank,  
Is set afire by thine own ignorance;  
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.  
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there are thou happy too:  
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend  
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,  
Thou pou'st upon thy fortune and thy love  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:  
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;  
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back  
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.  
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:  
Romeo is coming.  

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

ROMEO  Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.  

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

[Exit]  

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

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

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

[Exeunt]
**SCENE IV**
A room in CAPULET's house.

[Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS]

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

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

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

CAPULET  Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! what day is this?

PARIS  Monday, my lord,

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

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

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

[Exeunt]

**SCENE V**
CAPULET's orchard.

[Enter ROMEO and JULIET above, at the window]

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Enter Nurse, to the chamber]

NURSE  Madam!

JULIET  Nurse?

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NURSE  Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.
  [Exit]
JULIET  Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
ROMEO  Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.
  [He goeth down]
JULIET  Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!
ROMEO  Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
JULIET  O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
ROMEO  I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
JULIET  O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
ROMEO  And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!
  [Exit]
JULIET  O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him.
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long.
But send him back.
LADY CAPULET  [Within] Ho, daughter! are you up?
JULIET  Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?
  [Enter LADY CAPULET]
LADY CAPULET  Why, how now, Juliet!
JULIET  M adam, I am not well.
LADY CAPULET  Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live:
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
JULIET  Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
LADY CAPULET  So shall you feel the loss,
but not the friend
Which you weep for.
JULIET  Feeling so the loss,
Cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
LADY CAPULET  Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
JULIET  What villain, madam?
LADY CAPULET  That same villain, Romeo.
JULIET  [Aside] Villain and he be many miles asunder.—
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
LADY CAPULET  That is, because the traitor murderer lives.
JULIET  Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!
LADY CAPULET  We will have vengeance for it,
fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
JULIET  Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart for a kinsman vex'd.
And yet I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
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 expectest not nor I look’d not for.

JULIET  Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

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

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

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

[Enter CAPULET and Nurse]

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

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

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

JULIET  Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have.

Proud can I never be of what I hate; But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

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

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

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

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

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

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

NURSE  I speak no treason.

CAPULET  O, God ye god-den.

NURSE  May not one speak?

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

LADY CAPULET  You are too hot.

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

[Exit]

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

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

[Exit]

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

NURSE Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing.

[Exit]

ACT IV

SCENE I
FRIAR LAURENCE's cell.

[Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS]

FRIAR LAURENCE On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

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

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

JULIET Speakest thou from thy heart?

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

JULIET Amen!

NURSE What?

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

NURSE Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[Exit]

JULIET Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

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

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

[Enter JULIET]
PARIS Happily met, my lady and my wife!
JULIET That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
PARIS That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.
JULIET What must be shall be.
FRIAR LAURENCE That’s a certain text.
PARIS Come you to make confession to this father?
JULIET To answer that, I should confess to you.
PARIS Do not deny to him that you love me.
JULIET I will confess to you that I love him.
PARIS So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.
JULIET If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
PARIS Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.
JULIET The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.
PARIS Thou wrong’st it, more than tears, with that report.
JULIET That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
PARIS Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander’d it.
JULIET It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
FRIAR LAURENCE My leisure serves me, pensive
daughter, now.
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

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

[Exit]
And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

**Friar Laurence**  
Hold, then; go home, be merry,  
give consent  
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:  
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:  
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;  
When presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,  
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life  
Each part, deprived of supple government,  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:  
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:  
Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.

**Juliet**  
Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!  
**Friar Laurence**  
Hold; get you gone, be strong  
and prosperous  
In this resolve I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

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

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

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

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

**Juliet**  
Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,  
To help me sort such needful ornaments  
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?
LADY CAPULET
No, not till Thursday; there is
time enough.
CAPULET
Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church
to-morrow.

[Exeunt JULIET and Nurse]

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

[Exeunt]

SCENE III
JULIET's chamber.

[Enter JULIET and Nurse]

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

[Enter LADY CAPULET]

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

JULIET
No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

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

[Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse]

JULIET
Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me:
Nurse! What should she do here?

SCENE IV
Hall in CAPULET's house.

[Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse]

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

NURSE
They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.
[Enter CAPULET]

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

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

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

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

[Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse]

CAPULET A jealous hood, a jealous hood!

[Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, logs, and baskets]

Now, fellow,
What’s there?

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

CAPULET Make haste, make haste.

[Exit First Servant]

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

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

[Exit]

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

[Musick within]

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

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

NURSE O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET O woful time!

CAPULET Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail, Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak. [Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians]

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

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

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

LADY CAPULET Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day! In lasting labour of his pilgrimage! But one, poor one, one poor and loving child, But one thing to rejoice and solace in, And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

NURSE O woe! O woful, woful day! Most lamentable day, that ever time saw In lasting labour of his pilgrimage! But one, poor one, one poor and loving child, But one thing to rejoice and solace in, And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

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

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

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

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

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

FIRST MUSICIAN Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended. [Enter PETER]

PETER Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease, Heart's ease": O, an you will have me live, play "Heart's ease." FIRST MUSICIAN Why "Heart's ease"?
ROMEO and JULIET: ACT V

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

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

PETER  You will not, then?

FIRST MUSICIAN  No.

PETER  I will then give it you soundly.

FIRST MUSICIAN  What will you give us?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Answer me like men:
"When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound"
— why "silver sound"? why "music with her silver sound"? What say you, Simon Catling?

MUSICIAN  Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PETER  Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

SECOND MUSICIAN  I say "silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

PETER  Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

THIRD MUSICIAN  Faith, I know not what to say.

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

[Exit]

FIRST MUSICIAN  What a pestilent knave is this same!

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

[Exeunt]

ACT V

SCENE I
Mantua. A street.

[Enter ROMEO]

ROMEO  If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep, My dreams presage some joyful news at hand: My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne; And all this day an unaccustomed spirit Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. I dreamt my lady came and found me dead— Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!— And breathed such life with kisses in my lips, That I revived, and was an emperor. Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd, When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

[Enter BALTHASAR, booted]

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

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

ROMEO  Is it even so? then I defy you, stars! Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper, And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.
BALTHASAR I do beseech you, sir, have patience: Your looks are pale and wild, and do import Some misadventure.

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

BALTHASAR No, my good lord.

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

[Exit BALTHASAR]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night. Let's see for means: O mischief, thou art swift To enter in the thoughts of desperate men! I do remember an apothecary,— And hereabout he dwells,— which late I noted In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows, Culling of simples; meagre were his looks, Sharp misery had worn him to the bones: And in his needy shop a tortoise hung, An alligator stuff'd, and other skins Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves A beggarly account of empty boxes, Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds, Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses, Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show. Noting this penury, to myself I said "An if a man did need a poison now, Whose sale is present death in Mantua, Here lives a catiff wretch would sell it him." O, this same thought did but forerun my need; And this same needy man must sell it me. As I remember, this should be the house. Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. What, ho! apothecary!

[Enter Apothecary]

APOTHECARY Who calls so loud?

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

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

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

[Exit]

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

[Enter Paris, and his Page bearing flowers
and a torch]

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

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

[Retires]

[Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch,
mattock, &c.]

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

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

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

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

[Retires]

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

Paris  This is that banish’d haughty Montague,
That murder’d my love’s cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died;
And here is come to do some 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; Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone; Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth, Put not another sin upon my head, By urging me to fury: O, be gone! By heaven, I love thee better than myself; For I come hither arm'd against myself: Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say, A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

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

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

[They fight]

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

[Exit]

PARIS O, I am slain!

[Dies]

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

[Laying PARIS in the tomb]

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

[Drinks]

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

[Dies]

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

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

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

FRIAR LAURENCE Who is it?

BALTHASAR Romeo.

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

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

FRIAR LAURENCE Who is it?

BALTHASAR Romeo.

FRIAR LAURENCE How long hath he been there?
BALTHASAR  Full half an hour.

FRIAR LAURENCE  Go with me to the vault.

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

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

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

FRIAR LAURENCE  Romeo!
[Advances]
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
[Enters the tomb]
Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

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

FRIAR LAURENCE  I hear some noise. Lady, come
from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming:
Come, go, good Juliet,
[Noise again]
I dare no longer stay.

JULIET  Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
[Exit FRIAR LAURENCE]

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

[Kisses him]
Thy lips are warm.

FIRST WATCHMAN  [Within] Lead, boy: which way?

JULIET  Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!
[Snatching ROMEO's dagger]
This is thy sheath;
[Stabs herself]
there rust, and let me die.

[Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies]

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

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

[Re-enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR]

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

FIRST WATCHMAN  Hold him in safety, till the prince
come hither.

[Re-enter others of the Watch, with FRIAR
LAURENCE]
THIRD WATCHMAN Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs and weeps: We took this mattock and this spade from him, As he was coming from this churchyard side.

FIRST WATCHMAN A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

[Enter the PRINCE and Attendants]

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

[Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others]

CAPULET What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

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

PRINCE What fear is this which startles in our ears?

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

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

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

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

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

[Enter MONTAGUE and others]

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

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

PRINCE Look, and thou shalt see.

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

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

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

FRIAR LAURENCE Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

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

All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

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

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

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

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

PRINCE This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison

Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

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

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

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

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

[Exeunt]