

Romeo & Juliet

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ROMEO AND JULIET SYNOPSIS

Two noble families of Verona, the Capulets and Montagues, are feuding. To try to put a stop to the constant street fights between the servants and kinsmen of the two families, the Prince of Verona promises a death sentence to those disturbing the peace of his city.

Meanwhile, Romeo, the son of Montague, has become moody and distant because of his unrequited love for Rosaline. Romeo's friend Benvolio hopes to raise his spirits by persuading him to view more attractive girls at the Capulet masked ball. At the ball two things happen: Romeo falls in love with Capulet's daughter Juliet, and Tybalt, Juliet's cousin, recognizes Romeo and swears to get revenge on him for daring to appear at Capulet's party. After the party Romeo evades Benvolio and Mercutio, and climbs over the wall into Capulet's orchard. He speaks to Juliet, who is on her balcony, and they declare their love for each other. With the aid of the nurse and Friar Laurence, Romeo and Juliet are secretly married the next day.

Later that afternoon, Tybalt is looking for Romeo. Newly and happily married, Romeo declines to fight with Tybalt, who is now a relation to him through marriage. A disgusted Mercutio takes up Tybalt's challenge to Romeo, and is slain by Tybalt when Romeo tries to intervene. Enraged at his friend's death, Romeo then slays Tybalt and is banished by the Prince. Romeo and Juliet are both deeply distraught at this turn of events, but with the help of Friar Laurence and the nurse, they are able to consummate their marriage, and form a plan whereby Romeo will live in Mantua until the Friar can find a way to reconcile all parties.

Assuming Juliet is in deep despair over Tybalt's death, Capulet arranges Juliet's marriage to Paris to raise her spirits. Already secretly married to Romeo, Juliet enrages her father when she vehemently rejects the idea. At Friar Laurence's cell Juliet threatens suicide if he cannot come up with a plan to reunite her with Romeo. He gives Juliet a potion that will make her seem dead on the morning of her marriage to Paris. When she awakes in the family tomb 42 hours after taking the potion, Romeo will be there to whisk her away to a new life. Friar Laurence's letter to Romeo is delayed and Romeo hears from his man, Balthasar, that Juliet is dead. He buys a poison in Mantua and rushes to the tomb to die with his love. At the tomb he meets Paris, mourning Juliet's death. They fight and Paris is slain. Friar Laurence learns that his letter has not reached Romeo and rushes to the tomb to retrieve Juliet. He is too late to save the poisoned Romeo, and Juliet will not leave with him. She then kills herself with Romeo's dagger. When Capulet and Montague learn the fate of their children, they promise to stop their feud and put up statues so that the people of Verona may always remember the love of their two dead children.

ROMEO AND JULIET

NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

ESCALUS	Prince of Verona
PARIS	A young count and kinsman to the Prince
JULIET	Daughter of Capulet
CAPULET	Feuding with Montague
LADY CAPULET	Wife of Capulet
NURSE	Nurse to Juliet
TYBALT	Nephew of Capulet
PETER	Servant to Capulet
POTPAN	Servant to Capulet
ANTHONY	Servant to Capulet
SAMPSON	Capulet's man
GREGORY	Capulet's man
ROMEO	Son of Montague
MONTAGUE	Feuding with Capulet
LADY MONTAGUE	Wife of Montague
BENVOLIO	Montague's kinsman
MERCUTIO	Montague's kinsman
BALTHASAR	Servant to Romeo
ABRAHAM	Montague's man
FRIAR LAURENCE	Franciscan monk
FRIAR JOHN	Franciscan monk
Citizens, attendants, officers, pages, maskers, torch bearers, guards and watchmen.	
SCENE	Verona and Mantua

Act 1, Scene 1 Verona - a public place

(Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY of the house of Capulet, wearing swords.)

SAMPSON
Gregory, we'll not suffer insults.

GREGORY
No.

SAMPSON
I mean, we be in anger, we'll draw.

GREGORY
Ay.

SAMPSON
I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY
But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON
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 that feel it.

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

GREGORY
Draw thy tool! Here comes two of the house of the Montague.

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

GREGORY
How? Turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON
Fear me not.

Let us have the law on our side; let them begin.

GREGORY

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

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 of the house of Montague, wearing swords.)

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 on 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.

ABRAHAM

Do you quarrel, sir?

SAMPSON

Quarrel sir? No, sir.

ABRAHAM

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

SAMPSON

No better.

ABRAHAM

Well, sir.

(Enter BENVOLIO.)

GREGORY *(Aside to SAMPSON.)*

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.)

BENVOLIO

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

(BENVOLIO beats down their swords.)

(Enter TYBALT.)

TYBALT

What, art thou drawn among these cowardly servants?

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!

(BENVOLIO and TYBALT fight.)

(Enter CITIZENS.)

CITIZENS

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!

LADY CAPULET

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

(Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.)

swashing blow - smashing blow, *have at thee* - let's fight

CAPULET

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

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!

Will they not hear?

What, ho! You men, you beasts, throw your mistempered* 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 disturbed the quiet of our streets.

If ever you disturb our streets again, your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

You Capulet, shall go along with me; and Montague, come you this afternoon.

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

(Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE and BENVOLIO.)

LADY MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.*

BENVOLIO

Early walking I saw your son, but he did shun* me and stole into a wood.

MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he been seen, with tears augmenting the fresh morning dew.

Away from the light steals home my heavy son, and private in his chamber pens himself,
shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out, and makes himself an artificial night.

Black and portentous* must this humor* prove, unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO

Have you importuned* him by any means?

mistempered - used for a bad purpose; angry *fray* - fight, *shun* - avoid, *portentous* - ominous,
humor - mood, *importuned* - asked urgently or repeatedly

MONTAGUE

Both by myself and many other friends.

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

(Enter ROMEO.)

BENVOLIO

See where he comes. So please you, step aside.

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

MONTAGUE

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

Out—

BENVOLIO

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favor where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,* should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.*

view - appearance, *in proof* - in being experienced

ROMEO

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
 being purged,* a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
 being vexed,* a sea nourished with lovers' tears,
 a madness most discreet, a choking gall,* and a preserving sweet.
 Farewell, my coz.*

BENVOLIO

Soft. I will go along. Tell me in sadness, who is it you love.

ROMEO

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

I aimed 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 well armed from love's weak childish bow, she lives unharmed.

BENVOLIO

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO

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

Show me a mistress that is passing fair. What doth her beauty serve?
 But as a note where I may read who passed that passing fair.
 Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

(Exit ROMEO.)

purged - cleansed, *vexed* - annoyed, *gall* - bitterness, *coz* - cousin, *mark-man* - archer, *mark* - target

BENVOLIO

I'll learn thee yet, or else die in debt.

(Exit BENVOLIO.)

Act 1, Scene 2 Verona - a street

(Enter CAPULET, PARIS and POTPAN.)

CAPULET

Montague is bound as well as I, in penalty alike;
and 'tis not hard, I think, for men so old as we to keep the peace.

PARIS

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

CAPULET

But saying over 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 marred* are those so early made.
The earth hath swallowed* all my hopes but she.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart; my will to her consent is but a part.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
whereto I have invited many a guest, such as I love; and you, among the store.
Tonight shall you at my house behold fresh female buds.
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.*
(Giving POTPAN a paper.) Go sirrah, trudge about through fair Verona.
Find those persons out whose names are written there, and to them say,
my house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

(Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.)

POTPAN

I can never find what names the writing person hath here writ.
I must to the learned.

(Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.)

BENVOLIO

Tut man, one fire burns out another's burning, one pain is lessened by another's anguish.
Take thou some new infection* to thy eye, and the rank poison of the old will die.

suit - proposal, *ere* - before, *marred* - ruined, *swallowed* - all Capulet's other children have been buried,
which...none - Juliet will be one of the girls but perhaps not the most desirable, *infection* - girl to love

ROMEO

God den,* good fellow.

POTPAN

God den. I pray sir, can you read?

ROMEO

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

POTPAN

But, I pray, can you read anything you see?

ROMEO

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

(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.'
A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

POTPAN

Up.

ROMEO

Whither?

POTPAN

To supper; to our house.

ROMEO

Whose house?

POTPAN

My master is the great rich Capulet;
and if you be not of the house of Montague, I pray come and crush a cup of wine.
Rest you merry.

(Exit POTPAN.)

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 unattainted* eye, compare her face with some that I shall show,
and I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

God-den - good evening (past noon), *ancient* - traditional, *unattainted* - unprejudiced

ROMEO

One fairer than my love?

The all seeing sun never saw her match since first the world begun.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

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

(Exeunt.)

Act 1, Scene 3 A room in Capulet's house

(Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.)

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

What, lamb? What, ladybird?

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

(Enter JULIET.)

JULIET

How now. Who calls?

NURSE

Your mother.

JULIET

Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET

This is the matter—Nurse, leave us awhile, we must talk in secret.

Nurse, come back again.

Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET

She's not fourteen.

NURSE

How long is it now to Lammas tide?*

LADY CAPULET

A fortnight* and odd days.

NURSE

Even or odd, of all days in the year, come Lammas eve at night, shall she be fourteen.

Susan* and she—God rest all Christian souls—were of an age.

Well, Susan is with God; she was too good for me.

But, as I said, on Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen; that shall she, I remember it well.

Thou wast the prettiest babe that ever I nursed.

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

Lammas tide - August 1st, *fortnight* - 2 weeks, *Susan* - the Nurse's dead daughter

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

It is an honor that I dream not of.

LADY CAPULET

Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you, here in Verona, ladies of esteem, are made already mothers.
I was your mother much upon these years you are a maid.
Thus then in brief: the valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE

A man, young lady! Such a man as all the world—why, he's a man of wax.*

LADY CAPULET

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

What say you? Can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast.
Read over the volume of young Paris' face, and find delight writ there with beauty's pen.
Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

I'll look to like, but no more deep will I endart mine eye
than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

(POTPAN entering.)

POTPAN

Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for,
the nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity!
I must hence; I beseech you, follow straight.

(Exit POTPAN.)

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee.

(Exeunt.)

man of wax - handsome as a wax statue

Act 1, Scene 4 Verona - a street

(Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO and others.)

ROMEO

Give me a torch. I will bear the light.

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

Not I, believe me.

You have dancing shoes with nimble soles;

I have a soul of lead so stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

I am too sore pierced with his shaft to soar with his light feathers.

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.

Besides, I dreamed a dream tonight.

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife,

and she comes in shape no bigger than an agate-stone* on the fore-finger of an alderman,

drawn with a team of little atomies* over men's noses as they lie asleep.

Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,

bound - a leap in dancing, *betake him to his legs* - begin dancing,

rushes - used to cover the floor, *agate-stone* - jewel, *atomies* - tiny creatures

the cover of the wings of grasshoppers;
 the traces* of the smallest spider's web;
 the collars* of the moonshine's watery beams;
 her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film;
 her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat, not so big as a round little worm.
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut made by the joiner squirrel or old grub.
 And in this state she gallops night by night through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
 over courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies* straight;
 over lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
 over ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
 which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
 Sometime she gallops over a courtier's nose, and then dreams he of smelling out a suit;*
 sometime she drives over a soldier's neck, and then dreams he of cutting foreign throats.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs, that presses them and learns them first to bear,
 making them women of good carriage.
 This is she—

ROMEO

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace! Thou talkest of nothing.

MERCUTIO

True, I talk of dreams which are the children of an idle brain, and more inconstant than the wind.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

I fear too early.

My mind misgives some consequence with this night's revels, yet hanging in the stars.

But He* that hath the steerage of my course, direct my sail.

On, lusty gentlemen.

(Exeunt.)

traces - reins, *collars* - parts of the harness, *court'sies* - bows, *suit* - opportunity for profit, *He* - God

Act 1, Scene 5 A hall in Capulet's house

(Musicians waiting. Enter PETER, ANTHONY and SERVINGMEN.)

PETER

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!

ANTHONY

Ready.

PETER

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

ANTHONY

I cannot be here and there too.

(Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house, meeting the guests and maskers.)

CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen!

Ah ha, my mistresses! Which of you all will now deny to dance?

She that makes dainty, I'll swear hath corns.

Welcome, gentlemen!

I have seen the day that I 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.

Give room,* and foot it girls!

(Music plays and they dance.)

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

ROMEO

(To a SERVANT.) 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.

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows, as yonder lady over her fellows shows.

The measure* done, I'll watch her place of stand* and, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

marchpane - marzipan (sweetmeat with almonds), *give room* - clear the hall for dancing,

measure - dance, *her place of stand* - where she stands

Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight. For I never 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, to fleer* at our solemnity?

Now, by the honor of my kin, to strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET

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

TYBALT

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe!

A villain that is hither come in spite, to scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone. Verona brags of him to be a virtuous and well-governed youth.

TYBALT

I'll not endure him.

CAPULET

He shall be endured. I say, he shall.

Go to. Am I the master here, or you?

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET

Go to, go to! You are a saucy boy.

Is it so indeed? You must contrary me?

Be quiet, or I'll make you quiet.

(To some guests.) Cheerly, my hearts!

TYBALT

I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

(Exit TYBALT.)

fleer - mock

ROMEO

(To JULIET.) If I profane with my unworhiest hand this holy shrine, the gentle fine 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.

JULIET

Saints do not move.

ROMEO

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

(ROMEO kisses JULIET.)

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

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

(They kiss 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.
I nursed her daughter that you talked withal.

If I profane...kiss - If I roughen your hand with my coarse hand I will smooth it with a kiss

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her shall have coin.*

ROMEO

Is she a Capulet?

BENVOLIO

Away, begone; the sport is past the best.

CAPULET

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone!

Is it even so? Why, then, I thank you all. I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.

More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

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. (*Nurse goes to ask.*)

If he be married my grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE (*She returns.*)

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

JULIET

My only love sprung from my only hate.

Too soon seen unknown, and known too late.

NURSE

What's this? What's this?

JULIET

A rhyme I learned.

he...coin - he that marries Juliet shall become rich

NURSE

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

(Exeunt.)

Act 2, Scene 1 A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard

(Enter ROMEO.)

ROMEO

Can I go forward when my heart is here?

(He climbs the wall, and leaps down into Capulet's orchard.)

(Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.)

BENVOLIO

Romeo? My cousin Romeo?

MERCUTIO

He is wise, and, on my life, hath stolen home to bed.

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

Romeo! Madman! Lover! Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh.

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied. Cry but 'Ay me!' Pronounce but 'love' and 'dove.'

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not; the ape is dead, and I must conjure* him.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes, by her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
by her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh and the domains that there adjacent lie,
that in thy likeness thou appear to us.

BENVOLIO

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees.

Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,*

and wish his mistress were that kind of fruit as maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.

Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle-bed; this field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.

Shall we go?

BENVOLIO

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

(Exeunt.)

conjure - summon by magic, *medlar tree* - pear tree with fruit that is commonly compared to sex organs
truckle-bed - a low bed on wheels, stored under a larger bed

Act 2, Scene 2 Capulet's orchard

(ROMEO.)

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

But soft. What light through yonder window breaks?

(JULIET enters above.) 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.

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!

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 called,

retain that dear perfection which he owns 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!

JULIET

What man art thou that thus bescreened in night so stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO

By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am.

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, because it is an enemy to thee.

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

discourses - communicates, *doff* - take off

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 maid, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I over-perch* these walls;
for stony limits cannot hold love out, and what love can do, that dares love attempt.
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes; and but thou love me, let them find me here.
My life were better ended by their hate than death prolonged, wanting of thy love.

JULIET

Dost thou love me?
I know thou wilt say 'Ay;' and I will take thy word.
Yet if thou swearest, thou mayest prove false. At lovers' perjuries* they say Jove* laughs.
O gentle Romeo, if thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won, I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay.

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear—

JULIET

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

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?

JULIET

Do not swear at all.
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.

over-perch - fly over *perjuries* - lies, *Jove* - God, *ere* - before

ROMEO

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

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 give it to thee again.
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

Juliet?

JULIET

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

(Exit JULIET above.)

ROMEO

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

(Re enter JULIET above.)

JULIET

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

bounty - wish to give (love), *bent* - purpose, *procure* - cause

JULIET

I come, anon. But if thou meanest not well, I do beseech thee—

NURSE

(Within.) Madam!

JULIET

By and by, I come!
to cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul—

JULIET

A thousand times good night!

(Exit JULIET above.)

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

(Re enter JULIET above.)

JULIET

Hist! Romeo!

ROMEO

My dear?

JULIET

At what o'clock tomorrow 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.

JULIET

'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone.

Good night, good night!

Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say good night till it be morrow.

(Exit JULIET above.)

ROMEO

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

(Exit ROMEO.)

Act 2, Scene 3 Outside Friar Laurence's cell

(Enter FRIAR LAURENCE with a basket.)

FRIAR LAURENCE

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night, chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light, and flecked* darkness like a drunkard reels from forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.*
Now, before the sun advance his burning eye, the night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this willow basket with precious-juiced flowers of medicinal powers.

(Enter ROMEO.)

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Young son, it argues a distempered head so soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
Or if not so, then here I hit it right, our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.

ROMEO

That last is true.

FRIAR LAURENCE

God pardon sin! Was 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.
And 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.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Holy Saint Francis! What a change is here! Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear, so soon forsaken?

ROMEO

Thou chidest* me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAURENCE

For doting,* not for loving, pupil mine.

flecked - dappled, *Titan's fiery wheels* - the sun's chariot wheels, *chidest* - scolded,
doting - being excessively fond

ROMEO

And bad'st* me bury love.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Not in a grave to lay one in, another out to have.

ROMEO

I pray thee, chide not.

She whom I love now, doth love for love allow. The other did not.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Come, young waverer. I'll thy assistant be.

For this alliance may so happy prove to turn your households' rancor* to pure love.

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.

(Exeunt.)

bad'st - instructed, implored, *rancor* - bitter hate

Act 2, Scene 4 A street

(Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.)

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

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

Alas poor Romeo, he is already dead; stabbed with a white wench's black eye;
shot through the ear with a love-song; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

BENVOLIO

Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO

More than Prince of Cats, I can tell you.
He fights as you sing prick-song,* keeps time, distance, and proportion;
one, two, and the third in your bosom.
The very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist.
By Jesu, a very good blade.

(Enter ROMEO.)

BENVOLIO

Here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO

You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROMEO

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

prick-song - written music

MERCUTIO

The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive?*

ROMEO

Pardon, good Mercutio.

My business was great, and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

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.

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.

conceive - understand, *gear* - clothing, *smock* - skirt, *Anon* - in a minute, *good-den* - good afternoon

NURSE

By my troth, it is well said.
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.

NURSE

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

BENVOLIO

She will invite him to some supper.

MERCUTIO

A bawd,* a bawd, a bawd! So ho!
Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to dinner thither.

ROMEO

I will follow you.

MERCUTIO

Farewell, ancient lady. Farewell, (*Sings.*) 'Lady, lady, lady.'

(*Exit MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*)

NURSE

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

If he speak anything against me, I'll take him down, 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 at his pleasure. If I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you.
I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

NURSE

Now, before God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!
Pray you, sir, a word.

confidence - the Nurse means conference, *bawd* - a person who keeps a house of prostitution,
ropery - vulgar jokes, *flirt gills* - woman of loose behavior, *skains-mates* - gangster girls

My young lady bade me inquire you out.
 But first let me tell you, if you should lead her into a fool's paradise,* as they say,
 it were a very gross kind of behavior, for the gentlewoman is young.
 If you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing and very weak dealing.

ROMEO

Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress.
 Bid her devise some means to come to shrift* this afternoon;
 and there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell be married.

NURSE

Lord, lord! She will be a joyful woman.

ROMEO

Here is for thy pains.

NURSE

No truly, sir; not a penny.

ROMEO

Go to! I say you shall.

NURSE

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

ROMEO

And good nurse, behind the abbey wall, within this hour my man shall be with thee.
 He shall give thee cords made like a tackled stair* which must be my convoy in the secret night.
 Be trusty and I'll quit thy pains.*
 Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE

Ay, a thousand times.

(Exit Romeo.)

Peter!

PETER

Anon.

NURSE

Peter, take my fan, and go before, and quickly.

(Exeunt.)

fool's paradise - seduce her, *shrift* - confession, *tackled stair* - rope ladder, *quit thy pains* - reward thy efforts

Act 2, Scene 5 Capulet's house

(*JULIET.*)

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse; in half an hour she promised to return.
O, she is lame! Love's heralds* should be thoughts, which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams.
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?

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.

NURSE

Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man.
Romeo? No, not he. Go thy ways, wench. What, have you dined at home?

heralds - messengers, *bandy* - speed, as in tennis, *jaunt* - trip, *stay* - wait

JULIET

No. What says he of our marriage?

NURSE

Lord, how my head aches! It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back. O, my back, my back!

Beshrew* your heart for sending me about.

JULIET

In 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—

Where is your mother?

JULIET

Where is my mother! Why, she is within. Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!

NURSE

O God's lady dear! Are you so hot? Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET

Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE

Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET

I have.

NURSE

Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell; there stays a husband to make you a wife.

Now comes the wanton* blood up in your cheeks, they'll be scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way, to fetch a ladder,

by the which your love must climb a bird's nest* soon when it is dark.

I am the drudge* and toil in your delight, 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.

(Exit JULIET.)

Beshrew - Shame on, *wanton* - sexual, unchaste, *bird's nest* - Juliet's room; Juliet's body, *drudge* - worker

Act 2, Scene 6 Friar Laurence's cell

(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 offset the exchange of joy that one short minute gives me in her sight.

FRIAR LAURENCE

These violent delights have violent ends, like fire and powder, which as they kiss consume.
Therefore love moderately.

(Enter JULIET.)

Here comes the lady.

JULIET

Good evening to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAURENCE

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.)

chide - blame

Act 3, Scene 1 Verona - 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.

MERCUTIO

Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy.

Thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard, than thou hast.

Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes.

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat,
and yet thy head hath been beaten 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.

BENVOLIO

Wilt thou tutor me from* quarrelling? Thou art apt to quarrel as any man.

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

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, and you will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT

Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

MERCUTIO

Consort?* What, dost thou make us minstrels?*

And thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords.

Here's my fiddlestick;* here's that shall make you dance.

Zounds, consort!

from - against, *Consort* - to accompany vocal or instrumental music, *minstrels* - musicians, *fiddlestick* - rapier

BENVOLIO

We talk here in the public haunt of men.

Either withdraw unto some private place, or reason coldly of your grievances, or else depart.
Here all eyes gaze on us.

MERCUTIO

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

TYBALT

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

ROMEO

Tybalt, villain am I none. Therefore farewell. I see thou knowest me not.

TYBALT

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

ROMEO

I do protest I never injured thee, but love thee better than thou canst devise.

MERCUTIO

O, vile submission! *(Draws.)* 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.
Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher* by the ears?
Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

TYBALT

I am for you. *(Drawing.)*

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO

Come, sir, your passado!*

livery - servant's uniform, *pilcher* - scabbard, *passado* - lunge

(MERCUTIO and TYBALT fight.)

ROMEO

Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath forbidden fighting in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

(TYBALT, under ROMEO'S arm, stabs MERCUTIO, and flees with his followers.)

MERCUTIO

I am hurt. A plague on 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 tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man.

I am peppered. A plague on both your houses!

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 on both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me.

(Exit MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.)

ROMEO

Mercutio, my very friend hath got this mortal hurt in my behalf.

My reputation stained with Tybalt's slander, Tybalt that an hour hath been my cousin.

O sweet Juliet, thy beauty hath made me effeminate and softened valor's steel.

(Re enter BENVOLIO.)

sped - mortally wounded, *hath nothing* - received no wounds

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

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

(Re enter TYBALT.)

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

TYBALT

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

ROMEO

This shall determine that.

(ROMEO and TYBALT fight; TYBALT dies.)

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone! The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed. The Prince will doom thee death, if thou art taken. Hence, be gone!

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO

Why dost thou stay?

(Exit ROMEO.)

(Enter PRINCE attended, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their wives, and others.)

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO

O noble Prince, I can discover all.
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo, that slew brave Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET

Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
Prince, as thou art true, for blood of ours shed blood of Montague.

respective lenity - reasoned gentleness

PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink how trivial the quarrel was,
and urged withal your high displeasure.

All this he uttered with gentle breath, and calm look.

But Tybalt, deaf to peace, tilts with piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point.

Romeo cries aloud, 'Hold, friends! Friends, part!'

and his agile arm beats down their fatal points, and 'twixt them rushes;

underneath whose arm an envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.

By and by Tybalt comes back to Romeo, and to it they go like lightning,
for, ere I could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain.

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

This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LADY CAPULET

He is a kinsman to the Montague; affection makes him false, he speaks not true.

I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give.

Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.

MONTAGUE

Romeo, Prince, 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 will be deaf to pleading and excuses; nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.*

Therefore use none.

Let Romeo hence in haste, else, when he's found, that hour is his last.

Bear hence this body and attend our will.

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

(Exeunt.)

nor tears...abuses - neither tears or prayers shall excuse those who break the law

Act 3, Scene 2 Capulet's orchard

(*JULIET.*)

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,* towards Phoebus'* lodging!*
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night, that Romeo may leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites by their own beauties.
 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-browed night; give me my Romeo;
 and, when he shall die, take him and cut him out in little stars,
 and he will make the face of 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 possessed it; and though I am sold, not yet enjoyed.
 O, here comes my nurse.

(*Enter NURSE, with cords.*)

Now, Nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE

Ay, ay, the cords.

(*Throws them down.*)

JULIET

Ay me! What news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE

Ah, wel-a-day. He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
 We are undone, lady, we are undone!
 Alack the day. He's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

JULIET

Can heaven be so envious?
 Hath Romeo slain himself?

NURSE

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes.
 God save the mark! Here on his manly breast.

JULIET

O, break, my heart. Poor bankrupt, break at once!

steeds - horses drawing the chariot of the sun, *Phoebus* - the sun, *lodging* - western horizon

NURSE

O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had.
O courteous Tybalt. Honest gentleman, that ever I should live to see thee dead!

JULIET

Is Romeo slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet,* sound the general doom.
For who is living, if those two are gone?

NURSE

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

JULIET

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

NURSE

It did, it did. Alas the day, it did!

JULIET

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face.
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant. Fiend angelical. Dove-feathered raven. Wolvish-ravens lamb.

NURSE

There's no trust, no faith, no honesty in men. Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET

Blistered be thy tongue for such a wish!
O, what a beast was I to chide at him.

NURSE

Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

JULIET

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name, when I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain; and Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worsen than Tybalt's death, that murdered me.
I would forget it; but O, it presses to my memory like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished.'
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,' hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.
Tybalt's death was woe enough, if it had ended there; but 'Romeo is banished?'
To speak that word, is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet, all slain, all dead.
Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

dreadful trumpet - the Bible says Gabriel will blow the final trumpet at the end of the world

NURSE

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

JULIET

Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent, when theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
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 know well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night. 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.

(Exit NURSE.)

Act 3, Scene 3 Friar Laurence's cell

(Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.)

FRIAR LAURENCE
Romeo, come forth. Come forth.

(Enter ROMEO.)

ROMEO
Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom?

FRIAR LAURENCE
A gentler judgment vanished from his lips, not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO
Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say 'death';
for exile hath more terror in his look, much more than death. Do not say 'banishment.'

FRIAR LAURENCE
O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
and turned that black word 'death' to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou 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.
And sayest thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife, no sudden mean of death,
but 'banished' to kill me? 'Banished?'
O Friar, the damned use that word in hell.
How hast thou the heart, a ghostly confessor, a sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
to mangle me with that word 'banished?'

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

ROMEO
O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAURENCE
I'll give thee armor to keep off that word; adversity's sweet milk, philosophy, to comfort thee.

ROMEO
Yet 'banished?' Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet, reverse a Prince's doom, it helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.

FRIAR LAURENCE

O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO

How should they, when wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR LAURENCE

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, an hour but married, Tybalt murdered, and like me banished, then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair, and fall upon the ground, as I do now.

(Knocking within.)

FRIAR LAURENCE

Arise; one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO

Not I.

(Knocking.)

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise; thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up; run to my study. What simpleness is this?

(Knocking.)

I come, I come!

Who knocks so hard? What's your will?

NURSE

Let me come in, and you shall know my errand. I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Welcome, then.

(Enter NURSE.)

NURSE

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

NURSE

Even so lies she, blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.

Stand up, stand up! Stand, if you be a man. For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.

ROMEO

Nurse!

NURSE

Ah sir! Ah sir! 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 stained the childhood of our joy with blood removed but little from her own? Where is she? How doth she? What says my concealed* lady to our cancelled love?

NURSE

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

ROMEO

As if that name, shot from the deadly level* of a gun, did murder her; as that name's cursed hand murdered her kinsman. O, tell me, Friar, tell me, in what vile part of this anatomy doth my name lodge?

(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.

Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself, and slay thy lady too that lives in thee?

What, rouse thee, man!

Thy Juliet is alive; there art thou happy.

Tybalt would kill thee, but thou slewest Tybalt. There art thou happy too.

The law that threatened death becomes thy friend and turns it to exile. There art thou happy.

A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back.

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.

There 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.

Go before, Nurse. Romeo is coming.

NURSE

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Here is a ring she bid me give you, sir.

Make haste, for it grows very late.

(Exit NURSE.)

concealed - hidden from me, *level* - aim, *blaze* - publish

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this.

FRIAR LAURENCE

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.

(Exit ROMEO.)

Act 3, Scene 4 A room in Capulet's house

(Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET and PARIS.)

CAPULET

Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily, that we have had no time to move our daughter. She loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly, and so did I.

PARIS

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

LADY CAPULET

I will, and know her mind early tomorrow; tonight she is mewed up* to her heaviness.

CAPULET

Sir Paris, 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 of Paris' love. What day is this?

PARIS

Monday, my lord,

CAPULET

On Thursday, tell her, she shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?

PARIS

My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET

Well get you gone. On Thursday be it then.
Go you to Juliet before you go to bed; prepare her, wife, for this wedding day.
Farewell, my lord.
It is so very very late, that we may call it early by and by.
Good night.

(Exeunt.)

mewed up - shut up (falconry)

Act 3, Scene 5 Juliet's window*(ROMEO and JULIET.)*

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

Yon light is not 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 taken, 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,
 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 it, my soul? Let's talk; it is not day.

JULIET

It is, it is! Be gone, away!
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune.
 Some say the lark makes sweet division;* this doth not so, for she divideth us.
 O, now be gone! More light and light it grows.

ROMEO

More light and light—more dark and dark our woes.

(Enter NURSE.)

NURSE

Madam!

JULIET

Nurse?

NURSE

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber. *(Exit NURSE.)*

Night's candles - the stars, *jocund* - cheerful, *division* - melody

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

(ROMEO goes down.)

JULIET

Art thou gone so? Love, lord, husband, friend! I must hear from thee every day.

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.

ROMEO

Adieu, adieu!

(ROMEO exits and JULIET cries.)

LADY CAPULET

(Within.) Ho, daughter! Are you up?

JULIET

Who is it that calls? Is it my lady mother?

(Enter LADY CAPULET.)

LADY CAPULET

Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET

Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

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

This is because his traitor murderer lives.

sweet discourses - stories we will relish

JULIET

Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I revenge my cousin's death.

LADY CAPULET

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
I'll send one where that runagate* doth live, shall give him such an unaccustomed dram,*
that he shall soon keep Tybalt company; and then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied with Romeo, till I behold him—dead.
O, how my heart abhors to hear him named and cannot come to him,
to wreak the love I bore my cousin upon his body that slaughtered him.

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

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.

JULIET

Madam, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself.

(Enter CAPULET and NURSE.)

CAPULET

How now, a conduit,* girl? What, still in tears? Evermore showering?
How now, wife? Have you delivered to her our decree?

runagate - renegade, *dram* - poison, *sorted out* - chosen, *ere* - before, *conduit* - water pipe

LADY CAPULET

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

CAPULET

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

JULIET

Not proud you have, but thankful that you have. Proud can I never be of what I hate.

CAPULET

How now, how now, chop logic? What is this?
'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not,' and yet 'not proud?'
Hang thee, young baggage! Disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what—get thee to church on Thursday, or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me! My fingers itch.*

NURSE

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

CAPULET

And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your tongue. Smatter with your gossips.

NURSE

I speak no treason.

CAPULET

O, God ye god-den!*

NURSE

May not one speak?

CAPULET

Peace, you mumbling fool!

LADY CAPULET

You are too hot.

CAPULET

God's breath! It makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play, still* my care hath been to have her matched.
And having now provided a gentleman of noble parentage,
youthful, and nobly trained, stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,

wrought - arranged for, *My fingers itch* - (to choke Juliet), *God ye god den!* - For God's sakes!, *still* - always

and then to have a wretched puling fool answer, 'I'll not wed, I cannot love, I am too young.'
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
and 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 never acknowledge thee, nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to it, bethink you. I'll not be forsworn.*

(Exit CAPULET.)

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.

LADY CAPULET

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

(Exit LADY CAPULET.)

JULIET

O God. O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems* upon so soft a subject as myself.
Tell my lady I am gone, having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell, to make confession.

NURSE

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

(Exit NURSE.)

JULIET

I'll to the Friar, to know his remedy.
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

(Exit JULIET.)

be forsworn - break this oath, *stratagems* - tricks, deceptions (forcing her into a second marriage)

Act 4, Scene 1 Friar Laurence's cell

(*FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.*)

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

PARIS

My father* Capulet will have it so.

FRIAR LAURENCE

You say you do not know the lady's mind.

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

PARIS

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death, and therefore have I little talked of love.

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.

(*Enter JULIET.*)

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.

JULIET

What must be shall be.

FRIAR LAURENCE

That's a certain text.

PARIS

Come you to make confession to this father?

JULIET

I do. 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.

The time is very short - (between betrothal and wedding), *father* - father-in-law to be, *inundation* - flooding, *shield* - forbid

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you. Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss.

(Exit PARIS.)

JULIET

O shut the door!

And when thou hast done so, come weep with me—past hope, past cure, past help.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief. I hear thou must on Thursday next be married to this count.

JULIET

Friar, thou must, in thy wisdom, help me! God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands. Before my true heart with treacherous revolt turn to another, this (*Reveals knife.*) shall slay them both. Be not too long to speak. I long to die if what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope.

If, rather than to marry County Paris, thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself, then it is likely thou wilt undertake a thing like death to chide away this shame.

JULIET

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris, from off the battlements of distant tower, or walk in thievish ways,* or bid me lurk where serpents are, chain me with roaring bears, and I will do it without fear or doubt, to live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, then. Go home, be merry, give consent to marry Paris.

Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone.

Take thou this vial, and being then in bed, drink thou this distilled liquor.

Then presently through all thy veins shall run a cold and drowsy humor, for no pulse shall keep his native progress.

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest; and in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death thou shalt continue two and forty hours, and then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes to rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.

Then, as the manner of our country is, in thy best robes uncovered on the bier,* thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.

In the mean time, in preparation for your awaking, shall Romeo by my letters know our plan.

He and I will watch thy waking, and that very night shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

JULIET

Give me, give me.

FRIAR LAURENCE

I'll send a friar with speed to Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

walk in thievish ways - roads frequented by robbers,

bier - a moveable framework on which a dead body is placed and carried

JULIET

Love give me strength!

Farewell, dear father!

(Exit JULIET.)

Act 4, Scene 2 Hall in Capulet's house

(Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, ANTHONY and POTPAN.)

CAPULET

So many guests invite as here are writ.

(Exit POTPAN.)

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

ANTHONY

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

CAPULET

What will that do?

ANTHONY

Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers. He that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

CAPULET

Go, be gone.

(Exit ANTHONY.)

We shall be much unfurnished* for this time.
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

NURSE

Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET

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

NURSE

See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

(Enter JULIET.)

CAPULET

How now, my headstrong? Where have you been?

JULIET

Where I have learned me to repent the sin of disobedient opposition to you,
and am enjoined* by Friar Laurence to fall prostrate here, and beg your pardon.
Henceforth I am ever ruled by you.

try - test, *unfurnished* - unprovided, *enjoined* - persuaded

CAPULET

Send for the count! Go tell him of this. I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning!*

Stand up! This is as it should be.

Now, before God, our whole city is much bound to this reverend holy Friar.

JULIET

Nurse, will you go with me into my closet to help me sort such needful ornaments* as you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET

No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

CAPULET

Go, nurse, go with her. We'll to church tomorrow!

(Exit 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'll not to bed tonight; let me alone. I'll play the housewife for this once.

What, ho? They are all forth.

Well, I will walk myself to Count Paris, to prepare him up against tomorrow.

My heart is wondrous light, since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

(Exit CAPULET.)

tomorrow morning - Wednesday morning, instead of the planned Thursday morning,
ornaments - clothing and jewelry, *be short in our provision* - not have enough food and drink for our guests

Act 4, Scene 3 Juliet's chamber

(JULIET and NURSE.)

JULIET

Ay, those attires* are best.

But, gentle nurse, I pray thee leave me to myself tonight.

I have need of many orisons* to move the heavens to smile upon my state, which, well thou knowest, is cross,* and full of sin.

(Enter LADY CAPULET.)

LADY CAPULET

What, are you busy? Need you my help?

JULIET

No, madam.

So please you, let me now be left alone, and let the nurse this night sit up with you.

I am sure you have your hands full all, in this so sudden business.*

LADY CAPULET

Good night. Get thee to bed, and rest.

(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? My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all? Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?

No, no! This shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

(Laying down her dagger.)

What if it be a poison, which the Friar subtly hath ministered* to have me dead,

lest in this marriage he should be dishonored, because he married me before to Romeo? I fear it is!

And yet methinks it should not, for he hath still* been tried a holy man.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb, I wake before the time that Romeo come to redeem me?

There's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault, to whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in, and there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like, the horrible conceit* of death and night,

together with the terror of the place, as in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

where, for these many hundred years, the bones of all my buried ancestors are packed;

attires - clothes, *orisons* - prayers, *cross* - something that thwarts or obstructs, *so sudden business* - the wedding a day early, being moved from Thursday to Wednesday, *ministered* - created, *still* - always, *conceit* - idea

where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth, lies festering in his shroud,*
where, as they say, at some hours in the night spirits resort;*
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught, environed* with all these hideous fears,
and madly play with my forefathers' joints, and pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,
and, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone, as with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! Methinks I see my cousin's ghost seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body upon a rapier's point.
Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come. This do I drink to thee.

(She drinks the potion and lies down in her bed, covering herself with a blanket or a sheet.)

shroud - cloth used to wrap a corpse, **spirits resort** - ghosts visit, **environed** - completely surrounded; immersed

Act 4, Scene 4 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 crowed, the curfew-bell hath rung. 'Tis three o'clock. Look to the baked meats and spare not for the cost.

NURSE

Go, get you to bed. You'll be sick tomorrow for this night's watching.

CAPULET

I have watched ere now all night for lesser cause, and never 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 POTPAN and ANTHONY, with baskets.)

Now fellow, what's there?

POTPAN

Things for the cook, sir.

CAPULET

Make haste, make haste.

(Exit POTPAN.)

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

ANTHONY

I have a head, sir, that will find out logs* and never trouble Peter for the matter. *(Exit ANTHONY.)*

quinces - pear shaped fruit, **mouse-hunt** - nocturnal prowler after women,
jealous hood - she wears the cap of jealousy, **I...logs** - my head is made of wood so I can find logs

CAPULET

Well said.

The count will be here with music straight. I hear him near.

(Music within.)

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

(Re enter NURSE.)

Go waken Juliet, the bridegroom is come already.

(Exeunt.)

Act 4, Scene 5 Juliet's chamber

(Enter NURSE.)

NURSE

Mistress. What, mistress? Juliet. Why, you slug-*abed*!*
 God forgive me, how sound is she asleep.
 I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
 Let the count take you in your bed; he'll fright you up, will he not?
 What, dressed and in your clothes?
 I must needs wake you. Lady. Lady. Lady!
 Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead! My lord! My lady!

(Enter LADY CAPULET.)

LADY CAPULET

What noise is here?

NURSE

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

What is the matter?

NURSE

Look, look! O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET

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

(Enter CAPULET.)

CAPULET

Bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

LADY CAPULET

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

CAPULET

Ha? Let me see her. Out, alas! She's cold. Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff.
 O child! O child! My soul, and not my child!
 Dead art thou? Alack! My child is dead, and with my child my joys are buried.

NURSE

O lamentable day!

*slug-**abed*** - sleepy-head

LADY CAPULET

O woeful time!

(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.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir; my daughter he hath wedded.

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!

NURSE

Most lamentable* day, most woeful day, that ever ever I did yet behold!

CAPULET

All things that we ordained festival, turn from their office to black funeral.

Our instruments to melancholy bells, our bridal flowers serve buried corpse.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him; and go, Sir Paris.

Every one prepare to follow this fair corpse unto her grave.

The heavens do low'r* upon you for some ill;
move them no more by crossing their high will.

(Exeunt CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS and FRIAR LAURENCE.)

lamentable - sorrowful, *low'r* - look angrily

Act 5, Scene 1 A street in Mantua

(ROMEO.)

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep, my dreams presage* some joyful news at hand.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead, and breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
that I revived and was an emperor.

Ah me, how sweet is love itself possessed, when but love's shadows are so rich in joy.

(Enter BALTHASAR.)

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar.

Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?

How doth my lady? Is my father well? How fares my Juliet?

That I ask again, for nothing can be ill if she be well.

BALTHASAR

Then all 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.

ROMEO

Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars!

Thou knowest my lodging. Get me ink and paper, and hire horses. I will hence tonight.

BALTHASAR

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

ROMEO

Tush, thou art deceived. Leave me and do the thing I bid thee do.

Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

BALTHASAR

No, my good lord.

ROMEO

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

(Exit BALTHASAR.)

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.

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

I do remember an apothecary, and hereabouts he dwells.

Meagre* were his looks, sharp misery had worn him to the bones.

In his needy shop a tortoise hung, an alligator stuffed, and other skins.

presage - predict, *Capel's* - Capulet's, *took post* - hired horses from a post house,

import - suggest, *meagre* - thin; emaciated

Noting this penury,* to myself I said,
'If a man did need a poison now, whose sale is present death in Mantua, here lives a wretch would sell it him.'
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.
Let me have a dram* of poison, as will disperse itself through all the veins
that the life weary taker may fall dead.
There is forty ducats.

APOTHECARY
Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law is death to any he that offers them.

ROMEO
Famine is in thy cheeks, contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back.
The world affords no law to make thee rich; then be not poor, but break it and take this.

APOTHECARY
My poverty but not my will consents.

ROMEO
I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

APOTHECARY
Put this in any liquid thing you will and drink it.
If you had the strength of twenty men, it would dispatch* you straight.

ROMEO
There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
doing more murders than these poor compounds that thou may not sell.
Come, cordial* and not poison, go with me to Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

(Exeunt.)

penury - poverty, *dram* - a small quantity,
dispatch - kill, *cordial* - a medicine that stimulates the heart

Act 5, Scene 2 Friar Laurence's cell

(Enter FRIAR JOHN.)

FRIAR JOHN

Holy Franciscan Friar! Brother, ho!

(Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.)

FRIAR LAURENCE

Welcome from Mantua. What says Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

Going to find a brother in the city visiting the sick, the searchers* of the town, suspecting that we both were in a house where the infectious pestilence* did reign, sealed up the doors, and would not let us forth.

My speed to Mantua there was stayed.*

FRIAR LAURENCE

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

I could not send it, nor get a messenger to bring it thee, so fearful were they of infection. Here it is.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Friar John, get me an iron crow,* and bring it straight unto my cell.

FRIAR JOHN

Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

(Exit FRIAR JOHN.)

FRIAR LAURENCE

Now must I to the monument alone. Within three hours will fair Juliet wake.

I will write again to Mantua, and keep her at my cell till Romeo come.

Poor living corpse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

(Exit FRIAR LAURENCE.)

searchers - health officers, *infectious pestilence* - the plague,
stayed - stopped, *crow* - crowbar

Act 5, Scene 3 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.*
Whistle to me, if thou hear 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.)*

PARIS

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew.
O woe! Thy canopy is dust and stones, which with sweet water nightly I will dew.*

(PAGE whistles.)

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way tonight? *(Retires.)*

(Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch and crow bar.)

ROMEO

Give me that wrenching iron.
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, whatever thou hearest or seesest, stand all aloof
and do not interrupt me in my course.

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 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.

(ROMEO opens the tomb.)

aloof - apart, *dew* - with tears, *despite* - contempt

PARIS

This is that banished haughty* Montague that murdered my love's cousin,
with which grief it is supposed the fair creature died.

(PARIS comes forward.)

Stop vile Montague! 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.
By heaven, I love thee better than myself, for I come hither armed against myself.*
Stay not, be gone. Live.

PARIS

I do defy thee and apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO

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

(ROMEO and PARIS fight.)

PAGE

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

(Exit PAGE.)

PARIS

O, I am slain! *(Falls.)*
If thou be merciful, open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

(PARIS dies.)

ROMEO

Let me peruse this face. Mercutio's kinsman, noble Count Paris.
What said my man? I think he told me Paris should have married Juliet.
O, give me thy hand. I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.*

(ROMEO lays PARIS in the tomb.)

Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favor can I do to thee, than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
sunder* his that was thine enemy?
O my love! My wife!

haughty - full of pride, *armed against myself* - with poison, *interred* - buried, *sunder* - separate

Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath, hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
 Ah, dear Juliet, why art thou yet so fair?
 I will stay with thee and never from this palace of dim night depart again.
 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 poison; come, unsavoury guide. Here's to my love!

(ROMEO drinks the poison.)

O true apothecary, thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

(ROMEO kisses JULIET and dies.)

(Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow and spade.)

FRIAR LAURENCE

What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light? Romeo?

(FRIAR LAURENCE advances.)

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

(FRIAR LAURENCE enters the tomb.)

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too, and steeped in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour.
 The lady stirs.

(JULIET wakes.)

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 without.)

FRIAR LAURENCE

I hear some noise. Lady, come from this 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, good Juliet.

(Noise again.)

I dare no longer stay.

dateless - forever

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.

(JULIET kisses ROMEO.)

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;* there rest, and let me die.

(JULIET stabs herself and dies.)

(Enter WATCH with the PAGE of PARIS.)

PAGE

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

FIRST WATCHMAN

Pitiful sight! Here lies the count slain, and Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
who here hath lain these two days buried.

Go, some of you; whoever you find, attach.*

Go, tell the Prince; run to the Capulets; raise up the Montagues.

(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.)

churl - someone with no manners, **sheath** - the wound in her stomach, **attach** - arrest

THIRD WATCHMAN

Here is a Friar that trembles, sighs and weeps. We took this spade from him.

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?

PRINCE

What fear is this which startles in our ears?

FIRST WATCHMAN

Sovereign, here lies the Count Paris slain; and Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before, warm and new killed.

PRINCE

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

FIRST WATCHMAN

Here is a Friar, with instruments upon them fit to open these dead men's tombs.

CAPULET

O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!

(Enter MONTAGUE and others.)

MONTAGUE

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

PRINCE

Look, and thou shalt see.

MONTAGUE

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

PRINCE

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.
Say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet; and she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife.

I married them; and their stolen marriage day was Tybalt's dooms-day,
whose untimely death banished the new-made bridegroom from the city;
for whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.

(*To CAPULET.*) You, to remove that grief from her, would have married her perforce to Count Paris.
Then comes she to me, and 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 a sleeping potion; which so took effect as I intended, for it wrought on her the form of death.
Meantime I wrote to Romeo that he should hither come to help to take her from her borrowed grave.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John, was stopped by accident, and returned my letter back.
Then all alone at the prefixed hour of her waking came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
meaning to keep her at my cell till I could send to Romeo.

But when I came, here untimely lay the noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth, but then a noise did scare me from the tomb.
She, too desperate, would not go with me, but, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know and to the marriage her nurse is privy.
If aught in this miscarried by my fault, let my old life be sacrificed.

PRINCE

We always 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 he came from Mantua.
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

Where is the count'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.
Anon comes one with light to open the tomb; and by and by my master drew on him.
I ran away to call the watch.

PRINCE

This letter doth make good the Friar's words.
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.

CAPULET

O brother Montague, give me thy hand.

MONTAGUE

Capulet, 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.

scourge - punishment, *rate* - value

CAPULET

As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie—poor sacrifices of our enmity.*

PRINCE

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

(Exeunt.)

(The end.)

enmity - hostility; hatred, *glooming* - cloudy; overcast