

ACT I

PROLOGUE

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parent's strife.

SCENE I. Verona. A public place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers

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. I will
take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GREGORY

The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

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

SAMPSON

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

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

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,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You Capulet; shall go along with me:
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO

MONTAGUE

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?

BENVOLIO

Here were the servants of your adversary,
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
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

A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
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:

MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there 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 far daylight out
And makes himself an artificial night:

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

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.

BENVOLIO

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 favour, where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO

At thy good heart's oppression.
Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

ROMEO

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

But, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow;

BENVOLIO

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO

She hath.

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
Show me a mistress that is 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

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.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
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.
Come, go with me.

To Servant, giving a paper

Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS

Servant

Find them out whose names are written here! I
I must to the learned.--In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO

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, if I know the letters and the language.

Reads

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

To supper; to our house.

ROMEO

Whose house?

SERVANT

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

Exit

BENVOLIO

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; 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

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

Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married?

JULIET

It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse

An honour!

LADY CAPULET

Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers:

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse

A man, young lady! lady, such a man

As all the world

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?

Thus night you shall behold him at our feast;

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

I'll look to like, if looking liking move:

But no more deep will I endart mine eye

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant

Servant

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

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee.

Exit Servant

Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Exeunt

SCENE IV. A street.

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers,
and others*

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

I dream'd a dream to-night.

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she--

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

True, I talk of dreams,

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

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
On, lusty gentlemen.

Exeunt

SCENE V. A hall in Capulet's house.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen with napkins

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.
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,
You are welcome, gentlemen! come, musicians, play.

Music plays, and they dance

ROMEO

What lady is that,
which doth enrich the hand Of yonder knight?
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!
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

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:

TYBALT

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

CAPULET

He shall be endured:
Am I the master here, or you? go to.

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET

Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

TYBALT

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

Exit

ROMEO

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

Is she a Capulet?

Nurse

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

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

MERCUTIO

Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

BENVOLIO

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,

MERCUTIO

Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO

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

Exeunt

SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

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?
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

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.
'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

Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO

By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;

He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.

JULIET

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
I must confess, My true love's passion

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,

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?

JULIET

Do not swear at all; I'll believe thee.

ROMEO

If my heart's dear love--

JULIET

Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
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.

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 afeard.
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,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;

Nurse

[Within] Madam!

JULIET

I come, anon.

Nurse

[Within] Madam!

JULIET

By and by, I come:--
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

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

Exit above

ROMEO

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

Exit

SCENE III. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Young son, Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;

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

Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

ROMEO

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR 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,

FRIAR LAURENCE

Be plain, good son,

ROMEO

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:

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

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,

So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

ROMEO

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAURENCE

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO

I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;

FRIAR LAURENCE

In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

ROMEO

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

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.
Alas poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabbed with a
white wench's black eye; 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; a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the
very first house

Enter ROMEO

BENVOLIO

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO

Signior Romeo, bon jour! You gave us the counterfeit
fairly last night.

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

The slip; can you not conceive?

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

Meaning, to 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.

BENVOLIO

Stop there, stop there.

Nurse

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE

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

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?

ROMEO

I will follow you.

MERCUTIO

Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,

Singing

'lady, lady, lady.'

Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO

ROMEO

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

Bid her devise

Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;

And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell

Be shrived and married. 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.

ROMEO

And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

ROMEO

Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse

Ay, a thousand times.

Exit Romeo

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: from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.

O God, she comes!

Enter Nurse

O honey nurse, what news? Hast thou met with him?

JULIET

Now, good sweet nurse,--O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad

Nurse

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

JULIET

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

Nurse

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?
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
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!

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?

Nurse

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' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
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:
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

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
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET

Here comes the lady:

JULIET

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAURENCE

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
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JULIET

But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

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

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;

MERCUTIO

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

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! here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall
make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

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

Enter ROMEO

TYBALT

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

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, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

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:

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonourable, 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 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!

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.
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:

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!

Re-enter BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Re-enter TYBALT

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
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.

They fight; TYBALT falls

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.

Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death,

If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool!

Exit ROMEO

Enter Citizens, & c

First Citizen

Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BENVOLIO

There lies that Tybalt.

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

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO

O noble prince There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET

Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!

O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt

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

For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin!

PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair,
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,
Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than
his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
was stout Tybalt slain.
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LADY CAPULET

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 will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste

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.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, 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?

Nurse

Ay, ay, the cords.

Throws them down

JULIET

Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse

Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!

JULIET

Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse

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

JULIET

What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
Hath Romeo slain himself?
If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, no:

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,--
God save the mark!--here on his manly breast:
All in gore-blood; I swounded at the sight.

Nurse

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

JULIET

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

Nurse

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd 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

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvis-ravens lamb!
A damned saint, an honourable villain!
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse

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

JULIET

Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;

Nurse

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

JULIET

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo--banished;'
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.
'Romeo is banished,' to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished!'
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them?

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 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? That I yet know not?

FRIAR LAURENCE

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO

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

FRIAR 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,
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!
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROMEO

'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;

But Romeo may not: more validity,
More 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.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hear me but speak a word.

ROMEO

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAURENCE

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Knocking within

FRIAR LAURENCE

Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

Knocking

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up;

Knocking

Run to my study. By and by! God's will,
I come, I come!

Knocking

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

Nurse

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

FRIAR 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

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;

ROMEO

Nurse!

Nurse

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

ROMEO

Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
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;

ROMEO

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? I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
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
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Romeo is coming.

Nurse

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

How well my comfort is revived by this!

FRIAR LAURENCE

Go hence; good night;
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:

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 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:
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?
But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS

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

CAPULET

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

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;

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET

Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
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 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,
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

ROMEO

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

Enter Nurse, to the chamber

Nurse

Madam!

JULIET

Nurse?

Nurse

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

Exit

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

He goeth down

JULIET

Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
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 trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

Exit

LADY CAPULET

[Within] Ho, daughter! are you up?

JULIET

Who is't 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?
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

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

Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

LADY CAPULET

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

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

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste;
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,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse

CAPULET

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

LADY CAPULET

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

CAPULET

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

JULIET

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

CAPULET

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.

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

Disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child;
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.
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:
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;

Exit

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

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

Exit

JULIET

O God!--O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse

Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath.

JULIET

Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse

And from my soul too;

JULIET

Amen!

Nurse

What?

JULIET

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

Nurse

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

Exit

JULIET

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

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.

PARIS

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
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

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

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;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

JULIET

Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, Be not so 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,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
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:
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
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:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

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

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

Exeunt

SCENE II. Hall in Capulet's house.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and two Servingmen

CAPULET

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

JULIET

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

CAPULET

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

JULIET

I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,

CAPULET

Why, I am glad on't
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 will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
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 my self to-night,

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

No, madam; So please you, let me now be left alone,
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,
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there.

Laying down her dagger

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
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:
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud

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 falls upon her bed, within the curtains

SCENE V. Juliet's chamber.

Enter Nurse

Nurse

Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! Fast
madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!
What, not a word?
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little.

Undraws the curtains

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you; Lady! lady! lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
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

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

Nurse

She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!

LADY CAPULET

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

CAPULET

Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she's cold:
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,

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

Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

PARIS

Most detestable death
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

CAPULET

My child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Peace, ho, for shame! Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced:
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
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

ACT V**SCENE I. Mantua. A street.**

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead--
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave
to think!--

Enter BALTHASAR, booted

News from Verona!--How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady?
How fares my Juliet?

BALTHASAR

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!
Post-horses; I will hence to-night.

BALTHASAR

I do beseech you, sir, have patience:

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: I do remember an apothecary,--
And hereabouts he dwells,--which late I noted
'An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.'
As I remember, this should be the house.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary

Apothecary

Who calls so loud?

ROMEO

Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor:
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead

Apothecary

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

ROMEO

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 off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO

There is thy gold,
Farewell:
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

Exeunt

SCENE II. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR JOHN

FRIAR JOHN

Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

FRIAR LAURENCE

This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

Going to find a bare-foot brother out
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

I could not send it,--here it is again,--

FRIAR LAURENCE

Unhappy fortune! 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.

Exit

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

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,--
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

The Page whistles

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,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, 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.

Opens the tomb

PARIS

This is that banish'd haughty Montague,

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,
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!

Falls

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

Dies

ROMEO

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

Laying PARIS in the tomb

O, how may I O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Ah, dear Juliet, Why art thou yet so fair?
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

Who's there?

BALTHASAR

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

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!
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 within

FRIAR LAURENCE

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.

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

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS

PAGE

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

First Watchman

The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain,

And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,

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

Third Watchman

Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs and weeps:

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.

CAPULET

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

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,
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;

PRINCE

Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR LAURENCE

I will be brief,
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from the city,
For whom Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris: To rid her from this second marriage,
Gave I her
A sleeping potion; that 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;
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,
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy:

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,
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