

Romeo and Juliet

By William Shakespeare

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Characters in the Play

ROMEO

MONTAGUE, his father

LADY MONTAGUE, his mother

BENVOLIO, their kinsman

ABRAM, a Montague servingman

BALTHASAR, Romeo's servingman

JULIET

CAPULET, her father

LADY CAPULET, her mother

NURSE to Juliet

TYBALT, kinsman to the Capulets

PETRUCHIO, Tybalt's companion

Capulet's Cousin

Servingmen:

SAMPSON

GREGORY

PETER

Other Servingmen

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona

PARIS, the Prince's kinsman and Juliet's suitor

MERCUTIO, the Prince's kinsman and Romeo's friend

Paris' Page

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FRIAR JOHN

APOTHECARY

Three or four Citizens

Three Musicians

Three Watchmen

CHORUS

Attendants, Maskers, Torchbearers, a Boy with a drum, Gentlemen,
Gentlewomen, Tybalt's Page, Servingmen.

THE PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

ALL Two households,

PRINCE both alike in dignity

(In fair Verona, where we lay our scene),
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes

ALL civil hands unclean.

PRINCE From forth the fatal loins of these two foes

ROMEO & JULIET A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;

LADY MONTAGE Whose misadventured piteous overthrows

Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-marked love

LADY CAPULET And the continuance of their parents' rage,

Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,

PRINCE Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;

The which, if you with patient ears attend,

What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

Chorus exits.

ACT I

Scene 1

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

GREGORY (*as in mid-story*) The quarrel is between our masters and
us their men.

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

GREGORY The heads of the maids?

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

GREGORY They must take it in sense that feel it.

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

GREGORY 'Tis well thou art not fish; Draw thy tool. Here comes
of the house of Montagues.

Enter Abram with another Servingman.

Gregory bites his thumb.

ABRAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON, *aside to Gregory* Is the law of our side if I
say "Ay"?

GREGORY, *aside to Sampson* No.

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

GREGORY Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAM Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

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

ABRAM No better.

SAMPSON Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

GREGORY, *aside to Sampson* Say "better"; here comes
one of my master's kinsmen.

SAMPSON Yes, better, sir.

ABRAM You lie.

SAMPSON Draw if you be men.

—Gregory, remember thy washing blow. *They fight.*

BENVOLIO Part, fools!

Drawing his sword.

You know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt, drawing his sword.

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 three or four Citizens with clubs or partisans.

ALL

Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and his Wife.

CAPULET

Give me my long sword, ho!

LADY CAPULET

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

Enter old Montague and his Wife.

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 one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Escalus with his train.

PRINCE

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.
Three civil brawls bred of an airy word
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*All but Montague, Lady Montague,
and Benvolio exit.*

MONTAGUE, *to Benvolio*

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

LADY MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? Saw you her today?
Right glad I am she was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO

Madam, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from this city side,
So early walking did I see your girl.

MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with her deep sighs.
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy girl
And private in her chamber pens herself,
Shuts up her windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes herself an artificial night.

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of her.

LADY MONTAGE

Have you importuned her by any means?

MONTAGUE

Both by myself and many other friends.
But she, her own affections' counselor,
Is to herself—

Enter Romeo.

BENVOLIO

See where she comes. So please you, step aside.
I'll know her grievance or be much denied.

MONTAGUE

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

Montague and Lady Montague exit.

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 his favor where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
O anything of nothing first create!
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO Why, such is love's transgression.

Tut, I have lost myself. I am not here.

This is not Romeo. She's some other where.

BENVOLIO

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

ROMEO What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

In sadness, cousin, I do love a man.

BENVOLIO

I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

Then he hath sworn that he will still live chaste?

ROMEO

He hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;

He is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair.
He 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 him.

ROMEO

O, teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty unto thine eyes.
Examine other beauties.

ROMEO Farewell.

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Capulet, County Paris, and a Servingman.

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

CAPULET

But saying o'er what I have said before.
My child is yet a stranger in the world.
Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

LADY CAPULET

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET

And too soon marred are those so early made.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
My will to her consent is but a part.
And, she agreed, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed 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 Servingman, giving him a list.

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.

Capulet and Paris exit.

SERVINGMAN I am sent to find those persons whose names
are here writ, and can never find what names the
writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.
In good time!

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

BENVOLIO, *to Romeo*

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.

ROMEO (*VAGINA JOKE*)

Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

SERVINGMAN God gi' good e'en. I pray, sir, can you
read?

ROMEO

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERVINGMAN Perhaps you have learned it without
book. But I pray, can you read anything you see?

ROMEO

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

SERVINGMAN You say honestly. Rest you merry.

ROMEO Stay. I can read. (*ROLL THROUGH. He reads the letter.*)

*Signior Martino and his wife and daughters,
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters,
The lady widow of Vitruvio,
Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces,
Mercutio and his brother Valentine,
Mine Uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters,
My nephew Rosaline and Livia,
Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt,
Lucio and the lively Helena.*

A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

SERVINGMAN Up.

ROMEO Whither? To supper?

SERVINGMAN To our house.

ROMEO Whose house?

SERVINGMAN My master's.

ROMEO

Indeed I should have asked thee that before.

SERVINGMAN 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.

He exits.

BENVOLIO

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fine Rosaline whom thou so loves,
With all the admirèd fellows of Verona.
Go thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare his face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO

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

They exit.

Scene 3

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, give leave awhile.
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again.
I have remembered me, thou 's hear our counsel.
Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET

(quickly) Enough of this. I pray thee, hold thy peace.

NURSE

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed.
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

It is an honor that I dream not of.

NURSE

An honor? Were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

What say you? Can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast.
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.
Examine every married lineament
And see how one another lends content,
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him only lacks a cover.
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.
So shall you share all that he doth possess
By having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE

Nay, bigger. Women grow by men.

LADY CAPULET

Speak briefly. Can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

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

Enter Servingman.

SERVINGMAN 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.

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee.

Servingman exits.

Juliet, the County stays.

NURSE

Go, girl,

ALL (but Lady C and Juliet)

seek happy nights to happy days.

They exit.

*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other
Maskers, Torchbearers, and a Boy with a drum.*

ROMEO

Give me a torch. I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy 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

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

I am too sore enpiercèd with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous, and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

Come, we burn daylight, ho!

ROMEO

Nay, that's not so.
And we mean well in going to this masque,
But 'tis no wit to go.

MERCUTIO Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

I dreamt 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

ALL (except Romeo and Benvolio)

Queen Mab hath been with you.

MERCUTIO

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomi
Over men's noses as they lie asleep.

Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,
Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
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 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, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north
And, being angered, puffs away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew-dropping south.

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

BENVOLIO Strike, drum.

*They march about the stage
and then withdraw to the side.*

Scene 5 EVERYBODY SHAKE IT!

*Enter Capulet and his household, all the guests and
gentlewomen to Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, and the
other Maskers.*

CAPULET (DIRECT ADDRESS)

Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies!

PARIS (TO JULIET) Will thou now deny to dance with me?

ROMEO, *to a Servingman*

What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

SERVINGMAN I know not, sir.

ROMEO

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel.

CUE "KISSING YOU" (Caroline)

Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight,
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT

This, by her voice, should be a Montague.—
Fetch me my rapier, boy.

Servingman exits.

What, dares the slave
Come hither covered with an antic face
To flear and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET

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

TYBALT

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

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT 'Tis she, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

Content thee, gentle coz. Let her alone.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do her disparagement.
Therefore be patient. Take no note of her.

TYBALT

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

CAPULET She shall be endured.

What? I say he shall. Go to.
Am I the master here or you? Go to.
You'll not endure her! God shall mend my soul,
You'll make a mutiny among my guests,
You will set cock-a-hoop, you'll be the man!

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

TYBALT

Patience perforce with willful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt' rest gall.

He exits. ALL BUT R&J BLEND WITH BAR AUDIENCE

ROMEO, *taking Juliet's hand*

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

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.

He kisses her, SMALL AND SWEET.

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

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!

Give me my sin again. *He kisses her, LONGER, MELTING.*

ALL (but Romeo) You kiss by th' book.

NURSE

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Juliet moves toward her mother.

ROMEO

What is her mother?

NURSE

Her mother is the lady of the house,
I nursed her daughter that you talked withal.

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall have the chinks. *Nurse moves away. END MUSIC (Caroline)*

ROMEO, *aside* Is she a Capulet?

BENVOLIO

Away, begone. The sport is at the best.

ROMEO

Ay, so I fear. The more is my unrest.

CAPULET

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone.

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all.

Good night.—

Come on then, let's to bed.—

All but Juliet and the Nurse begin to exit.

JULIET

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE

Her name is Romeo, and a Montague,

The only child of your great enemy.

JULIET

My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me

That I must love a loathèd enemy.

NURSE Anon, anon.

Come, let's away. The strangers all are gone.

They exit.

ACT 2

Scene 1 *Enter Romeo alone.*

ROMEO
Can I go forward when my heart is here?

He withdraws.

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

BENVOLIO

Romeo, my cousin Romeo!

MERCUTIO She is wise

And, on my life, hath stol'n her home to bed.

BENVOLIO

She ran this way and leapt this orchard wall.

MERCUTIO

Romeo! Madman! Passion! Lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh.

Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By his high forehead, and his scarlet lip,

By his fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

BENVOLIO

An if she hear thee, thou wilt anger her.

MERCUTIO

This cannot anger her.

BENVOLIO

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees

Blind is her love and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

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.

Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO Go, then, for 'tis in vain

To seek her here that means not to be found.

They exit.

Scene 2 *Romeo comes forward.*

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

Enter Juliet above.

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

ALL (EXCEPT JULIET)

It is the East,

ROMEO

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!

JULIET Ay me.

ROMEO, *aside* She speaks. (*oops, too loud. pull it back*)

O, speak again, bright angel

JULIET

O Romeo,

ALL (EXCEPT ROMEO)

Romeo,

JULIET

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. O, be some other name

Belonging to a man.

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

By any other word would smell as sweet.

So Romeo would, were she not Romeo called,

Retain that dear perfection which she owes

Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,

And, for thy 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 person art thou that, thus bescreened in night,

So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO

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.

JULIET

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 o'erperch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.
Therefore thy kinsmen are no 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 prorogued, wanting of thy love. (*KISS*)

JULIET

Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment.
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay,"
And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

JULIET

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

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?

JULIET Do not swear at all.

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,

ROMEO If my heart's dear love—

JULIET

Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract tonight.
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. (*KISS*)
Good night, good night.

ROMEO

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

JULIET

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

The more I have, for both are infinite.

Nurse calls from within.

I hear some noise within.
Anon, good nurse.

Reenter 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.

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 strife and leave me to my grief.
Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO So thrive my soul—

JULIET A thousand times good night.

She exits.

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

NURSE, *within* Madam.

ROMEO Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their
books,

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

Going.

Enter Juliet above again.

JULIET

Hist, Romeo, hist!

ROMEO My dear.

JULIET What o'clock tomorrow

Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO By the hour of nine.

JULIET

I will not fail. 'Tis twenty year 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,

Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

ROMEO

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

JULIET

'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,

And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet
sorrow

That I shall say "Good night" till it be morrow.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Friar Lawrence alone with a basket.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.
For naught so vile that on the Earth doth live
But to the Earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
part;
Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart.

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young one, 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. The sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

But where hast thou been then?

ROMEO

I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me
That's by me wounded. Both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

ROMEO

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine.
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow
I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us today.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,

So soon forsaken? Young girl's love then lies
ALL (EXCEPT ROMEO)

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

ROMEO

I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.
The other did not so.

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

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.

They exit.

Scene 4

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

MERCUTIO

Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came she not home tonight?

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

Why, that same pale hard-hearted swain, that
Rosaline,
Torments her so that she will sure run mad.

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO Any one that can write may answer a letter.

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

MERCUTIO Alas, poor Romeo, she is already dead,
stabbed with a white swain's black eye, run
through the ear with a love-song, the very pin of her
heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt shaft. And
is she the one to encounter Tybalt?

BENVOLIO Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO More than prince of cats. O, he's the courageous
captain of compliments. He fights as you sing
prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion.
He rests his minim rests, one, two, and the third in
your bosom—the very butcher of a silk button, a
duelist, a duelist, a gentleman of the very first house
of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal
passado, the *punto reverso*, the *hay!*

Enter Romeo.

BENVOLIO (*interrupt, with relief*) Here comes Romeo, here comes
Romeo.

MERCUTIO Signiora Romeo,
You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.
ROMEO Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit
did I give you?
MERCUTIO The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive?
ROMEO Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was
great, 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 curtsy.
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. (VAGINA JOKE)
MERCUTIO Right.
ROMEO Why, then is my pump well flowered. (DICK JOKE)
MERCUTIO Sure wit, follow me this jest now till thou
hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole
of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing,
solely singular.
BENVOLIO Stop there, stop there.
MERCUTIO Thou desirest me to stop in my tale
BENVOLIO Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.
MERCUTIO O, thou art deceived.

Enter Nurse.

ROMEO Here's goodly gear.
NURSE God you good morrow, gentlemen.
MERCUTIO God you good e'en, fair gentlewoman.
NURSE Is it good e'en?
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, himself
to mar.
NURSE ("Sure") 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 her than she was when you
sought her. I am the youngest of that name, for
fault of a worse.
NURSE You say well.
MERCUTIO Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i'
faith, wisely, wisely.
NURSE If you be she, sir, I desire some confidence with
you.
BENVOLIO She will indite him to some supper.
MERCUTIO A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho!
ROMEO What hast thou found?
MERCUTIO Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to
dinner thither.
ROMEO I will follow you.
MERCUTIO Farewell, ancient lady. Farewell,
lady. *Mercutio and Benvolio exit.*
NURSE 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 First let me tell you, if you should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say. For the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

ROMEO Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon,
And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' cell
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Offering her money.

NURSE No, truly, sir, not a penny.

ROMEO Go to, I say you shall.

NURSE

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

ROMEO

Farewell. Commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE

Now, God in heaven bless thee!

ROMEO Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE Ay, a thousand times. *They exit.*

Scene 5
Enter Juliet.

JULIET

O, honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him?

JULIET

Now, good sweet nurse—O Lord, why lookest thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily.

If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE

I am aweary. Give me leave awhile.

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I!

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?

Is thy news good or bad?

What says he of our marriage? What of that?

NURSE

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side!

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 gentlewoman, and a
courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I
warrant, a virtuous—Where is your mother?
JULIET
Where is my mother? How oddly thou repliest:
“Your love says, like an honest gentlewoman,
Where is your mother?”
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 Lawrence’ cell.
There stays a partner to make you a wife.
Hie you to church.
Go. I’ll to dinner. Hie you to the cell.

They exit.

Scene 6

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo and Juliet.

ALL (EXCEPT ROMEO & JULIET)
These violent delights have violent ends
FRIAR LAWRENCE
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately. Long love doth so.
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. Romeo shall thank thee,
daughter, for us both.

They exit.

ACT 3

Scene 1

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and their men.

BENVOLIO

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

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

BENVOLIO Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO Thou art as hot a jack in thy
mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be
moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

BENVOLIO And what to?

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

BENVOLIO By my head, here comes the Capulets.

MERCUTIO By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT, *to his companions*

Follow me close,
Gentlemen, good e'en. 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 consortest with Romeo.

MERCUTIO Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels?
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,
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, I.

Enter Romeo.

TYBALT

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

TYBALT

Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: thou art a villain.

ROMEO

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting. Villain am I none.
Therefore farewell. I see thou knowest me not.

TYBALT

Grrrr! this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me. Therefore turn and draw.

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!

He draws.

Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?

TYBALT What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO Good king of cats [VAGINA JOKE}, nothing but one of
your nine lives.

TYBALT I am for you.

He draws.

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO Come, sir.

They fight.

ROMEO

Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons.

Romeo draws.

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

Romeo attempts to beat down their rapiers.

Tybalt stabs Mercutio.

PETRUCHIO Away, Tybalt!

Tybalt, Petruchio, and their followers exit.

BENVOLIO What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch.

ALL (EXCEPT BENVOLIO; QUIETLY)

a scratch.

MERCUTIO

Marry, 'tis enough.

Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

Page exits.

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, I warrant, for this world. A plague o'
both your houses! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a
cat, to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a
villain that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the
devil came you between us? I was hurt under your
arm.

ROMEO I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

They have made worms' meat of me.

A plague o' both your houses!

ROMEO (ASIDE)

This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
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!

Enter Tybalt.

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

For Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company.
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

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, begone!
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!

Romeo exits.

Enter Citizens.

PETRUCHIO

Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?

CITIZEN

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BENVOLIO

There lies that Tybalt.

PETRUCHIO *to Tybalt* Up, sir, go with me.

CITIZEN,

I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wives and all.

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 thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET

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

PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, deaf to peace, tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
And Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay—

And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
LADY CAPULET
He is a kinsman to the Montague.
Affection makes him false;
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give.
Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.

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

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

PRINCE And for that offense
Immediately we do exile her 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 she is found, that hour is her last.

*They exit, the Capulet men
bearing off Tybalt's body.*

BEER BREAK

Scene 2
Enter Juliet alone.

JULIET

Come, night. Come, Romeo.

ALL

Come, thou day in night,

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.
Come, gentle night; come, loving black-browed
night,
Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die,
Take her and cut her out in little stars,
And she 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. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them.

Enter Nurse

Now, nurse, what news?

Why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE

Ah weraday, 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

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

NURSE

I saw the wound. I saw it with mine eyes
(God save the mark!) here on that manly breast—
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse,
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,
All in gore blood. I swoonèd at the sight.

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo 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 banishèd.
Romeo that killed him—he is banishèd.

JULIET

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

NURSE

It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me
old.

Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET Blistered be thy tongue

For such a wish!

NURSE

Will you speak well of her that killed your cousin?

JULIET

Shall I speak ill of her that is my partner?
My partner lives, that Tybalt would have slain,
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my
partner.

All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?

"Tybalt is dead and Romeo banishèd."

That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd,"

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death. No words can that woe sound.

Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

NURSE

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JULIET

Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be
spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.—

come, nurse. I'll to my wedding bed,

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE

Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo

To comfort you. I wot well where she is.

JULIET

Giving the Nurse a ring.

Give this ring to my true dame

And bid her come to take her last farewell.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Friar Lawrence.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful girl.

Affliction is enamored of thy parts,

And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Romeo.

ROMEO

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

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand

That I yet know not?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

A gentler judgment vanished from his lips:
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO

Banishment? Be merciful, say "death,"
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say "banishment."

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Here from Verona art thou banishèd.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

There is no world without Verona walls

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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; she is banishèd.
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground
knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But "banishèd" to kill me? "Banishèd"?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hear me a little speak.

ROMEO

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.

*Romeo throws himself down.
Knock within.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Arise. One knocks. Who's there?—Romeo,
arise.

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile.—Stand up.

Knock.

—I come, I come.

Knock.

Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's
your will?

NURSE, *within*

Let me come in.

I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE, *admitting the Nurse*

Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

NURSE

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

NURSE

O woeful sympathy!

Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubb'ring.—
Stand up.

ALL (EXCEPT FRIAR LAWRENCE)

Stand up.

NURSE

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.

Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROMEO Nurse.

NURSE

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

ROMEO, *rising up*

Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?

Where is she? And how doth she? And what says

My concealed lady to our canceled 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.

He draws his dagger.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I thought thy disposition better tempered.

Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself,

And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,

By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?

Rouse thee, woman! Thy Juliet is alive,

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:

There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou slewest Tybalt: there art thou happy.

The law that threatened death becomes thy friend

And turns it to exile: there art thou happy.

A pack of blessings light upon thy back;

Happiness courts thee in her best array;

But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,

Thou pouts upon thy fortune and thy love.

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Go before, nurse. Commend me to thy lady,

And bid her hasten all the house to bed,

Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.

Romeo is coming.

NURSE

Here, ma'am, a ring she bid me give you.

Nurse gives Romeo a ring.

She exits.

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this!

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed.

Ascend her chamber. Hence and comfort her.

But look thou stay not till the watch be set,

For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,

Where thou shalt live till we can find a time

To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,

Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back

With twenty hundred thousand times more joy

Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—

'Tis late. Farewell. Good night.
ROMEO

Farewell.

They exit.

Scene 4
Enter old Capulet, his Wife, and Paris.

CAPULET
Things have fallen 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.

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

LADY CAPULET
I will, and know her mind early tomorrow.
Tonight she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

CAPULET
Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me. Nay, more, I doubt it not.—
O' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.—
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado: a friend or two.
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS
My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET
Well, get you gone. O' Thursday be it, then.
To Lady Capulet. Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed.
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—
Farewell, my lord.

They exit.

Scene 5
Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft. ENTER BIRD (AMAL AND AUBRI)

JULIET
Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

ROMEO
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

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

ROMEO
Let me be ta'en; let me be put to death.

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I 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, begone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
More light and light it grows.

ROMEO

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

Enter Nurse. Exit birds.

NURSE Madam.

JULIET Nurse?

NURSE

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

She exits.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

They kiss, and Romeo descends.

JULIET

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days.
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 times to come.

JULIET

O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.

ROMEO

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.

He exits.

JULIET

O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle.
Be fickle, Fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keep her long,
But send her back.

Enter Lady Capulet.

LADY CAPULET Ho, daughter, are you up?

JULIET

Is she not down so late or up so early?
What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

Juliet descends.

LADY CAPULET

Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banished 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 her—dead—
Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vexed.

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?

LADY CAPULET

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child,
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy
That thou expects not, nor I looked not for.

JULIET

Madam, in happy time! What day is that?

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride!

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet!

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, girl? What, still in tears?
How now, wife?
Have you delivered 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 blessed,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?

JULIET

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

CAPULET

How, how, how, how? Chopped logic? What is this?

“Proud,” and “I thank you,” and “I thank you not,”
And yet “not proud”? Mistress minion you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints ’gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter’s Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

LADY CAPULET what, are you mad?

JULIET, *kneeling*

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

CAPULET

Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o’ Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not; reply not; do not answer me.
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us
blessed

That God had lent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.

NURSE God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

CAPULET

And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue.

NURSE

May not one speak?

CAPULET Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o’er a gossip’s bowl,
For here we need it not.

LADY CAPULET You are too hot.

CAPULET God’s bread, it makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her matched. And having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly ligned,
Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,
But, an you will not wed, I’ll pardon you!
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Look to ’t; think on ’t. I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart; advise.
An you be mine, I’ll give you to my friend.
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I’ll ne’er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to ’t; bethink you. I’ll not be forsworn.

He exits.

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.

She exits.

JULIET, *rising*

O God! O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My partner is on Earth, my faith in heaven.

What sayst thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE Faith, here it is.

Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you,
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with this Paris.

O, he's a lovely gentleman!

JULIET

Speak'st thou from thy heart?

NURSE

And from my soul too, else beshrew them both.

JULIET Amen.

NURSE What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.

Go in and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeased my father, to Lawrence' cell
To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

She exits.

JULIET

I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.

If all else fail, myself have power to die.

She exits.

ACT 4

Scene 1

Enter Friar Lawrence and County Paris.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

PARIS

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

Enter Juliet.

PARIS

Happily met, my lady and my wife.

JULIET

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

PARIS

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

JULIET

What must be shall be.

FRIAR LAWRENCE That's a certain text.

PARIS

Come you to make confession?

JULIET

To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS

Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET

Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening Mass?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

PARIS

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

He exits.

JULIET

O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.

She shows him her knife.

Be not so long to speak. I long to die.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold, daughter, I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry with this Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
And if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of any tower,
Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold, then. Go home; be merry;

ALL (EXCEPT JULIET)

give consent to marry Paris.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Wednesday is tomorrow. Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.

Holding out a vial.

Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest.
And in this 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.
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor manish fear
Abate thy valor in the acting it.

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE, *giving Juliet the vial*

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.

They exit in different directions.

Scene 2

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse

CAPULET

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

NURSE Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET

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

Enter Juliet.

NURSE

See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

CAPULET

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

JULIET

Where I have learned me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
Pardon, I beseech you.
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

CAPULET

Send for the County. Go tell him of this.

JULIET

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

CAPULET

Why, I am glad on 't. This is well. Stand up.

Juliet rises.

This is as 't should be.—Let me see the County.
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All 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 tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET

No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

CAPULET

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

Juliet and the Nurse exit.

And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
Go thou to Juliet. Help to deck up her.
I'll not to bed tonight. Let me alone.
Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare up him
Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

JULIET

Ay, those attires are best. But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee leave me to myself tonight,
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou knowest, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

No, madam, we have culled such necessaries
As are behooveful for our state tomorrow.
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you,
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

LADY CAPULET Good night.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Lady Capulet and the Nurse exit.

JULIET

Farewell.—God knows when we shall meet again.

Come, vial.

She takes out the vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?

*She takes out her knife
and puts it down beside her.*

No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

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

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle

Where for this many hundred years the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are packed;

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink. I drink to

thee.

*She drinks and falls upon her bed
within the curtains.*

Scene 4

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Enter old Capulet.

CAPULET

Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crowed.

The curfew bell hath rung. 'Tis three o'clock.—

NURSE Go, you cot-quean, go,

Get you to bed. Faith, you'll be sick tomorrow

For this night's watching.

CAPULET

No, not a whit. What, I have watched ere now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

LADY CAPULET

Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time,

But I will watch you from such watching now.

CAPULET

A jealous hood, a jealous hood! (VAGINA JOKE)

Go waken Juliet. Go and trim her up.

I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,

Make haste. The bridegroom he is come already.

Make haste, I say.

He exits.

Scene 5

NURSE, *approaching the bed*

Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!—Fast, I warrant
her, she—

Why, lamb, why, lady! Fie, you slugabed!

Why, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Why, bride!—

What, not a word?—You take your pennyworths
now.

Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant,

The County Paris hath set up his rest

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,

Marry, and amen! How sound is she asleep!

I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam,

ALL (EXCEPT JULIET)

Madam

NURSE,

Mistress! Ay, let the County take you in your bed,

He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?

She opens the bed's curtains.

What, dressed, and in your clothes, and down
again?

I must needs wake you. Lady, lady, lady!—

Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead.—

O, weraday, that ever I was born!—

Some aqua vitae, ho!—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.

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff.

Life and these lips have long been separated.

Death lies on her like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

NURSE

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET O woeful time!

CAPULET

Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,

Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

*Enter Friar Lawrence and the County Paris, with
Musicians.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET

Ready to go, but never to return.—

O son, the night before thy wedding day

Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowerèd by him.

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!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw

In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel death hath caught it from my sight!

NURSE (*PLEASE INTERJECT UNDER THE NEXT THREE LINES*)

O woe, O woeful, woeful, woeful day!

Most lamentable day, most woeful day

That ever, ever I did yet behold!

O day, O day, O day, O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this!

O woeful day, O woeful day!

PARIS

Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!

O love! O life! Not life, but love in death!

CAPULET

Despised, distressèd, hated, martyred, killed!

O child!

Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead,

And with my child my joys are burièd.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Peace, ho, for shame! Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

On this fair corse, and, as the custom is,

And in her best array, bear her to church,

For though fond nature bids us all lament,

Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAPULET

All things that we ordainèd festival

Turn from their office to black funeral:

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him,

And go, Sir Paris. Everyone prepare

To follow this fair corse unto her grave.

Nurse exits.

ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter 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 Romeo's man Balthasar, in riding boots.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? For nothing can be ill if she be well.

BALTHASAR

Then she is well and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news.

ROMEO

Is it e'en so?—Then I deny you, stars!—

BALTHASAR

I do beseech you, ma'am, have patience.
Your looks are pale and wild and do import
Some misadventure.

ROMEO Tush, thou art deceived.

Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

BALTHASAR

No, my good lady.

ROMEO No matter. *Balthasar exits.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.
O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
I do remember an apothecary
(And hereabouts he dwells).

What ho, Apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

APOTHECARY Who calls so loud?

ROMEO

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

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.

The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

APOTHECARY

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROMEO

I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

APOTHECARY, *giving him the poison*

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, *handing him the money*

There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not
sell.

Apothecary exits.

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

He exits.

Scene 2

Enter Friar John.

FRIAR JOHN

Holy Franciscan friar, brother, ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

This same should be the voice of Friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua. What says Romeo?
Or, if her mind be writ, give me her letter.

FRIAR JOHN

Going to find a barefoot brother out,
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,
Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

I could not send it—here it is again—

Returning the letter.

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

The letter was of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence.
Get me an iron crow and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

FRIAR JOHN

Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

He exits.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Now must I to the monument alone.
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents.
But I will write again to Mantua,

And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

He exits.

Scene 3
Enter Paris and his Page.

PARIS

Give me thy torch, boy. Hence and stand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground.
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me
As signal that thou hearest 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.

He moves away from Paris.

PARIS, *scattering flowers*

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by moans.
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

Page whistles.

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

He steps aside.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar.

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 hearest or seest, stand all aloof
And do not interrupt me in my course.

BALTHASAR

I will be gone, ma'am, and not trouble you.

ROMEO

So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that.

Giving money.

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.

He steps aside.

ROMEO, *beginning to force open the tomb*

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

PARIS

This is that banished haughty Montague
That murdered my love's cousin, with which grief
It is supposed the fair creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous shame

To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.

Stepping forward.

Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague.
Condemnèd villain, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.

ROMEO

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man.
Fly hence and leave me. Put not another sin upon my head
By urging me to fury. O, begone!
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

PARIS

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

ROMEO

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

They draw and fight.

PAGE

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

He exits.

PARIS

O, I am slain! If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb; lay me with Juliet.

He dies.

ROMEO

In faith, I will.—I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.—

He opens the tomb.

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.—
O my love, my wife,
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And keepsthee here in dark to be his paramour?
Eyes, look your last.
Arms, take your last embrace. And, lips, O, you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss.

Kissing Juliet.

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide!
Here's to my love. *Drinking.*

ALL

O true apothecary,

ROMEO

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

He dies.

Enter Friar Lawrence with lantern, crow, and spade.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Who's there?

BALTHASAR

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

BALTHASAR

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE Who is it?

BALTHASAR Romeo.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

How long hath he been there?

BALTHASAR Full half an hour.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Go with me to the vault.

BALTHASAR I dare not, sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

BALTHASAR

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE, *moving toward the tomb*

Romeo!—

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

What, Paris too?

And steeped in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

The lady stirs.

JULIET

O comfortable friar, where is my lady?

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.

A greater power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.

Thy partner in thy bosom there lies dead,

And Paris, too. Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.

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

JULIET

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

He exits.

What's here? A cup closed in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been her timeless end.—

O churl, drunk all, and left no friendly drop

To help me after! I will kiss thy lips.

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make me die with a restorative.

She kisses him.

Thy lips are warm!

Enter Paris's Page and Watch.

FIRST WATCH Lead, boy. Which way?

JULIET

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

This is thy sheath. There rust, and let me die.

She takes Romeo's dagger; stabs herself, and dies.

PAGE

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

FIRST WATCH

The ground is bloody.—Search about the churchyard.

Some watchmen exit.

Pitiful sight! Here lies the County slain,
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain this two days buried.—
Go, tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets.
Raise up the Montagues. Some others search.

Others exit.

Enter Watchmen with Romeo's man Balthasar.

SECOND WATCH

Here's Romeo's man. We found him in the churchyard.

FIRST WATCH

Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.

Enter Friar Lawrence and another Watchman.

THIRD WATCH

Here is a friar that trembles, sighs, and weeps.
We took this mattock and this spade from him
As he was coming from this churchyard's side.

FIRST WATCH

A great suspicion. Stay the Friar too.

Enter the Prince with Attendants.

PRINCE

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

Enter Capulet and Lady Capulet.

CAPULET

What should it be that is so shrieked abroad?

LADY CAPULET

O, 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 WATCH

Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new killed.

PRINCE

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

FIRST WATCH

Here is a friar, and slaughtered Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

CAPULET

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

LADY CAPULET

O me, this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter Montague.

PRINCE

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

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, *seeing Romeo dead*

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

PRINCE

Seal up the mouth of outrage for awhile,
Till we can clear these ambiguities
And know their spring, their head, their true
descent,
And then will I be general of your woes
And lead you even to death.
Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I will be brief.
Romeo, there dead, was partner to that Juliet,
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife.
I married them, and their stol'n marriage day
Was Tybalt's doomsday.

PRINCE

We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?

BALTHASAR

I brought my lady news of Juliet's death,
And then in post she came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter she early bid me give her father.

PRINCE

Give me the letter. I will look on it.—

He takes Romeo's letter.

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.

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 punished.

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 ray her statue in pure gold..

CAPULET

As rich shall Romeo's by her lady's lie,
Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

(all sit on the ground)

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

ROMEO

Juliet

PRINCE

And her

JULIET

Romeo.

All exit.