Romeo and Juliet
By William Shakespeare

Verona, Italy—1590's, July

ROMEO ......................Son of MONTAGUE
BENVOLIO ..................Montague cousin of ROMEO
BALTHASAR ...............Montague servant to ROMEO
ABRAM ........................Montague servant
LORD MONTAGUE.......Father of ROMEO
LADY MONTAGUE.......Mother of ROMEO
JULIET ........................Daughter of CAPULET, age 13
TYBALT ........................Capulet cousin of JULIET
SAMPSON ......................Capulet servant
GREGORY ......................Capulet servant
LORD CAPULET ............Father of JULIET, in his 50's
LADY CAPULET ...........Mother of JULIET, about 27
NURSE ........................Capulet servant to JULIET
PETER ........................Capulet servant to NURSE
MERCUITIO ................Friend of ROMEO, related to PRINCE
COUNTY PARIS ..............Count to wed JULIET, related to PRINCE
PRINCE ESCALUS.........Prince of Verona
FRIAR LAWRENCE.......Franciscan who marries ROMEO & JULIET
FRIAR JOHN ...............Carries message for FRIAR LAWRENCE
APOTHECARY ..............Sells poison to ROMEO
CITIZENS, SERVANTS, MUSICIANS, GUARDS, etc.

Shakespeare’s complete original script based on the Second Quarto of 1599, with corrections and alternate text from other editions indicated as: ¹First Quarto of 1597; ²Second Quarto of 1599; ³Third Quarto of 1609, ⁴Fourth Quarto of 1622, ⁵First Folio of 1623, and † for later editions. First performed around 1595. Line-numbering matches the Folger Library edition of 1992. Spelling and punctuation are modernized (American) with some indications of pronunciation. Stage directions are clarified. Side notes are given for vocabulary, figurative language, and allusions. This script be downloaded from www.hundsness.com and used freely for education and performance. David Hundsness, editor, 2004.
PROLOGUE

CHORUS 1.0.1
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,
Their fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage.
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT 1, SCENE 1
[Verona, a street, morning. SAMPSON & GREGORY, armed]

SAMPSON 1.1.1
Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

GREGORY 1.1.2
No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON 1.1.3
I mean, if we be in choler, we'll draw.

GREGORY 1.1.4
Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of [the] collar.

SAMPSON 1.1.6
I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY 1.1.7
But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON 1.1.8
A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY 1.1.9
To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand. Therefore if thou art moved, thou runn'st away!

SAMPSON 1.1.10
A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GREGORY 1.1.14
That shows thee a weak slave, for the weakest goes to the wall.

SAMPSON 1.1.16
Tis true, and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

GREGORY 1.1.20
The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

SAMPSON 1.1.22
'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. When I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids, and cut off their heads!

GREGORY 1.1.25
The heads of the maids?
SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

They must take it in sense that feel it! feel what I do to them (bawdy)

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, if you were
thou hadst been poor-john.

[ABRAM & another Montague Servant enter, armed]

Draw thy tool! Here comes [two] of the house of Montagues!

SAMPSON

My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back thee. unsheathed, fight

GREGORY

How, turn thy back and run? how do you mean

SAMPSON

Fear me not. trust me

GREGORY

No, marry. I fear thee! indeed

SAMPSON

Let us take the law on our side; let them begin. of, sides

GREGORY

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

SAMPSON

Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they bear it. give the finger take it without a fight

[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 on 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—

GREGORY [sees Tybalt coming; to Sampson]

Say "better"! Here comes one of my master's kinsmen. relatives

SAMPSON

Yes, better, [sir]2.

ABRAM

You lie!
SAMPSON 1.1.63
Draw, if you be men!
Gregory, remember thy washing blow.

[They fight]

BENVOLIO 1.1.65
enters, sword drawn
Part, fools!
Put up your swords! You know not what you do!

TYBALT 1.1.67
enters, to Benvolio
What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio. Look upon thy death!
draws his sword

BENVOLIO 1.1.69
I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT 1.1.71
What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee!
Have at thee, coward!

[They fight]

CITIZENS 1.1.74
enter, armed
Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

[LORD & LADY CAPULET and LORD & LADY MONTAGUE enter]

CAPULET 1.1.76
What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

LADY CAPULET 1.1.77
mocking his old age
A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

CAPULET 1.1.79
My sword, I say! Old Montague is come
And flourishes his blade in spite of me!

MONTAGUE 1.1.81
Thou villain Capulet! [she stops him] Hold me not, let me go!

LADY MONTAGUE 1.1.82
Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe!

PRINCE 1.1.83
enters with Attendants
Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel
—Will they not hear?—What, ho! You men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins!
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your 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
Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace!
For this time, all the rest depart away.
You Capulet, shall go along with me,
And Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Freetown, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart!

[All exit but Lord & Lady Montague and Benvolio]
MONTAGUE\(^2\) \[to Benvolio\]
Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

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

LADY MONTAGUE
O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO
Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad,
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made, but he was 'ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood.
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humor not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

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

BENVOLIO
My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE
I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO\(^2\)
Have you importuned him by any means?

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

[Romeo enters]

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

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

[They 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 her favor where I am in love.

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

Romeo  
Alas, that Love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine?  
[sees signs of the fight] 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!

O heavy lightness, serious vanity,  
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,  
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,  
Still-waking sleep that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  
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.  
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,  
Which thou wilt propagate to have it pressed  
With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown  
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made\textsuperscript{2} with the fume of sighs;  
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
Being vexed, a sea nourished\textsuperscript{2} with loving\textsuperscript{2} tears;  
What is it else? A madness most discreet,  
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.  
Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO \quad \text{Soft, I will go along.}  
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong!

ROMEO  
\quad \text{Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here.}  
\quad \text{This is not Romeo; he's some other where.}

BENVOLIO  
\quad \text{Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?}

ROMEO  
\quad \text{What, shall I groan and tell thee?}

BENVOLIO  
\quad \text{Groan? Why no, but sadly tell me who.}

ROMEO  
\quad \text{[Bid}\\textsuperscript{1} a sick man in "sadness" make\textsuperscript{1} his will?}  
\quad \text{A word ill-urged to one that is so ill!}  
\quad \text{In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.}

BENVOLIO  
\quad \text{I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.}

ROMEO  
\quad \text{A right good markman! And she's fair I love.}

BENVOLIO  
\quad \text{A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.}

ROMEO  
\quad \text{Well in that hit you miss! She'll not be hit}  
\quad \text{With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit,}  
\quad \text{And in strong proof of chastity well armed,}  
\quad \text{From Love's weak childish bow she lives uncharmed\textsuperscript{2}.}  
\quad \text{She will not stay the siege of loving terms,}  
\quad \text{Nor bide th'encounter of assailing eyes,}  
\quad \text{Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.}  
\quad \text{O, she is rich in beauty, only poor}  
\quad \text{That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.}

BENVOLIO  
\quad \text{Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?}

ROMEO  
\quad \text{She hath, and in that sparing makes\textsuperscript{4} huge waste,}  
\quad \text{For beauty, starved with her severity,}  
\quad \text{Cuts beauty off from all posterity,}  
\quad \text{She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair}  
\quad \text{To merit bliss by making me despair.}  
\quad \text{She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow}  
\quad \text{Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.}

BENVOLIO  
\quad \text{Be ruled by me; forget to think of her.}

ROMEO  
\quad \text{O, teach me how I should forget to think!}

BENVOLIO  
\quad \text{By giving liberty unto thine eyes.}  
\quad \text{Examine other beauties!}

ROMEO  
\quad \text{Tis the way}  
\quad \text{To call hers, exquisite, in question more.}  
\quad \text{These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,}  
\quad \text{Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair.}  
\quad \text{He that is strucken blind cannot forget}  
\quad \text{Weary, I will go along; wait.  
\quad \text{And if you leave me so, you do me wrong!}

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\quad \text{To call hers, exquisite, in question more.}  
\quad \text{These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,}  
\quad \text{Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair.}  
\quad \text{He that is strucken blind cannot forget}
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.  
Show me a mistress that is passing fair;  
What doth her beauty serve but as a note  
Where I may read who passed that passing fair?  
Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.  
BENVOLIO  
I’ll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.  
[They exit]

ACT 1, SCENE 2  
[A street. CAPULET, PARIS, 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 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,  
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,  
Let two more summers wither in their pride,  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.  
PARIS  
Younger than she are happy mothers made.  
CAPULET  
And too soon marred are those so early made.  
She is’ the hopeful lady of my earth.  
But woe her, gentle Paris, get her heart.  
My will to her consent is but a part  
And, she agreed, within her scope of choice  
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,  
Whereeto I have invited many a guest  
Such as I love; and you among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.  
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel  
When well-appareled April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,  
And like her most whose merit most shall be;  
Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,  
May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.  
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 at' their pleasure stay.  
[Capulet & Paris exit]
SERVANT 1.2.39
Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must go to one who can read.

[BENVOLIO & ROMEO enter]
In good time!

BENVOLIO [to Romeo] 1.2.47
Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning. One pain is lessened by another's anguish. Turn giddy, and be helped” by backward turning. One desperate grief cures with another's languish. Take thou some new infection to thy eye, And the rank poison of the old will die.

ROMEO 1.2.53
Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO 1.2.54
For what, I pray thee?

ROMEO For your broken shin!

BENVOLIO 1.2.56
Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO Not mad, but bound more than a madman is,
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipped and tormented, and—

[to Servant] Good e'en, good fellow.

SERVANT 1.2.61
God gi' good e'en. I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO 1.2.63
Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERVANT 1.2.64
Perhaps you have learned it without book. But, I pray, can you read anything you see?

ROMEO 1.2.66
Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

SERVANT 1.2.67
Ye say honestly. Rest you merry.

ROMEO 1.2.68
Stay, fellow. I can read. [reads the list]

"Signor Martino and his wife and daughters
County Anselm and his beauteous sisters
The lady widow of Vitruvio
Signor Placentio and his lovely nieces
Mercutio and his brother Valentine
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters
My fair niece Rosaline [and] Livia
Signor Valentino and his cousin Tybalt
Lucio and the lively Helena"

A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

SERVANT 1.2.79
Up.

ROMEO 1.2.80
Whither? To supper?

SERVANT 1.2.81
To our house.
ROMEO 1.2.82
Whose house?

SERVANT 1.2.83
My master's.

ROMEO 1.2.84
Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

SERVANT 1.2.85
Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [exits] drink

BENVOLIO 1.2.89
At this same ancient feast of Capulet's Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so loves, dines 1.2.90 With all the admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither, and with unattained eye there, unbiased Compare her face with some that I shall show, And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO 1.2.95
When the devout religion of mine eye accepts such a lie
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires; my eyes will be
And these who, often drowned, could never die, burnt like heretics
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! The all-seeing sun anyone as beautiful
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

BENVOLIO 1.2.101
Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by, no one else nearby
Herself poised compared
But in that crystal scales let there be weighed
Your lady's love against some other maid barely look good, shows\(^5\)
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now seems\(^2\) best. not to see whom you show

ROMEO 1.2.107
I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. the beauty of Rosaline

[They exit]

ACT 1, SCENE 3
[Capulet house. LADY CAPULET & NURSE]

LADY CAPULET 1.3.1
Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.

NURSE 1.3.2
Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old, virginity
told
I bade her come.—What, lamb! What, ladybird!—
God forbid! Where's this girl?—What, Juliet!

JULIET 1.3.5
[enters]
How now, who calls?

NURSE 1.3.6
Your mother.

JULIET 1.3.7
Madam, I am here. What is your will? what do you want

LADY CAPULET 1.3.8
This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile, leave us
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again!
I have remembered me, thou's hear our counsel. you shall, conversation
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE 1.3.12
Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour. indeed
LADY CAPULET 1.3.13
She's not fourteen.

NURSE 1.3.14
I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, and yet, to my teen
be it spoken, I have but four. She's not fourteen.
How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

LADY CAPULET 1.3.17
A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE 1.3.18
Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls—
Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
That shall she. Marry, I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,
And she was weaned—I never shall forget it—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day.
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall.
My lord and you were then at Mantua.
—Nay, I do bear a brain!—But, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!
"Shake," quoth the dove-house. 'Twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years,
For then she could stand alone. Nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about,
For even the day before, she broke her brow,
And then my husband—God be with his soul,
He was a merry man—took up the child.
"Yea," quoth he, "Dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,
Wilt thou not, Jule?" And by my holy-dame,
The pretty wretch left crying and said "Ay."
To see now how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, if I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it. "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he.
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said "Ay."

LADY CAPULET 1.3.54
Enough of this. I pray thee, hold thy peace!

NURSE 1.3.55
Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay."
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone,
A perilous knock, and it cried bitterly.
"Yea," quoth my husband, "Fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou come'st to age,
Wilt thou not, Jule?" It stinted and said "Ay."

JULIET 1.3.63
And stint thou too, I pray thee, Nurse, say I!

NURSE 1.3.64
Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace,
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed.
And I might live to see thee married once, if
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? how do you feel about marriage

JULIET
It is an honor that I dream not of.

NURSE
An honor? Were not I thine only nurse, thy, if I weren't your only wet-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 high-breeding
Are made already mothers. By my count
I was your mother much upon these years at the same age
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! perfect like a wax model

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, read like a book
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.
Examine every married lineament well balanced facial feature
And see how one another lends content,
And what obscured in this fair volume lies anything unclear in this book
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 a splendid sight
For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory beauty outside is beauty within
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story a book cover is made
So shall you share all that he doth possess beautiful by a beautiful tale
By having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE

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.

SERVANT [enters]
Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, have come
you called, my young lady asked for, they're calling for you
the Nurse cursed in the pantry, and is being cursed
everything in extremity. I must hence wait tables, beg, right away
to wait. I beseech you, follow straight.

LADY CAPULET
We follow thee. [Servant exits] will follow
Juliet, the County stays. the Count is waiting
NURSE 1.3.112
   Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
   [They exit]

ACT 1, SCENE 4
   [A street, that night.
   ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO & Others with torches and drum]

ROMEO 1.4.1
   What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
   Or shall we on without apology?

BENVOLIO 1.4.3
   The date is out of such prolixity.
   We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,
   Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
   Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper.
   [Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
   After the prompter, for our entrance.]'
   But let them measure us by what they will.
   We'll measure them a measure and be gone.

ROMEO 1.4.11
   Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.
   Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

MERCUTIO 1.4.13
   Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO 1.4.14
   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 1.4.17
   You are a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings
   And soar with them above a common bound.

ROMEO 1.4.19
   I am too sore enpiercèd with his shaft
   To soar with his light feathers, and so bound
   Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO 1.4.23
   And to sink in it, should you burden love,
   You'd burden love by sinking in it
   Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROMEO 1.4.25
   Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
   Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO 1.4.27
   If love be rough with you, be rough with love!
   Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
   Give me a case to put my visage in:
   A visor for a visor. What care I
   What curious eye doth cote deformities?
   Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

BENVOLIO 1.4.33
   Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in,
   But every man betake him to his legs.

ROMEO 1.4.35
   A torch for me. Let wantons light of heart
   Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
   For I am proverbed with a grandsire phrase:
I'll be a candle holder and look on.  
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.  
(proverb)  
party, bright (proverb)
MERCUTIO  
Tut, dun's the mouse.  
the constable's own word.  
MERCUTIO  
If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire  
(a horse named Dun, pull, mud)  
Of—save your reverence—love, wherein thou stick'st  
(pardon me, are stuck)  
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!  
(fourth line of the above proverb)  
(proverb)
ROMEO  
Nay, that's not so.  
Nay, that's not so.  
(proverb)
MERCUTIO  
I mean, sir, in delay  
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.  
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits  
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.  
the obvious,  
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.  
(proverb)
ROMEO  
And we mean well in going to this mask,  
And we mean well in going to this mask,  
masquerade party  
But 'tis no wit to go.  
(1.4.50)
MERCUTIO  
Why, may one ask?  
That dreamers often lie!  
(pun)  
(1.4.52)
ROMEO  
In bed asleep, while they do dream things true!  
(1.4.53)
MERCUTIO  
O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you!  
[1.4.54]
[2.4.55]
BENVOLIO  
Queen Mab? What's she?  
[1.4.56]
MERCUTIO  
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
her, harness collars, moonbeams  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
gem-stone  
On the forefinger of an alderman,  
officer  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
pulled by, tiny creatures  
Over' men's noses as they lie asleep.  
athwart
tiny spider's  
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners legs,  
spiders*  
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,  
canopy  
The traces of the smallest spider web,  
her*, harnesses, spider's  
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,  
her*, harness collars, moonbeams  
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,  
gossamer  
Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat,  
driver  
Not half so big as a round little worm,  
referred to as a round little worm  
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid.  
man  
Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,  
1.4.59  
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
cabinetmaker, worm  
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
for time long forgotten  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
1.4.75  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
O'er* courtiers' knees, who dream on curtsies straight;  
on*, that*, right away  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;  
right away 1.4.78  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
right away dream of kisses  
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues  
often, gives them blisters (herpes)  
Because their breaths* with sweetmeats tainted are.  
breath*, smell of sweet foods (bawdy)  
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;  
high paying job  
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail  
pig donated to the church  
Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,  
clergyman 1.4.85  
Then he dreams of another benefice.
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep, and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—

ROMEO          Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace! 1.4.101
Thou talk'st of nothing.
MERCUTIO          True, I talk of dreams, 1.4.103
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 face1 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 sail1!—On, lusty gentlemen!
BENVOLIO          Strike, drum!
[All exit]

**ACT 1, SCENE 5**
[Capulet house. Two SERVANTS, Musicians & Guests]

1st SERVANT
Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away?
He shift a trencher! He scrape a trencher!
2nd SERVANT
When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's
hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.
1st SERVANT
Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard,
look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of
marchpane, and as thou lovest me, let the
porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. [2nd Servant exits]
Antony and Potpan!
3rd SERVANT  [enters with another Servant]
Ay, boy, ready.
1st SERVANT
You are looked for and called for, asked for and
sought for, in the great chamber.

3rd SERVANT
We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys!
Be brisk awhile, and
the longer liver take all.

[They exit]

[LORD & LADY CAPULET, COUSIN CAPULET, NURSE, JULIET, TYBALT,
and more Guests enter]

CAPULET
Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will walk a bout with you.—
Ah ha, my mistresses! Which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She'll I'll swear hath corns. Am I come near you now?—
Welcome, gentlemen. I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play!—

[Music plays]
A hall, a hall, give room!—And foot it, girls!—

[They dance]
More light, you knaves, and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

[ROMEO, MERCUTIO & BENVOLIO enter in masks]
Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well!
[to Cousin] Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days.
How long is 't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

COUSIN
By'r Lady, thirty years.

CAPULET
What, man, 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much.
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will, Some five and twenty years, and then we masked.

COUSIN
'Tis more, 'tis more. His son is elder, sir. His son is thirty.

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

ROMEO
[seeing Juliet; to a Servant]
What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of wond'rous knight?

[SERVANT]
I know not, sir.

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

TYBALT  [aside]  1.5.61
This, by his voice, should be a Montague!
[to Page] Fetch me my rapier, boy. [Page exits]
What, dares the slave must
come hither, covered with an antic face, here, mask
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity? sneer, festivity
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin, family
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin! [starts to go]

CAPULET  1.5.68
Why, how now, kinsman! Wherefore storm you so? hello, why so angry

TYBALT  1.5.69
Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite came here, to spite and
To scorn at our solemnity this night! festivity

CAPULET  1.5.72
Young Romeo is it?
TYBALT  'Tis he, that villain Romeo. 1.5.73

CAPULET  1.5.74
Content thee, gentle coz. Let him alone. calm down, nephew
He would bear him like a portly gentleman, behaves like, dignified
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him well-behaved
I would not for the wealth of all the town disrespect him
Here in my house do him disparagement. disrespect
Therefore be patient. Take no note of him. ignore him 1.5.80
It is my will, the which if thou respect, wish
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns, pleasant face
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast. inappropriate expression

TYBALT  1.5.84
It fits, when such a villain is a guest. show off
I'll not endure him!

CAPULET  He shall be endured! 1.5.86
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall! Go to! go away
Am I the master here, or you? Go to!
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul! save my soul
You'll make a mutiny among my guests? riot
You will set cock-a-hoop? You'll be the man? show off

TYBALT  1.5.92
Why, uncle, 'tis a shame!

CAPULET  Go to, go to! 1.5.93
disrespectful
You are a saucy boy! Is’t so, indeed? stunt, get you trouble, I tell you
This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what! you’ll cross you
You must contrary me? Marry, 'tis time— done, dears
[to dancing Guests] Well said, my hearts! cocky boy
[to Tybalt] You are a princox! Go, torches
Be quiet, or—
[to Servants] More light, more light! wonderful, my dears
[to Tybalt] For shame!
I'll make you quiet!

[to going to dancing Guests] What, cheerly, my hearts! wonderful, my dears

TYBALT  [aside]  1.5.100
Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting forced on me by his rage
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting, me tremble with anger
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall, go
Now seeming sweet, convert to bit'rest gall. [exits] okay, bitterness
If I profane with my unworthiest 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.

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.

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

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

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

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

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again. [kisses her]

You kiss by th’ book.

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

What is her mother?

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nursed her daughter that you talked withal.
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks. [moves away]

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

Away, be gone! The sport is at the best!

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

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards—
Is it e’en so? Why then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.—

Ah, sirrah. by my fay, it waxes late.
I’ll to my rest. [exit]

Come hither, Nurse. What is yond gentleman?
The son and heir of old Tiberio.
JULIET 1.5.144
  What's he that now is going out of door?
NURSE 1.5.145
  Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
JULIET 1.5.146
  What's he that follows there\(^1\), that would not dance?
NURSE 1.5.147
  I know not.
JULIET 1.5.148
  Go ask his name. [Nurse goes]
  [aside] If he be married,
  My grave is like to be my wedding bed!
NURSE 1.5.149
  [returning] His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
  The only son of your great enemy!
JULIET 1.5.150
  My only love sprung from my only hate!
  Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
  Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
    wonderful and ominous
  That I must love a loathed enemy.
NURSE 1.5.151
  What's this? What's this?
JULIET 1.5.152
  A rhyme I learned even now
    Of one I danced withal.
LADY CAPULET\(^2\) [offstage] Juliet!
NURSE 1.5.153
  Anon, anon.
    in a minute
  Come, let's away. The strangers all are gone.
NURSE 1.5.159
  Let's go, guests
[They exit]

ACT 2, PROLOGUE

CHORUS 2.0.1
  Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
  And young affection gapes to be his heir.
    new love, desires
  That fair for which love groaned for and would die,
    beautiful woman
  With tender Juliet matched\(^3\), is now not fair.
  Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
    compared, beautiful
  Alike betwitchèd by the charm of looks,
  But to his foe supposed he must complain,
    enchanted, gazing
  And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
  Being held a foe, he may not have access
    alleged foe, beg for favor
  To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
  And she as much in love, her means much less
    must steal, dangerous
  To meet her new belovèd anywhere.
  But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
    has even less opportunity
  Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.
    gives opportunities
  moderating their troubles

ACT 2, SCENE 1
[Outside the Capulet house, same night. ROMEO]

ROMEO 2.1.1
  Can I go forward when my heart is here?
    walk away
  Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
    weary body, follow your heart
[exits]
[BENVOLIO & MERCUTIO enter]
BENVOLIO 2.1.3
  Romeo! My cousin Romeo! [Romeo!]
MERCUTIO
He is wise, 2.1.4
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

BENVOLIO
He ran this way and leaped this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio. 2.1.6

MERCUTIO
Nay, I'll conjure too. 2.1.8
Romeo! Humors! Madman! Passion! Lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh!
Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied.
Cry but "Ay me!" Pronounce 'but 'love' and "dove"!

MERCUTIO
If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

BENVOLIO
And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him!

BENVOLIO
Come, shall we go?

ACT 2, SCENE 2
[Outside Juliet's balcony. ROMEO]

ROMEO
He jests at scars that never felt a wound. 2.2.1

[JULIET enters at 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 sick² and green,
And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.
It is my lady. O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
to twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp. Her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
I wish I were 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 wingèd messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

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

JULIET                              Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET                                  'Tis but thy name that is my² enemy.
ROMEO                                    Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
JULIET                                    What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
ROMEO                                      Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
JULIET                                  Belonging to a man,² O, be some other name!
ROMEO                                      What's in a name? That which we call a rose
JULIET                                  By any other name² would smell as sweet.
ROMEO                                 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
JULIET                                    Retain that dear perfection which he owes
ROMEO                                  Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
JULIET                                  And for that¹ name, which is no part of thee,
ROMEO                               Take all myself.

ROMEO [to her] I take thee at they word.
Call me but Love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET                              What man art thou that thus bescreened in night
So stumblest on my counsel?
ROMEO                                  By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET
My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of thy 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 came'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

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

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

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

JULIET
I would not for the world they saw thee here.

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

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

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

JULIET
Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak 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. At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay
So thou wilt woo; but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my b'havior
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more coying to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true-love passion. Therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discoverèd.

ROMEO
Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I swear¹
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

JULIET
O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled¹ orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO
What shall I swear by?

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

ROMEO If my heart's dear love—

JULIET
Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract 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.
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 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 [inside, calls for Juliet]

JULIET
I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!
[to her] Anon, good Nurse!
[to him] Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little; I will come again. [goes in]

ROMEO O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

JULIET [comes out again]
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  [inside]  2.2.156
Madam!

JULIET  2.2.157
[to her] I come, anon!
[to him] But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

NURSE  [inside]  Madam!  2.2.159
JULIET  [to her]  By and by I come!
[to him] To cease thy suit and leave me to my grief.
Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO  So thrive² my soul—

JULIET  2.2.164
A thousand times good night! [goes in]

ROMEO  2.2.165
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.

JULIET  [comes out again]  2.2.169
Hist! Romeo, hist! [aside] O, for a falconer's voice
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine¹
With repetition of "My Romeo!"

ROMEO  [aside]  2.2.175
It is my soul that calls upon my name!

JULIET  2.2.178
Romeo!

ROMEO  My dear³?  2.2.179
madame¹/niece²/nyas³  2.2.180
time  2.2.180

JULIET  What o'clock tomorrow
Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO  By the hour of nine.  2.2.182

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

ROMEO  Let me stand here till thou remember it.

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

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

JULIET  2.2.190
spoiled girl's
that, his²
chairs
silken²

ROMEO  I would I were thy bird.

JULIET  Sweet, so would I.  2.2.197
sweetheart  2.2.197

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. [exits]  
ROMEO1  
2.2.202
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 Friar's close cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [exits]  
morning, rest, heart if, rest there away, go to, spiritual, chamber ask for, fortune

ACT 2, SCENE 3
[St. Peter's Church, dawn. FRIAR LAWRENCE with basket]

FRIAR  
2.3.1
The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels  
dappled, staggers out of the way of, burning': sun-chariot
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery1 wheels.  
before, raises 2.3.5
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours  
basket
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.  
harfual
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;  
is also 2.3.10
And from her womb children of divers kind  
diverse plants
We suckling on her natural bosom find
Many for many virtues excellent,  
many plants have healing powers all good for something
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
great, healing power 2.3.15
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live  
extracts nothing is so evil
But to the earth some special good doth give,  
humannkind
Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use,  
anything, that cannot be
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.  
abused for harm
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,  
can be good if the result is good
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
[examining a flower]  
Within the infant rind of this weak flower  
frail
Poison hath residence and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
makes you feel better
Being tasted, slays1 all senses with the heart.  
stays": kills you enemy, always
two such opposé kings encamp them still  
good and evil
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;  
evil 2.3.30
And where the worser is predominant,  
infection of
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

ROMEO  
enter
2.3.32
Good morrow, Father.
morning
FRIAR  
Benedicité!  
2.3.33
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distempered head  
hails suggests, disturbed mind
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.  
leaving your bed so early
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
worry stays on guard
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;  
worry stays, lie down
But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain  
trouble-free, clear minds
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.  
rest 2.3.40
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperance;  
something upsetting
Or if not so, then here I hit it right:
Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.  
last night
ROMEO
That last is true. The sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR
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
That's my good son. But where hast thou been then?

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

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

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

FRIAR
Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears
Thy old groans ring yet in mine ancient ears.
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.
And art thou changed? Pronounce this sentence then:
"Women may fall when there's no strength in men."

ROMEO
Thou chide'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR
For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO
And bade'st me bury love.

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

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  O, she knew well 2.3.94
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me.
In one respect I'll thy assistant be,
For this alliance may so happy prove
To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

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

FRIAR  Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.

[They exit]

ACT 2, SCENE 4
[A street, noon. BENVOLIO & MERCUTIO]

MERCUTIO  Where the devil should this Romeo be? 2.4.1
Came he not home tonight? last night
BENVOLIO  Not to his father's. I spoke with his man. manservant
MERCUTIO  Ah', that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline, why
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
BENVOLIO  Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet, nephew, to Romeo's
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.
MERCUTIO  A challenge, on my life. I bet my life it's a challenge to fight
BENVOLIO  Romeo will answer it. accept it
MERCUTIO  Any man that can write may answer a letter.
BENVOLIO  Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.
MERCUTIO  Alas poor Romeo, he is already dead, stabbed with accepting the dare
a white wench's black eye, shot through the ear with
a love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft with
the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft. And is he a man
to encounter Tybalt?
BENVOLIO  Why, what is Tybalt? what's so scary about Tybalt
MERCUTIO  More than Prince of Cats [I can tell you]. (a cat named Tybalt in a popular story)
O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. fencing etiquette
He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, harmony in a duet
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!—
BENVOLIO  The what?
MERCUTIO  The pox of such antic, lisping, may the plague kill, silly, Spanish-accented
affecting fantasticoes, these new
affected showoffs

2.3.94 recite from memory, that, read
2.3.100 for one reason I'll help you marriage
2.3.101 families' hatred
2.3.102 go, I cannot wait
tuners of accents: "By Jesu, a very good blade! A very tall man! A very good whore!" Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardon-me's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

[ROMEO enters]

BENVOLIO
Here comes Romeo, [here comes Romeo].

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

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

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

ROMEO
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?

MERCUTIO
Right.

ROMEO
[Why,] then is my pump well flowered!

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!

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

MERCUTIO
Come between us, good Benvolio. My wits faint.

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

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

ROMEO
Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose!  

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

ROMEO
Nay, good goose, bite not!  

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

ROMEO
And is it not [then]' well served into a sweet goose?  

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

ROMEO
I stretch it out for that word "broad", which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose!  

MERCUTIO
Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo, now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature. For this drivelling love is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole!  

BENVOLIO
Stop there, [stop there]?  

MERCUTIO
Thou desire'st me to stop in my tale against the hair.  

BENVOLIO
Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large!  

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

[RNURSE & PETER enter]

ROMEO  [sees Nurse; to Mercutio]  
Here's goodly gear!  

MERCUTIO  [making fun of her clothes]  
A sail, a sail!  

BENVOLIO
Two, two: a shirt and a smock.  

NURSE
Peter!  

PETER
Anon!  

NURSE
My fan, Peter.  

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

NURSE
God ye good morrow, gentlemen.  

MERCUTIO
God ye good e'en, fair gentlewoman.  

NURSE
Is it good e'en?  

MERCUTIO
'Tis no less, I tell ye, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.
NURSE 2.4.116
Out upon you! What a man are you?

ROMEO 2.4.117
One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

NURSE 2.4.119
By my troth, it is well said. "For himself to mar," quoth he? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

ROMEO 2.4.122
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 2.4.126
You say well.

MERCUTIO 2.4.127
Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

NURSE 2.4.129
If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with ye. BENVOLIO [making fun of her wrong word for "conference"]

MERCUTIO 2.4.132
A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho! whore/hare, (a hunting call)

ROMEO 2.4.133
What hast thou found?

MERCUTIO 2.4.134
No hare, sir, unless a hare, sir, in a Lenten pie, moldy, before, done that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [sings]

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

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

ROMEO 2.4.144
I will follow you.

MERCUTIO 2.4.145
Farewell ancient lady, farewell "lady, lady, lady." [Mercutio & Benvolio exit]

NURSE 2.4.147
I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his ropery?

ROMEO 2.4.149
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 2.4.152
If he speak anything against me, I'll take him down, and even friskier men jacks! And if I cannot, I'll find those that shall! Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills! I am none of his skains-mates!

[to Peter] And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!

PETER 2.4.159
I saw no man use you at his pleasure. If I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you!
I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

NURSE

Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about upset me quivers. Scurvy knave! bid²: asked me to find you bid²: asked me to say ye², in²

[to Romeo] Pray you, sir, a word. And as I told you, my young lady bade¹ me inquire you out. What she bade¹ me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell ye, if you should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say, For the gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing! cheat on, horrible mean trick

ROMEO

Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. give my regards

I protest unto thee— solemnly swear

NURSE

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

ROMEO

What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? Thou dost not mark me. did not listen to me

NURSE

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

ROMEO

Bid her devise ask her to find some way, confession
give confession

[offers her money] Here is for thy pains.

NURSE

No truly sir, not a penny!

ROMEO

Go to, I say you shall. I insist

NURSE

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

ROMEO

And stay, good Nurse, behind the abbey wall. wait, church servant

Within this hour my man shall be with thee a rope ladder peak

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair, path

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy trustworthy, reward you

Must be my convoy in the secret night. give my regards

Farewell, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains. farewell

Farewell, commend me to thy mistress. give my regards

NURSE

Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir. listen

ROMEO

What say'st thou, my dear Nurse?

NURSE

Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say, able to keep a secret a secret, if one's not there

"Two may keep counsel, putting one away"? I promise you

ROMEO

I' warrant thee, my man's as true as steel. babbling

NURSE

Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady, Lord, gladly

Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing! O, there claim her, would rather see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her

see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her
sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer handsomer
man. But I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks sheet, whole
as pale as any clout the same letter
in the versal world. Doth not "rosemary" and "Romeo" begin both with a letter? If you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

ROMEO

Ay, Nurse, what of that? Both with an R.

NURSE

Ah, mocker, that's the dog's name! (she means "sentence")
R is for the—no, I know it begins with some other
letter—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it,
of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

ROMEO Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE Ay, a thousand times. [Romeo exits]

Peter!

PETER

Anon!

NURSE Before and apace. [They exit]

ACT 2, SCENE 5
[Capulet house. JULIET]

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse. my
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so. perhaps, find
O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts, slow, messengers
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw Love, that's why, swift-winged,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve highest point
Is three1 long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball.
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.
But old folks, many feign as they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

[NURSE & PETER enter]

O God, she comes! O honey Nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away. servant

NURSE

Peter, stay at the gate. [Peter exits]

JULIET

Now, good sweet Nurse—O Lord, why look'st thou sad? if the news is sad, tell it merrily
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily. are ruining
If good, thou shame'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE

I am aweary, give me leave awhile.
Tired, leave me alone
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt1 have I [had]1! oh, jaunce2: long trip
JULIET
I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak! Good, good Nurse, speak!

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

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

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

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

NURSE
Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back, o' th' other side! O, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
to catch my death with jaunting up and down!

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

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

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

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

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

NURSE
Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET
I have.

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

JULIET
Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse. Farewell!
[They exit]

ACT 2, SCENE 6
[Church, afternoon. FRIAR & ROMEO]

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

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

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

[ACT 2, SCENE 6 continues with more text from the play...]

JULIET 2.5.83
hurry, must go
to your room
one who works for
do the work (bawdy)
hurry, friar’s chamber
bless you with good fortune

JULIET 2.6.83
Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse. Farewell!

ACT 2, SCENE 6
[Church, afternoon. FRIAR & ROMEO]

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

ROMEO
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And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so
Too swift arrives as tardy as those
FRIAR
Come, come with me, and we will make short work.
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till Holy Church incorporate two in one.
[They exit]

ACT 3, SCENE 1
[A street. MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO & Servants]

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

MERCUTIO
Thou art like one of 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 it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

BENVOLIO
Am I like such a fellow?

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

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

MERCUTIO
The fee-simple! O simple!

TYBALT & other Capulets enter

BENVOLIO
By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO
By my heel, I care not!

TYBALT
[to Capulets] Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
[to Benvolio & Mercutio]

Gentlemen, good e'en. A word with one of you.

MERCUTIO 3.1.40
And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something: make it a word and a blow!

TYBALT 3.1.42
You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, and you will give me occasion!

MERCUTIO 3.1.44
Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT 3.1.46
Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo—

MERCUTIO 3.1.47
Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels?

TYBALT 3.1.49
You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, happy and you will give me occasion!

MERCUTIO 3.1.51
Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze. I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I!

TYBALT 3.1.57
Romeo! The love I bear thee can afford no better term than this: Thou art a villain!

ROMEO 3.1.63
Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee doth much excuse the appertaining rage to such a greeting. Villain am I none. Therefore farewell. I see thou know'st me not.

TYBALT 3.1.67
Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries that thou hast done me. Therefore turn and draw!

ROMEO 3.1.69
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. My own.

MERCUTIO 3.1.74
O calm, dishonorable, vile submission! Alla stoccato carries it away! [draws his sword] Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT 3.1.76
What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO 3.1.77
Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives that I mean to make bold withal.
and as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight! Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out!

TYBALT
I am for you. [draws his sword]

ROMEO
I am ready for you 3.1.84

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 stabs Mercutio]

[A CAPULETAway, Tybalt!]

MERCUTIO
I am hurt. A plague o' both [your] houses! I am sped.

[Tybalt & Capulets exit]

Is he gone and hath nothing? What, art thou hurt?

BENVOLIO
Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough.

MERCUTIO
Where is my page?—Go, villein, fetch a surgeon!

Page exits

ROMEO
Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

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

[All exit but Romeo]

ROMEO
This gentleman, the Prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt in my behalf. My reputation stained With Tybalt's slander. Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate And in my temper softened valor's steel!

BENVOLIO [re-enters]

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

This day's black fate on more days doth depend:
will have consequences
This but begins the woe others' must end.
what other days'

[TYBALT re-enters]

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again!

ROMEO

Alive, in triumph! And Mercutio slain!

Away to heav'n, respective lenity,
respectful mercy
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!—

Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again

That late thou gav'st me, for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads,

Staying for thine to keep him company!

Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him!

TYBALT

Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,

Shalt with him hence!

ROMEO

This shall determine that!

They fight. Romeo kills Tybalt

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.

Stand not amazed! The Prince will doom thee death
dazed, sentence

If thou art taken! Hence, be gone, away!
go away

ROMEO

O, I am Fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO

Why dost thou stay?

[Romeo exits]

CITIZEN [enter]

Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BENVOLIO

There lies that Tybalt.

CITIZEN

Up, sir, go with me.

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

[PRINCE & Attendants, LORD & LADY MONTAGUE, LORD & LADY CAPULET, and Others enter]

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

fight

BENVOLIO

O noble Prince, I can discover all

The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.

details

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,

That sly kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET

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

O Prince! O cousin! Husband! O, the blood is spilt

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

fair

For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague!

take

O cousin, cousin!

PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

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

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink

How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal

Your high displeasure. All this utterèd

politely to him, bid, reminded him

trivial, reminded him you'd be angry
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! Friends, part!" and swifter than his tongue
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 entertained revenge,
And to't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,
And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

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

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

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

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

ACT 3, SCENE 2
[Capulet house. JULIET]

JULIET
Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging. Such a wagoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked-of and unseen.  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties. Or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning match  
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.  
Hood my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle till strange love grow bold,  
Think true love acted simple modesty.  
Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come thou day in night.  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow on a raven’s back.  
Come gentle night. Come loving black-browed night.  
Give me my Romeo, and when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
O, I have bought the mansion of a love  
But not possessed it, and though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoyed. 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. O, here comes my Nurse,  
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks  
But Romeo’s name speaks heavenly eloquence.  
[NURSE enters with rope-ladder]  
Now, Nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords  
That Romeo bid thee fetch?  
NURSE       Ay, ay, the cords.  
JULIET       3.2.41  
    Ay me, 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       3.2.45  
    Can heaven be so envious?  
NURSE       Romeo can,  
          Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!  
          Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!  
JULIET       3.2.49  
    What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?  
This torture should be roared in dismal hell!  
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but "ay"  
And that bare vowel "I" shall poison more  
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice!  
I am not I if there be such an "ay",  
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer "ay".  
If he be slain, say "ay", or if not, "no"!  
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe!  
NURSE       Just  
    I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes  
—God save the mark—here on his manly breast.  
A piteous corpse, a bloody piteous corpse,  
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,  
All in gore-blood. I swooned at the sight.
O, break, my heart! Poor bankrupt, break at once! 
ruined heart
To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth to earth resign! End motion here! 
my earthly body, rest, life
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!
my body, lay on, funeral bed

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

What storm is this that blows so contrary?
much grief
Is Romeo slaughtered and is Tybalt dead?
husband
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?
end of the world
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishèd.
banished from Verona
Romeo that killed him, he is banishèd.

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

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
disguised, lovely
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
beautiful
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!
Dove-feathered raven! Wolvish-ravening lamb!
wolf-like lamb
Despisèd substance of divinest show!
reality of heavenly appearance
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.
dim
A damnèd saint, an honorable villain!

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell
what were you doing
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
enclose, devil
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
such lovely human form
Was ever book containing such vile matter
was there ever a
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
with such a beautiful cover
In such a gorgeous palace!

There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men. All perjured,
deceitful, worthless, false
All forsworn, all naught, all disssemblers.
servant, brandy
Ah, where's my man? Give me some aqua vitae.

Shame come to Romeo!

Blistered be thy tongue

For such a wish! He was not born to shame!
faced
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,
criticize
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned
Sole monarch of the universal earth!
criticize
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
husband
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
why
That villain cousin would have killed my husband.

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!

Your tributary drops belong to woe,
back into my eyes
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murdered me. I would forget it fain,
But O, it presses to my memory
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo...banishèd."
That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough if it had ended there.
Or if sour woe delights in fellowship
And needly will be ranked with other griefs,
Why followed not, when she said "Tybalt's dead,"
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have moved?
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
"Romeo is banishèd." To speak that word
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead! "Romeo is banishèd!"
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.
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguiled.
Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords. Come, Nurse, I'll to my wedding-bed,
And Death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
NURSE
Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo
To comfort you. I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.
I'll to him. He is hid at Lawrence' cell.
JULIET
O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight, [hands her a ring]
And bid him come to take his last farewell.
[They exit]

ACT 3, SCENE 3
[Church, that night. FRIAR, ROMEO]

FRIAR
Romeo, come forth. Come forth, thou fearful man.
Affliction is enamored of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

ROMEO
Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand
That I yet know not?
FRIAR  
Too familiar 3.3.7
Is my dear son with such sour company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.  

ROMEO 3.3.10
What less than doomsday is the Prince's doom?  

FRIAR 3.3.11
A gentler judgment vanished from his lips:
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO 3.3.13
Ha! Banishment? Be merciful, say "death"!
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death! Do not say "banishment"!

FRIAR 3.3.16
Hence from Verona art thou banishèd.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO 3.3.18
There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself!
Hence "banishèd" is "banish'd from the world,"
And world's exile is death! Then "banished"
Is death mis-termed. Calling death "banished,"
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe
And smile'st upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR 3.3.25
O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rushed beside the law
And turned that black word "death" to "banishment."
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

ROMEO 3.3.31
'Tis torture, and not mercy! Heav'n is here
Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honorable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo. They my seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing\(^1\) from her lips,
Who even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
But Romeo may not; he is banishèd.
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly
They are free men, but I am banishèd.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
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"?\(^2\)
O Friar, the damnèd use that word in hell!
Howling attends it! How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
To mangle me with that word "banishèd"?\(^3\)

FRIAR 3.3.55
Thou\(^1\) fond madman, hear me but speak a word\(^1\).

ROMEO 3.3.56
O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR 3.3.57
I'll give thee armor to keep off that word:
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banishèd.

ROMEO 3.3.60
Yet "banishèd"? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not! Talk no more!

FRIAR 3.3.64
O, then I see that madmen¹ have no ears.

ROMEO 3.3.65
How should they when that wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR 3.3.66
Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO 3.3.67
Thou canst not speak of that² thou dost not feel!
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murderèd,
Doting like me, and like me banishèd,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[NURSE knocks at door]

FRIAR 3.3.75
Arise. One knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO 3.3.76
Not I, unless the breath of heartsick groans,
Mist-like, enfold me from the search of eyes.

[Knocking]

FRIAR 3.3.78
Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise,
Thou wilt be taken!

[Knocking] —Stay awhile!—Stand up,
Run to my study!

[Knocking] —By and by!—God's will,
What simpleness is this!

[Knocking] —I come, I come!
Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's your will?

NURSE [outside] What do you want
Let me come in, and you shall know my errand.
I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR [opens door] Welcome then!

NURSE [enters] where's², husband
O Holy Friar, O, tell me, Holy Friar,
Where is¹ my lady's lord? Where's Romeo?

FRIAR 3.3.90
There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

NURSE 3.3.92
Ah sir! Death's the end of all.

ROMEO 3.3.99
Ah sir! Death's the end of all.

NURSE 3.3.100
Ah sir!Death's the end of all.

ROMEO 3.3.101
Spake'st thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? And how doth she? And what says
My concealed lady to our cancelled love?

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

ROMEO
As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder1 her, as that name's cursed hand
Murdered her kinsman! O, tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge2? Tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion! [tries to stab himself]

FRIAR
Hold thy desperate hand! 3.3.118
Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art!
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast!
Unseemly woman in a seeming man,
And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me! By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives1,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heav'n and earth,
Since birth and heav'n and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose?
Fie, fie, thou shame'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valor of a man;
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismembered with thine own defense!

NURSE
ruined the beginning
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? And how doth she? And what says
My concealed lady to our cancelled love?

NURSE
secret bride about
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 murder1 her, as that name's cursed hand
Murdered her kinsman! O, tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge2? Tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion! [tries to stab himself]

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With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? And how doth she? And what says
My concealed lady to our cancelled love?

NURSE
secret bride about
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.
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.
[to Nurse] Go before, Nurse. Commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

NURSE
O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night
To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!
[to Romeo] 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. [hands him the ring]
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late! [exits]

ROMEO
How well my comfort is revived by this!

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

ACT 3, SCENE 4
[Capulet house. LORD & LADY CAPULET, 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.
'Tis very late. She'll not come down tonight.
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

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

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

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

Monday! Ha, ha. Well, Wednesday is too soon.
O’ Thursday let it be. [to her] O’ Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl!
[to him] 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 her] Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.
[to him] Farewell, my lord.
[to Servant] Light to my chamber, ho!
[to him] Afore me, it is so very late that we
May call it early by and by. Good night.

[They exit]

ACT 3, SCENE 5
[Juliet’s bedroom, dawn. ROMEO & JULIET]

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

Yon’ light is not 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’ll say yon grey is not the morning’s eye;
’Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia’s brow.
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heav’n so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come death, and welcome; Juliet wills it so!
How is’t, my soul? Let’s talk. It is not day.
JULIET [realizing it is late] 3.5.26
It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division.
This doth not so, for she divideth us!
Some say the lark and loathed toad changed eyes.
O, now I would they had changed voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray.
Hunting thee hence with hunt’s-up to the day.
O, now be gone! More light and light it grows.

ROMEO 3.5.36
More light and light, more dark and dark our woes!

NURSE [enters] 3.5.37
Madam!

JULIET 3.5.38
Nurse?

NURSE 3.5.39
Your lady mother is coming to your chamber!
The day is broke. Be wary. Look about! [exits]

JULIET 3.5.41
Then, window, let day in, and let life out!

ROMEO 3.5.42
Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I’ll descend. [goes down]

JULIET 3.5.43
Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour.
For in a minute there are many days.
O, by this count I shall be much in years.
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

ROMEO 3.5.48
Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JULIET 3.5.51
O think’st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO 3.5.52
I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve of these woes we’ll
For sweet discourses in our time² to come.

JULIET ³
O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below¹,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.
Either my² eyesight fails, or thou look’st pale.

ROMEO 3.5.58
And trust me, love, in my eye so do you.
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! [exits]

JULIET 3.5.60
O Fortune, Fortune! All men call thee fickle.
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, Fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back!

LADY CAPULET [off-stage] Ho, daughter, are you up?

JULIET 3.5.65
Who is’t that calls? It is my lady mother.
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?
LADY CAPULET [enters]

Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET Evermore weeping for thy cousin's death?

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

LADY CAPULET Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love,

JULIET But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

LADY CAPULET Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

JULIET So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend.

LADY CAPULET Feeling so the loss, I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

JULIET Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

LADY CAPULET As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

JULIET Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.

LADY CAPULET We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not!

JULIET Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

LADY CAPULET With Romeo till I behold him...dead...

JULIET Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed.

LADY CAPULET Madam, if you could find out but a man

JULIET To a poison, I would temper it,

LADY CAPULET That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

JULIET Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors

LADY CAPULET To hear him named and cannot come to him

JULIET To wreak the love I bore my cousin

LADY CAPULET Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!

JULIET And joy comes well in such a needy time.

LADY CAPULET And joy comes well in such a needy time.

JULIET What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

LADY CAPULET Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

JULIET But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl!

LADY CAPULET Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child,

JULIET 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 wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo!
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet! And, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

LADY CAPULET

Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

[CAPULET & NURSE enter]

CAPULET

When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew,
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.

How now, a conduit, girl? What, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeits a bark, a sea, a wind,
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears. The bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood. The winds, thy sighs,
Who, raging with thy tears and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossèd body.—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

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

JULIET

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

CAPULET

How, how², how, how²? 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!
Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

has arranged
expected

JULIET

3.5.116

JULIET

3.5.117

JULIET

3.5.118

JULIET

3.5.121

JULIET

3.5.129

JULIET

3.5.131

JULIET

3.5.144

JULIET

3.5.146

JULIET

3.5.151

JULIET

3.5.154

JULIET

3.5.160
LADY CAPULET  Fie, fie. What, are you mad?  

JULIET  

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

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

NURSE                       God in heav’n bless her!  3.5.176  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate  
her so!  

CAPULET  
And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue,  
Good Prudence! Smatter with your gossips, go!  

NURSE  
I speak no treason—  

CAPULET    O, God ’i’ good e’en!  3.5.181  

NURSE  
May not one speak?  

CAPULET    Peace, you mumbling fool!  3.5.183  

LADY CAPULET    You are too hot!  3.5.186  

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 liened²,  Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,  Proportioned as one’s thought would wish a man;  And then to have a wretched puling fool,  A whining mammet, in her fortune’s tender,  To answer ’I’ll not wed; I cannot love,  
I am too young, I pray you pardon me!”  
[to Juliet] But if¹ 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,  
If² you be mine, I’ll give you to my friend,  
If² 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!  
[exits]

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

LADY CAPULET  Fie, fie. What, are you mad?  

JULIET  3.5.163  

shame on you  3.5.164

CAPULET  3.5.166  
damn, good-for-nothing

JULIET  3.5.164  
good-for-nothing

CAPULET  3.5.166  
cowardly

JULIET  3.5.166  
look at me

JULIET  3.5.166  
I’ll hit you, thought ourselves blest  
given  3.5.172

NURSE  3.5.176  
damn her, worthless creature

CAPULET  3.5.178  
scold

CAPULET  3.5.178  
Miss Know-It-All, chatter.

NURSE  3.5.180  
gossipy old ladies

CAPULET  3.5.181  
nothing disloyal

NURSE  3.5.182  
get on with you

NURSE  3.5.183  
wisdom in your gossip circle

CAPULET  3.5.187  
damn it

NURSE  3.5.187  
season, at work

CAPULET  3.5.191  
is getting her married

CAPULET  3.5.191  
"di-máins": estates, qualities

CAPULET  3.5.197  
doll, receiving good fortune

CAPULET  3.5.197  
and²  3.5.199

CAPULET  3.5.197  
look in your, consider it

CAPULET  3.5.204  
you as my daughter

JULIET  3.5.208  
don’t send me away

JULIET  3.5.208  
think on it, take back my words
LADY CAPULET 3.5.214
Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word. Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [exits] do what you will

JULIET 3.5.216
O God! O Nurse, how shall this be prevented? My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven. How shall that faith return again to earth Unless that husband send it me from heaven By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsel me! Alack, alack, that heav'n should practice stratagems Upon so soft a subject as myself! What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy? Some comfort, Nurse.

NURSE 3.5.220
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 the County. O, he's a lovely gentleman! Romeo's a dish-clout to him. An eagle, madam, Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart, I think you are happy in this second match, For it excels your first; or if it did not, Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were As living here and you no use of him. you can bet the world you can bet the world he'll have to do it in secret so, the way things stand Count Paris 3.5.230
dishrag compared to him
curse me if I'm wrong fortunate, marriage 3.5.235 is better than as good as dead on earth, never able to see you

JULIET 3.5.239
Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE 3.5.240
And from my soul too, else beshrew them both. curse

JULIET 3.5.241
Amen.

NURSE 3.5.242
What?

JULIET 3.5.243
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 3.5.247
Merry, I will; and this is wisely done. [exits]

JULIET 3.5.248
Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend! Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn, Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue Which she hath praised him with above compare So many thousand times? Go, counselor. Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. I'll to the Friar to know his remedy. If all else fail, myself have power to die. [exits] cursed old woman to break my wedding vow criticize, husband beyond comparison you'll never hear my secrets kill myself

ACT 4, SCENE 1 [Church, later that day. FRIAR & PARIS]

FRIAR 4.1.1
On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.
PARIS 4.1.2
My father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

FRIAR 4.1.4
You say you do not know the lady's mind?
Uneven is the course. I like it not.

PARIS 4.1.6
Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talked of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears,
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR 4.1.16
[aside] I would I knew not why it should be slowed.
[JULIET enters]
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

PARIS 4.1.18
Happily met, my lady and my wife!

JULIET 4.1.19
That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PARIS 4.1.20
That "may be" must be, love, on Thursday next.

JULIET 4.1.21
What must be shall be.

FRIAR 4.1.22
That's a certain text.

PARIS 4.1.23
Come you to make confession to the Friar?

JULIET 4.1.24
To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS 4.1.25
Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET 4.1.26
I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS 4.1.27
So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

JULIET 4.1.28
If I do so, it will be of more price
Being spoke behind your back than to your face.

PARIS 4.1.30
Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

JULIET 4.1.31
The tears have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.

PARIS 4.1.32
Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

JULIET 4.1.33
That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

PARIS 4.1.34
Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

JULIET 4.1.35
It may be so, for it is not mine own.

[to Friar] Are you at leisure, Holy Father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
FRIAR
My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
[to him] 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. [kisses her, exits]

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

FRIAR
O 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!
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
And with this knife I'll help it presently!
[threatens to stab herself]

FRIAR
Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with Death himself to 'scape from it;
And if thou dare'st, 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,
Where serpents are. Chain me with roaring bears,
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls.
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud—
—Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble—
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.
FRIAR

Hold, then. Go home, be merry. Give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.

Tomorrow 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 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 live'st.
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly' ashes. Thy eyes' windows fall
Like Death when he shuts up the day of life.
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death.
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.

Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes, uncovered on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear
Abate thy valor in the acting it.

JULIET

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

FRIAR  [gives her 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]

ACT 4, SCENE 2
[Capulet house, almost night. LORD & LADY CAPULET, NURSE & SERVANTS]

CAPULET  [handing a paper to 1st Servant]

So many guests, invite as here are writ.
[1st Servant exits]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2nd SERVANT

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

CAPULET

How canst thou try them so?
2nd SERVANT
Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers. Therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

CAPULET
Go, be gone. [2nd Servant exits]
We shall be much unfurnished for this time.
[to Nurse] 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.

JULIET enters
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
To you and your behests, and am enjoined
By Holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here
To 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 tomorrow morning!

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! 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 with tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET
No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

CAPULET
Go, Nurse, go with her. We'll to church tomorrow.

[Lady & Nurse exit]

LADY CAPULET
We shall be short in our provision.
'Tis now near night!

CAPULET
—They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself To County Paris to prepare him up.

—What, ho!—
Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed!
for, I am lighthearted
has been set straight

[They exit]

ACT 4, SCENE 3
[Juliet's bedroom, that night. JULIET & NURSE]

JULIET
Ay, those attires are best. But gentle Nurse,
clothes
I pray thee, leave me to myself tonight,
leave me alone
For I have need of many orisons
prayers
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
encourage, situation
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.
conflicted

LADY CAPULET [enters]
What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?
Picked out everything

JULIET
No, madam. We have culled such necessaries
as needed for the ceremony
As are behoveful for our state tomorrow.
stay with you
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. 4.3.13
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

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

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
dreadful
Come, vial.
fainting cold fear rushing
What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
suffocated, tomb

No, no, this shall forbid it. [takes a dagger
and puts it by the bed] Lie thou there.

What if it be a poison, which the Friar

Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
cunningly, administered
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored
otherwise
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I think
always proven himself

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,
get me, frightening
I wake before the time that Romeo
suffocated, tomb
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
suffocated, tomb
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
isn't it likely
The horrible conceit of death and night,
thoughts
Together with the terror of the place...

tomb

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
tomb
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
just recently buried
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
rotting
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
haunt
Lies festering in his shroud; where as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort...
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad...
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains? 4.3.5

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Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains? 4.3.5

ACT 4, SCENE 4
[Capulet house, before dawn. LADY CAPULET & NURSE]

LADY CAPULET 4.4.1
Hold, take these keys and fetch more spices, Nurse.

NURSE 4.4.2
They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

CAPULET [enters] 4.4.3
Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crowed;
The curfew-bell hath rung: 'tis three o'clock.—
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica.
Spare not for the cost.

NURSE² Go, you cot-quean, go, LADY CAPULET*, housewife 4.4.7
Get you to bed. Faith, You'll be sick tomorrow
For this night's watching.

CAPULET 4.4.10
No, not a whit. What! I have watched ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

LADY CAPULET 4.4.12
Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now!

[Lady Capulet & Nurse exit]

CAPULET 4.4.14
A jealous hood, a jealous hood!
[SERVANTS enter with logs, baskets, etc.]
Now, fellow, what is there?

1st SERVANT 4.4.17
Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.

CAPULET 4.4.18
Make haste, make haste! [1st Servant exits]
[to 2nd Servant] Sirrah, fetch drier logs.
Call Peter. He will show thee where they are.

2nd SERVANT 4.4.21
I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

CAPULET 4.4.23
Mass, and well said! A merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be loggerhead! [2nd Servant exits]
Good faith, 'tis day!
The County will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would.
[Music outside] I hear him near.—
Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, Nurse, I say!

[NURSE re-enters]
Go waken Juliet. Go and trim her up! dress her
I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste, hurry
Make haste! The bridegroom he is come already!
Make haste, I say!

[They exit]

ACT 4, SCENE 5
[Juliet's bedroom. NURSE, JULIET within the bed curtains]

NURSE 4.5.1
Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!—Fast, I warrant her, she.— fast asleep, bet
Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Why, bride!
What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now; little rest 4.5.5
Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest is determined
That you shall rest but little! God forgive me,
Marry, and amen.—How sound is she asleep! 4.5.10
I must needs wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the County take you in your bed!
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be? startle

[opens the bed curtains]
What, dressed? And in your clothes? And down again? 4.5.15
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! woe the day
brandy
LADY CAPULET 4.5.20 [enters]
What noise is here?
NURSE O lamentable day! 4.5.21
LADY CAPULET 4.5.22
What is the matter?
NURSE Look, look! O heavy day! gloomy 4.5.23
LADY CAPULET 4.5.24
O me, O me! My child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! wake up
Help, help! Call help!
CAPULET 4.5.27 [enters]
For shame, bring Juliet forth! Her lord is come. out here, groom is here
NURSE 4.5.28
She's dead, deceased! She's dead! Alack the day!
LADY CAPULET 4.5.29
Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!
CAPULET 4.5.30
Ha? Let me see her. Out, alas! She's cold! what (not laughing)
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff! not flowing
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 4.5.35
O lamentable day!
LADY CAPULET 4.5.36
CAPULET 4.5.37
Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
taken her away
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.
[FRIAR, PARIS & MUSICIANS enter]

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

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

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

LADY CAPULET [all speak together]
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 catched it from my sight!

NURSE [together]
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 [together]
Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! Not life, but love in death!

CAPULET [together]
Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed!
Uncomfortable time, why came'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child, O child! My soul, and not my child,
Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead,
And with my child my joys are buried.

FRIAR
Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid. Now heav'n hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced.
And weep you' now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heav'n itself?
O, in this love you love your child so ill
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
She's not well married that lives married long,
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse, and as the custom is,
In all 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 ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corpse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

FRIAR
Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him,
And go, Sir Paris. Everyone prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heav'ns do lour upon you for some ill.
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[Lord & Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar exit]

1st MUSICIAN (Simon)
Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

NURSE
Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up.
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

1st MUSICIAN
Ay, by' my troth, the case may be amended.

PETER [enters]
Musicians, 0 musicians, "Heart's Ease", "Heart's Ease".
O, and you will have me live, play "Heart's Ease".

1st MUSICIAN
Why "Heart's Ease"?

PETER
O, musicians, because my heart itself plays "My Heart is Full
[of Woe]". O, play me some merry dump to comfort me.

1st MUSICIAN
Not a dump we! 'Tis no time to play now.

PETER
You will not, then?

1st MUSICIAN
No.

PETER
I will then give it you soundly!

1st MUSICIAN
What will you give us?

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

1st MUSICIAN
Then I will give you the serving-creature!

PETER [draws his dagger]
Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate! I will carry no crotchet!
I'll "re" you, I'll "fa" you! Do you note me?

1st MUSICIAN
And you "re" us and "fa" us, you note us!

2nd MUSICIAN (Hugh)
Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

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

our emotional nature / some², to cry
mocked by reason
intended for the wedding feast
purpose
food & drink
funeral music
corpse
opposite
frown, bad thing you've done
anger, provoking them
put away, instruments
put away
put away
true, situation / instrument case,
could be better
mournful song
mournful song
put away, pull, intelligence
I'll attack you, beat
put away
me like men: [sings]
"When griping griefs the heart doth wound,
[And doleful dumps the mind oppress.]"

Then music with her silver sound”—
Why "silver sound"? Why "music with her silver sound"?
What say you, Simon Catling?

1st MUSICIAN (Simon) 4.5.137
Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
PETER 4.5.139

Prates! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2nd MUSICIAN (Hugh) 4.5.140
I say "silver sound" because musicians sound for silver.

PETER 4.5.142

Prates too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3rd MUSICIAN (James) foolish chatter, fiddle
Faith, I know not what to say.
PETER 4.5.143

O, I cry you mercy. You are the singer. I will say

1st MUSICIAN 4.5.144

for you. It is "music with her silver sound" because
musicians have no gold for sounding: [sings]
don't get paid gold for playing

"Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress." [exits]
make things better

1st MUSICIAN 4.5.149

What a pestilent knave is this same!

2nd MUSICIAN 4.5.150
Hang him, jack! Come, we'll in here,

[They exit]

ACT 5, SCENE 1
[Mantua, that afternoon. ROMEO]

ROMEO 5.1.1
If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep.
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,
—Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think!—
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips

That I revived and was an emperor.

Ah me! How sweet is love itself possessed
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

[BALTHASAR enters]

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

BALTHASAR 5.1.15

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

[She's in heaven (an expression)]

the Capulet tomb

soul

family's tomb

immediately rented a horse

bad

make it my duty
Is it e'en so? Then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging. Get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses. I will hence tonight.

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

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

No, my good lord.

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

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

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
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

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

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back.
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! [Offers money]

APOTHECARY
My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROME0
I pay' thy poverty and not thy will.

APOTHECARY  [offers 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.

ROME0  [hands him the money]
There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
Farewell. Buy food and get thyself in flesh.

[Apothecary exits]

ACT 5, SCENE 2
[Church. FRIAR JOHN]

FRIAR JOHN
Holy Franciscan Friar! Brother, ho!

FRIAR  [enters]
This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua! What says Romeo?
Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

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

Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN
I could not send it—here it is again —
[hands him the letter]
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

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

FRIAR JOHN
Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [exits]

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

ACT 5, SCENE 3
[Capulet tomb, late that night.
PARIS & PAGE with flowers and torch, JULIET in tomb]

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 hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE  [aside]
I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard, yet I will adventure. [hides]

PARIS  [scattering flowers over the tomb]
Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew.
O woe! Thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
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.
What cursed foot wanders this way tonight
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, awhile. [hides]

[ROMEO enters with BALTHASAR with torch, pick, crowbar]

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 see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is partly to behold my lady's face,
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment. Therefore hence, be gone.
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs!
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

BALTHASAR
I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye'.

5.3.1 go stand at a distance
5.3.2 no instead, the torch, don't want to
5.3.3 those, lie down
5.3.4 any footsteps in the churchyard
5.3.5 on the loose dirt from graves
5.3.6 5.3.7
5.3.10 take my chances
5.3.12 scatter
5.3.13 perfumed water, sprinkle
5.3.14 if not that, crying
5.3.15 mourning ritual
5.3.18 interrupt, mourning, ritual
5.3.22 hide
5.3.25 I command you
5.3.26 stay back
5.3.30 take off from
5.3.31 important purpose
5.3.32 suspicious, spy
5.3.35 scatter
5.3.40 you
ROMEO 5.3.41
So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that. [gives money] that's how
Live and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.

BALTHASAR  [aside] 5.3.43
For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout. all the same, nearby
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [hides] intentions

ROMEO  [starts forcing open the tomb] 5.3.45
Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, stomach
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And in despite I'll cram thee with more food! in spite

PARIS 5.3.49
[aside] This is that banish'd haughty Montague arrogant
That murdered my love's cousin, with which grief believed, Juliet
It is supposed the fair creature died!
And here is come to do some villainous shame he has come to arrest
To the dead bodies! I will apprehend him.
[to Romeo] Stop thy unhallowed toil unholy work
Can vengeance be pursued further than death? worse 5.3.55
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee! arrest
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die!

ROMEO 5.3.58
I must indeed, and therefore came I hither. that's why I came here
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man!
Fly hence, and leave me! Think upon these gone; run away, deceased
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth, frighten
Put not another sin upon my head
By urging me to fury! O, be gone! pushing
By heav'n, I love thee better than myself, 5.3.65
For I come hither armed against myself.
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say
A madman's mercy bade thee run away. bid²: begged

PARIS 5.3.68
I do defy thy commination¹ conjurations¹: threats
And apprehend thee for a felon here. arrest, criminal

ROMEO 5.3.70
Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!
[They fight]

PAGE 5.3.71
O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch! [exits] guards

PARIS 5.3.72
O, I am slain! [falls] If thou be merciful, arrest, criminal
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [dies]

ROMEO 5.3.74
In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face. look at
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris! servant, troubled
What said my man when my betossed soul listen to him
Did not attend him as we rode? I think was to have married
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
Said he not so? Or did I dream it so? 5.3.80
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book! you're written
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.—[opens the tomb] glorious
A grave? O no, A lantern, slaughtered youth, glass tower 5.3.84
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light. festive hall
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred. buried
[laying PARIS in the tomb]
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry, which their keepers call jailers
A lightning before death! O, how may I uplifted spirits
Call this a lightning?—O my love! My wife!
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet sign
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, red
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.— raised
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favor can I do to thee
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain thy
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair beautiful
That unsubstantial Death is amorous bodiless Death is your lover
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps horrible
Thee here in dark to be his paramour mistress
And never from this palace of dim night will stay forever
Depart again. Here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest, 5.3.110
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars shake off the burden of cruel fate
From this world-wearyed flesh. Eyes, look your last body, for the last time
Arms, take your last embrace. And lips, O, you pure
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss 5.3.114
A dateless bargain to engrossing Death. [kisses her] eternal contract, all-possessing
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide, escort (poison), offensive
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on navigator, run into ship
Here's to my love! [drinks] O true apothec'ry,
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss pure
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FRIAR
Stay, then. I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me.
O, much I fear some ill unthrifty thing.

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

FRIAR
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords abandoned, bloody
To lie discolored by this place of peace?
[enters tomb]
Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too?
And steeped in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

[JULIET wakes]
The lady stirs!

JULIET
O comfortable Friar, where is my lord? comforting, husband
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

[Noise outside]
FRIAR
I hear some noise! Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.
a greater power than we can contradict oppose
Hath thwarted our intents! Come, come away! wrecked our plans
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And Paris too! Come, I'll dispose of thee hide you
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns!
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming guards are coming

[Another noise]
Come, go, good Juliet! I dare no longer stay!

JULIET
Go, get thee hence, for I will not away leave

[Friar exits]
What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand? eternal / premature
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
O churl! Drunk all, and left no friendly drop selfish man
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips. follow after you
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them perhaps 5.3.170
To make me die with a restorative. [kisses him] restoring medicine
Thy lips are warm!

1st GUARD [outside]
Lead, boy. Which way? 5.3.173

JULIET
Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. 5.3.174
[finding Romeo's dagger] O, happy dagger! how fortunate: a dagger
This is thy sheath! [stabs herself] my heart
There rust, and let me die. [dies]

[PAGE enters with GUARDS]
PAGE
This is the place. There, where the torch doth burn.

1st GUARD
The ground is bloody. Search about the churchyard.
Go, some of you. Whoe'er you find attach. arrest
Pitiful sight! Here lies the County slain, 5.3.180
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days burièd.
Go, tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets.
Raise up the Montagues. Some others search.

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie, 5.3.185
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

2nd GUARD enters with BALTHASAR 5.3.188
Here's Romeo's man. We found him in the churchyard.
1st GUARD 5.3.190
Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.

3rd GUARD enters with FRIAR 5.3.191
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.

A great suspicion. Stay the Friar too.
PRINCE  [enters with Attendants] 5.3.193
What misadventure is so early up
That calls our person from our morning rest?

CAPULET  5.3.197
What should it be that they¹ so shriek² abroad?
LADY CAPULET  5.3.198
The¹ people in the street cry "Romeo",
Some "Juliet", and some "Paris", and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.
PRINCE  5.3.201
What fear is this which startles in our¹ ears?
1st GUARD  5.3.202
Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new killed.

Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes!
1st GUARD  5.3.205
Here is a friar, and slaughtered¹ Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.
CAPULET  5.3.210
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  5.3.214
O me! This sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

PRINCE  5.3.216
Come, Montague, for thou art early up
To see thy son and heir now early¹ down.
MONTAGUE  5.3.218
Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight.
Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath.  
What further woe conspires against mine age?  

PRINCE  
Look, and thou shalt see.  

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

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

[to Guards] Bring forth the parties of suspicion.  

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

PRINCE  
Then say at once what thou dost know in this.  

FRIAR  
I will be brief, for my short date of breath  
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.  
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,  
And she, there dead, that's Romeo's faithful wife.  
I married them, and their stol'n marriage-day  
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death  
Banished the new-made bridegroom from the city,  
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.  
[to Capulet] You, to remove that siege of grief from her,  
Betrothed and would have married her perforce  
To County Paris. [to all] Then comes she to me,  
And with wild looks, bid me devise some mean  
To rid her from this second marriage,  
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.  
Then gave I her, so tutored by my art,  
A sleeping potion, which so took effect  
As I intended, for it wrought on her  
The form of death. Meantime I writ  
To Romeo that he should hither come as this night  
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,  
Being the time the potion's force should cease.  
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,  
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight  
Returned my letter back. Then all alone  
At the prefixed hour of her waking  
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,  
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell  
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.  
But when I came, some minute ere the time  
Of her awaking, here untimely lay  
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.  
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth  
And bear this work of heaven with patience,  
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,  
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her Nurse is privy. And if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed some hour before his time
Unto the rigor of severest law.

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 master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument. [shows a letter]
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. [takes the 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.
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  [reads the letter]
This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death,
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothec'ry, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.

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 raise4 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 pardoned, and some punished.
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[End]
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