DIRECTOR’S SCRIPT

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**By William Shakespeare**

**Directed by Colleen Stovall**

**For The Florida Shakespeare Theater**

**ACT I**

**PROLOGUE**

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

**ACT 1 SCENE I. (Thrust his maids to the wall)**

**Verona. A public place.**

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

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

No, for then we should be colliers.

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

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

**SAMPSON**

I strike quickly, being moved.

**GREGORY**

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

**SAMPSON**

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

**GREGORY**

To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand:

therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

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

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

The heads of the maids?

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

They must take it in sense that feel it.

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

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

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

How! turn thy back and run?

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

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

**SAMPSON**

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

***Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR***

**ABRAHAM**

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

**SAMPSON**

I do bite my thumb, sir.

**ABRAHAM**

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

No.

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

Do you quarrel, sir?

**ABRAHAM**

Quarrel sir! no, sir.

**SAMPSON**

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

**ABRAHAM**

No better.

**SAMPSON**

Well, sir.

**GREGORY**

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

**SAMPSON**

Yes, better, sir.

**ABRAHAM**

You lie.

**SAMPSON**

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

***They fight - Enter BENVOLIO***

**BENVOLIO**

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

***Beats down their swords - Enter TYBALT***

**TYBALT**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**TYBALT**

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

***They fight - Enter, several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs***

**First Citizen**

Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
**Second Citizen**

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

***Enter CAPULET, and LADY CAPULET***

**CAPULET**

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

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

***Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE***

**MONTAGUE**

Thou villain Capulet,--Hold me not, let me go.

**LADY MONTAGUE**

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

***Enter PRINCE, with Attendants***

**PRINCE**

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,--
Will they not hear?

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

***Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO***

**MONTAGUE**

Who set this ancient quarrel new 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,
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

**LADY MONTAGUE**

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

**BENVOLIO**

Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood:
**MONTAGUE**

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew.
Away from the light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks far daylight out
And makes himself an artificial night:
**BENVOLIO**

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

**MONTAGUE**

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow.
We would as willingly give cure as know.

***Enter ROMEO***

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MONTAGUE**

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

***Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE***

**BENVOLIO**

Good-morrow, cousin.

**ROMEO**

Is the day so young?

**BENVOLIO**

But new struck nine.

**ROMEO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

**ROMEO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

In love?

**ROMEO**

Out--

**BENVOLIO**

Of love?

**ROMEO**

Out of her favour, where I am in love.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
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.
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

**BENVOLIO**

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

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

**ROMEO**

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

**BENVOLIO**

I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

**ROMEO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor,
That when she dies with beauty dies her store.

**BENVOLIO**

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

**ROMEO**

She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste,
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

**BENVOLIO**

Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

**ROMEO**

O, teach me how I should forget to think.

**BENVOLIO**

By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

**ROMEO**

Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

**BENVOLIO**

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

***Exeunt***

**ACT 1 SCENE II. A street.**

***Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and Peter* (Party invitations)**

**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.

**LADY CAPULET**

Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to the County’s 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.

**LADY CAPULET**

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

**CAPULET**

And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:

For Paris, he may woo her, get her heart,

My will to her consent is but a part,

And she agreed within her scope of choice

Lies my consent and fair according voice.

**To servant:**This night we hold an old accustom'd feast,
***gives a paper to Peter***

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

***Exeunt CAPULET and Lady Capulet***

**PETER**

Find them out whose names are written here! It is
written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his
yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with
his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am
sent to find those persons whose names are here
writ, and can never find what names the writing
person hath here writ. I must to the learned.--In good time.

***Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO***

**BENVOLIO**

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

**BENVOLIO**

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

**ROMEO**

Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and--God-den, good fellow.

**PETER**

God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

**ROMEO**

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

**PETER**

but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

**ROMEO**

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

**PETER**

Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

**ROMEO**

Stay, fellow; I can read.

***Reads***

*'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;**County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady**widow of Vitravio; Signior Placentio and his lovely**nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine**uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece**Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin**Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena.'* A fair
assembly: whither should they come?

**PETER**

Up.

**ROMEO**

Whither?

**PETER**

To supper; to our house.

**ROMEO**

Whose house?

**PETER**

My master's.

**ROMEO**

Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

**PETER**

Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the
great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house
of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.
Rest you merry!

***Exit***

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

***Exeunt***

**ACT 1 SCENE III. A room in Capulet's house.**

**(How stands your disposition to be married?)**

***Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse***

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

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

***Enter JULIET***

**JULIET**

How now! who calls?

**Nurse**

Your mother.

**JULIET**

Madam, I am here.
What is your will?

**LADY CAPULET**

This is the matter:--Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret:--nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

**Nurse**

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

**LADY CAPULET**

She's not fourteen.

**Nurse**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

A fortnight and odd days.

**Nurse**

Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she--God rest all Christian souls!--
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
And she was wean'd,--I never shall forget it,--
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband--God be with his soul!
A' 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 holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.'
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an 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**

Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

**Nurse**

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 parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:
'Yea,' quoth my husband,'fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'

**JULIET**

And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

**Nurse**

Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

It is an honour that I dream not of.

**Nurse**

An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

**Nurse**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

**Nurse**

No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.

**LADY CAPULET**

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

**JULIET**

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

***Enter Peter***

**PETER**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

We follow thee.

***Exit Peter***

Juliet, the county stays.

**Nurse**

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

***Exeunt***

**Act 1 SCENE IV. A street. (Queen Mab)**

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

**ROMEO**

What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without a apology?

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in:
A visor for a visor!

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

A torch for me: I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

**MERCUTIO**

Come, we burn daylight, ho!

**ROMEO**

Nay, that's not so.

**MERCUTIO**

I mean, sir, in delay
**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Why, may one ask?

**ROMEO**

I dream'd a dream to-night.

**MERCUTIO**

And so did I.

**ROMEO**

Well, what was yours?

**MERCUTIO**

That dreamers often lie.

**ROMEO**

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

**MERCUTIO**

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O'er ladies ' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams, he of another benefice:
Sometime 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 frighted swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again.

This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she--

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

**BENVOLIO**

Strike, drum.

***Exeunt***

**ACT 1 SCENE V. A hall in Capulet's house. (Pilgrim at the Party)**

***Musicians waiting. Enter Peter and servants bringing in a cake and food.***

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

**CAPULET**

Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance?

You are welcome, gentlemen! come, musicians, play.
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

***Music plays, and they dance***

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

**ROMEO**

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

**Peter**

I know not, sir.

**ROMEO**

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

**TYBALT**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**TYBALT**

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

**CAPULET**

Young Romeo is it?

**TYBALT**

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

**CAPULET**

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

**TYBALT**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**TYBALT**

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

**CAPULET**

Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?
Be quiet, or--More light, more light! For shame!
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

**TYBALT**

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

***Exit***

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

You kiss by the book.

**Nurse**

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

**ROMEO**

What is her mother?

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

**ROMEO**

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

**CAPULET**

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

***Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse***

**JULIET**

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

**Nurse**

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio.

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

I know not.

**JULIET**

Go ask his name: if he be married.
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

What's this? what's this?

**JULIET**

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

***One calls within 'Juliet.'***

**Nurse**

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

***Exeunt***

**ACT II** **(Truckle Bed)**

**SCENE I. A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.**

***We can hear Mercutio and Benvolio et., al, yelling for Romeo in the distance.***

***Enter ROMEO***

**ROMEO**

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

***More yelling from the gang. Romeo hides.***

***Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO and maskers***

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo! humours! 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;'
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

**BENVOLIO**

And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

**MERCUTIO**

This cannot anger him: I conjure only but to raise up him.

**BENVOLIO**

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

**MERCUTIO**

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

**BENVOLIO**

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

***Exeunt***

**ACT 2 SCENE II. Capulet's orchard. (Romeo wants to get laid)**

***Enter ROMEO***

**ROMEO**

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

***JULIET appears above at a window***

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

**JULIET**

Ay me!

**ROMEO**

She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel!

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

**ROMEO**

By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

What shall I swear by?

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

If my heart's dear love--

**JULIET**

Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

**ROMEO**

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

**JULIET**

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

**JULIET**

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

***Nurse calls within***

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

***Exit, above***

**ROMEO**

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

***Re-enter JULIET, above***

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

***[Within]*** Madam!

**JULIET**

I come, anon.--But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee--

**Nurse**

***[Within]*** Madam!

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

So thrive my soul--

**JULIET**

A thousand times good night!

***Exit, above***

**ROMEO**

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

***Retiring Re-enter JULIET, above***

**JULIET**

Hist! Romeo, hist!

**ROMEO**

My dear?

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

At the hour of nine.

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

I would I were thy bird.

**JULIET**

Sweet, so would I:
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.

***Exit above***

**ROMEO**

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

***Exit***

**Act 2 SCENE III. Friar Laurence's cell. (Romeo has not been in bed to night)**

***Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket***

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
Now, 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
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power:
***Enter ROMEO***

**ROMEO**

Good morrow, father.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Benedicite!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

**ROMEO**

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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 wash'd 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 my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd 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 chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

**ROMEO**

I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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' rancour to pure love.

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

***Exeunt***

**ACT 2 SCENE IV. A street. (Prince of Cats & Torturing the Nurse)**

***Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO***

**MERCUTIO**

**Notes: There are lots of Bawdy jokes and innuendo and double entendre in this scene. Shakespeare wrote them, therefore, we will not only play them… we will OWN them.**

**They are raunchy and bawdy. They are fun. They make people laugh. Mark up the jokes in your script.**

Where the devil should this Romeo be?

Came he not home to-night?

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that

Rosaline.

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

**BENVOLIO**

Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,

Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

**MERCUTIO**

A challenge, on my life.

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo will answer it.

**MERCUTIO**

Any man that can write may answer a letter.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

Why, what is Tybalt?

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

The what?

**MERCUTIO**

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

***Enter ROMEO***

**BENVOLIO**

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

**MERCUTIO**

Without his roe, like a dried herring: flesh, flesh,
how art thou fishified!

Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation
to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit
fairly last night.

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

The ship, 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 court'sy.

**MERCUTIO**

Thou hast most kindly hit it.

**ROMEO**

A most courteous exposition.

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

**ROMEO**

Pink for flower.

**MERCUTIO**

Right.

**ROMEO**

Why, then is my pump well flowered.

**MERCUTIO**

Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

**ROMEO**

Nay, good goose, bite not.

**MERCUTIO**

Why, is not this better now than groaning for love?
now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo;

**BENVOLIO**

Stop there, stop there.

**ROMEO**

Here's goodly gear!

***Enter Nurse and PETER***

**MERCUTIO**

A sail, a sail!

**BENVOLIO**

Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

**Nurse**

Peter!

**PETER**

Anon!

**Nurse**

My fan, Peter.

**MERCUTIO**

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

**Nurse**

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

**MERCUTIO**

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

**Nurse**

Is it good den?

**MERCUTIO**

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

**Nurse**

Out upon you! what a man are you!

**ROMEO**

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

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**Nurse**

You say well.

**MERCUTIO**

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

**Nurse**

if you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with
you.

**BENVOLIO**

She will indite him to some supper.

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

What hast thou found?

**MERCUTIO**

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

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

**ROMEO**

I will follow you.

**MERCUTIO**

Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,

***Singing***

'lady, lady, lady.'

***Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO***

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**Nurse**

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

**PETER**

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

**Nurse**

Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about
me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word:
and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you
out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself:
but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into
a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross
kind of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman
is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double
with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered
to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

**ROMEO**

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

**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.

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**Nurse**

No truly sir; not a penny.

**ROMEO**

Go to; I say you shall.

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

**Nurse**

Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

**ROMEO**

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

**NURSE**

Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady--Lord,
Lord! O, there is a nobleman in town,

one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard;

but she, good soul, had as lief
see a toad, a very toad, as see him.

**ROMEO**

Commend me to thy lady.

**Nurse**

Ay, a thousand times.

***Exit Romeo***

Peter!

**PETER**

Anon!

**Nurse**

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

***Exeunt***

**Act 2 SCENE V. Capulet's orchard. (O Honey Nurse)**

***Enter JULIET***

**JULIET**

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.
O God, she comes!

***Enter Nurse and PETER***

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

**Nurse**

Peter, stay at the gate.

***Exit PETER***

**JULIET**

Now, good sweet nurse,--O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not
how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his
face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels
all 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' t' other side,--O, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

**JULIET**

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

I have.

**Nurse**

Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:
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.

***Exeunt***

**Act 2 SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's cell. (Holy church incorporate two in one)**

***Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO***

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

***Enter JULIET***

Here comes the lady

**JULIET**

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

**JULIET**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

***Exeunt***

**ACT III SCENE I. A public place. (A plague on both your houses.)**

***Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants***

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

Am I like such a fellow?

**MERCUTIO**

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

thou hast quarrelled with a
man for coughing in the street, because he hath
wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun:
didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing
his new doublet before Easter? with another, for
tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou
wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

**BENVOLIO**

An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art,

By my head, here come the Capulets.

**MERCUTIO**

By my heel, I care not.

***Enter TYBALT and others***

**TYBALT**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**TYBALT**

Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,--

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

***Enter ROMEO***

**TYBALT**

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

**MERCUTIO**

But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery:
**TYBALT**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**TYBALT**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

***Draws***

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

**TYBALT**

What wouldst thou have with me?

**MERCUTIO**

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

**TYBALT**

I am for you.

***Drawing***

**ROMEO**

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

**MERCUTIO**

Come, sir, your passado. ***They fight***

**ROMEO**

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

***TYBALT under ROMEO's arm stabs MERCUTIO, and flies with his followers***

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

What, art thou hurt?

**MERCUTIO**

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

***Exit Page***

**ROMEO**

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

**MERCUTIO**

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
church-door; but 'tis enough,'twill serve: ask for
me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I
am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o'
both your houses! Why the devil came you between us? I
was hurt under your arm.

**ROMEO**

I thought all for the best.

**MERCUTIO**

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

***Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO***

**ROMEO**

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

***Re-enter BENVOLIO***

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

***Re-enter TYBALT***

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

**TYBALT**

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

**ROMEO**

This shall determine that.

***They fight; TYBALT falls***

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!

**ROMEO**

O, I am fortune's fool!

**BENVOLIO**

Why dost thou stay?

***Exit ROMEO***

***Enter Citizens,***

**First Citizen**

Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
**Second Citizen**

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

**BENVOLIO**

There lies that Tybalt.

**First Citizen**

Up, sir, go with me;
**Second Citizen**

I charge thee in the princes name, obey.

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

**PRINCE**

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

**BENVOLIO**

O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

**LADY CAPULET**

Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
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 uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity,
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than
his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
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?

**CAPULET**

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

**PRINCE**

And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

***Exeunt***

**ACT III SCENE II. Capulet's orchard. (Gallop apace you fiery-footed steeds)**

***Enter JULIET***

**JULIET**

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: 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.

***Enter Nurse, with cords***

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

**Nurse**

Ay, ay, the cords.

***Throws them down***

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

**JULIET**

Can heaven be so envious?

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,--
God save the mark!--here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood; I swounded at the sight.

**JULIET**

O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!
**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo--banished;'
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banished,' to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished!'
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

***Exeunt***

**ACT III SCENE III. Friar Laurence's cell. (Romeo is banished & blubbers)**

***Enter FRIAR LAURENCE***

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

***Enter ROMEO***

**ROMEO**

Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

There is no world without Verona walls,
And world's exile is death:

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not: he is banished:
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
But 'banished' to kill me?--'banished'?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I'll give thee armour to keep off that word:
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

**ROMEO**

Yet 'banished'? 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.

***Knocking within***

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

**ROMEO**

Not I; unless the breath of heartsick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

***Knocking***

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

***Knocking***

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

***Knocking***

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

**Nurse**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Welcome, then.

***Enter Nurse***

**Nurse**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**Nurse**

O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

**ROMEO**

Nurse!

Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

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

***Drawing his sword***

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And stay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there are thou happy too:
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse

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

***Exit***

**ROMEO**

How well my comfort is revived by this!

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

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

***Exeunt***

**ACT III SCENE IV. A room in Capulet's house.**

**(I think she will be ruled in all respects by me.)**

***Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET***

**CAPULET**

Things have fall’n out, wife, 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.

Will you then speak of marriage to our child?

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

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?

**LADY CAPULET**

Monday, my lord,

**CAPULET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! it is so very very late,
That we may call it early by and by.
Good night.

***Exeunt***

**ACT III SCENE V. Capulet's orchard. (It was the nightingale)**

***Enter ROMEO and JULIET above, at the window***

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

**ROMEO**

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

***Enter Nurse, to the chamber***

**Nurse**

Madam!

**JULIET**

Nurse?

**Nurse**

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

***Exit***

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

***He goes down***

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

**ROMEO**

I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

**JULIET**

O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

**ROMEO**

And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

***Exit***

**LADY CAPULET**

***[Within]*** Ho, daughter! are you up?

**JULIET**

Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

***Enter LADY CAPULET***

**LADY CAPULET**

Why, how now, Juliet!

**JULIET**

Madam, I am not well.

**LADY CAPULET**

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

Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

**JULIET**

What villain madam?

**LADY CAPULET**

That same villain, Romeo.

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

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

**JULIET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not nor I look'd not for.

**JULIET**

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

***Enter CAPULET and Nurse***

**CAPULET**

How now!, a conduit girl? What, still in tears?

Evermore showering? How now, tell me, wife.
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her 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 now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?
'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not;'
And yet 'not proud,' mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor, proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

**LADY CAPULET**

Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

**JULIET**

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

**CAPULET**

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.
Out on her, hilding!

**Nurse**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

I speak no treason.

**CAPULET**

O, God ye god-den.

**Nurse**

May not one speak?

**LADY CAPULET**

You are too hot.

**CAPULET**

God's bread! it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,

Stuffed as they say with honorable parts,

Proportioned as one’s thoughts would wish a man,
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'

But and 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.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in
the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

***Exit***

**JULIET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

***Exit***

**JULIET**

O God!--O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

**Nurse**

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

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.

**JULIET**

Speakest thou from thy heart?

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

***Exit***

**ACT IV SCENE I. Friar Laurence's cell. (The friar finds a solution)**

***Enter FRIAR LAURENCE Enter JULIET***

**JULIET**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**JULIET**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**JULIET**

Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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 copest with death himself to scape from it:
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

**JULIET**

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

**JULIET**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

**JULIET**

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

***Exeunt***

**ACT IV SCENE II. Hall in Capulet's house. (Comes from shrift with a merry look)**

***Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse***

**CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

Ay, forsooth.

**CAPULET**

Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

**Nurse**

See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

***Enter JULIET***

**CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

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

**CAPULET**

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

Why, I am glad on't; this is well: stand up:
This is as't should be.

Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,
Our whole city is much bound to him.

**JULIET**

Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

**CAPULET**

Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-morrow.

***Exeunt JULIET and Nurse***

**LADY CAPULET**

We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.

**CAPULET**

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

***Exeunt***

**ACT IV SCENE III. Juliet's chamber. (My dismal scene I needs must act alone)**

***Enter JULIET and Nurse***

**JULIET**

Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to my self to-night,
***Enter LADY CAPULET***

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
**LADY CAPULET**

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

***Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse***

**JULIET**

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me:
Nurse! What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there.

***Laying down her dagger***

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
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 forefather's 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?
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

***She falls upon her bed, within the curtains***

**ACT IV SCENE IV. Hall in Capulet's house. (Trim up the bride)**

***Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse***

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

***Enter CAPULET***

**CAPULET**

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say.

***Exeunt***

**ACT IV SCENE V. Juliet's chamber. (Juliet is fake dead)**

***Enter Nurse***

**Nurse**

Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!
What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
***Undraws the curtains***

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you; Lady! lady! lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!
Some aqua vitae, ho! My lord! my lady!

***Enter LADY CAPULET***

**LADY CAPULET**

What noise is here?

What is the matter?

**Nurse**

Look, look! O heavy day!

**LADY CAPULET**

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

***Enter CAPULET***

**CAPULET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

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

O lamentable day!

**LADY CAPULET**

O woful time!

***Enter FRIAR LAURENCE***

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

**CAPULET**

Ready to go, but never to return..
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.

**LADY CAPULET**

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
**Nurse**

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

**CAPULET**

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 LAURENCE**

Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions.

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:
**CAPULET**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
***Exeunt CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR LAURENCE***

**ACT V SCENE I. Mantua. A street. (Enter Balthasar booted)**

***Enter ROMEO***

**ROMEO**

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead--
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave
to think!--
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

***Enter BALTHASAR, booted***

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

**BALTHASAR**

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

**ROMEO**

Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

**BALTHASAR**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**BALTHASAR**

No, my good lord.

**ROMEO**

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

***Exit BALTHASAR***

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means: O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,--
And hereabouts he dwells,--which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
Noting this penury, to myself I said
'An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a 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! apothecary!

***Enter Apothecary***

**Apothecary**

Who calls so loud?

**ROMEO**

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

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

**ROMEO**

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine 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.

**Apothecary**

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

**ROMEO**

I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

**Apothecary**

Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

**ROMEO**

There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

***Exeunt***

**ACT V SCENE II. Friar Laurence's cell. (Friar John has bad news!)**

***Enter FRIAR JOHN***

**FRIAR JOHN**

Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

***Enter FRIAR LAURENCE***

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**FRIAR JOHN**

Going to find a bare-foot brother out
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

**FRIAR JOHN**

I could not send it,--here it is again,--
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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.

***Exit***

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

***Exit***

**ACT V SCENE III**. A churchyard; Capulets Tomb **(Eyes look your last.)**

***Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, mattock, & c***

**ROMEO**

Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
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:
**BALTHASAR**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**BALTHASAR**

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

***Retires***

**ROMEO**

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

***Opens the tomb***

**ROMEO**

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!

***Drinks***

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

***Dies***

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**BALTHASAR**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond,

It burneth in the Capel's monument.

**BALTHASAR**

It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Who is it?

**BALTHASAR**

Romeo.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

How long hath he been there?

**BALTHASAR**

Full half an hour.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Go with me to the vault.

**BALTHASAR**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

Romeo! ***Advances Enters the tomb***

Romeo! O, pale! Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs. ***JULIET wakes***

**JULIET**

O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo? ***Noise within Calls of the watch and citizens***

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;

Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet, ***Noise again***

I dare no longer stay.

**JULIET**

Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. ***Exit FRIAR LAURENCE***

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

Thy lips are warm.

**First Watchman**

***[Within]*** Lead, boy: which way?

**JULIET**

Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger! ***Snatching ROMEO's dagger***

This is thy sheath; ***Stabs herself***

there rust, and let me die. ***Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies***

***Enter Watch***

**First Watchman**

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

here lies Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:
Raise up the Montagues: ***Re-enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR***

**Second Watchman**

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

**First Watchman**

Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither. ***Re-enter others of the Watch, with FRIAR LAURENCE***

**Third Watchman**

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

**First Watchman**

A great suspicion: stay the friar too. ***Enter the PRINCE and Attendants***

**PRINCE**

What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest? ***Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others***

**CAPULET**

What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**PRINCE**

What fear is this which startles in our ears?

**First Watchman**

Sovereign, here lies Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

**PRINCE**

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

**First Watchman**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**PRINCE**

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

**MONTAGUE**

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

**PRINCE**

Look, and thou shalt see. ***Picks up a letter from Romeo’s hand***

This letter doth make good.

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

**CAPULET**

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

**MONTAGUE**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**PRINCE**

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

***Exeunt***