**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.

**SCENE I. Verona. A public place.**

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

**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**

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 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*

*Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET*

**CAPULET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

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

*Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE*

**MONTAGUE**

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

**LADY MONTAGUE**

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

*Enter PRINCE, with Attendants*

**PRINCE**

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,--  
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground.  
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.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

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

**LADY MONTAGUE**

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

**BENVOLIO**

Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun,  
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.

**LADY MONTAGUE**

Away from 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.

**MONTAGUE**

Black and portentous must this humour prove,  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

**BENVOLIO**

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

**MONTAGUE**

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MONTAGUE**

Come, madam, let's away.

*Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE*

**BENVOLIO**

Good-morrow, cousin.

**ROMEO**

Is the day so young?

**BENVOLIO**

But new struck nine.

**ROMEO**

Ay me! sad hours seem long.

**BENVOLIO**

What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

**ROMEO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

In love?

**ROMEO**

Out--

**BENVOLIO**

Of love?

**ROMEO**

Out of her favour, where I am in love.

**BENVOLIO**

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

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.

**BENVOLIO**

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

**ROMEO**

She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste.

**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**  
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

**BENVOLIO**

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

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. A street.**

*Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant*

**CAPULET**

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

**PARIS**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**PARIS**

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:  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
My will to her consent is but a part.  
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,  
At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:  
Hear all, all see,

And like her most whose merit most shall be.  
Come, go with me.

*To Servant, giving a paper*

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

*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS*

**Servant**

Find them out whose names are written here! But I

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.

**ROMEO**

Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.

**BENVOLIO**

For what, I pray thee?

**ROMEO**

For your broken shin.

**BENVOLIO**

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

**ROMEO**

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

**Servant**

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

**ROMEO**

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

**Servant**

Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I  
pray, can you read any thing you see?

**ROMEO**

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

**Servant**

Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

**ROMEO**

Stay, fellow; I can read.

*Reads*  
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine  
uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena.'

A fair assembly: whither should they come?

**Servant**

Up.

**ROMEO**

Whither?

**Servant**

To supper; to our house.

**ROMEO**

Whose house?

**Servant**

My master's.

**ROMEO**

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

**Servant**

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!

**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

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*

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

*Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse*

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

What, lamb! what, ladybird!  
God forbid! Where's this girl? What, 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**  
How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

**LADY CAPULET**

A fortnight and odd days.

**Nurse**

Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.  
Susan and she--God rest all Christian souls!--  
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;  
She was too good for me: but, as I said,  
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;  
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.  
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;--  
Nay, I do bear a brain:--  
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.'  
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  
I never should forget it.

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh,  
'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.   
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.

**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;  
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:  
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 a Servant*

**Servant**

Madam, the guests are come, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I beseech you, follow straight.

**LADY CAPULET**

We follow thee.

Juliet, the county stays.

**Nurse**

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE IV. A street.**

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

**BENVOLIO**  
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.

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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!

**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 wagoner a small grey-coated gnat;  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut.  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,  
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 that very Mab  
That plats the manes of horses in the night,  
And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,  
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes:  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
That presses them and learns them first to bear,  
Making them women of good carriage:  
This is she--

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

*Exeunt*

**SCENE V. A hall in Capulet's house.**

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

**CAPULET**  
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day  
That I have worn a visor and could tell  
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,  
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:

*Music plays, and they dance*

**ROMEO**

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!  
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?  
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;  
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:  
Take no note of him:  
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!

**TYBALT**

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

**CAPULET**

Go to, go to; is't so, indeed?  
This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:  
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.  
Be quiet, or--More light, more light!   
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

You kiss by the book.

**Nurse**

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

**ROMEO**

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 talked withal.

**ROMEO**

Is she a Capulet?

**BENVOLIO**

Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

**ROMEO**

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

**CAPULET**

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;  
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all  
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.

**JULIET**

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

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

*Exeunt*

**ACT II**

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

**ROMEO**

Can I go forward when my heart is here?

**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: my invocation  
Is fair and honest, and in his mistres s' name  
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.  
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,  
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit.  
Romeo, that she were, O, that she were  
An open arse, thou a pop’rin pear!  
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:  
Come, shall we go?

**BENVOLIO**

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

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.**

**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:  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes.  
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.  
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.

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**

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**

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; O gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

**ROMEO**

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow--

**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!

**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:

*Nurse calls within*

I hear some noise within; Anon, good nurse!

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!

**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.

**JULIET**

Hist! Romeo, hist! Romeo!

**ROMEO**

My dear?

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

At the hour of nine.

**JULIET**

I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.  
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;   
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!

*Exit*

**SCENE III. Friar Laurence's cell.**

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,  
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.  
Within the infant rind of this small flower  
Poison hath residence and medicine power:  
Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;  
And where the worser is predominant,  
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

**ROMEO**

Good morrow, father.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Benedicite!  
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:  
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed 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 have been feasting with mine enemy,  
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,  
That's by me wounded: both our remedies  
Within thy help and holy physic lies.

**FRIAR 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:  
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.

**ROMEO**

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

**ROMEO**

And bad'st me bury love.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**SCENE IV. A street.**

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO*

**MERCUTIO**

Where the devil should this Romeo be?  
Came he not home to-night?

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline.  
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

A challenge, on my life.

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo will answer it.

**MERCUTIO**

Any man that can write may answer a letter.

**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? 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 slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

Meaning, to 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**

Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.

**ROMEO**

O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness.

**MERCUTIO**

Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

**BENVOLIO**

Stop there, stop there.

**ROMEO**

Here's goodly gear!

**MERCUTIO**

A sail, a sail!

**BENVOLIO**

Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

*Enter Nurse and PETER*

**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! Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

**ROMEO**  
I am the youngest of that name.

**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**

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**

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.

**Nurse**

This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there; my mistress is the sweetest lady--Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing:--O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as life see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world.

**ROMEO**

Commend me to thy lady.

**Nurse**

Ay, a thousand times.

Peter!

**PETER**

Anon!

**Nurse**

Before and apace.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE V. Capulet's orchard.**

**JULIET**

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;  
In half an hour she promised to return.  
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve  
Is three long hours, O God, she comes!

*Enter Nurse*

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
To say to me that thou art out of breath?  
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay  
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.  
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that.

**Nurse**

Well, you 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. 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!

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**JULIET**

Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's cell.**

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

Amen, amen!   
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:   
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

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.**

*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**

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

Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! Thy head is as fun of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun:  and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

**BENVOLIO**

By my head, here come the Capulets.

**MERCUTIO**

By my heel, I care not.

**TYBALT**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**TYBALT**

You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you  
will give me occasion.

Mercutio, 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.

**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!

*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.

**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*

**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.

**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! 'Zounds, a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

**ROMEO**

I thought all for the best.

**MERCUTIO**

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**  
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!

*Re-enter BENVOLIO*

**BENVOLIO**

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

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

**ROMEO**

Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

*Re-enter TYBALT*

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,  
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul  
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!  
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, & c*

**First Watch**

Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

**BENVOLIO**

There lies that Tybalt.

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

**PRINCE**Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

**LADY CAPULET**

Tybalt, my cousin! O cousin, cousin!

**PRINCE**

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

**BENVOLIO**  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

**LADY CAPULET**  
O prince! O cousin! husband! Prince, as thou art true,  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

**BENVOLIO**  
Romeo that spoke him fair   
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,  
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,

Romeo he cries aloud, ‘Hold, friends! friends, part!'

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,  
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I  
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain.  
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.  
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**PRINCE**

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

**MONTAGUE**

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

**PRINCE**

And for that offence  
Immediately we do exile him hence:  
I 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.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II Capulet's orchard. And Friar’s Cell**

*Enter JULIET*

**JULIET**

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner  
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.

Come, 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.  
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.

*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!***

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

***Romeo***, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:

*Enter ROMEO*

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,

There is no world without Verona walls,

But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,

And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

**ROMEO**

'Tis torture, and not mercy.

**JULIET**  
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;

O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!   
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?  
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!

**JULIET**

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!

A damned saint, an honourable villain!

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In moral paradise of such sweet flesh?

**Nurse**

There's no trust, no faith, no honesty in men.  
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.  
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:  
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;  
Your tributary drops belong to woe.  
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:  
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,

That murder'd me:

'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo--banished;'

**ROMEO**

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.

**JULIET**  
That one word 'banishment,'

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.  
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!   
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

*Exeunt*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

**ROMEO**

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,

An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,

Doting like me and like me banished,

Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

*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] I come from Lady Juliet.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Welcome, then.

**Nurse**

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**

Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man:

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

**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 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: by my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive;

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:

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

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:

Romeo is coming.

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS*

**CAPULET**

Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our daughter:  
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I:--Well, we were born to die.  
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night.

**PARIS**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my child's love: 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;  
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next--  
But, soft! what day is this?

**PARIS**

Monday, my lord,

**CAPULET**

Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,  
O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,  
She shall be married to this noble earl.  
Do you like this haste? We'll keep no great ado,   
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,  
It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:  
But what say you to Thursday?

**PARIS**

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

**CAPULET**

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

*Exeunt*

**SCENE IV. Juliet’s Chamber.**

*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;  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

**ROMEO**

It was the lark: 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;  
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!

**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.

**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!

**JULIET**

O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him.  
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;  
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back.

**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.

**JULIET**

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:  
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

**LADY CAPULET**

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:  
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,  
Where that same 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.

**JULIET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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**

When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;  
But for the sunset of my brother's son  
It rains downright.  
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears. How now, wife!  
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

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,  
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**

Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!  
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;  
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest  
That God had lent us but this only child;  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her:  
Out on her, hilding!

**Nurse**

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

**CAPULET**

Peace, you mumbling fool!  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;  
For here we need it not.

**LADY CAPULET**

You are too hot.

**CAPULET**

God's bread! it makes me mad:  
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd: and having now provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts;  
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, as you will not wed, I'll pardon you.  
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:  
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.

**JULIET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

Faith, here it is. Romeo is banish'd.  
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!  
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**

Amen!

**Nurse**

What?

**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.

**JULIET**  
Go, counsellor;  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.  
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:  
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

*Exit*

**ACT IV**

**SCENE I. Friar Laurence's cell.**

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

**PARIS**  
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous  
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,  
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,  
To stop the inundation of her tears;  
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

[Aside] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

*Enter JULIET*

**PARIS**

Happily met, my lady and my wife!

**JULIET**

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

**PARIS**

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

**JULIET**

What must be shall be.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

That's a certain text.

**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.

**PARIS**

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

*Exit*

**JULIET**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

It strains me past the compass of my wits.

**JULIET**

Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:  
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,  
Which craves as desperate an execution.  
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:  
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.

**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;  
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:  
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:  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie. In the mean time,   
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,  
And hither shall he come: that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

**JULIET**

Give me, give me!

**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**  
Farewell, dear father!

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. Hall in Capulet's house.**

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and Servant*

**CAPULET**

So many guests invite as here are writ.

*Exit Servant*

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.

**JULIET**

I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;  
And gave him what becomed love I might,  
Not step o'er the bounds of modesty.

**CAPULET**

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?

**LADY CAPULET**

No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

**CAPULET**

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

*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse*

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

Tush, I will stir about,  
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:  
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;  
my heart is wondrous light,  
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

**SCENE III. Juliet's chamber.**

*Enter JULIET and Nurse*

**JULIET**

Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,  
I pray thee, leave me to my self to-night,  
For I have need of many orisons  
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross, and full of sin.

*Enter LADY CAPULET*

**LADY CAPULET**

What, are you busy? Need you my help?

**JULIET**

No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries  
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;  
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,  
In this so sudden business.

**LADY CAPULET**

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

*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,  
Because he married me before to Romeo?  
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,  
For he hath still been tried a holy man.  
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo  
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!  
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?  
Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place,--  
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,  
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,  
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth:--  
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?  
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!  
Romeo, here’s drink. I drink to thee.

*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains*

*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!

*Undraws the curtains*

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

*Enter LADY CAPULET*

**LADY CAPULET**

What is the matter?

**Nurse**

Look, look! O heavy day!

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she's cold:  
Death lies on her like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

**CAPULET**

Ready to go, but never to return.  
O son! the night before thy wedding-day  
Hath Death lain with thy wife.   
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;  
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,  
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.

**PARIS**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!  
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw  
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!  
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

**Nurse**

O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!  
Most lamentable day, most woful day,  
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!  
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!  
Never was seen so black a day as this:  
O woful day, O woful day!

**PARIS**

Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!  
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,  
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!  
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

**CAPULET**

Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!  
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. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,  
And all the better is it for the maid.  
The most you sought was her promotion;  
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:  
She's not well married that lives married long;  
But she's best married that dies married young.  
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,  
In all her best array bear her to church.

**CAPULET**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;  
And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare  
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:  
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;  
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

*Exeunt*

**ACT V**

**SCENE I. Mantua. A street.**

**ROMEO**

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.  
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead   
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I revived, and was an emperor.  
Ah me! how sweet is love itself 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,  
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news.

**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.

**ROMEO**  
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; I'll be with thee straight.

*Exit BALTHASAR*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
I do remember an apothecary,--  
And hereabouts he dwells, meagre were his looks:  
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;  
What, ho! apothecary!

*Enter Apothecary*

**Apothecary**

Who calls so loud?

**ROMEO**

Come hither, man: 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  
As violently as hasty powder fired  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

**Apothecary**

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

**ROMEO**  
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes;  
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,  
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.  
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.  
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.  
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me  
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. Friar Laurence's cell.**

**FRIAR JOHN**

Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**FRIAR JOHN**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

**FRIAR JOHN**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Unhappy fortune! 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**

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!

**SCENE III. A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.**

*Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch*

**PARIS**  
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,  
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

**PAGE**

[Aside] I am almost afraid to stand alone  
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

*Retires*

**PARIS**

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

*The* ***Page*** *whistles*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

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

**ROMEO**

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.  
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,  
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

*Opens the tomb*

**PARIS**

This is that banish'd haughty Montague,  
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,  
It is supposed, the fair creature died;  
And here is come to do some villanous shame.

*Comes forward*

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!  
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:  
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

**ROMEO**

I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.  
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;  
By heaven, I love thee better than myself.

**PARIS**

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

**ROMEO**

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

*They fight*

**PAGE**

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

*Exit*

**PARIS**

O, I am slain!

*Falls*

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

*Dies*

**ROMEO**

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!  
What said my man…  
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:  
O, give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune’s book!  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;  
A grave? O no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,  
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.

*Laying PARIS in the tomb*

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,

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!  
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! Fear comes upon me:  
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

*Advances*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?  
What mean these masterless and gory swords  
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

*Enters the tomb*

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?  
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!  
The lady stirs.

**JULIET**

O comfortable friar! where is my lord?  
I do remember well where I should be,  
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

*Noise within*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest  
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:  
A greater power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;  
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;  
Come, go, good Juliet,

*Noise again*

I dare no longer stay.

**JULIET**

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

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!

This is thy sheath;

there rust, and let me die.

*Falls on ROMEO's body, and die. Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS*

**PAGE**

This is the place.

**First Watchman**

The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:  
Pitiful sight! Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:  
Raise up the Montagues: some others search:

*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.

*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.

**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.

**First Watchman**

Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;  
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,  
Warm and new kill'd.

**CAPULET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

*Enter MONTAGUE and others*

**PRINCE**

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

**MONTAGUE**

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

**PRINCE**

Look, and thou shalt see.

**MONTAGUE**

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

**PRINCE**

Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,  
Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I am the greatest, able to do least.

**PRINCE**

Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**  
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;  
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:  
I married them; You would have married her   
To County Paris: then comes she to me,  
And bid me devise some mean  
To rid her from this second marriage,  
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.  
Then gave I her, a sleeping potion; I writ to Romeo,

But he which bore my letter, yesternight

Return'd my letter back. Then all alone  
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;  
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,  
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:  
But when I came, here untimely lay  
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.  
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,  
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;  
And she, as it seems, did violence on herself.  
All this I know; and, if aught in this  
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,  
Unto the rigour of severest law.

**PRINCE**

We still have known thee for a holy man.  
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

**BALTHASAR**

I brought my master news of Juliet's death;  
This letter he early bid me give his father.

**PRINCE**

Give me the letter; I will look on it.  
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

**PAGE**

He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave.

**PRINCE**

This letter doth make good the friar's words,  
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!  
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.  
And I for winking at your discords too  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

**CAPULET**

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

**MONTAGUE**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**PRINCE**

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

*Exeunt*