

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

ACT I

PROLOGUE

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

Exit

SCENE 1

Sampson Gregory, on 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 of 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 The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.
Sampson 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant.

Enter Abram

Gregory Draw thy tool! Here comes of the house of Montagues.
Sampson My naked weapon is out. Quarrel! I will back thee.
Gregory How? Turn thy back and run?
Sampson Fear me not.
Gregory No, marry. I fear thee.
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.

(Sampson bites his thumb)

Abram Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Sampson I do bite my thumb, sir.
Abram Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson 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?

Abram Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

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

Abram No better.

Sampson Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio

Gregory (*aside to SAMPSON*) Say "better." Here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sampson (*to ABRAM*) Yes, better, sir.

Abram You lie.

Sampson Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy washing blow.

They fight. Benvolio draws his sword as well.

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

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

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!

Enter Capulets and Montagues

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.

Montague Thou villain Capulet! Hold me not. Let me go.

L. Montague Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince and guards

Prince Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel!
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments,

Romeo A right good markman! 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 armed
 From love's weak childish bow, she lives uncharmed.
 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 Tis the way
 To call hers exquisite, in question more.

Enter Peter

Peter Where shall we dine? — O! Good e'en, good fellow.
 God 'i' good e'en. I pray, sir, can you read?
 Romeo Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
 Peter Perhaps you have learned it without book. But I pray, can you
 read anything you see?
 Romeo Ay, if I know the letters and the language.
 Peter Ye say honestly. Rest you merry.
 Romeo Stay, fellow. I can read. (he reads the letter)
*"Seigneur Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme
 and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of Vitruvio; Seigneur
 Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother
 Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; My fair
 niece Rosaline ..."*
 Benvolio A fair assembly. Whither should they come?
 Peter Up.
 Romeo Whither? To supper?
 Peter To our house.
 Benvolio Whose house?
 Peter My master's.
 Romeo Indeed, I should have asked thee 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 Peter

Romeo At this same ancient feast of Capulet's,
 Benvolio Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves.
 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 One fairer than my love? The all-seeing sun
 Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.
 Benvolio Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
 Herself poised with herself in either eye.
 Romeo I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
 But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

SCENE 2

Enter Paris and Capulet

Paris
Capulet

But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
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.

Enter Lady Capulet

Paris
Lady Capulet
Capulet

Younger than she are happy mothers made.
And too soon marred are those so early made.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart.
My will to her consent is but a part.
An she agreed within her scope of choice,
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest
Such as I love. And you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.

Exit Capulet and Paris

Lady Capulet

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

Enter Nurse

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
Nurse
Juliet
Lady Capulet
Nurse
Lady Capulet
Nurse
Lady Capulet

How now, who calls?
Your mother.
Madam, I am here. What is your will?
This is the matter. Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret. Nurse, come back again.
I have remembered me. Thou's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.
Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
She's not fourteen.
I'll lay fourteen of my teeth—and yet, to my teen be it spoken, I
have but four—she is not fourteen. How long is it now to
Lammastide?
A fortnight and odd days.
Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammast 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 Lammast Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
That shall she. Marry, I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,
 And she was weaned—I never shall forget it—
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day.
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
 Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall.
 My lord and you were then at Mantua.—
 Nay, I do bear a brain.—But, as I said,
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple ...
 Lady Capulet Enough of this. I pray thee, hold thy peace.
 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 honor that I dream not of.
 Nurse An honor! Were not I thine only nurse,
 I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.
 Lady Capulet Well, think of marriage now. Thus then in brief:
 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.
 Nurse A man, young lady! Lady, such a man!
 Lady Capulet What say you? Can you love the gentleman?
 This night you shall behold him at our feast.
 Speak briefly. Can you like of Paris, love?
 Juliet I'll look to like if looking liking move.
 But no more deep will I endart mine eye
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter 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.—Juliet, the county stays.
 Nurse Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Exit All

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 C. Well, think of marriage now. 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 ...
 Lady C. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
 This night you shall behold him at our feast;
 Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?
 Juliet I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
 But no more deep will I endart mine eye
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Servant Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, 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 C. We follow thee.

Exit Servant.

Juliet, the county stays.
 Nurse Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Exeunt.

SCENE III. A street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio., with Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Romeo Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;
 Being but heavy, I will bear the light.
 Merc. 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.
 Merc. 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.
 Merc. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
 Prick love for pricking. Come, we burn daylight!
 Romeo Nay, 'tis no wit to go.
 Merc. Why, may one ask?
 Romeo I dream'd a dream to-night.
 Merc. And so did I.
 Romeo Well, what was yours?
 Merc. That dreamers often lie.
 Romeo In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
 Merc. 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,
 Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,

Romeo What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Servant I know not, sir.

Romeo O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
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. Now, by my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

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

Tybalt Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tybalt 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
Therefore be patient, take no note of him.

Tybalt I'll not endure him.

Cap. 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!

Tybalt Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. 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 unworhiest 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.

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:
 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.
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet Ay me!
 Romeo She speaks:
 O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Juliet O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
 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 thy tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
 Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?
 Romeo Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.
 Juliet How 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 stop to me.
 Juliet If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

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; 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:

Romeo Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear -

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. Sweet, good night!

Romeo O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Juliet What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Nurse calls 'Juliet!' off-stage.

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.

Juliet Romeo!

Romeo My dear?

Romeo I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
 Friar L. 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, I'll tell thee, but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us to-day.
 Friar L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
 Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
 Romeo Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
 Friar L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
 Romeo And bad'st me bury love.
 Friar L. 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 L. 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 L. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

SCENE III. A street.

Enter Ben. and Merc.

Merc. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
 Came he not home to-night?
 Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.
 Merc. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline.
 Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
 Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
 Hath sent a letter to his father's house.
 Merc. A challenge, on my life.
 Ben. Romeo will answer it.
 Merc. Any man that can write may answer a letter.
 Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.
 Merc. Alas poor Romeo! Is he a man to encounter Tybalt?
 Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?
 Merc. More than prince of cats.. 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 hey!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. The what?
 Merc. 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?
 Merc. 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.
 Merc. 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.
 Merc. Thou hast most kindly hit it.
 Romeo A most courteous exposition.
 Merc. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.
 Romeo Pink for flower.
 Merc. Right.
 Romeo Why, then is my pump well flowered.
 Merc. 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.
 Merc. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.
 Romeo Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.
 Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Nurse Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?
 Romeo I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.
 Nurse You say well.
 Merc. Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.
 Nurse Peter!
 Peter Anon!
 Nurse My fan, Peter.
 Merc. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.
 Nurse Out upon you! what a man are you!
 Merc. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,

Singing 'lady, lady, lady.'

Exeunt Merc. and Ben.

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 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, if you should deal double with her ...
 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 Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.
 Nurse Ay, a thousand times.

Exit Romeo.

Peter!
 Peter Anon!
 Nurse Before and apace.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet.

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, 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 Pete.

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?
 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 Zounds, 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?
 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: 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!
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! 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;

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.
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

Juliet Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

Exeunt.

SCENE V. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar L. and Romeo.

Friar L. 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 L. These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Juliet Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Friar L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

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

Romeo Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
 This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
 Unfold the imagined happiness that both
 Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Juliet Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
 Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
 They are but beggars that can count their worth;
 But my true love is grown to such excess
 I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Friar L. 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 Personae.

ACT III

SCENE I. A public place.

Enter Merc., Ben., Page, and Servants.

Ben. 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.

Merc. 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.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Merc. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as
 soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Merc. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one
 would kill the other. Thou! why, 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!

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

Merc. The fee-simple! O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Merc. 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.

Merc. 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.

Merc. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tybalt Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,--

Merc. 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!

Ben. 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.

Merc. 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.

Merc. 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.

Merc. 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?

Merc. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; will you pluck
 your sword out of his pitcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be
 about your ears ere it be out.

Tybalt I am for you.

Drawing.

Romeo Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Merc. 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 Merc., and flies with his followers.

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

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

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

Romeo Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Merc. 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 dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Romeo I thought all for the best.

Merc. 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 Merc. and Ben.

Romeo My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; O my sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

Re-enter Ben.

Ben. 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.

Ben. 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!

INTERMISSION

ACT IV
SCENE I

Enter Prince, Capulet, Lady Capulet, Montague and Lady Montague.

Capulet I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

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

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

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

Exeunt.

SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet.

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

Nurse Now, nurse, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?
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?
Hath Romeo slain himself?

Nurse I saw it.
I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,--

Juliet O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!

Nurse O Tybalt, 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?

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 A damned saint, an honourable villain!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

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

Juliet Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
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?
Ay, 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 'Romeo 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.

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

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

Exeunt.

SCENE III. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence.

Friar L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:

Enter Romeo.

Romeo Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?

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

Romeo Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death;'

Friar L. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
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; every unworthy thing,
 Live here in heaven and may look on her;
 But Romeo may not: I am banished.
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But 'banished' to kill me?--'banished'?

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

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,

Knocking

Friar L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

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

Friar L. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

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

Friar L. 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 Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
 Doth she think me murderer? 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.

Drawing his sword.

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.
 Good night.

Exeunt.

SCENE V. Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo and Juliet above, at the window.

Juliet Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
 Romeo It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 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:
 Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.
 Romeo Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
 Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
 How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.
 Juliet It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.
 Romeo More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse, to the chamber.

Nurse Madam!
 Juliet Nurse?
 Nurse Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
 The day is broke; be wary, look about.

Exit.

Juliet Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
 Romeo Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

He goeth down.

Juliet Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
 I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
 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.

Juliet O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Lady C. Ho, daughter! are you up?
Juliet Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?

Enter Lady Cap.

Lady C. Why, how now, Juliet!

Juliet Madam, I am not well.

Lady C. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

Juliet Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

Lady C. 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 C. That same villain, Romeo.

Juliet [Aside] Villain and he be many miles asunder.--
God Pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

Lady C. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

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

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

Enter Cap. and Nurse.

Capulet How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? How now my wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

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

Capulet Soft! Will she none? 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 baggage!

Lady C. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

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

Capulet Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.

Nurse May not one speak?

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

Lady C. You are too hot.

Capulet God's bread! it makes me mad:
To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'
Graze where you will you shall not house with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
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.

Lady C. 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?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse Faith, here it is.
I think it best you married gentle Paris.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!

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 displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.
Nurse Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

Exit.

Juliet Ancient damnation! O wicked counselor!
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

Exit.

SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar L. and Paris.

Friar L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Paris My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.
Friar L. You say you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course, I like it not.
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 L. [Aside] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Paris Happily met, my lady and my wife!
Juliet That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Paris That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.
Juliet What must be shall be.
Friar L. That's a certain text.
Paris Come you to make confession to this father?
Juliet To answer that, I should confess to you.
Paris Do not deny to him that you love me.
Juliet I will confess to you that I love him.
Paris So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.
Juliet Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Friar L. 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 L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

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.

Friar L. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
 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 copes 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 L. 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, for no pulse,
 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.
 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;

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

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

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

Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Hall in Capulet's house.

Enter Cap., Lady Cap., Nurse, and two Servingmen.

Capulet 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
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. Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.
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 C. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

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

Exeunt.

Juliet I pray thee, leave me to my self to-night.

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

Exeunt 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:
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 when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

She falls upon her bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
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 Cap.

Lady C. What noise is here?
 Nurse O lamentable day!
 Lady C. What is the matter?
 Nurse Look, look! O heavy day!
 Lady C. 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.
 Nurse She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!
 Lady C. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!
 Capulet Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she's cold:
 Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff.
 Nurse O lamentable day!
 Lady C. O woful time!
 Capulet Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
 Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar L. and Paris.

Friar L. Come, is the bride ready to church tomorrow?
 Capulet Ready to go, but never to return.
 O son! the night before thy wedding-day
 Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies.
 Paris Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
 Lady C. Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
 In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
 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 L. 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:
 Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral;
 Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
 Friar L. 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.

Enter Romeo.

Romeo If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter Balthasar.

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.
Balth. 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:
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.
Balth. 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?
Balth. 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
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Apoth. 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
That the life-weary taker may fall dead.
Apoth. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Romeo The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Apoth. 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 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.

Enter Friar John.

Friar J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Friar L. This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

Friar J. I could not send it,--here it is again,--
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection
Here in this city, the searchers of the town
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Friar L. 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 J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

Exit.

Friar L. 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.

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

Enter Paris, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch.

Paris Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Exit.

Paris Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,--
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;--
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What with a torch! muffle me, night, awhile.

Retires.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar.

Romeo Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Balth. 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.

Exit.

Paris 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;
Fly hence, and leave me: I beseech thee, youth,
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.

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!
I'll bury thee in – 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; Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Here I remain
And I set up my everlasting rest,
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
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.

He kisses Juliet. Juliet wakes.

Juliet O Romeo! Romeo!

Romeo dies.

O, pale! What?
 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.

Someone calls '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, with the Page of Paris.

Page This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.
 Watch 1 The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:
 Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.

Watch 2 enters with Balthasar.

Watch 2 Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.
 Watch 1 Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

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 C. The people in the street cry Romeo,
 Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,
 Prince What fear is this which startles in our ears?
 Watch 1 Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
 And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
 Warm and new kill'd.
 Prince Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

Watch 1 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!
 Lady C. 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.
 Mon. 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.
 Mon. 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 L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
 And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
 Myself condemned and myself excused.
 Prince Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
 Friar L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
 Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
 Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
 And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
 I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
 Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
 Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from the city,
 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
 You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
 Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
 To County Paris: then comes she to me,
 And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean
 To rid her from this second marriage,
 Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
 Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
 A sleeping potion; which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
 That he should hither come as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
 Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
 But, as it seems, true Romeo and she

Here untimely desperate did some violence.
 All this I know; and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
 Unto the 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?

Balth. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
 And then in post he came from Mantua
 To this same place, to this same monument.
 This letter he early bid me give his father,
 And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
 I departed not and left him there.

Prince Give me the letter; I will look on it.
 This letter doth make good the friar's words,
 Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
 And here he writes that he did buy a poison
 Of a poor '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.

Mon. 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.