

# *ROMEO AND JULIET*

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NEW ORLEANS  
**SHAKESPEARE**  
FESTIVAL AT TULANE



# ROMEO AND JULIET

## 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-crossed lovers take their life,  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows  
Do 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.

1.1     *Day. Verona. A public place. Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed.*

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

I strike quickly being moved.

GREGORY

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON

A dog of that house shall move me to strike.

GREGORY

## ROMEO AND JULIET

The quarrel is between our masters.

SAMPSON

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

*Enter* BALTHASAR.

GREGORY

Draw thy tool! Here comes one 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

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 disgrace to them if they bear it.

BALTHASAR

Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?

SAMPSON

I do bite my thumb, sir.

BALTHASAR

Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?

SAMPSON

Is the law of our side if I say "ay"?

GREGORY

## ROMEO AND JULIET

No.

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

Do you quarrel, sir?

BALTHASAR

Quarrel sir! No, sir.

SAMPSON

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

BALTHASAR

No better.

SAMPSON

Well, sir.

GREGORY

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

SAMPSON

Yes, better, sir.

BALTHASAR

You lie. Draw, if you be men.

SAMPSON

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.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

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 CAPULET in his gown, and  
LADY CAPULET. Enter MONTAGUE.*

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.

*The fight continues under the PROLOGUE. Enter  
PRINCE.*

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.  
Three civil brawls bred of an airy word,  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets.  
If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
For this time all the rest depart away.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

You, Capulet, shall go along with me,  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
To know our further pleasure in this case.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*Exeunt all but MONTAGUE and BENVOLIO.*

MONTAGUE

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

BENVOLIO

A troubled mind drive me to walk abroad,  
Where underneath the grove of sycamore,  
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.  
Then private in his chamber pens himself,  
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out  
And makes himself an artificial night.  
Black and portentous must this humor prove,  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

*Enter ROMEO.*

BENVOLIO

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

*Exit MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.*

BENVOLIO

Good morrow, cousin.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

Ay me, sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

Not having that, which having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO

In love?

ROMEO

Out.

BENVOLIO

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favor where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO

Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should without eyes see pathways to his will.

Where shall we dine? O me, what fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,

O anything of nothing first create,

O heavy lightness, serious vanity,

Misshappen chaos of well-seeming forms,

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

This love feel I that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO

No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO

At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO

Why, such is love's transgression.

Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO

Soft, I will go along;

And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO

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

This is not Romeo, he's some otherwhere.

BENVOLIO

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

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 armed,  
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed.  
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,  
To merit bliss by making me despair.  
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow



## ROMEO AND JULIET

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

Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

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

*Enter CAPULET and PARIS. ROMEO and  
BENVOLIO hide.*

CAPULET

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

PARIS

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

CAPULET

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

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET

And too soon marred are those so early made.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart.  
My will to her consent is but a part,  
And she agreed, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
Such as I love;  
At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.  
'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;  
Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces;  
Mercutio and his brother Valentine;  
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters;  
My fair niece Rosaline and Livia;  
Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt;  
Lucio and the lively Helena.  
And you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see.  
Come, go with me.

*ROMEO and BENVOLIO come out of hiding.*

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

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

*Exeunt.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

**1.2**     *Day. Juliet's chamber. Enter LADY CAPULET  
and NURSE.*

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

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

*Enter JULIET.*

JULIET

How now, who calls?

NURSE

Your mother.

JULIET

Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET

This is the matter. — Nurse, give leave awhile,  
We must talk in secret: Nurse, come back again.  
I have remembered 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.  
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.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

LADY CAPULET

Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,  
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

An honor! A man, young 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

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;  
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.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

SERVANT

Madam, the guests are come.

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee.

Juliet, the county stays.

*Exit LADY CAPULET and SERVANT.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

NURSE

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

*Exeunt.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

### 1.3     *Night. A street. Enter* ROMEO, MERCUTIO,           BENVOLIO, and BALTHASAR.

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

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

ROMEO

Nay, that's not so.

MERCUTIO

Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

I dream'd a dream tonight.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO

In bed asleep while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO

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

## ROMEO AND JULIET

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;  
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,  
Then dreams he of another benefice.  
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon  
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,  
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two  
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
That plats the manes of horses in the night,  
And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,  
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
That presses them and learns them first to bear,  
Making them women of good carriage.  
This is she —

ROMEO

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!

Thou talk'st of nothing.

MERCUTIO

True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,  
Which is as thin of substance as the air  
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
And, being angered, puffs away from thence,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

I fear, too early, for my mind misgives



## ROMEO AND JULIET

Some consequence yet hanging in the stars.  
But He that hath the steerage of my course,  
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

*Exeunt.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

**1.4**    *Night. A hall in Capulet's house. Enter CAPULET and others of his house. A dance. Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and BALTHASAR, masked.*

CAPULET

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

*Music plays and they dance.*

ROMEO

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

SERVANT

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, covered with an antic face,  
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?

## ROMEO AND JULIET

Now by the stock and honor of my kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET

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

TYBALT

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

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

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

TYBALT

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

CAPULET

He shall be endured.

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

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

CAPULET

Go to, go to,  
You are a saucy boy. Is't so indeed?  
You must contrary me! Marry, 'tis time.  
Well said, my hearts! You are a princ Cox, go.  
Be quiet, or — More light, more light! For shame!  
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

TYBALT

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

*Exit.*

ROMEO [*to Juliet*]

If I profane with my unworthiest hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle sin 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.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

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.

ROMEO

Is she a Capulet?

BENVOLIO

Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

ROMEO

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

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.

CAPULET

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

Is it e'en so? Why, then, I thank you all.  
I thank you, honest gentlemen, good night.  
More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

*Exeunt.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

**2.1**     *Night. The Capulet's orchard. Enter ROMEO.*

ROMEO

Can I go forward when my heart is here?

BENVOLIO

Romeo! My cousin Romeo!

*He hides. Enter BENVOLIO, BALTHASAR, and MERCUTIO.*

BALTHASAR

He ran this way. Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO

Romeo! Humors! Madman! Passion! Lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied,

Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove'.

Romeo!

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

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees.

MERCUTIO

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.

*Exeunt. ROMEO reappears.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

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  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?  
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,  
As daylight doth a lamp. Her eyes in heaven  
Would through the airy region stream so bright  
That birds would sing and think it were not night.  
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
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,



## ROMEO AND JULIET

As is a winged messenger of heaven  
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes  
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

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 called,  
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 bescreened in night  
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO

By a name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

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 uttering, 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

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

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

## ROMEO AND JULIET

For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!  
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay',  
And I will take thy word; yet if thou swear'st,  
Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully,  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo, but else not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light.  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,  
My true love's passion. Therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?

JULIET

Do not swear at all.

Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,  
I have joy of this contract tonight;  
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,  
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be

## ROMEO AND JULIET

Ere one can say 'It lightens'. Sweet, good night!  
Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest  
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

ROMEO

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

JULIET

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

*Nurse calls within.*

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

*Exit, above.*

ROMEO

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

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

JULIET

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.  
If that thy bent of love be honorable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow.

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 strife and leave me to my grief.

ROMEO

Tomorrow will I send.

JULIET

A thousand times good night!

*Exit, above.*

ROMEO

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

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

JULIET

Romeo!

ROMEO

My dear?

JULIET

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

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

At what o'clock tomorrow shall I send to thee?

ROMEO

At the hour of nine.

JULIET

I will not fail. 'Tis twenty years till then.

Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,

That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

*Exit above.*

ROMEO

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,

His help to crave and my dear hap to tell.

*Exit.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

**2.2**     *Day. Friar Laurence's cell. Enter FRIAR  
LAURENCE. Enter ROMEO.*

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?  
Young son, it argues a distempered head  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.  
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;  
But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain  
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.  
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure  
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;  
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.

ROMEO

That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAURENCE

God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

ROMEO

I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.  
I have been feasting with mine enemy.

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

## ROMEO AND JULIET

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

FRIAR 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.

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' rancor to pure love.

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

*Exeunt.*



## ROMEO AND JULIET

**2.3**     *Day. A street. Enter BENVOLIO, BALTHASAR, and MERCUTIO.*

MERCUTIO

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

BALTHASAR

Not to his father's.

MERCUTIO

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

BALTHASAR

Tybalt 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 rests, one, two, and the

## ROMEO AND JULIET

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 *passed*, the *punto reverso*, the *hai*!

BENVOLIO

The what?

*Enter* ROMEO.

BALTHASAR

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO

Without his roe, like a dried herring. Flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! There's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

Meaning to curtsy.

MERCUTIO

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROMEO

Pink for flower.

MERCUTIO

Right.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

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.

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROMEO

Nay, good goose, bite not.

MERCUTIO

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

*Enter* NURSE.

Here's goodly gear!

NURSE

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE

Is it good den?

MERCUTIO

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

NURSE

Out upon you! What a man are you!

## ROMEO AND JULIET

Sir, I desire some confidence with you.

BENVOLIO

She will indite him to some supper.

MERCUTIO

A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

MERCUTIO

Romeo, will you come to your father's?

ROMEO

I will follow you.

MERCUTIO

Farewell, ancient lady, farewell.

*Exeunt MERCUTIO, BALTHASAR, and  
BENVOLIO.*

NURSE

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

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! Pray you, sir, a word. My 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, truly it were an ill thing and very weak dealing.

ROMEO

Bid her devise

Some means to come to shrift this afternoon,

## ROMEO AND JULIET

And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell  
Be shrived and married. Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE

Ay, a thousand times.

*Exeunt.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

**2.4**     *Day. Juliet's chamber. Enter JULIET.*

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse;  
In half an hour she promised to return.  
Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so.  
O, she is lame!  
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.

*Enter NURSE.*

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?

NURSE

I am aweary, 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.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

NURSE

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

JULIET

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

NURSE

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!  
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.  
My back a' t' other side — O, my back, my back!  
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,  
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

## ROMEO AND JULIET

JULIET

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

NURSE

Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET

I have.

NURSE

Then hie you hence to Friar 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.

JULIET

Hie to high fortune! Honest Nurse, farewell.

*Exeunt.*



## ROMEO AND JULIET

**2.5**     *Day. Friar Laurence's cell. Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.*

FRIAR LAURENCE

Here comes the lady.

*Enter JULIET and NURSE.*

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.

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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.

*Start of the ceremony.*

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

*Ceremony continues.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

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 neighbor 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,  
Brag 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 LAURENCE

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

*Exeunt.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

### 3.1     *Day. A public place. Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and BALTHASAR* .

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; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon  
moody to be moved.

BENVOLIO

And what to?

MERCUTIO

Thou! Why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a  
hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast.  
Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having  
no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What  
eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy  
head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and  
yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for  
quarrelling.

BENVOLIO

Am 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.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

MERCUTIO

The fee-simple! O simple!

BENVOLIO

By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

*Enter TYBALT and others.*

TYBALT

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

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT

Mercutio, thou consortest 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.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

*Enter ROMEO.*

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.

TYBALT

Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford

No better term than this: thou art a villain.

ROMEO

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting. Villain am I none;

Therefore farewell; I see thou knowest 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, dishonorable, vile submission!

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives.

That I mean to make bold withal, and as you shall use

me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you

pluck your sword out of his pitcher by the ears? Make

haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

TYBALT

I am for you.

MERCUTIO

Come, sir, your *passado*.

*Drawing. They fight.*

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!

Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

*TYBALT stabs MERCUTIO and flies with his followers.*

MERCUTIO

I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.

Is he gone and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

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

Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

ROMEO

Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses!

'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to

## ROMEO AND JULIET

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

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

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

*Exeunt MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and  
BALTHASAR.*

ROMEO

This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,  
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
In my behalf; my reputation stained  
With Tybalt's slander — Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my kinsman!

*Re-enter BENVOLIO and BALTHASAR.*

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

This day's black fate on more days doth depend,  
This but begins the woe others must end.

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

Alive, in triumph, and Mercutio slain!

## ROMEO AND JULIET

Away to heaven, respective lenity,  
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now.

*Re-enter TYBALT and others.*

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.

TYBALT

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

ROMEO

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

*They fight. TYBALT falls. Others exit.*

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone!  
The citizens are up and Tybalt slain.  
Stand not amazed. The Prince will doom thee death  
If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!  
Why dost thou stay?

*Exit ROMEO and BALTHASAR. Enter PRINCE,  
PARIS, MONTAGUE, CAPULETS, NURSE, and  
others.*

LADY CAPULET

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

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?



## ROMEO AND JULIET

LADY CAPULET

O prince! O cousin! Husband! O, the blood is spilt  
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,  
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.  
O cousin, cousin!

PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

O noble Prince, I can discover all  
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.  
Romeo, he cries aloud,  
'Hold, friends! Friends, part!'  
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.  
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

## ROMEO AND JULIET

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

*Exeunt.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

### 3.2 *Evening. Juliet's chamber. Enter JULIET.*

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.  
Come, civil night,  
Come, night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in night,  
Come, gentle night, come, loving black-browed night,  
Give me my Romeo, and when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
O, I have bought the mansion of a love  
But not possessed it, and though I am loved,  
Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day.  
O, here comes my Nurse.

*Enter NURSE.*

Now, Nurse, what news?

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 killed, he's dead!

JULIET

Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE

Romeo can,  
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!  
Whoever would have thought it? Romeo!

JULIET

What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?

## ROMEO AND JULIET

NURSE

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes —  
God save the mark!

JULIET

O break, my heart!

NURSE

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

JULIET

What storm is this that blows so contrary?  
Is Romeo slaughtered and is Tybalt dead?  
My dear-loved cousin and my dearer lord?

NURSE

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished,  
Romeo that killed 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.  
Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET

Blistered be thy tongue!

NURSE

Will you speak well of him that killed 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 killed my husband.  
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring,  
Your tributary drops belong to woe  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
My husband lives that Tybalt would have slain,

## ROMEO AND JULIET

And Tybalt's dead that would have slain my husband.  
All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?  
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo — banished;  
That 'banished', that one word 'banished'  
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
Was woe enough, if it had ended there.  
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,  
'Romeo is banished' to speak that word  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished'!  
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.  
Where is my father, and my mother, Nurse?

NURSE

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

JULIET

Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent,  
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

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.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

### 3.3     *Night. Friar Laurence's cell. Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.*

FRIAR LAURENCE

Romeo, come forth, come forth, thou fearful man.

*Enter ROMEO.*

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

ROMEO

Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say 'death'.  
There is no world without Verona walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Hence banished is banished from the world,  
And world's exile is death; then 'banished'  
Is death misnamed. Calling death banishment,  
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!  
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince,  
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,  
And turned that black word 'death' to banishment.  
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROMEO

'Tis torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven and may look on her,  
But Romeo may not. More validity,  
More honorable state, more courtship lives

## ROMEO AND JULIET

In carrion flies than Romeo. They my seize  
On the bright wonder of dear Juliet's hand  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,  
Who even in pure and vestal modesty  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.  
But Romeo may not, he is banishèd.  
Flies may do this but I from this must fly;  
They are free men, but I am banishèd.  
And sayest thou yet that exile is not death?  
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,  
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
But 'banishèd' to kill me? 'Banishèd'?  
O Friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
Howling attend it. How hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,  
To mangle me with that word 'banishèd'?

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

ROMEO

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAURENCE

O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO

How should they when that wise men have no eyes?

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,

## ROMEO AND JULIET

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.

*Knocking.*

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

*Knocking.*

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

*Knocking.*

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

NURSE [*within*]

Let me come in, and you shall know my errand.

I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Welcome then.

*Enter NURSE.*

NURSE

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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



## ROMEO AND JULIET

NURSE

O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case. O woeful sympathy!  
Stand up, stand up, stand!  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand!

ROMEO

Nurse!  
Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?  
Where is she, and how doth she, and what says  
My concealed lady to our cancelled love?

NURSE

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

ROMEO

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

*Drawing his sword.*

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold thy desperate hand.  
Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better tempered.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?  
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:

## ROMEO AND JULIET

There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt: there art thou happy.  
The law that threatened death becomes thy friend  
And turns it to exile: there art thou happy.  
A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back,  
Happiness courts thee in her best array,  
But like a misbehaved and sullen child,  
Thou pouts upon thy fortune and thy love.  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
Go, get thee to thy love as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence, and comfort her,  
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,  
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee back  
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.  
Go before, Nurse. Commend me to thy lady  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.  
Romeo is coming.

NURSE

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

ROMEO

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

NURSE

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

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this!

*Exit* NURSE.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

FRIAR LAURENCE

Give me thy hand. 'Tis late. Farewell. Good night.

ROMEO

Farewell.

*Exeunt.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

**3.4** *INTERLUDE. Night. Juliet's chamber. JULIET waits. ROMEO enters. They embrace. Lights transition.*

*Morning. Juliet's chamber. ROMEO awakens and begins to exit.*

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death.  
I am content so thou wilt have it so.  
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,  
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.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

JULIET

It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and displeasing sharps.  
O, now be gone! More light and light it grows.

ROMEO

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

NURSE

Madam!  
Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.  
The day is broke. Be wary, look about.

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 JULIET

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, what dost thou with him  
That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, fortune,  
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back.

*Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.*

LADY CAPULET

Why, how now, Juliet!

JULIET

Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?  
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.  
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 looked not for.

JULIET

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

Now by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,

## ROMEO AND JULIET

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.  
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.

*Enter CAPULET.*

CAPULET

When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew,  
But for the sunset of my brother's son  
It rains downright.  
How now, a conduit, girl? What, still in tears?  
Evermore showering? Well, how now, wife,  
Have you delivered to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET

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

CAPULET

Soft! Take me with you, take me with you, wife.  
How will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?  
Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blessed,  
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, chopped logic? What is this?  
'Proud' and 'I thank you', and 'I thank you not',  
And yet 'not proud'? Mistress minion, you,  
Thank me no thankings nor proud me no prouds,

## ROMEO AND JULIET

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.  
Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!  
You tallow-face!

LADY CAPULET

Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

JULIET

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

CAPULET

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



## ROMEO AND JULIET

A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly trained,  
Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,  
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man,  
And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer 'I'll not wed, I cannot love,  
I am too young, I pray you pardon me'.  
But as you will not wed, I'll pardon you.  
Graze where you will you shall not house with me.  
Look to't, think on't; I do not use to jest.  
Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart, advise.  
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,  
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.  
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

*Exit.*

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

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

*Exit.*

JULIET

O God! O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?  
Upon so soft a subject as myself!  
What sayst thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?

## ROMEO AND JULIET

Some comfort, Nurse.

NURSE

Faith, here it is.

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

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

Speak'st 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.

*Exit.*

JULIET

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!  
I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.  
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

*Exit.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

### 4.1 *Day. Friar Laurence's cell. Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.*

FRIAR LAURENCE

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 LAURENCE

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

PARIS

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

FRIAR LAURENCE [*Aside.*]

I would I knew not why it should be slowed.

*Enter JULIET.*

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

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.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

FRIAR LAURENCE

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 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 hearest of this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.

God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;

## ROMEO AND JULIET

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's sealed,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.  
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,  
Then 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  
As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
If rather than to marry County Paris,  
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET

Bid me do things that have made me tremble,  
And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, then. Go home, be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.  
Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone.  
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.  
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off.

*The scene "fades" from Friar Laurence's cell to Juliet's Chamber. JULIET stays on stage as her bedroom, CAPULETS, and NURSE enter around her. FRIAR is seen in a dim light.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

### 4.2 *Night. Juliet's chamber.*

CAPULET

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

JULIET

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

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

I pray thee, leave me to myself tonight?  
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.

JULIET

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

*Exeunt CAPULETS and NURSE.*

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.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?

No, no! This shall forbid it.

What if it be a poison which the Friar

Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored,

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,

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies festering in his shroud —

O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

Environed with all these hideous fears,

And madly play with my forefathers' joints,

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

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 drinks and falls upon her bed. The lights come up on FRIAR LAURENCE. He delivers the speech below as the CAPULETS and NURSE play out the action of Act 4 Scene 5 without text.*

FRIAR LAURENCE

When presently through all thy veins shall run



## ROMEO AND JULIET

A cold and drowsy humor, for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest.  
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.  
Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes, uncovered on the bier,  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,  
And hither shall he come. And he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame.

*During the speech, FRIAR LAURENCE has made  
his way into the scene and is now part of the action.*

### FRIAR LAURENCE

Sir, go you in and, madam, go with him.  
And go, Sir Paris. Everyone 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.

*Bearers collect JULIET. Exeunt CAPULET, LADY  
CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR LAURENCE.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

**5.1**     *Day. Mantua. A street. Enter ROMEO.*

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.  
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead  
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips  
That I revived and was an emperor.  
Ah me! How sweet is love itself possessed,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

*Enter 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.

BALTHASAR

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

ROMEO

Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars!  
I will hence tonight.

BALTHASAR

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

ROMEO

Tush, thou art deceived.  
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

## ROMEO AND JULIET

BALTHASAR

No, my good lord.

ROMEO

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

*Exit BALTHASAR.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.  
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.  
What, ho! Apothecary!

*Enter APOTHECARY.*

APOTHECARY

Who calls so loud?

ROMEO

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

APOTHECARY

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

ROMEO

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;  
The world affords no law to make thee rich,  
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

APOTHECARY

My poverty but not my will consents.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

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,  
Doing more murders in this loathsome world  
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.  
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.  
Farewell, buy food, and get thyself in flesh.  
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me  
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

*Exeunt.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

### 5.2     *Day. Friar Laurence's cell. Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and FRIAR JOHN.*

FRIAR JOHN

Holy Franciscan friar! Brother, ho!

FRIAR LAURENCE

This same should be the voice of Friar John.

Welcome from Mantua. What says Romeo?

Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

FRIAR JOHN

Going to find a barefoot brother out

One of our order, to associate me,

Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town,

Suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign,

Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth

So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

I could not send it — here it is again —

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee.

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.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

*Exit.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

**5.3**     *Night. A tomb belonging to the Capulets. Enter PARIS and bearing flowers with Page.*

PARIS

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

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR.*

What cursed foot wanders this way tonight?  
What with a torch? Muffle me, night, awhile.

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 hearest 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.

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.

PARIS

This is that banished haughty Montague,

## ROMEO AND JULIET

That murdered my love's cousin,  
And here is come to do some villainous shame  
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.  
Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!  
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?  
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,  
Put not another sin upon my head  
By urging me to fury. O, be gone!  
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,  
For I come hither armed against myself.  
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say  
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

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.*



## ROMEO AND JULIET

If thou be merciful, lay me with Juliet.

*Dies.*

ROMEO

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!  
O, give me thy hand,  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.  
A grave? O, no, a lantern, slaughtered youth,  
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.  
O my love! My wife!  
Death that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.  
Ah, dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
That unsubstantial death is amorous,  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
Eyes, look your last! Arms, take your last embrace!  
Lips, O you seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.  
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide.  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark!  
Here's to my love!

*Drinks.*

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

*Dies. Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

FRIAR LAURENCE

Saint Francis be my speed! How oft tonight  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves. Who's there?

BALTHASAR

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

BALTHASAR

Romeo's.

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

Romeo!

Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains

The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too,

And steeped in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

The lady stirs.

JULIET

O comfortable Friar, where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

*The WATCHMEN are heard in the distance.*

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

## ROMEO AND JULIET

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.  
Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay.

JULIET

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

*Exit* FRIAR LAURENCE.

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

*Kisses him.*

Thy lips are warm.

FIRST WATCHMAN [*within*]

Lead, boy. Which way?

JULIET

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

*Snatching* ROMEO's *dagger*.

This is thy sheath —

*Stabs herself.*

There rust, and let me die.

*Dies. Enter* WATCH.

PAGE

This is the place.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

### FIRST WATCHMAN

The ground is bloody. Search about the churchyard.  
Pitiful sight! Here lies the County slain,  
And Juliet bleeding, warm and newly dead,  
Who here hath lain these two days buried.  
Go, tell the Prince, run to the Capulets,  
Raise up the Montagues!

*Re-enter SECOND WATCHMAN with  
BALTHASAR and FRIAR LAURENCE.*

### SECOND WATCHMAN

Here's Romeo's man. We found him in the churchyard.  
Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps.

### FIRST WATCHMAN

Hold them 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 rest?

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.*

### CAPULET

What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

### LADY CAPULET

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

### PRINCE

What fear is this which startles in our ears?

### FIRST WATCHMAN

Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,

## ROMEO AND JULIET

And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before,  
Warm and new killed.

PRINCE

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

FIRST WATCHMAN

Here is a friar and slaughtered Romeo's man.

CAPULET

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

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

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,  
Yet 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 LAURENCE

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,

## ROMEO AND JULIET

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

## ROMEO AND JULIET

Unto the rigor of severest law.

PRINCE

We still have known thee for a holy man.

Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?

BALTHASAR

I brought my master news of Juliet's death,

And then in post he came from Mantua

To this same place, to this same monument.

This letter he early bid me give his father.

PRINCE

Give me the letter; I will look on it.

This letter doth make good the Friar's words.

Where be these enemies? Capulet, Montague,

See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,

That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.

And I, for winking at your discords too,

Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punished.

CAPULET

O brother Montague, give me thy hand.

This is my daughter's jointure, for no more

Can I demand.

MONTAGUE

But I can give thee more,

For I will 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!

PROLOGUE

A glooming peace this morning with it brings.

The sun for sorrow will not show his head.

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things.

Some shall be pardoned and some punished,

## ROMEO AND JULIET

For never was a story of more woe  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

*Exeunt.*

END OF PLAY.