

# **ROMEO AND JULIET**

## **ACT I**

### **PROLOGUE**

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

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

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of  
Capulet Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR*

#### **ABRAHAM**

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

#### **SAMPSON**

I do bite my thumb, sir.

#### **ABRAHAM**

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

#### **SAMPSON**

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

#### **GREGORY**

Do you quarrel, sir?

#### **ABRAHAM**

Quarrel sir! no, sir.

**SAMPSON**

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

**ABRAHAM**

No better.

**SAMPSON**

Well, sir.

**GREGORY**

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

**SAMPSON**

Yes, better, sir.

**ABRAHAM**

You lie.

*They fight*

*Enter BENVOLIO*

**BENVOLIO**

Part, fools!  
you know not what you do.

*Beats down their swords*

*Enter TYBALT*

**TYBALT**

Benvolio!  
Art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

**BENVOLIO**

I do but keep the peace.

**TYBALT**

Peace! I hate the word,  
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee!

*They fight*

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

*Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET*

**CAPULET**

Give me my long sword, ho!

**LADY CAPULET**

Why call you for a sword?

**CAPULET**

Old Montague is come.

*Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE*

**MONTAGUE**

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

**LADY MONTAGUE**

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

*Enter PRINCE, with Attendants*

**PRINCE**

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,--  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.  
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,  
And made Verona's ancient citizens  
wield old partisans, to part your canker'd hate:

If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
For this time, all the rest depart away:  
You Capulet; shall go along with me:  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
To know our further pleasure in this case.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

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

**MONTAGUE**

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?

**LADY MONTAGUE**

Speak, nephew.

**BENVOLIO**

Here were the servants of your adversary,  
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:  
I drew to part them: in the instant came  
The fiery Tybalt, with her sword prepared,  
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  
Came more and more and fought on part and part,  
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

**LADY MONTAGUE**

Where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MONTAGUE**

Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew.

**BENVOLIO**

Uncle, do you know the cause?

**MONTAGUE**

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

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

*Enter ROMEO*

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MONTAGUE**

Come, madam, let's away.

*Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE*

**BENVOLIO**

Good-morrow, cousin.

**ROMEO**

Is the day so young?

**BENVOLIO**

But new struck nine.

**ROMEO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

**ROMEO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

In love?

**ROMEO**

Out--

**BENVOLIO**

Of love?

**ROMEO**

Out of her favour, where I am in love.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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.

**BENVOLIO**

Soft! I will go along;  
An 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 other where.

**BENVOLIO**

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

**ROMEO**

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit  
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit.

**BENVOLIO**

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

**ROMEO**

She hath, 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.

**BENVOLIO**

By giving liberty unto thine eyes;  
Examine other beauties.

**ROMEO**

'Tis the way  
To call hers exquisite, in question more:  
He that is stricken blind cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:  
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

**BENVOLIO**

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

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. A street.**

*Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant*

**CAPULET**

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

**PARIS**

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

**CAPULET**

But saying o'er what I have said before:  
My child is yet a stranger in the world;  
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,  
Let two more summers wither in their pride,  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

**PARIS**

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

**CAPULET**

And too soon marr'd are those so early made.  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
My will to her consent is but a part;  
An she agree, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.



This night I hold an old accustom'd 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.  
At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:  
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel  
Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,  
And like her most whose merit most shall be:  
Come, go with me.

*To Servant, giving a paper*

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

*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS*

**Servant**

Find them out whose names are written here!

*[Improvisation]*

I am sent to find those persons whose names are here  
writ, and can never find what names the writing  
person hath here writ.

*[Improvisation with audience]*

I must to the learned.—

*[Improvisation with audience]*

In good time.

*Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO*

**BENVOLIO**

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,  
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;  
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

**ROMEO**

Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.

**BENVOLIO**

For what, I pray thee?

**ROMEO**

For your broken shin.

**BENVOLIO**

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

**ROMEO**

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

**Servant**

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

**ROMEO**

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

**Servant**

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

**ROMEO**

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

**Servant**

Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

**ROMEO**

Stay, fellow; I can read.

*Reads*

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;  
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady  
widow of Vitravio; Signior Placentio and his lovely  
nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine  
uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece  
Rosaline; -

**BENVOLIO**

Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin  
Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena.' A fair  
assembly: whither should they come?

**Servant**

Up.

**ROMEO**

Whither?

**Servant**

To supper; to our house.

**ROMEO**

Whose house?

**Servant**

My master's.

**ROMEO**

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

**Servant**

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

*Exit*

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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,  
Your lady's love against some other maid  
That I will show you shining at this feast,  
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

**ROMEO**

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

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse*

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

Juliet!

What lamb.

What ladybird.

God, forbid, where is this girl?

*Enter JULIET*

**JULIET**

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:--

*[Improvisation from Nurse]*

nurse, come back again;  
I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.  
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

**Nurse**

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

**LADY CAPULET**

She's not fourteen.

**Nurse**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

A fortnight and odd days.

**Nurse**

Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.  
Susan and she--God rest all Christian souls!--  
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;  
She was too good for me: but, as I said,  
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;  
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.  
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;  
And she was wean'd,--I never shall forget it,--  
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:  
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;  
My lord and you were then at Mantua:--  
Nay, I do bear a brain:--but, as I said,  
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple  
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,  
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!  
Shake quoth the dove-house:  
  
And since that time it is eleven years;  
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,  
She could have run and waddled all about;  
For even the day before, she broke her brow:  
And then my husband--God be with his soul!  
A' was a merry man--took up the child:  
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holiday,  
The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.'  
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!  
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;  
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

It is an honour that I dream not of.

**Nurse**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

**Nurse**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

What say you? can you love the gentleman?  
This night you shall behold him at our feast;  
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;  
So shall you share all that he doth possess,  
By having him, making yourself no less.

**Nurse**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

**JULIET**

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

*Enter a Servant*

**Servant**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

We follow thee.

*Exit Servant*



Juliet, the county stays.

**Nurse**

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE IV. A street.**

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO,*

**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: I have a soul of lead  
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

A torch for me: let wantons light of heart  
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,  
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

**MERCUTIO**

Come, we burn daylight, ho!

**ROMEO**

I dream'd a dream to-night.

**MERCUTIO**

And so did I.

**ROMEO**

Well, what was yours?

**MERCUTIO**

That dreamers often lie.

**ROMEO**

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

**MERCUTIO**

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;  
Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,  
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,  
The traces of the smallest spider's web,  
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,  
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,

Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat,  
Not so big as a round little worm  
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut.  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight,  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
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.

**BENVOLIO**

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

**ROMEO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

Strike, drum.

*Exeunt*

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

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

**CAPULET**

Welcome, gentlemen! ladies which of you all  
Will now deny to dance?  
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

*Music plays, and they dance*

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

*[They dance – Romeo notices Juliet]*

**ROMEO**

[To a Servingman] What lady is that?

**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.

**CAPULET**

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

**TYBALT**

Uncle, this is a Montague.

**CAPULET**

Young Romeo is it?

**TYBALT**

'Tis he.

**CAPULET**

Let him alone;  
to say truth, Verona brags of him  
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.

**TYBALT**

I'll not endure him.

**CAPULET**

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

**TYBALT**

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

**CAPULET**

Go to: You must contrary me!  
Well said, my hearts! You are a princox; go:  
Be quiet, or--More light, more light! For shame!  
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

**TYBALT**

I will withdraw.

*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**

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.

**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, begone; the sport is at the best.

**ROMEO**

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

**CAPULET**

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;  
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.  
Is it e'en so?

*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse*

**JULIET**

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

**Nurse**

I know not.

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

My only love sprung from my only hate!

**Nurse**

What's this? what's this?

**JULIET**

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

*One calls within 'Juliet.'*

**Nurse**

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

*Exeunt*

## **ACT II**

### **PROLOGUE**

*Enter Chorus*

#### **Chorus**

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,  
And young affection gapes to be his heir;  
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,  
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.  
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,  
Alike betwitched by the charm of looks,  
But to his foe supposed he must complain,  
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:  
Being held a foe, he may not have access  
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;  
And she as much in love, her means much less  
To meet her new-beloved any where:  
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet  
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

*Exit*

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

*Enter ROMEO*

BENVOLIO *Romeo!*

#### **ROMEO**

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

*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it*

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO*

#### **BENVOLIO**



Romeo!

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, I'll conjure too.  
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:  
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;  
Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove';  
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh  
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

**BENVOLIO**

And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

**MERCUTIO**

This cannot anger him: my invocation  
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name  
I conjure only but to raise up him.

**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  
To seek him here that means not to be found.

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*JULIET appears above at a window*

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

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  
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 call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,  
And for that name which is no part of thee  
Take all myself.

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

**ROMEO**

By love, who first did prompt me to inquire.

**JULIET**

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!  
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'  
And I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st,  
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries  
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, the inconstant moon -

**ROMEO**

What shall I swear by?

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

If my heart's dear love--

**JULIET**

Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract to-night:  
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden.  
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest  
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

**ROMEO**

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

**JULIET**

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

**JULIET**

But to be frank, and give it thee again.

*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.

*Re-enter JULIET, above*

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

[Within] Madam!

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

[Within] Madam!

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

So thrive my soul--

**JULIET**

A thousand times good night!

*Exit, above*

**ROMEO**

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

*Retiring*

*Re-enter JULIET, above*

**JULIET**

Hist! Romeo, hist!

**ROMEO**

It is my soul!

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

At the hour of nine.

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget

**JULIET**



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

**ROMEO**

I would I were thy bird.

**JULIET**

Sweet, so would I:  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
Good night, good night! parting is such  
sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

*Exit above*

**ROMEO**

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!

*Exit*

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

*Enter ABBESS LAURENCE, with a basket*

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,  
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

Good morrow, Abbess.

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?  
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:  
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

**ROMEO**

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

**ROMEO**

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

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

I have been feasting with mine enemy,  
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,  
That's by me wounded: both our remedies  
Within thy help and holy physic lies.

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set  
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;  
And all combined, save what thou must combine  
By holy marriage: when and where and how  
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!  
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine  
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:  
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then,  
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

**ROMEO**

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

**ROMEO**

And bad'st me bury love.

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

O, she knew well  
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.  
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;

For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

**ROMEO**

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

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE IV. A street.**

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO*

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

A challenge, on my life.

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo will answer it.

**MERCUTIO**

Any man that can write may answer a letter.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Alas poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

**BENVOLIO**

Why, what is Tybalt?

**MERCUTIO**

More than prince of cats, I can tell you. One, two, and the third in your bosom!

*Enter ROMEO*

**BENVOLIO**

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

**MERCUTIO**

Signior

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

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

The ship, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

Meaning, to court'sy.

**MERCUTIO**

Thou hast most kindly hit it.

**ROMEO**

A most courteous exposition.

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

**ROMEO**

Pink for flower.

**MERCUTIO**

Right.

**ROMEO**

Why, then is my pump well flowered.

**MERCUTIO**

Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

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

**BENVOLIO**

Stop there, stop there.

*Enter Nurse and PETER*

**Nurse**

Peter!

**PETER**

Anon!

**Nurse**

My fan, Peter.

**MERCUTIO**

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

**Nurse**

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

**MERCUTIO**

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

**Nurse**

Is it good den?

**MERCUTIO**

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

**Nurse**

Out upon you! what a man are you!

**ROMEO**

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

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

**Nurse**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

I will follow you.

**MERCUTIO**

Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,

*Singing*

'lady, lady, lady.'

*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO*

**Nurse**

I pray you, sir, what saucy  
merchant was this?

**ROMEO**

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk.

**Nurse**

Scurvy knave! And thou must stand by  
too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

**PETER**

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

**Nurse**

Now, afore God, I am so vexed. Scurvy knave!

Pray you, sir, a word:

and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you  
out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself:  
but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into  
a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross  
kind of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman  
is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double  
with her-

**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:

**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 ABBESS Laurence' cell  
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

**Nurse**

No truly sir; not a penny.

**ROMEO**

Go to; I say you shall.

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**Nurse**

Now God in heaven bless, sir.

Ay, a thousand times.

*Exit Romeo*

Peter!

**PETER**

Anon!

**Nurse**

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

*Exeunt*

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

*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! love's heralds should be thoughts,  
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,  
Driving back shadows over louring hills.  
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve  
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.  
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,  
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;  
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
And his to me:  
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;  
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.  
O God, she comes!

*Enter Nurse and PETER*

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

**Nurse**

Peter, stay at the gate.

*Exit PETER*

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
To say to me that thou art out of breath?  
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;  
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:  
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

**Nurse**

Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not  
how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his  
face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels  
all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body-

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!  
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.  
My back o' t' other side,--O, my back, my back!

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,  
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

I have.

**Nurse**

Then hie you hence to ABBESS Laurence' cell;  
There stays a husband to make you a wife:  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,  
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.  
Hie you to church; I must another way,  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:

I am the drudge and toil in your delight,  
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.  
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

**JULIET**

Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter ABBESS LAURENCE and ROMEO*

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

These violent delights have violent ends:  
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Enter JULIET*

**JULIET**

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

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

*Exeunt*

**ACT III**

**SCENE I. A public place.**

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants*

**BENVOLIO**

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:  
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,  
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl.  
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 consort'st with Romeo,--

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

*Enter ROMEO*

**TYBALT**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**TYBALT**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**TYBALT**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

*Draws*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

**TYBALT**

What wouldst thou have with me?

**MERCUTIO**

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

**TYBALT**

I am for you.

*Drawing*

**ROMEO**

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

**MERCUTIO**

Come, sir.

*They fight*

**ROMEO**

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

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

**MERCUTIO**

I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses!



**BENVOLIO**

What, art thou hurt?

**MERCUTIO**

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.

**ROMEO**

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

**MERCUTIO**

'tis enough: ask for  
me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.  
'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a  
cat, to scratch a man to death! 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: your houses!

*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO*

**ROMEO**

Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my kinsman! Juliet!

*Re-enter BENVOLIO*

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

**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**

*Re-enter TYBALT*

Tybalt! 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.

*They fight; TYBALT falls*

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

O, I am fortune's fool!

**BENVOLIO**

Why dost thou stay?

*Exit ROMEO*

*Enter Citizens*

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

**PRINCE**

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

**BENVOLIO**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

Tybalt, my cousin!

**PRINCE**

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

**BENVOLIO**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

She is a kinsman to the Montague.

I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;

Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

**PRINCE**

Romeo slew her, she slew Mercutio;?

**MONTAGUE**

His fault concludes but what the law should end,  
The life of Tybalt.

**PRINCE**

And for that offence

Immediately we do exile him hence:

I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;

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*

**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.

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:  
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,  
Think true love acted simple modesty.  
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.  
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,  
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child that hath new robes  
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,  
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks  
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

*Enter Nurse, with cords*

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

**Nurse**

Ay, ay, the cords.

*Throws them down*

**JULIET**

Ay me! what news?

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

Can heaven be so envious?

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,--  
God save the mark!--here on her ravaged breast:

**JULIET**

O, break, my heart!

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

What storm is this that blows so contrary?  
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?  
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

It did, it did!

**JULIET**

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!  
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

Blister'd be thy tongue  
For such a wish! he was not born to shame!

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:  
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:  
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?  
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,  
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;  
But, O, it presses to my memory:

'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo--banished;  
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'  
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 her wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,  
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,  
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled!

**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

**JULIET**

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

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter ABBESS LAURENCE*

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Romeo, come forth.

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

Abess, what news?

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

**ROMEO**

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

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Not body's death, but body's banishment.

**ROMEO**

Ha, banishment! do not say 'banishment.'

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

There is no world without Verona walls -

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

This is dear mercy.

**ROMEO**

'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven and may look on her;  
But Romeo may not: he is banished:  
O ABBESS, the damned use that word in hell;

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Hear me but speak a word.

**ROMEO**

Thou wilt speak again of banishment.

*Knocking within*



**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Good Romeo, hide thyself.

*Knocking*

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

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

*Knocking*

By and by! God's will,  
What simpleness is this! I come, I come!

*Knocking*

*Enter Nurse*

**Nurse**

Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

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

**Nurse**

O, Just in her case! Even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.  
Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man:  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;

**ROMEO**

Nurse!

**Nurse**

Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.

**ROMEO**

Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

As if that name,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, ABBESS, 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*

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Hold thy desperate hand:  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:  
Thy wild acts denote  
The unreasonable fury of a beast.:  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?  
And stay thy lady too that lives in thee,  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?  
all three do meet  
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.  
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:  
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend  
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,

Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:  
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;  
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back  
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.  
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:  
Romeo is coming.

**Nurse**

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

**ROMEO**

Do so.

**Nurse**

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

*Exit*

**ROMEO**

How well my comfort is revived by this!

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:  
Either be gone before the watch be set,  
Or by the break of day disguised from hence:  
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,  
And he shall signify from time to time

Every good hap to you that chances here:  
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

**ROMEO**

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

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS*

**CAPULET**

Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our daughter:  
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I:--Well, we were born to die.

**PARIS**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**PARIS**

Monday, my lord,

**CAPULET**

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

**PARIS**

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

**CAPULET**

Well get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then.  
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.  
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!  
Afore me! it is so very very late,  
That we may call it early by and by.  
Good night.

*Exeunt*

**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.

**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:  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
I have more care to stay than will to go:  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.  
How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

**JULIET**

It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!  
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**

I must hear from thee every day in the hour!

**ROMEO**

I will omit no opportunity.

**JULIET**

O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

**ROMEO**

I doubt it not.

**JULIET**

O God!

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 in my eye so do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu!

*Exit*

**LADY CAPULET**

[Within] Ho, daughter! are you up?

**JULIET**

Who is't that calls?

*Enter LADY CAPULET*

**LADY CAPULET**

Why, how now, Juliet!

**JULIET**

Madam, I am not well.

**LADY CAPULET**

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?  
What, wilt thou wash her from her grave with tears?  
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make her live.

**JULIET**

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

What villain madam?

**LADY CAPULET**

That same villain, Romeo.

**JULIET**

God Pardon him! I do, with all my heart;  
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

**LADY CAPULET**

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 CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo, till I behold him--dead--



Madam, if you could find out but a man  
To bear a poison, I would temper it;  
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors  
To hear him named, and cannot come to him.

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

And joy comes well in such a needy time:

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

Here comes your father; tell him so yourself

*Enter CAPULET and Nurse*

**CAPULET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:

**CAPULET**

How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?  
'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not;'  
And yet 'not proud,' mistress minion, you,  
Thank me no thankings, nor, proud me no prouds,  
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.  
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!  
You tallow-face!

**LADY CAPULET**

Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

**JULIET**

Good father, I beseech you on my knees.

**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!

**Nurse**

God in heaven bless her!

**CAPULET**

Hold your tongue.

**Nurse**

I speak no treason.

**CAPULET**

O, God ye god-den.

**Nurse**

May not one speak?

**CAPULET**

Peace, you mumbling fool!

**LADY CAPULET**

You are too hot.

**CAPULET**

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

Is there no pity?  
O, sweet my mother!

**LADY CAPULET**

Talk not to me, I have done with thee.

*Exit*

**JULIET**

O God!--O nurse, hast thou not a word of joy?

**Nurse**

Faith, here it is.  
Romeo is banish'd; 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!  
an eagle, madam,  
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
I think you are happy in this second match,  
For it excels your first: or if it did not,  
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,  
As living here and you no use of him.

**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*

**ACT IV**

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

*Enter ABBESS LAURENCE and PARIS*

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

**PARIS**

My father Capulet will have it so.

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

You say you do not know the lady's mind.

**PARIS**

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
And therefore have I little talk'd of love.

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

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.

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

That's a certain text.

**PARIS**

Come you to make confession to this Abbess?

**JULIET**

To answer that, I should confess to you.

**PARIS**

Do not deny to her that you love me.

**JULIET**

I will confess to you that I love her.

**PARIS**

So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

**JULIET**

Are you at leisure, holy Abbess, now?

**ABBESS 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! past hope, past cure, past help!

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;  
On Thursday next be married to this county.

**JULIET**

Tell me not, ABBESS, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.  
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:

**ABBESS 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 darest, I'll give thee remedy.

**JULIET**

And I will do it without fear or doubt.

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

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

**JULIET**

Give me!

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Hold; get you gone: 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!

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and two Servingmen*

**CAPULET**

So many guests invite as here are writ.

*Exit First Servant*

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

What, is my daughter gone to ABBESS Laurence?

**Nurse**

Ay, forsooth.

**CAPULET**

Well, he may chance to do some good on her:

**Nurse**

See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

*Enter JULIET*

**CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition  
To you and your behests,

And beg your pardon: pardon!  
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.

**CAPULET**

Why, I am glad on't; this is well:  
Let me see the county;

**JULIET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

**CAPULET**

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

*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse*

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET**

Tush, I will stir about:  
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;  
I'll not to bed to-night; I will walk myself  
To County Paris, to prepare him up  
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,  
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter JULIET and Nurse*

**JULIET**

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

*Enter LADY CAPULET*

**LADY CAPULET**

Need you my help?

**JULIET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

Good night:  
Get thee to bed, and rest.

*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse*

**JULIET**

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

*Laying down her dagger*

What if it be a poison, which the Abess  
 Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,  
 Lest in this marriage she should be dishonour'd,  
 Because she married me before to Romeo?  
 I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,  
 For she hath still been tried a holy woman.  
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
 I wake before the time that Romeo  
 Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!  
 Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,  
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?  
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
 The horrible conceit of death and night,  
 Together with the terror of the place,--  
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
 Of all my buried ancestors are packed:  
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
 Lies festering in her shroud; where, as they say,  
 At some hours in the night spirits resort;--  
 Alack, alack, is it not like that I,  
 So early waking, what with loathsome smells,  
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,  
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:--  
 O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
 Environed with all these hideous fears?  
 And madly play with my forefather's joints?  
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from her 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 her body  
 Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!  
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains*

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

*Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse*

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

*Enter CAPULET*

**CAPULET**

Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,  
The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:

**Nurse**

Get you to bed; faith, You'll be sick to-morrow  
For this night's watching.

**CAPULET**

No, not a whit:  
The county will be here with music straight

*Music within*

*Re-enter Nurse*

Go waken Juliet, Make haste, I say.  
The bridegroom he is come already.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE V. Juliet's chamber.**

*Enter Nurse*

**Nurse**

Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:  
Why, lamb! why, lady! madam! sweet-heart! why,  
bride!

What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,  
you shall rest but little. God forgive me,  
What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!

I must needs wake you; Lady! lady! lady!  
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!  
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!  
My lord! my lady!

*Enter LADY CAPULET*

**LADY CAPULET**

What noise is here?

**Nurse**

O lamentable day!

**LADY CAPULET**

What is the matter?

**Nurse**

Look, look! O heavy day!

**LADY CAPULET**

O me, O me! My child, my only life.

*Enter CAPULET*

**CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

Revive, look up. Or I will die with thee.

**CAPULET**

Let me see her: out!

**Nurse**

O lamentable day!

**LADY CAPULET**

O woful time!

*Enter ABBESS LAURENCE*

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

**CAPULET**

Ready to go, but never to return.

Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir.

**LADY CAPULET**

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw!

**Nurse**

O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!

O hateful day! That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

**PARIS**

Have I thought long to see this morning's face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

**CAPULET**

Child! My child is dead!

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Peace, ho, for shame! Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid:

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

Dry up your tears, and, as the custom is,

In all her best array bear her to church:

For though fond nature bids us all lament,

Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

**CAPULET**

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

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Sir, go you in;  
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 CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and  
ABBESS LAURENCE*

**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:  
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead--  
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave  
to think!--  
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I revived, and was an emperor.  
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

*Enter BALTHASAR, booted*

News from Verona!--How now, Balthasar!  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the abbess?



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.

**ROMEO**

Then I defy you, stars!  
Get me ink and paper,  
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

**BALTHASAR**

I do beseech you, sir, have patience:

**ROMEO**

Hast thou no letters to me from the ABBESS?

**BALTHASAR**

No, my good lord.

**ROMEO**

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

*Exit BALTHASAR*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
I do remember an apothecary,--  
And hereabouts he dwells,--and from his shop if a man  
did need a poison now,  
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.'  
What, ho! apothecary!

*Enter Apothecary*

**Apothecary**

Who calls so loud?

**ROMEO**

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

**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**

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.

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter ABBESS JOHN*

**ABBESS JOHN**

Holy Franciscan Priestess! brother, ho!

*Enter ABBESS LAURENCE*

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Friar John.

Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?

**ABBESS JOHN**

My speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

**ABBESS JOHN**

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

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

The letter was full of charge  
Now must I to the monument alone;  
Within three hours will fair Juliet wake:  
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:  
I would not be seen.  
Whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those flowers. Go.

*Retires*

**PARIS**

Sweet flower, The obsequies that I for thee will keep  
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

*The Page whistles*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.  
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night

*Retires*

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

**ROMEO**

Upon thy life, I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death,  
shall intend to do,  
If thou dost return to pry, I will tear thee joint by joint  
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.

**BALTHASAR**

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

**ROMEO**

Live, and be prosperous: and farewell.

**ROMEO**

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,  
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth!

*Opens the tomb*

**PARIS**

*Comes forward*

Vile Montague!  
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?

**ROMEO**

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;  
Put not another sin upon my head,  
Be gone!  
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;  
For I come hither arm'd against myself:  
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,  
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

**PARIS**

I do defy thy conjurations.

**ROMEO**

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

*They fight*

*Dies*

**ROMEO**

*Laying PARIS in the tomb*

O my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.  
Forgive me! Juliet,  
I still will stay with thee;  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again: here, here will I remain  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh. Your lips,  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!  
Come, bitter conduct!  
Here's to my love!

*Drinks*

O true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick.

*Dies*

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

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Sweet Venus be my speed! Whos there?

**BALTHASAR**

One that knows you well.

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Bliss me upon you. What torch is yond?

**BALTHASAR**

My master.

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Who?

**BALTHASAR**

Romeo.

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

How long hath he been there?

**BALTHASAR**

Full half an hour.

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Go with me to the vault.

**BALTHASAR**

I dare not, sir.

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me:

*Advances*

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

*Enters the tomb*

Romeo! O, pale! Ah, what an unkind hour

*JULIET wakes*

**JULIET**

O abbess! where is my lord?  
Where is my Romeo?

*Noise within*

**ABBESS 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;  
Come:  
Stay not to question, Juliet,

*Noise again*

**JULIET**

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

*Exit ABBESS LAURENCE*

What's here? in my true love's hand?  
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:  
O churl! drunk all? I will kiss thy lips;

*Kisses him*

Thy lips are warm.

O happy dagger!

*Snatching ROMEO's dagger*

This is thy sheath;

*Stabs herself*

*Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies*

*Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS*

**PAGE**

*Enter the PRINCE and Attendants*

**PRINCE**

Say.

**ABBESS LAURENCE**

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  
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 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.

**PRINCE**

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.

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*

***END***