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*I would like to dedicate this play to my wife Sandy for her loving and continuous support, and to all the actors, designers, technicians and volunteers at St. Margaret's Episcopal School who worked so hard on the show.*

## **Cast of Characters**

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona

PARIS, A count and relative of the Prince

MONTAGUE }

CAPULET } Heads of two feuding families

ROMEO, Montague's son

MERCUTIO, Friend to Romeo and relative of the Prince

BENVOLIO, Friend to Romeo and Montague's nephew

TYBALT, Lady Capulet's nephew

FRIAR LAWRENCE }

FRIAR JOHN } Catholic friars of the Franciscan order

BALTHAZAR, Romeo's servant

SAMPSON }

GREGORY } Servants in the Capulet household

SERVANT, Another servant in the Capulet household

PETER, Servant of Juliet's nurse

ABRAHAM, Servant of Montague

AN APOTHECARY

PAGE TO PARIS

LADY MONTAGUE, Montague's wife

LADY CAPULET, Capulet's wife

JULIET, Capulet's daughter

NURSE TO JULIET

1<sup>ST</sup> , 2<sup>ND</sup> , 3<sup>RD</sup> , 4<sup>TH</sup> AND 5<sup>TH</sup> WATCHMEN

CHORUS

CITIZENS OF VERONA

DANCERS AT PARTY

ATTENDANTS

## **Production Notes**

In this adaptation, the tale of the world's most famous lovers is condensed to about 1 hour and 45 minutes. Through judicious cuts, mainly of longer soliloquies, the action of the play moves forward quickly and with clarity. The balcony scene, with its glorious poetry, remains completely intact, and all of the language in this version is Shakespeare's own.

## Acknowledgments

Ken Womble's adaptation of *Romeo and Juliet* was first presented by St. Margaret's Episcopal School, San Juan Capistrano, California, in October 2004 with the following cast:

ESCALUS.....	Corinne AndersonSchoepe
PARIS .....	Randy Rense
MONTAGUE .....	Rory Frost
CAPULET .....	Tim Crossley
ROMEO.....	Julian Bayles
MERCUTIO .....	Paul Anderson
BENVOLIO.....	Paul Moore
TYBALT .....	Rex Bradley
FRIAR LAWRENCE.....	David Reese
FRIAR JOHN, CITIZEN, DANCER AT PARTY .....	Taylor Oda
BALTHAZAR .....	Torrey AndersonSchoepe
SAMPSON, 4 <sup>TH</sup> WATCHMAN .....	Justin Clements
GREGORY, DANCER AT PARTY, CITIZEN .....	Kimberly Berens
SERVANT, DANCER AT PARTY.....	Allison Stevens
PETER, CITIZEN, PAGE TO PARIS.....	Yolanda Galvez
ABRAHAM, 5 <sup>TH</sup> WATCHMAN.....	Kasey Carpenter
AN APOTHECARY, 2 <sup>ND</sup> CITIZEN .....	Katie Dohn
LADY MONTAGUE .....	Lauren Collier
LADY CAPULE .....	Abby Carpenter
JULIET.....	Hallie Mayer
NURSE TO JULIET.....	Breeana Grogan
1ST WATCHMAN, CITIZEN .....	Breanna Meece
CHORUS, CITIZEN, DANCER AT PARTY.....	Cortney Beverly
3 <sup>RD</sup> WATCHMAN, 1 <sup>ST</sup> CITIZEN .....	Leanne Tranter
Director .....	Ken Womble
Technical director .....	Adam Blumberg
Stage manager .....	Christina Smith
Production coordinator .....	Barbara Reese
Set designer .....	Wally Huntoon
Costume designers .....	Heather Murray, Mary Mayer and Louise Rense

# ROMEO AND JULIET

## adapted by Ken Womble

based on the play by William Shakespeare

### ACT I

#### Prologue

**CHORUS.** Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean:  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes,  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life:  
Whole 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, nought could remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage.  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

#### Scene 1

*(A public place.)*

*(Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY armed with swords and bucklers.)*

**SAMPSON.** Gregory, on my word we'll not carry coals.

**GREGORY.** No, for then we should be colliers.

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

**GREGORY.** Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of' the collar.

**SAMPSON.** I strike quickly being moved.

**GREGORY.** But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

**SAMPSON.** A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

**GREGORY.** To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand: therefore if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

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

**GREGORY.** That shows thee a weak slave, for the weakest goes to the wall.

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

**GREGORY.** The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

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

**GREGORY.** The heads of the maids?

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

**GREGORY.** They must take it in sense that feel it.

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

**GREGORY.** 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John: draw thy tool, here comes two of the house of Montagues.

*(Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHAZAR.)*

**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.

**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.** Is the law of our side if I say ay?

**GREGORY.** No.

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

**GREGORY.** Do you quarrel sir?

**ABRAHAM.** Quarrel sir, no, sir.

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

**ABRAHAM.** No better.

**SAMPSON.** Well, sir.

*(Enter BENVOLIO.)*

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

**SAMPSON.** Yes, better sir.

**ABRAHAM.** You lie.

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

*(They fight.)*

**BENVOLIO.** Part, fools.

Put up your swords, you know not what you do.

*(Enter TYBALT.)*

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

**BENVOLIO.** I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

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

*(They fight.)*

*(Enter CITIZENS with clubs or partisans.)*

**FIRST CITIZEN.** Clubs, bills and partisans, strike, beat them down!

**SECOND CITIZEN.** Down with the Capulets, down with the  
Montagues!

*(Enter CAPULET and LADY CAPULET.)*

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

**LADY CAPULET.** A crutch, a crutch; why call you for a sword?

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

*(Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.)*

**MONTAGUE.** Thou villain Capulet: hold me not, let me go.

**LADY MONTAGUE.** Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

*(Enter PRINCE ESCALUS, with ATTENDANTS.)*

**PRINCE.** Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel—  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistempered 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;  
You, Capulet, shall go along with me,  
And Montague, come you this afternoon,  
To know our farther pleasure in this case,

To old Freetown, our common judgement-place.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*(Exeunt PRINCE and ATTENDANTS, CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, TYBALT and CITIZENS.)*

**MONTAGUE.** Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?  
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

**BENVOLIO.** Here were the servants of your adversary  
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.  
I drew to part them; in the instant came  
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;  
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears  
He swung about his head and cut the winds,  
Who nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn.  
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows  
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,  
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

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

**BENVOLIO.** Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun  
Peered forth the golden window of the east  
A troubled mind drive me to walk abroad,  
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore  
That westward rooteth from the city's side,  
So early walking did I see your son.

**MONTAGUE.** Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,  
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.  
Black and portentous must this humour prove  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.  
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
We would as willingly give cure as know.

*(Enter ROMEO.)*

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

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

*(Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.)*

**BENVOLIO.** Good morrow, cousin.

**ROMEO.** Is the day so young?

**BENVOLIO.** But new struck nine.

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

**BENVOLIO.** It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

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

**BENVOLIO.** In love?

**ROMEO.** Out.

**BENVOLIO.** Of love?

**ROMEO.** Out of her favour where I am in love.

**BENVOLIO.** Alas that love so gentle in his view  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.

**ROMEO.** Alas that love whose view is muffled still  
Should without eyes see pathways to his will.  
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?  
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.  
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.  
Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,  
O anything of nothing first create!  
O heavy lightness, serious vanity,  
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!  
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,  
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!  
This love feel I that feel no love in this.  
Dost thou not laugh?

**BENVOLIO.** No coz, I rather weep.

**ROMEO.** Good heart, at what?

**BENVOLIO.** At thy good heart's oppression.

**ROMEO.** Why, such is love's transgression.  
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,  
Which thou wilt propagate to have it pressed  
With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown  
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
Farewell, my coz.

**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.** In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

**BENVOLIO.** I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

**ROMEO.** A right good markman! And she's fair I love.

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

**ROMEO.** Well, in that hit you miss; she'll not be hit  
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit,  
And in strong proof of chastity well armed  
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed.

**BENVOLIO.** Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

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

**BENVOLIO.** Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

**ROMEO.** O teach me how I should forget to think.

**BENVOLIO.** By giving liberty unto thine eyes:  
Examine other beauties.

**ROMEO.** 'Tis the way  
To call hers, exquisite, in question more.  
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair.  
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 2

*(A street.)*

*(Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and SERVANT.)*

**PARIS.** 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 marred are those so early made.  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
My will to her consent is but a part,  
And she agree, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
This night I hold an old accustomed feast  
Whereto I have invited many a guest  
Such as I love, and you among the store:  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.  
Hear all, all see,  
And like her most whose merit most shall be;  
Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,  
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.  
Come, go with me.

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

*(Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.)*

**BENVOLIO.** Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,  
One pain is lessened by another's anguish;  
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning.  
One desperate grief cures with another's languish;  
Take thou some new infection to thy eye  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

**ROMEO.** Your plantain 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 madman is:  
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
Whipped and tormented and—good e'en, good fellow.

**SERVANT.** God good e'en; 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 anything 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 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.' A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

**SERVANT.** Up.

**ROMEO.** Whither to supper?

**SERVANT.** To our house.

**ROMEO.** Whose house?

**SERVANT.** My master's.

**ROMEO.** Indeed, I should have asked 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 SERVANT.)*

**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 splendour of mine own.

*(Exeunt.)*

**Scene 3**

*(A room in Capulet's house.)*

*(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 knowest 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.  
And 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 sucked 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.  
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 SERVANT.)*

**SERVANT.** Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you  
called, my young lady asked for, the Nurse cursed in the pantry,  
and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait, I beseech you  
follow straight.

**LADY CAPULET.** We follow thee.  
Juliet, the County stays.

*(Exit SERVANT.)*

**NURSE.** Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

*(Exeunt.)*

#### Scene 4

*(A street.)*

*(Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with one or two  
MASKERS.)*

**BENVOLIO.** And let them measure us by what they will,  
We'll measure them a measure and be gone.

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

**MERCUTIO.** Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

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

**MERCUTIO.** You are a lover, borrow Cupid's wings  
And soar with them above a common bound.  
Come, we burn daylight, ho.

**ROMEO.** Nay, that's not so.

**MERCUTIO.** I mean, sir, in delay  
We waste our lights in vain, like lights by day.  
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits  
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

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

**MERCUTIO.** Why, may one ask?

**ROMEO.** I dreamt a dream tonight.

**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 forefinger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Over men's noses as they lie asleep.  
Her chariot is an empty hazelnut  
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.  
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,  
Not half so big as a round little worm  
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;  
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 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 plaits the manes of horses in the night  
 And bakes the elf-locks 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.

**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 suit. On, lusty gentlemen.

**BENVOLIO.** Strike, drum.

*(Drum strikes.)*

*(Exeunt.)*

### Scene 5

*(A hall in Capulet's house.)*

*(Enter CAPULET with GUESTS and MASKERS.)*

**CAPULET.** Welcome gentlemen, ladies that have their toes  
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.  
Ah ha, my mistresses! Which of you all  
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,  
She I'll swear hath corns. Am I come near you now?  
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.  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear—  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.  
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows  
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.  
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,  
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.  
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight.  
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

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

**CAPULET.** Why how now, kinsman, wherefore storm you so?

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

**CAPULET.** Young Romeo is it?

**TYBALT.** 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

**CAPULET.** Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,  
He bears him like a portly gentleman.  
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.

**TYBALT.** Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

**CAPULET.** Go to, go to!  
You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed?  
This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what.  
You must contrary me. Marry, 'tis time—  
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.** Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.  
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall  
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

*(Exit TYBALT.)*

**ROMEO.** If I profane with my unworhiest 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 prayer's sake.

**ROMEO.** Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

*(He kisses her.)*

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.

**JULIET.** Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

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

*(They kiss 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?  
O dear account! My life is my foe's debt.

**BENVOLIO.** Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

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

*(All start to exit except 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.  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late.  
Prodigious birth of love it is to me  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

**NURSE.** What's this? What's this?

**JULIET.** A rhyme I learned even now  
Of one I danced withal.

*(One calls within, "Juliet!")*

**NURSE.** Anon, anon!  
Come, let's away. The strangers all are gone.

*(Exeunt.)*

*End of Act I*

## ACT II

### Scene 1

*(Capulet's orchard.)*

*(Enter ROMEO.)*

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

*(Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.)*

**BENVOLIO.** Romeo! My cousin Romeo! Romeo!

**MERCUTIO.** He is wise,  
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

**BENVOLIO.** He ran this way, and leaped 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,"  
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  
To be consorted with the humorous night.  
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

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

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

*(Exeunt BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.)*

**Scene 2**

*(Capulet's orchard.)*

*(Enter ROMEO.)*

**ROMEO.** He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*(Enter JULIET above.)*

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.** Ah 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.  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

**ROMEO.** 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 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 yet not 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 cam'st 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'erperch 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 eyes,  
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, that first did prompt me to enquire.  
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.  
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far  
As that vast shore washed with the furthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.

**JULIET.** Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
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 swearest,  
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 haviour 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;  
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 tonight;  
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be  
Ere one can say "It lightens." Sweet, good night.  
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
Good night, and 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.** The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

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

**ROMEO.** Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

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

*(NURSE calls within.)*

Anon, good Nurse! Sweet Montague be true.  
Stay but a little, I will come again.

*(Exit JULIET.)*

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

*(Re-enter JULIET above.)*

**JULIET.** Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.  
If that thy bent of love be honourable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow  
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 meanest 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.  
Tomorrow will I send.

**ROMEO.** So thrive my soul—

**JULIET.** A thousand times good night.

*(Exit JULIET.)*

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

*(Re-enter JULIET above.)*

**JULIET.** Hist! Romeo, hist! O for a falconer's voice  
To lure this tassel-gentle back again.  
Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud,  
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies  
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine  
With repetition of my "Romeo."

**ROMEO.** It is my soul that calls upon my name.  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears.

**JULIET.** Romeo!

**ROMEO.** My dear?

**JULIET.** What o'clock tomorrow  
Shall I send to thee?

**ROMEO.** By the hour of nine.

**JULIET.** I will not fail. 'Tis twenty years till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

**ROMEO.** Let me stand here till thou remember it.

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

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

**JULIET.** 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone;  
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,  
That 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 JULIET.)*

**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.)*

### Scene 3

*(Friar Lawrence's cell.)*

*(Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE with a basket.)*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning  
night,  
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light;  
And fleckel'd darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.  
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye  
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,  
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours  
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.  
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities;  
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live  
But to the earth some special good doth give;  
Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use,  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,  
And vice sometimes by action dignified.  
Within the infant rind of this weak flower  
Poison hath residence, and medicine power,  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.

Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;  
And where the worser is predominant,  
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

*(Enter ROMEO.)*

**ROMEO.** Good morrow, father!

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Benedicite!  
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?  
Young son, it argues a distempered head  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.  
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure  
Thou art uproused with 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 LAWRENCE.** 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 LAWRENCE.** That's my good son; but where hast thou  
been then?

**ROMEO.** I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.  
I have been feasting with mine enemy,  
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me  
That's by me wounded.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** 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. But this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us today.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Holy Saint Francis! What a change is here!

Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? Young men's love, then, lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

**ROMEO.** Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

**ROMEO.** And bad'st me bury love.

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

**ROMEO.** I pray thee chide me not. Her I love now  
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;  
The other did not so.

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

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast.

*(Exeunt.)*

#### Scene 4

*(A street.)*

*(Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.)*

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

**BENVOLIO.** Not to his father's. I spoke with his man.

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

**BENVOLIO.** Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,

Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

**MERCUTIO.** A challenge, on my life.

**BENVOLIO.** Romeo will answer it.

**MERCUTIO.** Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead: stabbed with a white wench's black eye; run 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. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments, the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist.

*(Enter ROMEO.)*

**BENVOLIO.** Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo!

**MERCUTIO.** You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

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

**MERCUTIO.** The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive?

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

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

**ROMEO.** Meaning, to curtsy.

**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.** Sure wit! Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo.

**ROMEO.** Here's goodly gear!

*(Enter NURSE and her man, PETER.)*

**MERCUTIO.** A sail, a sail!

**BENVOLIO.** Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

**NURSE.** Peter!

**PETER.** Anon.

**NURSE.** My fan, Peter.

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

**NURSE.** God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

**MERCUTIO.** God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

**NURSE.** Is it good den?

**MERCUTIO.** 'Tis no less, I tell ye; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

**NURSE.** Out upon you! What a man are you?

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

**NURSE.** By my troth, it is well said. "For himself to mar' quoth" a! Gentlemen can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

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

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

**MERCUTIO.** Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to dinner thither.

**ROMEO.** I will follow you.

**MERCUTIO.** Farewell ancient lady. Farewell, lady, lady, lady.

*(Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.)*

**NURSE.** I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his ropery?

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

**NURSE.** Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

**PETER.** I saw no man use you at his pleasure. If I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you.

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

**ROMEO.** Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

**NURSE.** Good heart, and i' faith I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

**ROMEO.** What wilt thou tell her, nurse? Thou dost not mark me.

**NURSE.** I will tell her, sir, that you do protest. Which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

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

**NURSE.** No, truly, sir; not a penny.

**ROMEO.** Go to—I say you shall.

**NURSE.** This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

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

**NURSE.** Now God in heaven bless thee!

**ROMEO.** Commend me to thy lady.

**NURSE.** Ay, a thousand times. Peter!

**PETER.** Anon.

**NURSE.** Before and apace.

*(Exeunt.)*

## Scene 5

*(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;  
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw Love,  
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
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'd 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?  
Hast thou met with him?

**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 a while?  
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

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

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

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

**NURSE.** Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!  
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.  
My back a' t' other side! Ah, my back, my back!  
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,  
To catch my death with jauncing 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 today?

**JULIET.** I have.

**NURSE.** Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence’ 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 6

*(Friar Lawrence’s cell.)*

*(Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and ROMEO.)*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** So smile the heavens upon this holy act

That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss, consume.  
Therefore love moderately: long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*(Enter JULIET.)*

Here comes the lady.

**JULIET.** Good even to my ghostly confessor.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

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

**ROMEO.** Ah Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue  
Unfold the imagined happiness that both  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

**JULIET.** Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,  
Braggs 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 LAWRENCE.** 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.)*

*End of Act II*

## ACT III

### Scene 1

*(A public place.)*

*(Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO and MEN.)*

**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.** Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy. Thou? Why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

**BENVOLIO.** And 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.

**MERCUTIO.** The fee simple! O simple!

*(Enter TYBALT and others.)*

**BENVOLIO.** By my head, here come the Capulets.

**MERCUTIO.** By my heel, I care not.

**TYBALT.** Follow me close, for I will speak to them.  
Gentlemen, good e'en: 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, and 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? And 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.  
Romeo, the love 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 mine own, be satisfied.

**MERCUTIO.** O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!  
Alla stoccata carries it away. *(He 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. *(He draws.)*

**ROMEO.** Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

**MERCUTIO.** Come sir, your passado.

*(They fight.)*

**ROMEO.** Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons.  
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage.  
Tybalt! Mercutio! The prince expressly hath  
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

(**TYBALT**, *under MERCUTIO's arm, thrusts MERCUTIO in.*)

(*Exeunt TYBALT 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.

**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. 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!

(*Exit MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*)

**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 cousin. O sweet Juliet,  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate  
And in my temper softened valour's steel.

(*Re-enter BENVOLIO.*)

**BENVOLIO**. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is 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.

*(Re-enter TYBALT.)*

**BENVOLIO.** Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

**ROMEO.** Alive, in triumph, and Mercutio slain.

Away to heaven respective lenity,  
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!  
Now Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again  
That late thou gav'st me, for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him company.  
Either thou, or I, or both must go with him.

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

**ROMEO.** This shall determine that.

*(They fight. TYBALT falls.)*

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

**ROMEO.** O, I am fortune's fool!

**BENVOLIO.** Why dost thou stay?

*(Exit ROMEO.)*

*(Enter PRINCE, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, LADY MONTAGUE, LADY CAPULET, CITIZEN and others.)*

**CITIZEN.** Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

**BENVOLIO.** There lies that Tybalt.

**PRINCE.** Who are the vile beginners of this fray?

**BENVOLIO.** O noble Prince, I can discover all  
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman brave Mercutio.

**LADY CAPULET.** Tybalt, my cousin, O my brother's child!  
O prince, O husband, O, the blood is spilled  
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.** Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.

**LADY CAPULET.** I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give.  
Romeo slew Tybalt. Romeo must not live.

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

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

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

*(Exeunt.)*

## Scene 2

*(Juliet's room.)*

*(Enter JULIET.)*

**JULIET.** Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging. Such a waggoner  
As Phaeton 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 untalked of and unseen.  
Come night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in night.  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow upon 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, here comes my Nurse.

*(Enter NURSE, with cords.)*

And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks  
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.  
Now, Nurse, what news? What hast thou there?  
The cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

**NURSE.** Ay, ay, the cords.

**JULIET.** Ah me, what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

**NURSE.** Ah, well-a-day, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!  
We are undone, lady, we are undone.  
Alack the day, he's gone, he's killed, he's dead.

**JULIET.** Can heaven be so envious?

**NURSE.** Romeo can,  
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo,  
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

**JULIET.** What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?  
This torture should be roared in dismal hell.  
Hath Romeo slain himself?  
If he be slain say "Ay," or if not, "No."  
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

**NURSE.** I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—  
God save the mark—here on his manly breast.  
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse.

**JULIET.** O, break, my heart. Poor bankrupt, break at once.  
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty.

**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?

**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!

**JULIET.** O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face.  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st!  
Was ever book containing such vile matter  
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace.

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

**JULIET.** Blistered be thy tongue  
For such a wish. He was not born to shame.  
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,  
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crowned  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
O, what a beast was I to chide at him.

**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.

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, worsers than Tybalt's death,  
That murdered me. I would forget it fain,  
But O, it presses to my memory  
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.  
Tybalt is dead and Romeo—banished.  
To speak that word  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
All slain, all dead. Romeo is banished.  
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
In that word's death. No words can that woe sound.  
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.

**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 Lawrence's cell.

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

*(Exeunt.)*

### Scene 3

*(Friar Lawrence's cell.)*

*(Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE.)*

**ROMEO.** Banishment? Be merciful, say "death."  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death. Do not say "banishment."

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

**ROMEO.** There is no world without Verona walls  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself;  
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe  
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** 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.  
They are free men but I am banished.  
And say'st 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 "banished" to kill me? Banished?

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Thou fond mad man, hear me speak a little.

**ROMEO.** Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.  
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me banished,  
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair  
And fall upon the ground as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

*(Knocking within.)*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Arise, one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

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

*(Knocking.)*

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

*(Knocking.)*

What simpleness is this! I come, I come!

**NURSE.** *(Within.)* Let me come in and you shall know my errand.  
I come from Lady Juliet.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Welcome then.

*(Enter NURSE.)*

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

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

**NURSE.** Even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.  
Stand up, stand up! Stand, an you be a man!  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand!  
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

*(ROMEO rises.)*

**ROMEO.** Nurse.

**NURSE.** Ah sir, ah sir, death's the end of all.

**ROMEO.** Spak'st thou of Juliet? How is it with her?  
Doth not she think me an old murderer  
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy  
With blood removed but little from her own?  
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 LAWRENCE.** Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?

And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead.  
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt. There art thou happy.  
The law that threatened death becomes thy friend  
And turns it to exile. There art thou happy.  
A pack of blessings light upon thy back;  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
But like a misbehaved and sullen wench  
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 cans't 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 stayed here all the night  
To hear good counsel. O what learning is!  
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

**ROMEO.** Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

**NURSE.** Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

*(Exit NURSE.)*

**ROMEO.** How well my comfort is revived by this.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** 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 4

*(A Room in Capulet's house.)*

*(Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.)*

**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,  
Thursday let it be, a Thursday, tell her,  
She shall be married to this noble earl.  
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?

**PARIS.** My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

**CAPULET.** Well, get you gone. A 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!

*(Exeunt.)*

### Scene 5

*(Juliet's room. ROMEO and JULIET stand near 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.  
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 the 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.  
How is't, my soul? Let's talk. It is not day.

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

**ROMEO.** More light and light: more dark and dark our woes.

*(Enter NURSE.)*

**NURSE.** Madam.

**JULIET.** Nurse?

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

*(Exit NURSE.)*

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

**ROMEO.** Farewell, farewell. One kiss and I'll descend.

*(ROMEO starts to go down.)*

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

**ROMEO.** Farewell.

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

**JULIET.** O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

**ROMEO.** I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our times to come.

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

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

*(Exit ROMEO below.)*

**LADY CAPULET.** *(Within.)* Ho, daughter, are you up?

**JULIET.** Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother.  
Is she not down so late, or up so early?  
What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

*(Enter LADY CAPULET.)*

**LADY CAPULET.** Why, how now, Juliet?

**JULIET.** Madam, I am not well.

**LADY CAPULET.** Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?  
Well, girl, thou weepest not so much for his death

As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

**JULIET.** What villain, madam?

**LADY CAPULET.** That same villain Romeo.

**JULIET.** Villain and he be many miles asunder.  
God pardon him. I do with all my heart.  
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

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

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

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

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

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

*(Enter CAPULET and NURSE.)*

**CAPULET.** How now, 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 blest,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?

**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 how, how how? 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,  
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.

**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 a Thursday  
Or never after look me in the face.  
And 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 CAPULET.)*

**JULIET.** Is there no pity sitting in the clouds  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away.

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

*(Exit LADY CAPULET.)*

**JULIET.** O God, O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?  
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven.

How shall that faith return again to earth  
Unless that husband send it me from heaven  
By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsel me.

**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.  
Romeo's a dishclout to him.

**JULIET.** Speakest thou this from thy heart?

**NURSE.** And from my soul too, else beshrew them both.

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

**NURSE.** Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

*(Exit NURSE.)*

**JULIET.** Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!  
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath praised him with above compare  
So many thousand times? Go, counselor.  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.  
I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.  
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

*(Exit JULIET.)*

*End of Act III*



## ACT IV

### Scene 1

*(Friar Lawrence's cell.)*

*(Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and PARIS.)*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** 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 LAWRENCE.** You say you do not know the lady's mind.  
Uneven is the course. I like it not.

*(Enter JULIET.)*

**PARIS.** Happily met, my lady and my wife.

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

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

**JULIET.** What must be, shall be.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** 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.** If I do so, it will be of more price  
Being spoke behind your back than to your face.

**PARIS.** Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

**JULIET.** The tears have got small victory by that,  
For it was bad enough before their spite.

**PARIS.** Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

**JULIET.** That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,  
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

**PARIS.** Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

**JULIET.** It may be so, for it is not mine own.

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** 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 you.  
Till then, adieu and keep this holy kiss.

*(Exit PARIS.)*

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** O Juliet, I already know thy grief;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits.

I hear thou must—and nothing may prorogue it—  
On Thursday next be married to this County.

**JULIET.** Tell me not, Friar, that thou hearest of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Hold, daughter. I do spy a kind of hope  
Which craves as desperate an execution  
As that is desperate which we would prevent.

**JULIET.** O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of any tower,  
Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk  
Where serpents are.

And I will do it without fear or doubt.  
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Hold then. Go home, be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow;  
Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone.  
Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.

Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
And this distilling liquor drink thou off;  
When presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress but surcease;  
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest,  
And in this 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,  
If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear  
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

**JULIET.** Give me, give me! O tell not me of fear.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Hold. Get you gone. Be strong and prosperous  
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua with my letters to thy lord.

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

*(Exeunt.)*

## Scene 2

*(Juliet's room.)*

**JULIET.** My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?

No, No. This shall forbid it.

*(Laying down her dagger.)*

Lie thou there.

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?

O, 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 this many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are packed;

Where bloody Tybalt yet but green in earth.

Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort—

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.

*(Throws herself on the bed.)*

### Scene 3

*(Juliet's room. JULIET on the bed.)*

*(Enter NURSE.)*

**NURSE.** Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet! Fast, I warrant her, she.

Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slugabed!

Why, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Why, bride!

What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now.

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

The County Paris hath set up his rest  
That you shall rest but little! God forgive me!  
Marry and amen. How sound is she asleep!  
What, dressed, and in your clothes, and down again?  
I must needs wake you. Lady! Lady! Lady!  
Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!  
O, well-a-day that ever I was born.  
Some aqua vitae, ho! My lord! My lady!

*(Enter LADY CAPULET.)*

**LADY CAPULET.** What 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.  
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee.  
Help, help! Call help!

*(Enter CAPULET.)*

**CAPULET.** For shame, bring Juliet forth, her lord is come.

**NURSE.** She's dead, deceased! She's dead! Alack the day!

**LADY CAPULET.** Alack the day! She's dead, she's dead, she's  
dead!

**CAPULET.** Ha! Let me see her. Out alas! she's cold,  
Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff.  
Life and these lips have long been separated.  
Death lies on her like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

**NURSE.** O lamentable day!

**LADY CAPULET.** O woeful time!

**CAPULET.** Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail  
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

*(Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and PARIS.)*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

**CAPULET.** Ready to go, but never to return.  
O son, the night before thy wedding day  
Hath death lain with thy wife. There she lies,  
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

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

**LADY CAPULET.** Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day.  
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw  
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage.  
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel Death hath caught it from my sight.

**NURSE.** O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day.  
Most lamentable day! Most woeful day  
That ever, ever I did yet behold.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Peace, ho, for shame. Confusion's cure lives  
not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid, now heaven hath all,  
And all the better is it for the maid.  
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced  
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?  
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
On this fair corse, and, as the custom is,  
All in her best array bear her to church.  
For though fond nature bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.  
Sir, go you in, and madam, go with him,  
And go, Sir Paris. Every one prepare  
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.  
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;  
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

*(Exeunt.)*

*End of Act IV*

## ACT V

### Scene 1

*(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 possessed  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy.

*(Enter BALTHAZAR.)*

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

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

**ROMEO.** Is it e'en so? Then I defy you, stars!  
Thou know'st my lodging. Get me ink and paper,  
And hire posthorses. I will hence tonight.

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

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

**BALTHAZAR.** No, my good lord.

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

*(Exit BALTHAZAR.)*

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  
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
Culling of simples. Meagre were his looks.  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.  
Noting this penury, to myself I said,  
“And if a man did need a poison now,  
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.”  
As I remember, this should be the house.  
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.  
What ho! Apothecary!

*(Enter APOTHECARY.)*

**APOTHECARY.** Who calls so loud?

**ROMEO.** Come hither man. I see that thou art poor.  
Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have  
A dram of poison such soon-spreading 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.** 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 despatch 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.)*

## Scene 2

*(Friar Lawrence's cell.)*

*(Enter FRIAR JOHN.)*

**FRIAR JOHN.** Holy Franciscan Friar, Brother, ho!

*(Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE.)*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** 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 LAWRENCE.** Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,

The letter was not nice but full of charge,  
Of dear import, and the neglecting it  
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,  
Get me an iron crow and bring it straight  
Unto my cell.

**FRIAR JOHN.** Brother I'll go and bring it thee.

*(Exit FRIAR JOHN.)*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Now must I to the monument alone.  
Within this 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 FRIAR LAWRENCE.)*

### Scene 3

*(The Capulet's vault.)*

*(Enter PARIS, and his 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.

*(The PAGE whistles.)*

**PARIS.** The boy gives warning something doth approach.  
What cursed foot wanders this way tonight,  
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?  
Muffle me, night, awhile.

*(PARIS retires.)*

*(Enter ROMEO and BALTHAZAR with a mattock and a crow of iron.)*

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

**BALTHAZAR.** 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.

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

*(BALTHAZAR retires.)*

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

*(ROMEO starts to open the tomb.)*

**PARIS.** 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. Think upon these gone.  
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,  
Put not another sin upon my head  
By urging me to fury. O be gone.

**PARIS.** I do defy thy conjuration  
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 PAGE.)*

**PARIS.** O, I am slain! If thou be merciful,  
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

*(PARIS dies.)*

**ROMEO.** In faith I will. Let me peruse this face.  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!  
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.  
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.  
O my love! My wife,  
Death that hath sucked the honey of thy breath  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.  
Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.  
O here will I set up my everlasting rest  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last.  
Arms, take your last embrace! And lips, O you  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing Death.  
Here's to my love! *(He drinks.)* O true apothecary,  
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

*(He falls.)*

*(Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE.)*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Romeo!  
Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?  
What means these masterless and gory swords  
To lie discoloured by this place of peace?  
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 rises.)*

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

*(A noise within.)*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest  
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.  
A greater power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,  
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.  
Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay.

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

*(Exit FRIAR LAWRENCE.)*

What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand?  
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.  
O churl! Drink 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.

*(She kisses him.)*

Thy lips are warm!

**1<sup>ST</sup> WATCHMAN.** *(Within.)* Lead, boy. Which way?

**JULIET.** Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger.  
This is thy sheath. There rest, and let me die.

*(She stabs herself and falls.)*

*(Enter PAGE and WATCHMEN.)*

**PAGE.** This is the place.

**1<sup>ST</sup> WATCHMAN.** The ground is bloody. Search about the church-  
yard.

## **THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!**

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