

Romeo & Juliet

ABRIDGED



William Shakespeare
(1564-1616)

By

William Shakespeare

Edited by

Jane Tanner



William Shakespeare's

Romeo
&
Juliet

Edited by
Jane Tanner

The Wichita Shakespeare Co.

Romeo & Juliet

Dramatis Personae

CAPULETS

Lord Capulet
Lady Capulet, *his wife*
Juliet, *his daughter*
Tybalt, *nephew*
Nurse, *to Juliet*
Peter, *servant*
Sampson, *servant*
PETER, *servant*

MONTAGUES

Lord Montague
Lady Montague, *his wife*
Romeo, *his son*
Benvolio, *nephew*
Balthasar, *servant to Romeo*
Abraham, *servant*

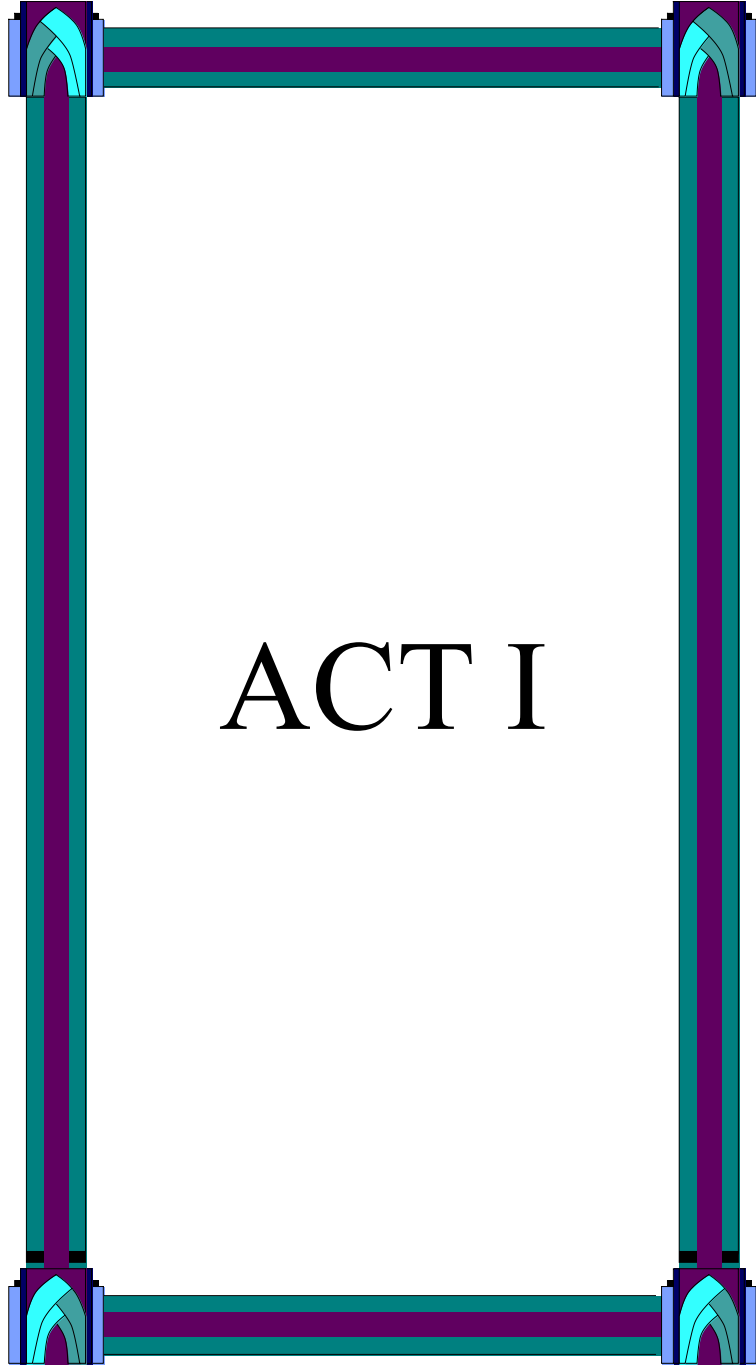
OTHER CITIZENS OF VERONA

Prince Escalus, *ruler of Verona*
Mercutio, *friend of Romeo and kinsman of Prince*
Paris, *suitor to Juliet and kinsman of the Prince*
Friar Laurence, *friend and spiritual father to all*
Watch/page

Romeo & Juliet

List of scenes

	Description	Page
Act I		
Prologue		7
Scene 1	<i>Verona. A public place.</i>	7
Scene 2	<i>A Street</i>	12
Scene 2a	<i>A Street</i>	13
Scene 3	<i>A room in Capulet's house</i>	15
Scene 4	<i>A Street</i>	18
Scene 5	<i>A Hall in Capulet's House</i>	20
Act II		
Scene 1	<i>A Lane by the Wall of Capulet's Orchard</i>	25
Scene 2	<i>Capulet's Orchard</i>	26
Scene 3	<i>Friar Laurence's Cell</i>	31
Scene 4	<i>A Street</i>	33
Scene 5	<i>Capulet's Orchard</i>	37
Scene 6	<i>Friar Laurence's Cell</i>	39
Act III		
Scene 1	<i>A Public Place</i>	43
Scene 2	<i>Capulet's Orchard</i>	48
Scene 3	<i>Friar Laurence's Cell</i>	50
Scene 4	<i>A room in Capulet's house</i>	54
Scene 5	<i>Capulet's Orchard</i>	55
Act IV		
Scene 1	<i>Friar Laurence's Cell</i>	63
Scene 2	<i>A Hall in Capulet's House</i>	65
Scene 3	<i>Juliet's Chamber</i>	66
Scene 5	<i>Juliet's Chamber</i>	67
Act V		
Scene 1	<i>Mantua. A Street</i>	71
Scene 3	<i>A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.</i>	72
Epilogue		77



ACT I

PROLOGUE

Two households, both alike in dignity,
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
 Whole misadventured piteous overthrows
 Do with their death bury their parents' strife.

SCENE 1

Verona. A public place.

Enter SAMPSON and PETER, of the house of Capulet

PETER

The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

SAMPSON

'Tis all one.

PETER

Draw thy tool! here comes
 two of the house of the Montagues.

SAMPSON

Quarrel, I will back thee.

PETER

I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as
 they list.

SAMPSON

Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them;
 which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

[Aside to PETER] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

PETER

No.

8

SAMPSON

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

PETER

Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM

Quarrel sir! no, sir.

SAMPSON

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

ABRAHAM

No better.

SAMPSON

Well, sir.

PETER

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

SAMPSON

Yes, better, sir.

ABRAHAM

You lie.

SAMPSON

Draw, if you be men.

(They fight)

Enter BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO

Part, fools!

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

(Beats down their swords)

Enter TYBALT

TYBALT

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT

What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward!

(They fight)

Enter 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

LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

MONTAGUE

Hold me not, let me go.

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You Capulet; shall go along with me:
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

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

MONTAGUE

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
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,
 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 worshipp'd sun
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
 Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
 So early walking did I see your son:
 Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
 And stole into the covert of the wood.

MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew.
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO

Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE

Both by myself and many other friends:
 But he, his own affections' counsellor,

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!

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.

Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO

Soft! I will go along;

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

ROMEO

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO

Groan! why, no.

But sadly tell me who.

12

ROMEO

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

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

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Exeunt

SCENE 2

A Street

Enter CAPULET AND PARIS

CAPULET

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

PARIS

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

CAPULET

But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world;

She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,
 Let two more summers wither in their pride,
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET

And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
 The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
 My will to her consent is but a part.
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love; and you, among the store,
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
 Come, go with me.

Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS

SCENE 2a

A Street

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO

BENVOLIO

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

Enter PETER

ROMEO

God-den, good fellow.

PETER

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

ROMEO

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

(Reads)

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
 County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady
 widow of Vitravio; Signior Placentio and his lovely
 nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine
 uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece
 Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin
 Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena.' A fair
 assembly: whither should they come?

14

PETER

To supper; to our house.

ROMEO

Whose house?

PETER

My master's.

ROMEO

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

PETER

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

Exit Peter

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.
I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendor 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 remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET

She's not fourteen.

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

It is an honour that I dream not of.

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

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

Enter PETER

PETER

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

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee.
 Juliet, the county stays.

NURSE

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Exeunt

SCENE 4**A street.**

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO and others

ROMEO

What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without a apology?

BENVOLIO

But 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

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in:
A visor for a visor!

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

I dream'd a dream to-night.

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
 Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,
 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
 The traces of the smallest spider's web,
 The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
 Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
 Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
 Then dreams, he of another benefice:
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two
 And sleeps again.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage:
 This is she--

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

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

20

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

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

Exeunt

SCENE 5

A hall in Capulet's house.

Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house, meeting the 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 ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen! come, musicians, play.

(Music plays, and they dance)

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

I know not, sir.

ROMEO

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
 It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
 Like 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.
 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.
 What dares the slave
 Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
 To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?

CAPULET

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

TYBALT

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

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
 He bears him like a portly gentleman;
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
 To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
 I would not for the wealth of all the town
 Here in my house do him disparagement:
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him:

TYBALT

I'll not endure him.

CAPULET

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

22

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET

Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?
Well said, my hearts! You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or-- I'll make you quiet.

TYBALT

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

Exit Tybalt

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

You kiss by the book.

NURSE

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROMEO

What is her mother?

NURSE

Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

ROMEO

Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Exit party guests

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.

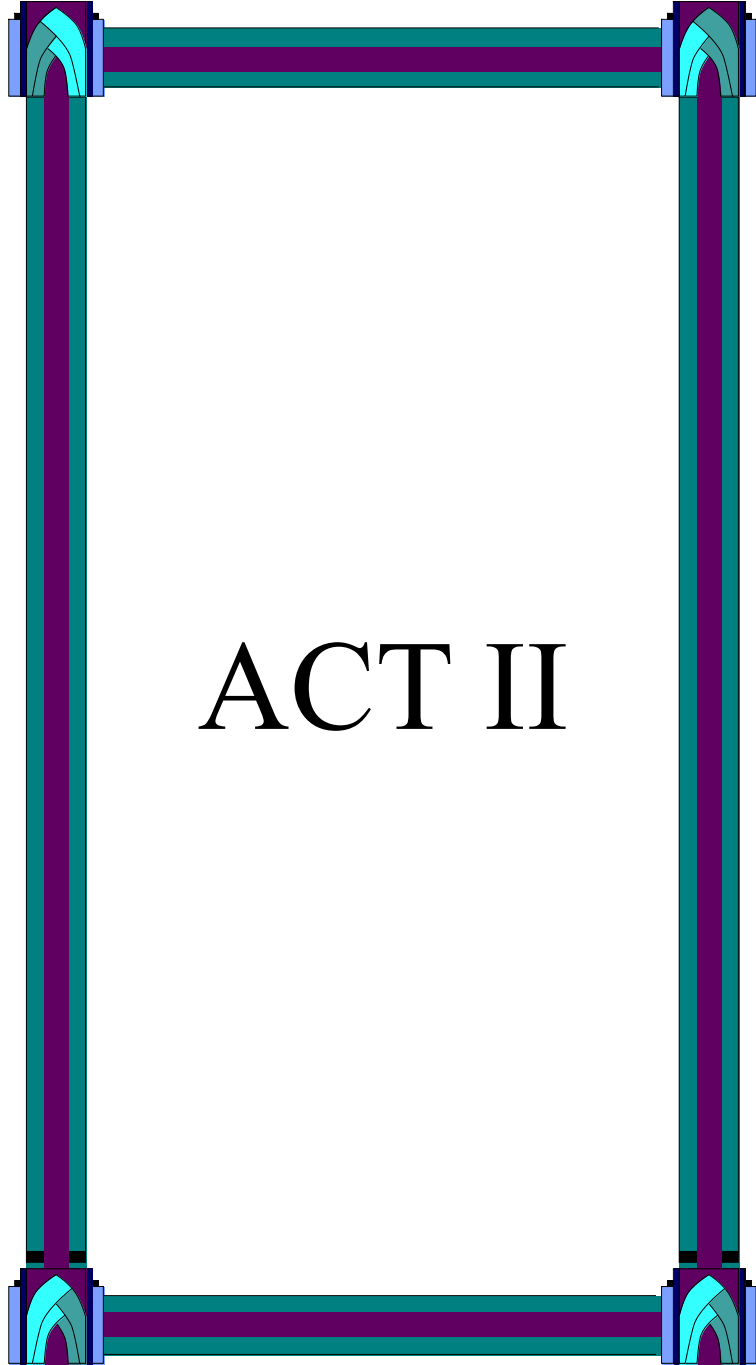
NURSE

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.

Exeunt



ACT II

SCENE 1**A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.**

Enter ROMEO hiding

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

BENVOLIO

Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

MERCUTIO

He is wise;

And, on my lie, hath stol'n him home to bed.

BENVOLIO

He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO

Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead.

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;

Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO

Go, then; for 'tis in vain

To seek him here that means not to be found.

Exeunt

SCENE 2**Capulet's orchard.***Enter ROMEO***ROMEO**

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

JULIET appears above at a window

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief.

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.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel!

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO

[Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part

Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? that which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes
 Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
 And for that name which is no part of thee
 Take all myself.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear

JULIET

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

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?

JULIET

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

ROMEO

If my heart's dear love--

JULIET

Sweet, good night!
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
 Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

ROMEO

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

JULIET

But to be frank, and give it thee again.
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.

(NURSE calls within)

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

Exit, above

ROMEO

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

Re-enter JULIET, above

JULIET

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

NURSE

[Within] Madam!

JULIET

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

NURSE

[Within] Madam!

30

JULIET

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

ROMEO

So thrive my soul--

JULIET

A thousand times good night!

Exit, above

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

Re-enter JULIET, above

JULIET

Romeo!

ROMEO

My love?

JULIET

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

ROMEO

At the hour of nine.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

Good night, good night! parting is such
sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

Exit above

ROMEO

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
 Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
 Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
 His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

Exit

SCENE 3**Friar Laurence's cell.**

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket

FRIAR LAURENCE

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
 And flecked 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,

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
 Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

ROMEO

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAURENCE

God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

ROMEO

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
 And all combined, save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage: when and where and how
 We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us to-day.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
 Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
 What a deal of brine
 Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
 And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then,
 Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

ROMEO

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAURENCE

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO

And bad'st me bury love.

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
 For this alliance may so happy prove,
 To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt

SCENE 4

A street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO

Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO

Any man that can write may answer a letter.

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

Alas poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabbed with a
white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a
love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the
blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to
encounter Tybalt?

BENVOLIO

Why, what is Tybalt?

34

MERCUTIO

More than prince of cats, I can tell you.

Enter ROMEO

BENVOLIO

Here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

The 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

Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

Stop there, stop there.

MERCUTIO

Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

BENVOLIO

Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

MERCUTIO

O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

ROMEO

Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and 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 you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

NURSE

Out upon you! what a man are you!

ROMEO

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

NURSE

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

NURSE

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

BENVOLIO

She will indite him to some supper.

MERCUTIO

A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! so ho!

36

ROMEO

I will follow you.

MERCUTIO

Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,

Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO

NURSE

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

ROMEO

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

NURSE

An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure? Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, 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. Bid her devise Some means to come to shrift this afternoon; And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

NURSE

No truly sir; not a penny.

ROMEO

Go to; I say you shall.

NURSE

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

ROMEO

Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE

Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady--Lord,
Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing:--O, there
is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain
lay knife aboard.

ROMEO

Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE

Ay, a thousand times.

Exit Romeo

Peter!

PETER

Anon!

NURSE

Peter, take my fan, and go 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,
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.
O God, she comes!

Enter Nurse and PETER

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

NURSE

Peter, stay at the gate.

Exit PETER

JULIET

Now, good sweet nurse,--O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

NURSE

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

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
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.
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

JULIET

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

NURSE

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

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

I have.

NURSE

Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
 There stays a husband to make you a wife:
 Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
 They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
 Hie you to church.
 Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

JULIET

Honest nurse, farewell.

Exeunt

SCENE 6

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

ROMEO

Amen, amen! 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,

FRIAR LAURENCE

These violent delights have violent ends
 And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
 Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
 Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
 And in the taste confounds the appetite:
 Therefore love moderately.

Enter JULIET

Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot
 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:

JULIET

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

40

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air.

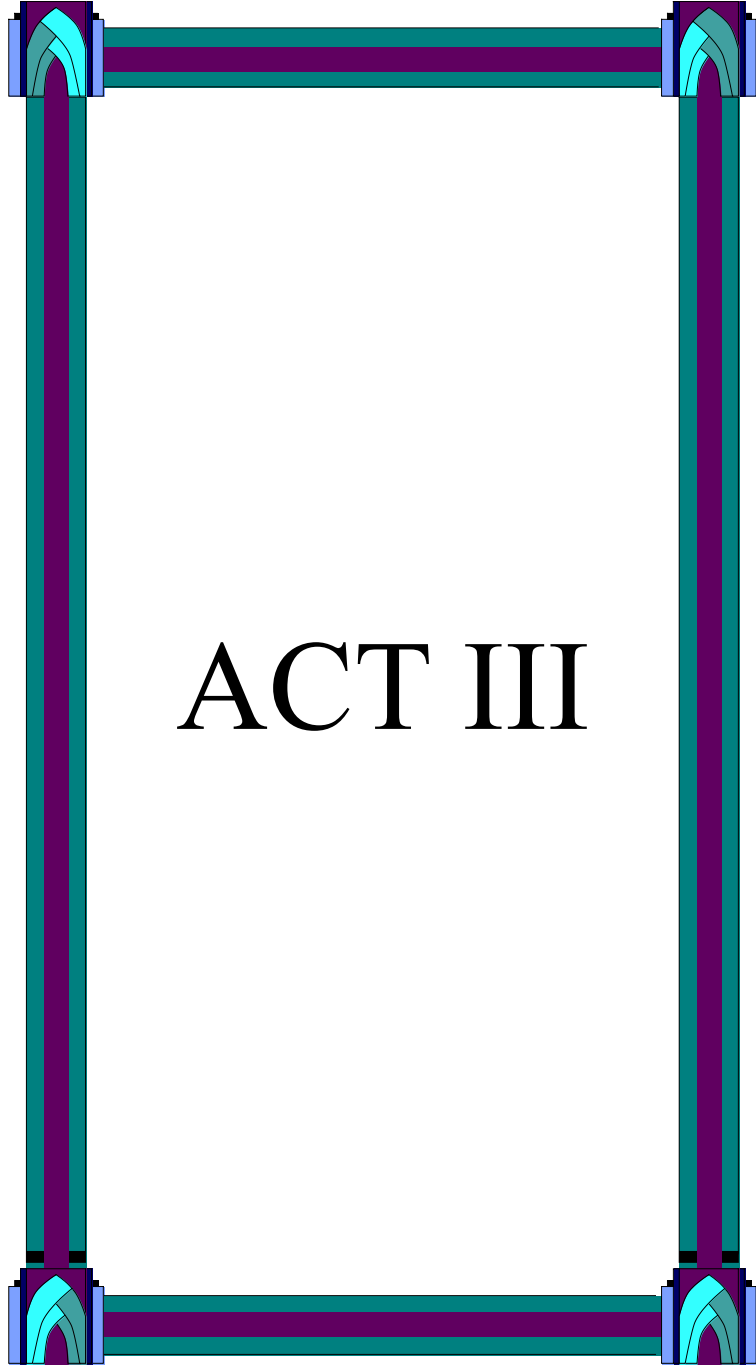
JULIET

They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

Exeunt



ACT III

SCENE 1**A public place.***Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and others***BENVOLIO**

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
 The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
 And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
 For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MERCUTIO

Thou art like one of those fellows that when he
 enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword
 upon the table and says 'God send me no need of
 thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws
 it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

BENVOLIO

Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO

Nay, an there were two such, we should have none
 shortly, for one would kill the other.
 thou hast quarrelled with a
 man for coughing in the street, because he hath
 wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun:
 didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing
 his new doublet before Easter? with another, for
 tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou
 wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

BENVOLIO

By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

*Enter TYBALT and others***TYBALT**

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

MERCUTIO

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

TYBALT

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

44

MERCUTIO

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT

Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,--

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

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

Enter ROMEO

TYBALT

Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.
Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,--thou art a villain.

ROMEO

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

TYBALT

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

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

(Draws)

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and as you shall use me hereafter, drybeat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

TYBALT

I am for you.

(Drawing)

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

(They fight)

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

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

MERCUTIO

I am hurt.

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

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

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

Exit PAGE

ROMEO

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.
 A plague o' both your houses!
 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death!
 Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Re-enter TYBALT

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
 That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
 Is but a little way above our heads,
 Staying for thine to keep him company:
 Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

TYBALT

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

ROMEO

This shall determine that.

(They fight; TYBALT falls)

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone!
 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!

Exit ROMEO

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

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO

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

LADY CAPULET

Prince, as thou art true,
 For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
 Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
 How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
 Your high displeasure: all this uttered
 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
 Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
 Of Tybalt deaf to peace,
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain.
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

48

LADY CAPULET

He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

PRINCE

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

MONTAGUE

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

PRINCE

And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence:
let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt

SCENE 2

Capulet's orchard.

Enter JULIET

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging.
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
O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse

Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE

He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

JULIET

Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE

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

JULIET

What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
Hath Romeo slain himself?

NURSE

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,--
here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse,
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
I swounded at the sight.

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?

NURSE

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

JULIET

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

NURSE

It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

JULIET

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
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.

50

JULIET

Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit.

NURSE

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

JULIET

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
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?
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

NURSE

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:

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 Laurence' cell.

JULIET

O, find him!
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

Exeunt

SCENE 3

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE & ROMEO

ROMEO

Father, what news?

FRIAR LAURENCE

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

ROMEO

Banishment! be merciful, say 'death;'
do not say 'banishment.'

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hence from Verona art thou banished:

ROMEO

There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

FRIAR LAURENCE

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; he is banished:
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

ROMEO

Thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAURENCE

O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO

How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR LAURENCE

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO

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

(Knocking within)

52

FRIAR LAURENCE

Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO

Not I;

(Knocking)

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

(Knocking)

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

(Knocking)

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your
will?

NURSE

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse

NURSE

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

NURSE

O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROMEO

Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

NURSE

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

ROMEO

As if that name,
 Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
 Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
 In what vile part of this anatomy
 Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
 The hateful mansion.

(Drawing his sword)

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold thy desperate hand:
 Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
 Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
 The unreasonable fury of a beast.
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
 Thy Juliet is alive,
 There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
 The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend
 And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
 A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
 Romeo is coming.

NURSE

O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
 To hear good counsel.
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Exit

54

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this!

FRIAR LAURENCE

Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence.
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

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

PARIS

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

LADY CAPULET

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

CAPULET

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

PARIS

Monday, my lord,

CAPULET

Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS

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

CAPULET

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

Exeunt

SCENE 5**Capulet's orchard.**

Enter ROMEO and JULIET above, at the window

JULIET

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

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 No nightingale.
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET

Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
 Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
 I have more care to stay than will to go:
 Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.

JULIET

It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

56

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

ROMEO

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

(Knocking)

NURSE

[Within] Madam!
Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO

I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Exit ROMEO

LADY CAPULET

[Within] Ho, daughter! are you up?

JULIET

Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

Why, how now, Juliet!

JULIET

Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
 What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
 An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
 Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love.
 Thou weep'st not so much for his death,
 As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

JULIET

What villain madam?

LADY CAPULET

That same villain, Romeo.
 We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
 Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
 Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
 Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
 That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.
 But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JULIET

And joy comes well in such a needy time:

LADY CAPULET

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
 One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
 Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

JULIET

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
 He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

LADY CAPULET

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

Enter CAPULET and NURSE

58

CAPULET

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

LADY CAPULET

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

CAPULET

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

JULIET

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

CAPULET

Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:

NURSE

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

CAPULET

And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,

NURSE

I speak no treason.

CAPULET

O, God ye god-den.

NURSE

May not one speak?

CAPULET

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

LADY CAPULET

You are too hot.

CAPULET

God's bread! it makes me mad!
 Thursday is near; lay hand on heart,
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
 And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:

Exit

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

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

Exit

JULIET

O God!--O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
 Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE

Faith, here it is.
 Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county.
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!
 Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you are happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first: or if it did not,
 Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
 As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET

Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE

And from my soul too;
 Or else beshrew them both.

60

JULIET

Amen!

NURSE

What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in: and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

NURSE

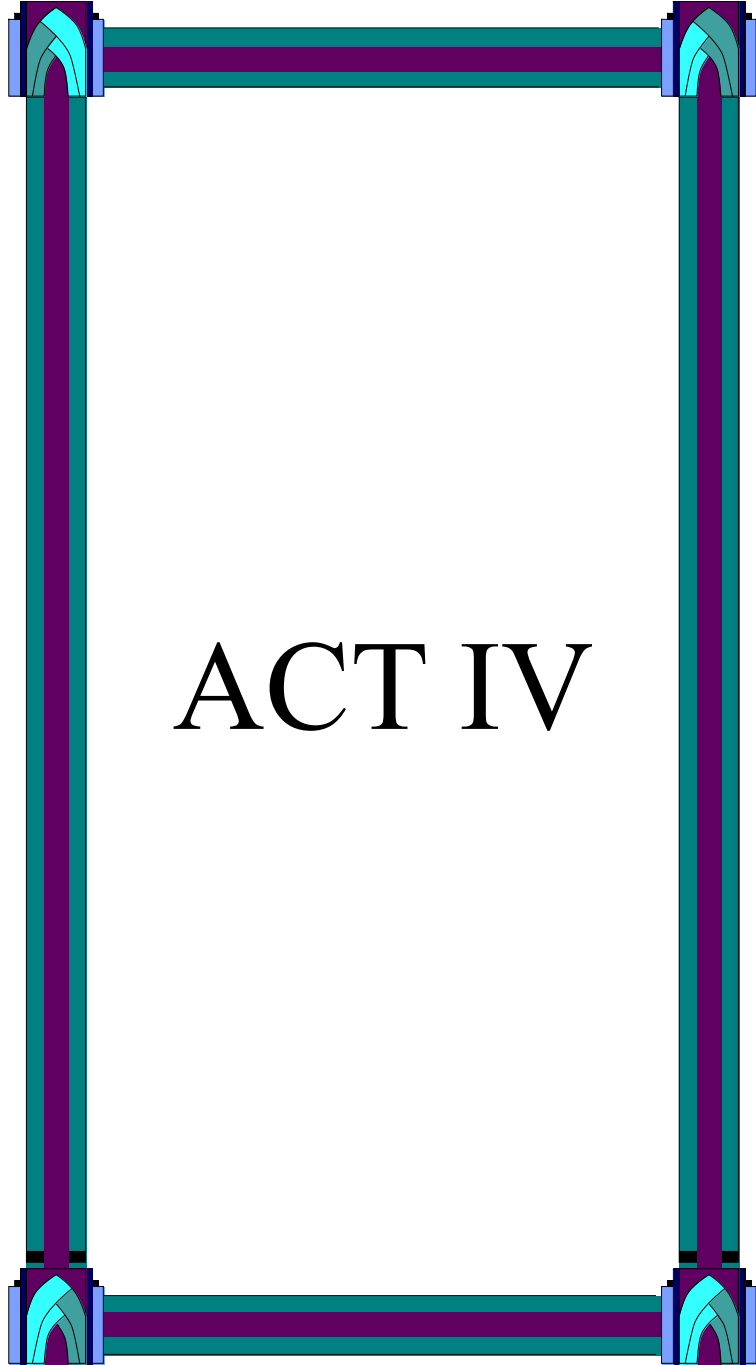
Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

Exit

JULIET

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

Exit



ACT IV

SCENE 1**Friar Laurence's cell.***Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS***FRIAR LAURENCE**

On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
 You say you do not know the lady's mind:
 Uneven is the course, I like it not.

PARIS

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
 And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
 For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

*Enter JULIET***PARIS**

Happily met, my lady and my wife!

JULIET

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

PARIS

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

JULIET

What must be shall be.

PARIS

Come you to make confession to this father?

JULIET

To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS

Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
 My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

PARIS

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

Exit

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

JULIET

Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution.
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copes with death himself to scape from it:
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,

And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
 Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
 And hither shall he come: and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

JULIET

Love give me strength!
 Farewell, dear father!

Exeunt

SCENE 2

Hall in Capulet's house.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE

CAPULET

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

NURSE

Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET

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

NURSE

See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter JULIET

CAPULET

How now, my headstrong! where have you been gad-
 ding?

66

JULIET

Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
And beg your pardon;
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

CAPULET

Why, I am glad on't; this is well: stand up:
This is as't should be.

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

CAPULET

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

Exeunt

SCENE 3

Juliet's chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse

JULIET

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

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

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

Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse

JULIET

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
 Come, vial.
 What if this mixture do not work at all?
 Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
 No, no: this shall forbid it.
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

(She falls upon her bed)

SCENE 5**Juliet's chamber.**

Enter NURSE

NURSE

Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:
 Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
 Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!
 Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
 I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
 What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
 I must needs wake you; Lady! lady! lady!
 Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
 Some aqua vitae, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

What 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.

68

NURSE

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

CAPULET

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

NURSE

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

O woful time!

CAPULET

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

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS

FRIAR LAURENCE

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET

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

PARIS

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

LADY CAPULET

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw

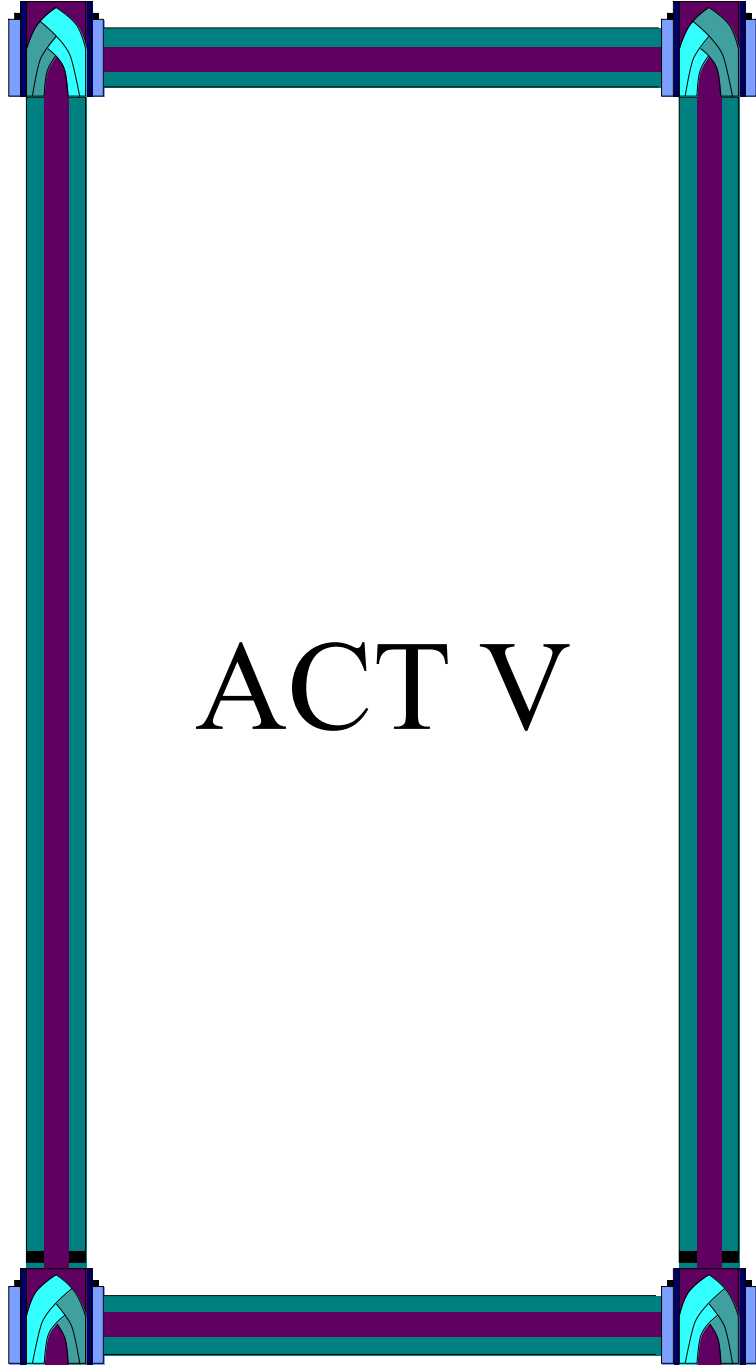
CAPULET

Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now
To murder our solemnity?
Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.
All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral.
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:

Exeunt



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--
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived.

Enter BALTHASAR

News from Verona!--How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady?
How fares my Juliet?
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

BALTHASAR

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,

ROMEO

Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!

BALTHASAR

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

ROMEO

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

BALTHASAR

No, my good lord.

ROMEO

No matter: get thee gone,
I'll be with thee straight.

Exit BALTHASAR

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

Exeunt

SCENE 3**A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.***Enter PARIS, and PAGE***PARIS**

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

PAGE Retires

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 distill'd by moans:
 The obsequies that I for thee will keep
 Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

(The Page whistles)

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

*PARIS Retires**Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR***ROMEO**

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.

BALTHASAR

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

ROMEO

So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that:
 Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

*BALTHASAR 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!

PARIS

Stop thy unhallow'd 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;
 Put not another sin upon my head,
 By urging me to fury: O, be gone!

PARIS

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

ROMEO

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

(They fight)

PAGE EXIT

PARIS

O, I am slain!

(Falls)

If thou be merciful,
 Lay me with Juliet.

(Dies)

ROMEO

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
 Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
 O my love! my wife!
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
 To sunder his that was thine enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous,

And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again: here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids.
 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!

(Drinks)

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

(Dies)

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

FRIAR LAURENCE

Who's there?

BALTHASAR

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Who is it?

BALTHASAR

Balthasar

FRIAR LAURENCE

How long hath he been there?

BALTHASAR

Full half an hour.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Go with me to the vault.

BALTHASAR

I dare not, sir
 My master knows not but I am gone hence;
 And fearfully did menace me with death,
 If I did stay to look on his intents.

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

(Enters the tomb)

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

JULIET wakes

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Lady, come from that nest
 Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
 A greater power than we can contradict
 Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
 Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
 Come, go, good Juliet,
 I dare no longer stay.

JULIET

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

Exit FRIAR LAURENCE

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

(Kisses him)

Thy lips are warm.
 Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!
 This is thy sheath;
 there rust, and let me die.

(Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies)

*Enter The Watch, with FRIAR LAURENCE, the PRINCE,
 CAPULET, LADY CAPULET*

PRINCE

What misadventure is so early up,
 That calls our person from our morning's rest?

CAPULET

What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

LADY CAPULET

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

PRINCE

What fear is this which startles in our ears?

WATCHMAN

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

Enter MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and FRIAR LAURENCE

PRINCE

Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.
Good Father, say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from the city,
Then comes she to me,
Gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
But he which bore my letter,
Was stay'd by accident.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

PRINCE

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

BALTHASAR

I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.

PRINCE

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

EPILOGUE

A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Exeunt

