

# Romeo and Juliet

By  
William Shakespeare

The city of Verona, Italy, would be a pleasant place to spend the fourteenth century, except for a never-ending quarrel between two wealthy families: the Capulets and the Montagues. They have hated each other for many generations.

## ACT I

### PROLOGUE

Two households, both alike in dignity, <sup>(A)</sup>  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene, <sup>B</sup>  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny, <sup>\*A</sup>  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean. <sup>\*B</sup>  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes <sup>C</sup>  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life; <sup>D</sup>  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows <sup>C</sup>  
Do with their death bury their parents' strife. <sup>D</sup>  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love, <sup>E</sup>  
And the continuance of their parents' rage, <sup>F</sup>  
Which, but \* their children's end, nought could remove, <sup>E</sup>  
Is now the two hours' traffic\* of our stage; <sup>F</sup>  
The which if you with patient ears attend, <sup>G</sup>  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend. <sup>\*G</sup>

\*rank

\*quarrel

\*That is, where civilians' passion ("civil blood") make their hands unclean (because they have been used for killing.)

\*except for

\*business

\*action

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

*[The bitterness between the families is so intense that even the Capulet and the Montague servants fight each other in the streets.]*

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers*

#### SAMPSON

Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals. <sup>(\*)</sup>

\*endure insults

#### GREGORY

No, for then we should be colliers. <sup>(\*)</sup>

\*coal-dealers

#### SAMPSON

I mean, and we be in choler, \* we'll draw. <sup>(\*)</sup>

\*angry

#### GREGORY

Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

\*hangman's noose

#### 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.

*Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR*

#### SAMPSON

My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

#### GREGORY

How! Turn thy back and run?

#### SAMPSON

Fear me not. <sup>(\*)</sup>

\*Do not distrust me.

**GREGORY**

No, marry; \* I fear thee!

\* by the Virgin Mary; a mild oath

**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. \*

\*please

**SAMPSON**

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

\*an insulting gesture

**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 GREGORY] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

**GREGORY**

[Aside to SAMPSON] 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**

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 swashing \* blow.

\*slashing with great force

[*They fight*]

Enter BENVOLIO

**BENVOLIO**

Part, fools!

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

[~~Enter Tybalt.~~]

*Beats down their swords*

Enter TYBALT hotheaded nephew of lady Capulet and first cousin of Juliet.

**TYBALT**

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? \*

\*cowardly servants

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!

\* Be on your guard.

*They fight*

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

**First Citizen**

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

*Enter CAPULET in his gown, 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.

\*in defiance of

*Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE*

**MONTAGUE**

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

**LADY MONTAGUE**

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

*Enter PRINCE, with Attendants*

**PRINCE**

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Throw your mistemper'd \* weapons to the ground,  
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.

\*used with bad temper  
\*light or harmless

[The families part and tend to their wounded. The scene moves to the Montague home where Romeo returns from a walk. He is depressed because Rosaline has spurned him. His cousin Benvolio tries to turn his thoughts to the beauty of other women.]

**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.

...O me! What tray 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!

Mis-shapen 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.

**BENVOLIO**

Tell me in sadness, \* who is that you love.

\*seriousness

**ROMEO**

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

**BENVOLIO**

Groan! Why, no.

But sadly tell me who.

**ROMEO**

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow

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:

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

*Exeunt*

## Act I, Scene 2

[The scene changes to the Capulet home, where Paris, a nobleman and kinsman to the prince, asks old Capulet for Juliet's hand in marriage. Capulet says that Juliet, not quite fourteen, is too young; but he gives his consent if Juliet is willing. Capulet invites Paris to a party he is having that evening.]

*Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant*

**CAPULET**

But Montague is bound as well as I,

In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,

For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Paris: — Of honourable reckoning\* are you both;

\*reputation

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,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.

\*the center of my universe

[To 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. \*

\*a name for servants

\*await their pleasure

[Exit Capulet and Paris.]

[Capulet sends a servant to personally invite all the guests to his party. The servant is given a list of guest but cannot read. However, he dares not bother his master with this small detail. Instead, he looks to find someone who can read. He meets Benvolio and Romeo in the streets and asks for help. They read the list and discover Rosaline's name on it. Benvolio then persuades Romeo to go to the party to compare her with other ladies. They will sneak in wearing masks and this way avoid being discovered in their enemy's home. Romeo agrees, but says he will always be true to Rosaline.]

### Act I, Scene 3

[Juliet's mother prepares Juliet for the Count Paris' proposal of marriage. Juliet is not sure she is ready for marriage but says she will consider Paris.]

*Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse*

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

I bade her come. What, \* lamb! What, ladybird!  
God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

\*impatient call, like "hey!" or "where are you?"

*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.

\*a request to leave

\*thou must

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 teen \* be it spoken, I have but four--

She is not fourteen. How long is it now

To Lammastide? \*

**LADY CAPULET**

A fortnight \* and odd days.

**Nurse**

Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammás-eve at night shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she--God rest all Christian souls!--

Were of an age; well, Susan is with God;

She was too good for me: but, as I said,

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;

That shall she, marry; \* I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake \* now eleven years;

And she was wean'd,--I never shall forget it,--

Of all the days of the year, upon that day:

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;

My lord and you were then at Mantua:--

Nay, I do bear a brain: \*--but, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple

Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,

To see it tetchy \* and fall out with the dug!

Shake quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow, \*;

To bid me trudge:

And since that time it is eleven years;

For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood, \*

She could have run and waddled all about;

For even the day before, she broke her brow: \*

And then my husband--God be with his soul!

A' was a merry man--took up the child:

'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?

'Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;

Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame, \*

The pretty wretch left crying 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.

\*bet

\*sorrow

\*August 1, a holy feast day

\*two weeks

\*indeed

\*In 1580 an earthquake occurred in England.

\*I have a good memory.

\*fretful, peevish

\*guess

\*cross

\*cut her forehead

\*halidom, holy relic

**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.

\*at close to your age

**Nurse**

A man, young lady! Lady, such a man  
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax. \*

\*perfect model of a man

**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.

\*I am ready to look upon him favorably if that is enough to make me love him.

*Exeunt*

**Act I, Scene 4**

[The three friends, Romeo, Benvolio, and Mercutio are disguised in <sup>masks</sup> ~~makes~~ and costumes to avoid recognition as they wend their way to the Capulet's party. In order to perk up Romeo's spirits, Mercutio recounts his elaborate dream of tiny fairy queen. Romeo is not interested in Mercutio's dream. He has a feeling of dread consequences resulting from the evening's festivities.]

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others*

**ROMEO**

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

\*wisdom

**MERCUTIO**

Why, may one ask?

**ROMEO**

I dreamed a dream tonight. \*

\*last 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.

\*fairy queen

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 \*

\*tiny creatures

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;

Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' \* legs,

\*spiders

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,

The traces \* of the smallest spider's web,

\*harness

The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,

Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film, \*

\*delicate thread

Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat,

Not so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid; ,  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut  
Made by the joiner \* squirrel or old grub,  
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
O'er ladies ' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
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 frighted swears a prayer or two  
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab ...  
This is she--

\*carpenter

**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**

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! On, lusty gentlemen.

\*fears

\*future event

*Exeunt*

## Act I, Scene 5

[Capulet welcomes Romeo's party and invites them to dance. As Romeo watches the dances, he notices a particularly beautiful girl. When he asks a servant about her, Tybalt recognizes his voice and flames with anger. Old Capulet, however, forbids him to fight with Romeo.]

**ROMEO**

[To a Servingman] What lady is that, which doth  
enrich the hand  
Of yonder knight?

**Servant**

I know not, sir.

**ROMEO**

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!  
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, cover'd with an antic face, \*

\*grotesque mask

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;  
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him  
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:  
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,

**TYBALT**

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

**CAPULET**

He shall be endured:

What, goodman boy! \* I say, he shall: go to;  
Am I the master here, or you? Go to.

\*a scornful phrase; below the rank of a gentleman.

**TYBALT**

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

**CAPULET**

Go to, go to;

You are a saucy boy:

*Exit*

**ROMEO**

[To JULIET] If I profane with my unworhiest hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle ~~fire~~ <sup>fire</sup> 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.

\*a pilgrim

**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.

\*Do not make the first move.

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

[Kisses her]

**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. [Kisses her.]

[As Romeo and Juliet complete their second kiss, Juliet's old nurse approaches to report that her mother is looking for her. As Juliet excuses herself, Romeo asks the Nurse who she is.]

**JULIET**

You kiss by the book. \*

\*You take my words literally (to get more kisses.)

**Nurse**

Madam, your mother craves a word with you. *(Juliet exits.)*

**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 \*

\*with

**ROMEO**

Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! My life is my foe's debt. \*

\*My foe now owns my life.

**BENVOLIO**

Away, begone;

*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse*

**JULIET**

What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

**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,

\*unnatural and bad luck

That I must love a loathed enemy.

**ACT II, Scene 1**

[Now Romeo knows who Juliet is, he cannot bear to leave her house. He eludes his friends by climbing over the garden wall. Mercutio continues to make jests at Romeo's expense.]

**Act II, Scene 2**

[While Romeo is in the garden, Juliet appears at her bedroom window. Romeo hears her speak of her love for him and her despair at his being a Montague. They declare their love, and Juliet says she will send a messenger to Romeo tomorrow to find out where and when they can be married.]

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*(JULIET appears above at a window)*

But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid \* art far more fair than she:

It is my lady, O, it is my love!

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

**JULIET**

Ay me!

**ROMEO**

She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel!

**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,

\*Juliet, whom Romeo sees as the servant of the virgin goddess of the moon, Diana in Roman mythology.

\*why

\*even if you were not

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.

\*owns

**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? \*

\*private thoughts

**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.

\*climb over

\*hindrance

**JULIET**

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night  
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; 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. \*

\*coy, flirtatious

Therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

\*orbit

**ROMEO**

What shall I swear by?

**JULIET**

Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

**ROMEO**

If my heart's dear love--

**JULIET**

Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract \* to-night:  
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;  
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.

\*betrothal

**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.

\*generous

\*capacity for giving

*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.

\*in a minute

*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. \*

\*real

*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

\*the intention of your love

\*provide

And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

**Nurse**

[Within] Madam!

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

[Within] Madam!

**JULIET**

By and by, \* I come:--

\*at once

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.  
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from  
their books,  
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

*Retiring*

*Re-enter JULIET, above*

**JULIET**

Romeo!

**ROMEO**

My sweet?

**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.

\*always

**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.

\*spiritual father

\*great good fortune

*Exit*

### Act II, Scene 3

[Romeo hurries away to consult Friar Laurence about marrying Juliet immediately. The Friar is concerned about Romeo's sudden change of heart about Rosaline but agrees to marry him to Juliet that very day, hoping that the marriage will end the feud between the two families.]

*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,  
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 herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:  
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live  
But to the earth some special good doth give,  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;  
And vice sometimes by action dignified.  
Within the infant rind of this small flower  
Poison hath residence and medicine power:  
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 LAURENCE**

Benedicite! \*

\*Latin for "bless you."

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

**ROMEO**

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.  
I have been feasting with mine enemy,  
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,  
That's by me wounded: both our remedies  
Within thy help and holy physic \* lies:

\* the friar's healing power(physic) to make  
Romeo and Juliet husband and wife.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

\*simple and straightforward  
\*forgiveness(in the religious rite of confession.)

**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.

\*Juliet and he are united spiritually

**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.  
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**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

O, she knew well

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

\*from memory \*Romeo recited words of love  
without understanding them.

**ROMEO**

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

\*demand

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

*Exeunt*

**ACT II, Scene 4**

[Tybalt sends a letter to Romeo challenging him to a duel. Benvolio and Mercutio discuss the Challenge and predict Romeo's answer. Romeo appears and is old self, sharp and high-spirited. They are still in the street, joking, when Juliet's nurse comes on the scene overdressed—that is, in clothing that the gentlemen find funny, as she reminds them of a barge. After Mercutio has a bit of fun at the nurse's expense, Romeo leaves his friends to talk in secret with the nurse. He tells her he has arranged for Friar Laurence to marry the two that afternoon in Friar Laurence's cell, and he sends the nurse to report this to Juliet.]

*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. \*

\*servant

**MERCUTIO**

Why, that same pale hardhearted 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?

\*center(of target)

**BENVOLIO**

Why, what is Tybalt?

**MERCUTIO**

More than prince of cats, \* I can tell you. ...the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, \*

\*Tybalt is the name of a cat in a fable who is known for his slyness.

\*an expert

*Enter ROMEO*

**BENVOLIO**

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

**MERCUTIO**

You gave us the counterfeit \* fairly last night.

\*the slip

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive? \*

\*understand

**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.

\*Set of clothes

**ROMEO**

Meaning, to court'sy.

**MERCUTIO**

Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

**ROMEO**

Here's goodly gear! \*

\*handsome stuff, joking

*Enter Nurse and PETER*

**MERCUTIO**

A sail, a sail!

**BENVOLIO**

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

\*a man and a women

**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? \*

\*Is it afternoon

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

**Nurse**

You say well.

**MERCUTIO**

Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, \* I' faith; wisely, wisely.

\*understood

**Nurse**

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

\*conference (her mistakes)

**ROMEO**

I will follow you.

**MERCUTIO**

Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [Singing] 'Lady, lady, lady.'

*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO*

**Nurse**

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

\*nurse's mistakes for roguery

**ROMEO**

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

**Nurse**

Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers.  
Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: 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. I protest \* unto  
thee--

\*give me regards

\*declare

**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.

\*pay attention

**Nurse**

I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a  
gentlemanlike offer.

**ROMEO**

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

\*confession

**Nurse**

No truly sir; not a penny.

**ROMEO**

Go to! \* I say you shall.

\*Say no more

**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 topgallant \* 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.

\*rope ladder  
\*topmost

\*reward

*Exeunt*

**Act II, Scene 5**

[Juliet can hardly wait for the nurse to return from her meeting with Romeo. When the nurse finally arrives, she is full of talk, and Juliet has difficulty getting the news from her. But finally the nurse tells Juliet the plan; Juliet will tell her parents that she is going to confession at Friar Laurence's cell, where Friar Laurence will marry her and Romeo.]

*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 lowering 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 would be as swift in motion as a ball;  
my words would bandy \* her to my sweet love,  
and his to me:

\*frowning  
\*Swift-winged ... \*Nimble-winged doves were  
said to pull the chariot of Venus, the Roman  
goddess of love.

\*hit back

but old folks, many feign as they were dead;  
unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

O God, she comes!

*Enter Nurse and PETER*

O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

**Nurse**

Peter, stay at the gate.

*Exit PETER*

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

I am a-weary, give me leave \* awhile.  
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce \* have I had!

\*let me alone  
\*running to and from

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

\*wait for details

**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?

\*foolish

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

\*on  
\*a plague

**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?

\*impatient  
\*Really, you too impatient.

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

**JULIET**

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

\*confession

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

I have.

**Nurse**

Then hie \* you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;

\*hurry

There stays a husband to make you a wife:

**JULIET**

Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

*Exeunt*

## **Act II, Scene 6**

**[Juliet meets Romeo at Friar Laurence's cell for their marriage.]**

*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

\*outweigh

That one short minute gives me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then love-devouring death do what he dare;

It is enough I may but call her mine.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

These violent delights have violent ends

And in their triumph die, like fire and powder, \*

\*gunpowder

Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey

Is loathsome in his own deliciousness \*

\*Its excessive sweetness quickly becomes offensive.

And in the taste confounds \* the appetite:

\*destroys

Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Enter JULIET*

Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint. \*

\*hard stone

**JULIET**

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

**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**

[Tybalt meets Benvolio and Mercutio on the street. Romeo appears and Tybalt purposely insults him, but Romeo ignores the insults. Mercutio's temper flares, and he challenges Tybalt. They duel. When Romeo tries to separate them, Tybalt's sword passes under Romeo's arm and kills Mercutio. Aware of his new relationship to Tybalt through his marriage To Juliet but also enraged by the death of his close friend, Mercutio, Romeo duels with Tybalt and kills him. The Capulets demand Romeo's life for Tybalt's death in accordance with the Price's recent threat, in spite of Benvolio's explanation of the events Romeo is banished on Pain of death by the Price.]

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants*

**BENVOLIO**

By my head, here come the Capulets.

**MERCUTIO**

By my heel, I care not.

*Enter TYBALT and others*

**TYBALT**

Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

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

And but one word with one of us? Couple it with

Something; make it a word and a blow.

**TYBALT**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

**TYBALT**

Mercutio, thou consortest \* with Romeo.

\*Are friendly with

**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!

\*group of musicians

\*sword \*by God's words

**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. \*

\*name of a servant

**ROMEO**

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage \*

\*anger suitable to such a greeting

To such a greeting: villain am I none;

Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not. \*

\*does not know they are related

**TYBALT**

Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

**ROMEO**

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

\*cherish

**MERCUTIO**

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!  
Allastoccata \* carries it away.

\*a thrust in fencing

*Draws*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, \* will you walk? \*

\*cat \*step aside with me

**TYBALT**

What wouldst thou have with me?

**MERCUTIO**

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

**TYBALT** *Drawing*

I am for you.

*They fight*

**ROMEO**

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

\*quarreling

*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?

\*done for

**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. I am peppered, \* I warrant, for this world. A  
plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat,  
to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights  
by the book of arithmetic. \* Why the devil came you Between us? I  
was hurt under your arm.

\*by exact rules

**ROMEO**

I thought all for the best.

**MERCUTIO**

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

*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO*

**ROMEO**

This gentleman, the prince's near ally, \*  
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
With Tybalt's slander,--Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate  
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

\*kinsman, relative

*Re-enter BENVOLIO*

**BENVOLIO**

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

\*noble

\*climbed to.

**ROMEO**

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

\*will be followed by more fatal days

**BENVOLIO**

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

**ROMEO**

Alive, in triumph! And Mercutio slain!  
... fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

*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! \*

\*playing

**BENVOLIO**

Why dost thou stay?

*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.

\*reveal

\*course

**LADY CAPULET**

Tybalt, my cousin! 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, bid him bethink  
How nice \* the quarrel was, and Urged \* withal  
Your high displeasure. All this-uttered  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed-  
could not take truce with the unruly spleen \*  
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts \*  
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;  
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,  
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats  
Cold death aside and with the other sends  
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity  
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,  
"Hold, friends! Friends, part!" and swifter than his tongue,  
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm  
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 entertained \* 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 to fly.  
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

\*trivial \*mentioned

\*anger  
\*thrust

\*full of enmity or hatred

\*thought of

**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 have an interest in your hate's proceeding,  
My blood \* for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;  
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out \* abuses:  
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.  
Bear hence this body and attend our will:  
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

\*Romeo must leave Verona

\*that is, Mercutio, his blood relative

\*pay for

Exeunt

## Act III, Scene 2

[Juliet is at home, eagerly awaiting nightfall when she plans to meet Romeo for their first night together as man and wife. The nurse informs Juliet that Romeo has killed Tybalt. Grief-stricken for her cousin Tybalt, she is consoled only by the fact that Tybalt wanted to bring him to her secretly before he leaves Verona.]

Enter JULIET

*the nurse*

**JULIET**

Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.  
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,  
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day

As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child that hath new robes  
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,  
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks  
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords

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

**Nurse**

Ay, ay, the cords.

*Throws them down*

**JULIET**

Ay me! What news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

**Nurse**

Ah, weraday! \* 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!

\* well-a-day (or alas)

**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?

**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 slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!

Did ever dragon keep \* so fair a cave?

\*guard

Beautiful tyrant! Fiend angelical!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honourable villain!

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. \*

\*liars

Shame comes to Romeo!

**JULIET**

Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish! He was not born to shame:

Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

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:

'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo--banished;'

That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

**Nurse**

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse. \*

\*corpse

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.

I'll to my wedding-bed;

And death, not Romeo, takes my maidenhead!

**Nurse**

Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo

To comfort you: I wot \* well where he is.

\*know

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:

I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

**JULIET**

O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

*Exeunt*

### Act III, Scene 3

[When Friar Laurence informs Romeo that he has been banished instead of being executed, Romeo is desperate over separation from Juliet. The nurse appears and tells him hurry to Juliet's side. Friar Laurence, hoping that in Romeo may be pardoned and allowed to return to Verona, sends Romeo to Juliet. Romeo will live in Mantua, and Friar Laurence will send his man Balthasar with news.]

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:  
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

A gentler judgment vanished \* from his lips,  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

\*issued

**ROMEO**

Ha, banishment! Be merciful, say 'death';  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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 cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
Taking thy part, hath rushed \* aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:  
This is dear \* mercy, and thou seest it not.  
'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:

\*brushed

\*precious

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

\*foolish

**ROMEO**

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I'll give thee armour to keep off that word:  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

**ROMEO**

Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

*Knocking within*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

*Knocking*

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

**Nurse**

I come from Lady Juliet.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Welcome, then.

*Enter Nurse*

**ROMEO**

Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

As if that name,

Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, 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:  
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?  
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there are thou happy too:  
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend  
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,  
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:  
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;  
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back  
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.

Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
Romeo is coming.

*Exit*

**ROMEO**

How well my comfort is revived by this!

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state: \*

\*situation

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, \*

\* servant-Balthasar

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.

*Exeunt*

### Act III, Scene 4

[The scene changes to the Capulet house where Paris continues to discuss his marriage suit with Capulet. Knowing that Juliet mourns Tybalt's death and hoping to lighten her sorrow, Capulet consents to the marriage in three days.]

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS*

**CAPULET**

Things have fall'n out, \* sir, so unluckily,

\*worked out

That we have had no time to move \* our daughter:

\*make your proposal

Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,

And so did I:--Well, we were born to die.

'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:

I promise you, but for your company,

I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

**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. \*

\*confined with her sorrow

**CAPULET**

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender \*

\*offer

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;

\*future son-in-law

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,

A \* Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,

\*on

She shall be married to this noble earl.

Will you be ready? 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.

\*for

*Exeunt*

### Act III, Scene 5

[After spending the night together, Romeo and Juliet part at daybreak. Immediately after, her mother arrives to inform Juliet of her coming marriage to Paris. Juliet is stunned and tries to dissuade her parents. They are furious at her disobedience, her father threatens to disown her if she refuses to consent to his honorable match. Her nurse argues that Paris is a worthier match than the banished Romeo, and Juliet pretends to agree. She realizes that the nurse must now know nothing more about her affairs and that she can rely solely on Friar Laurence.]

*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: look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

**JULIET**

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

\*Gives off. (It was believed that the sun drew up vapors and ignited them as meteors.)

**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,  
'Tis but the pale reflex \* of Cynthia's \* brow; \*  
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
The vaulty \* heaven so high above our heads:  
I have more care \* to stay than will to go:  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.  
How is't, my soul? Let's talk; it is not day.

\*reflection \*the moon's \*In the Greek mythology, Cynthia is the goddess of the moon  
\*vaulted  
\*desire

**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.  
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.

\*melody

**ROMEO**

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

*Enter Nurse, to the chamber*

**Nurse**

Madam!

**JULIET**

Nurse?

**Nurse**

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

*Exit*

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

*He goeth down*

**JULIET**

Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay, husband, friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

O, by this count I shall be much in years

Ere I again behold my Romeo!

**ROMEO**

Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

**JULIET**

O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

**ROMEO**

I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

**JULIET**

O God, I have an ill-divining \* soul!

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

**ROMEO**

And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:

Dry \* sorrow drinks our blood. \* Adieu, adieu!

\*foreseeing evil

*Exit*

**JULIET**

O fortune, ~~fortune~~ <sup>fortune</sup> All men call thee fickle:

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

**LADY CAPULET**

[Within] Ho, daughter! Are you up?

**JULIET**

Who is't that calls? Is it my lady mother?

*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;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

**JULIET**

Yet let me weep for such a feeling \* loss. \*

\*thirsty \*Sorrow was believed to dry up the blood

\*deeply felt \*loss so deeply





And yet 'not proud,' mistress minion, \* you,  
Thank me no thankings, nor, proud me no prouds,  
But fettle \* your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle \* thither.  
Out, you greensickness carrion! \* Out, you baggage!  
You tallow-face!

**LADY CAPULET**

Fie, fie! What, are you mad?

**JULIET**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**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,  
Good prudence; smatter \* with your gossips, go.

**Nurse**

I speak no treason.

**CAPULET**

O, God-i-god-den.

**Nurse**

May not one speak?

**CAPULET**

Peace, you mumbling fool!

**LADY CAPULET**

You are too hot.

**CAPULET**

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to \* jest.  
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise: \*  
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in  
the streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:  
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. \*

*Exit*

**JULIET**

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
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*

\*saucy miss

\*make ready

\*a wooden frame used to convey criminals to  
execution

\*anemic lump of flesh

[She kneels]

\*just long enough to

\*scold

\*chatter

\*I do not usually

\*be advised

\*break my vow

**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:

\*there in no chance  
\*claim

**JULIET**

Speakest thou from thy heart?

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

Amen!

**Nurse**

What?

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

*Exit*

**JULIET**

Ancient damnation! \* O most wicked fiend!

\*wicked old evil

Go, counsellor;

Thou and my bosom \* henceforth shall be twain. \*

\*inner thoughts \* two

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:

If all else fail, myself have power to die.

*Exit*

## ACT IV, Scene 1

[Paris pays a visit to Friar Laurence. As Paris is discussing his marriage plans with Friar Laurence, Juliet enters. After Paris leaves, Juliet gives full vent to her despair over the arranged marriage to Paris. The Friar comes up with a plan to relieve Juliet's distress. He gives Juliet a drug to take on the night before the wedding. The drug will create a seeming death, and she will be placed in the burial vault. When she awakens, Romeo and Friar Laurence will be there to take her away from Verona.]

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

**PARIS**

My father Capulet will have it so;  
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

*Enter JULIET*

**PARIS**

Happily met my lady and my wife!

**JULIET**

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

**PARIS**

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

**JULIET**

What must be shall be.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

That's a certain text.

**PARIS**

Come you to make confession to this father?

**JULIET**

To answer that, I should confess to you.

**PARIS**

Do not deny to him that you love me.

**JULIET**

I will confess to you that I love him.

**PARIS**

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

**JULIET**

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. \*

\*injury or damage (to face her.)

**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 slander'd 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 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 wills 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:  
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 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 copest \* 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 walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;  
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;  
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;  
And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

**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

\*God forbid

\*exceeds the limits of my wisdom

\*at once

\*bargains

A cold and drowsy humor, \* for no pulse  
Shall keep his native \* progress, but surcease. \*  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,  
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;  
Each part, deprived of supple government, \*  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:  
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:  
Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes uncovered \* on the bier  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the mean time, against \* thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift, \*  
And hither shall he come: and he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame;  
If no inconstant toy, \* nor womanish fear,  
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

**JULIET**

Give, me, 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 gives me strength! And strength shall help afford.  
Farewell, dear father!

*Exeunt*

## **Act IV, scene 2**

[Wedding preparations are in progress in the Capulet household. Juliet is pretending full cooperation with their plans, and her father is so pleased that he decides to have the wedding the next day. He leaves quickly to tell Paris.]

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

**Nurse**

See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

*Enter JULIET*

**CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition  
To you and your behests, \* and am enjoin'd  
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,  
And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!  
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

**CAPULET**

Send for the county; go tell him of this:

\*moisture  
\*natural...\*stop

\*ability to move

\*with uncovered face

\*before  
\*plan

\*foolish whim

\*commands

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

**JULIET**

I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;  
And gave him what becomed \* love I might,  
Not step o'er the bounds of modesty.

\*suitable

**CAPULET**

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

\*of it

*Exeunt*

### Act IV, Scene 3

[Juliet requests her nurse to leave her for the night. She considers all the possible bad effects of the drug, but finally gets up enough courage to drink it and immediately falls into a deep sleep.]

**JULIET**

Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,  
I pray thee, leave me to my self to-night,  
For I have need of many orisons \*  
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross, and full of sin.

\*prayers

*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.

\*suitable \*ceremonies

**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.  
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life:  
Come, vial.

What if this mixture does not work at all?  
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?  
No, no; this shall forbid it; lie thou there.

*Laying down her dagger*

What if it be a poison, which the friar  
Subtly hath minister'd \* to have me dead,  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,  
Because he married me before to Romeo?

\*provided

I fear it is and yet, methinks, it should not,  
For he hath still been tried \* a holy man.

\*proved

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo  
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!  
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like, \*

\*likely

The horrible conceit \* of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place, --  
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
Of all my buried ancestors are packed:  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth, \*  
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,  
At some hours in the night spirits resort; --  
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,  
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,  
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,  
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:--  
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environed with all these hideous fears?  
And madly play with my forefather's joints?  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?  
O, look! Methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!  
Romeo, I come! This do I drink to thee.  
*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains*

\*idea

\*recently buried

#### **Act IV, Scene 4**

[On the morning of the wedding, the nurse is sent to awaken Juliet as the household bustles with last-minute preparations.]

#### **Act IV, Scene 5**

[The nurse discovers Juliet's apparently lifeless body, and the household turns into mourning. Funeral instead of wedding plans begin.]

*Enter Nurse*

**Nurse**

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

\*fast asleep

Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slug-a-bed!

*Undrapes the curtains*

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!

*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.

## ACT V, Scene 1

[Romeo learns from his servant Balthasar that Juliet is dead and has been placed in the Capulet Vault. Wishing to join Juliet in death, Romeo buys poison and hurries to Verona.]

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead--  
Strange dream that gives a dead man leave  
to think! --

And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I revived, and was an emperor.

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

*Enter BALTHASAR, booted*

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

**BALTHASAR**

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:  
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument, \*  
And her immortal part with angels lives.  
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,  
And presently took post \* to tell it you:

\*the family tomb

\*rode hard

**ROMEO**

Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars!  
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,  
And hire post-horses; I will hence to night.

**BALTHASAR**

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

\*suggest

**ROMEO**

Tush, thou art deceived:

Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.  
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

**BALTHASAR**

No, my good lord.

**ROMEO**

No matter: get thee gone,

And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

*Exit BALTHASAR*

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

I do remember an apothecary,--

And hereabouts he dwells,--which late I noted  
In tatter'd weeds, \* with overwhelming \* brows,  
Culling of simples. \*

\*clothes...\* overhanging

\*sorting herbs

Noting this penury, to myself I said

'An if a man did need a poison now,  
Whose sale is present \* death in Mantua,  
Here lives a caitiff \* wretch would sell it him.'  
What, ho! Apothecary!

\*immediate

\*miserable

*Enter Apothecary*

**Apothecary**

Who calls so loud?

**ROMEO**

Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor:  
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have  
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear\*  
As will disperse itself through all the veins  
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,  
And that the trunk\* may be discharged of breath  
As violently as hasty powder fired  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

\*stuff

\*body

**Apothecary**

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

\*sells

**ROMEO**

The world is not thy friend or 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 dispatch you straight.

**ROMEO**

There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,  
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me  
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

*Exeunt*

## **Act V, Scene 2**

[Friar John tells Friar Laurence that he has not been successful in delivering his letter to Romeo. The letter contained the explanation of Juliet's wedding and strategy used to prevent it. Friar Laurence, greatly worried, hurries to Juliet to be on hand when she awakens.]

## **Act V, Scene 3**

[When Romeo finds Paris at the Capulet tomb, he kills Paris when Paris refuses to leave. Romeo drinks the poison just before Friar Laurence arrives. When Juliet awakens, the Friar tries to hurry her out, but she sees Romeo's body and will not leave. The Friar, afraid of being discovered there, leaves, and Juliet kills herself with Romeo's dagger. The watch, summoned by Paris's servant, enters and finds the bodies. The Prince arrives, along with the Capulets and the Montagues, and Friar relates the entire story. Filled with grief at the series of misfortunes, Montague and Capulet agree to end their feud.]

*Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch*

**PARIS**

Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:  
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

Whistle then to me,

As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

**PAGE**

[Aside] I am almost afraid to stand-alone  
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

*Retires*

**PARIS**

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,--  
*The Page whistles*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

*Retires*

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, mattock, & crow bar*

**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.

Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,

Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,

And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death

Is partly to behold my lady's face,

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger

A precious ring—a ring that must use

In dear employment. \* Therefore hence, be gone.

But if thou, jealous, \* dost return to pry

In what I farther shall intend to do,

By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint

And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.

The time and my intents are savage-wild,

More fierce and more inexorable far

Than empty tigers or the roaring sea

**BALTHASAR**

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

**ROMEO**

So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that:

Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

**BALTHASAR**

[Aside] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. \*

*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!

*Opens the tomb*

**PARIS**

This is that banish'd haughty Montague,

And here is come to do some villanous shame

To the dead bodies: I will apprehend \* him.

*Comes forward*

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;

Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone;

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,

\*important business

\*curious

\*suspect

\*stomach

\*scorn

\*arrest

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*

**PARIS**

O, I am slain!

*Falls*

If thou be merciful,  
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

*Dies*

**ROMEO**

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!  
What said my man, when my betossed \* soul  
Did not attend \* him as we rode? I think  
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:  
Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,  
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.  
Death, \* lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.  
*Laying PARIS in the tomb*

O my love! My wife!  
Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.  
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; 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!

\*appeal

\*upset  
\*listen to

\*glorious  
\*a dome with windows that gives more light to a  
hall.  
\*Paris' corpse

Arms, take your last embrace! And, lips, O you  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless \* bargain to engrossing \* death!  
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark!  
Here's to my love! *Drinks* O true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

\*eternal... \*greedy

*Dies*

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo!

*Advances*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

*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!

\*unnatural

The lady stirs.

*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?

\*comforting

*Noise within*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest  
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:  
A greater power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;  
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;  
Come, go, good Juliet,

*Noise again*

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. \*

\*untimely

\*miser

\*perhaps

\*his kiss, if he were alive, would restore her.

*Kisses him*

Thy lips are warm.

**First Watchman**

[Within] Lead, boy: which way?

**JULIET**

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

\*timely

*Snatching ROMEO's dagger*

This is thy sheath;  
*Stabs herself*

There rust, and let me die.

*Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies*

[Prince, servants, Friar Laurence all come into the tomb to discover Paris, Romeo, and Juliet. The page, Balthasar, and finally the Friar explain all the events of the play and the tragic deaths. Eventually Montague, hearing the commotion, arrives with the news of his wife's death from grief of Romeo's banishment. Capulet also arrives.]

**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.

\*punishment  
\*children  
\*shutting my eyes

**CAPULET**

O brother Montague, give me thy hand:  
This is my daughter's jointure, \* for no more  
Can I demand.

\*dowry

**MONTAGUE**

But I can give thee more:

For I will raise her statue in pure gold;  
That while Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at such rate be set \*  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

\*be valued so highly

**CAPULET**

As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

**PRINCE**

A glooming peace this morning with it brings;  
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:  
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;  
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:  
For never was a story of more woe  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

*Exeunt*

The End

Of

The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet