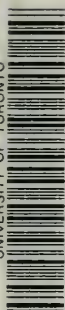


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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Shakspeare's

# ROMEO AND JULIET,

A TRAGEDY;

ADAPTED TO THE STAGE BY

DAVID GARRICK;

REVISED BY

J. P. KEMBLE;

AND PUBLISHED AS IT IS ACTED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL

IN

Cobent Garden.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE THEATRE.

1811.

Price Eighteen Pence.

PR

2878

R6

1811

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Women's Club

This was the first time we  
 had with the exception of the  
 "Jubilee" in February & March of  
 1881. At present we are  
 I have all the C. G. Programmes in  
 the year but in none of them do I  
 have a list of names.

- MAREMONT.
- LAMERTON.
- BRESWELL.
- MERTON.
- J. KEMBLE.
- ONES.
- BRUNTON.
- BARRYMORE.
- MURRAY.
- DAVENPORT.
- KING.
- or S. CHAPMAN.
- JEFFERIES.
- BISHOP.
- ATKINS.
- FRUMAN.
- SIMMONS.
  
- WESTON.
- NORTON.
- DAVENPORT.

let;—Maskers;  
 neral;—Officers

-and in, or near,  
 3.

1815  
1816  
1817

# PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<i>The Prince of</i> VERONA,	—	—	—	—	Mr. CLAREMONT.
PARIS,	—	—	—	—	Mr. HAMERTON.
MONTAGUE,	—	—	—	—	Mr. CRESWELL.
CAPULET,	—	—	—	—	Mr. EGERTON.
ROMEO,	—	—	—	—	Mr. C. KESBLE.
MERCUTIO,	—	—	—	—	Mr. JONES.
BENVOLIO,	—	—	—	—	Mr. BRUNTON.
TYBALT,	—	—	—	—	Mr. BARRYMORE.
<i>Friar</i> LAURENCE,	—	—	—	—	Mr. MURRAY.
<i>Friar</i> JOHN,	—	—	—	—	Mr. DAVENPORT.
<i>Apothecary</i> ,	—	—	—	—	Mr. KING.
<i>Page</i> ,	—	—	—	—	Master S. CHAPMAN.
BALTHASAR,	—	—	—	—	Mr. JEFFERIES.
ABRAM,	—	—	—	—	Mr. BISHOP.
SAMSON,	—	—	—	—	Mr. ATEINS.
GREGORY,	—	—	—	—	Mr. TRUMAN.
PETER,	—	—	—	—	Mr. SIMMONS.
<i>Lady</i> CAPULET,	—	—	—	—	Mrs. WESTON.
JULIET,	—	—	—	—	Miss NORTON.
<i>Nurse</i> ,	—	—	—	—	Mrs. DAVENPORT.

*Gentlemen, friends to Montague, and to Capulet;—Maskers;—Choristers, and Assistants, at Juliet's Funeral;—Officers and Guards, attendant on the Prince.*

SCENE,—Once, in the fifth Act, at Mantua,—and in, or near, Verona, during the rest of the Play.

I.

R. { Gregory.  
Sandson.

L. { Abram  
Balthazar.

R. 2. E. Benbolio. / 2ce. /

L. 2. E. Tybalt.

L. { Capulet. / 2ce. /  
2 Gentlemen.

R. { Montague.  
2 Gentlemen.

Theo Arch The Prince -  
11 Attendants.  
L. 11. E. Guards.

Stage & Part

\* Ready at great Will.

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

### A C T I.

#### SCENE I.

A Street. 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Ex<sup>ts</sup>

Re. Enter GREGORY and SAMSON.

Stet. Sam. GREGORY, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.  
Gre. No, for then should we be colliers.

Sam. Gregory, I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Gre. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Weapon. Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. Draw thy ~~foot~~ then; for here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: Quarrel; I will back thee: But let us take the law of our sides: Let them begin.

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

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

Re. Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

Bal. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Bal. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

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



*Gre.* Do you quarrel, sir?

*Bal.* Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

*Sam.* If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

*Bal.* No better, sir.

*Sam.* Well, sir.

*Gre.* Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

*Sam.* Yes, better, sir.

*Bal.* You lie.

*Sam.* Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.—*[They fight.]*

*B. B. P.* Enter BENVOLIO.

*Ben.* Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do.—*[Beats down their weapons.]*

*T. S. P. S.* Enter TYBALT, with his sword drawn. *a. P. L. E.*

*Tyb.* What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

*Ben.* I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword; Of manage it, to part these men, with me.

*Tyb.* What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward.—*[They fight.]*

*P. S.* *[CAPULETS and MONTAGUES without.]* O P

*Montagues.*—Down with the Capulets!

*Capulets.*—Down with the Montagues!

XX *[Bell rings.]* XX

*[CAPULETS without.]*

*Cap.* Give me my sword!—Old Montague is come,  
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*P. S.*  
Enter MONTAGUE and his Friends, and CAPULET with  
his Friends, all armed.

*Mon.* Thou villain, Capulet,—*[They all fight.]*

xx  
x King Great Well. xx  
x

Q All the Characters take off their  
Hats, and bow to the Prince.

and  
Sheath their Swords.

\* Order of going off-

The Prince, with Capulet, who respectfully advance  
towards him - Exeunt, thro' Arch, & turn to R. & L.  
1. Prince moves up - all put on their Hats,  
and Exeunt - Montagues, 1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>nd</sup> L<sup>ts</sup>. R.  
Capulets, 1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>nd</sup> E<sup>ts</sup>. L.

{ 2 }

H. Paris.

*Thro' the* Enter the Prince and his Attendants. *P S H E.*

*Prince.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—*X*  
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,  
By you, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our town :  
If ever you affright our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.—  
For this time, all the rest depart away :  
You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
To know our further pleasure in this case.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. *Exeunt*

[*Exeunt all, but MONTAGUE and BENVOLIO. P S*]

*R - Mon.* Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad ?

Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began ?

*B - Ben.* Here were the servants of our adversary,  
And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach :  
I drew to part them ; in the instant came  
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd ;  
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,  
He swung about his head, and cut the winds :  
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,  
'Till the prince came.

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

*Ben.* My lord, an hour before the worship'd sun  
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,  
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad ;  
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,  
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—  
So early walking did I see your son :  
Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,  
And stole into the covert of the wood :

I, measuring his affections by my own,—  
That most are busied when they're most alone,—  
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,  
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

*Mon.* Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew ;

But, all-so-soon-as the all-cheering sun  
Should in the furthest east begin to draw  
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
And private in his chamber pens himself ;  
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  
And makes himself an artificial night.

Black and portentous must this humour prove,  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

*Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

*Mon.* I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

*Ben.* Have you importun'd him by any means ?

*Mon.* Both by myself, and many other friends :

But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

*Ben.* So please you, sir, Mercutio and myself  
Are most near to him ;—be it that our years,

Births, fortunes, studies, inclinations,  
Measure the rule of his, I know not ; but  
Friendship still loves to sort him with his like ;—

We will attempt upon his privacy :

And could we learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
We would as willingly give cure, as knowledge.

*Mon.* 'T will bind us to you : Good Benvolio, go.

*Ben.* We'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

*R. Mont J.S.* [*Exeunt.*]

*L. Ben O P*

{3.}

L. M. E. Romeo

To Mercutio

3

Benevolio ready again 1.



W R

SCENE II.

*Another Street. 1<sup>st</sup> C.*

*R. Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and ~~Paris~~.*

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

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both;  
And pity 't is, you liv'd at odds so long.—

But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. 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 eighteen years;  
Let two more summers wither in their pride,  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a wife.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but her:

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;

An she agree, within her scope of choice

Lies my consent; so woo her, gentle Paris.—

This night I hold an' old accustom'd feast,

Whereto I have invited many a friend,

Such as I love; and you, among the rest.—

Go, sirrah, trudge about [Gives PETER a Paper.]

Through fair Verona; find those persons out,

Whose names are written there, and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasures stay.—

Once more, most welcome, Count: go in with me.

*Exeunt.*

W R

SCENE III.

*A Wood near Verona. 1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> or 2<sup>d</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> C.*

*ROMEO passes through the Wood. 1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> or 2<sup>d</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> C.*

*Enter MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO. 1<sup>st</sup> C.*

Merc. See, where he steals.—Told I you not, Ben-  
volio,

That we should find this melancholy Cupid



Lock'd in some gloomy covert, under key  
Of cautionary silence, with his arms  
Threaded, like these cross boughs, in sorrow's knot?

Re-enter ROMEO. O.P.

*Ben.* Good-morrow, cousin. X to C.

*Rom.* Is the day so young?

*Ben.* But new struck nine.

*Rom.* Ah me! sad hours seem long.

*Mer.* 'Pr'ythee, what sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

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

*Ben.* In love, meseems!

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

*Rom.* Where shall we dine?—O me!—Cousin Benvolio,

What was the fray this morning with the Capulets?  
Yet tell me not; for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate; but more with love:—

Love, heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!—

This love feel I; but such my froward fate,

That there I love, where most I ought to hate.

Dost thou not laugh, my friend?—O, Juliet, Juliet!

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

*Rom.* Good heart, at what?

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

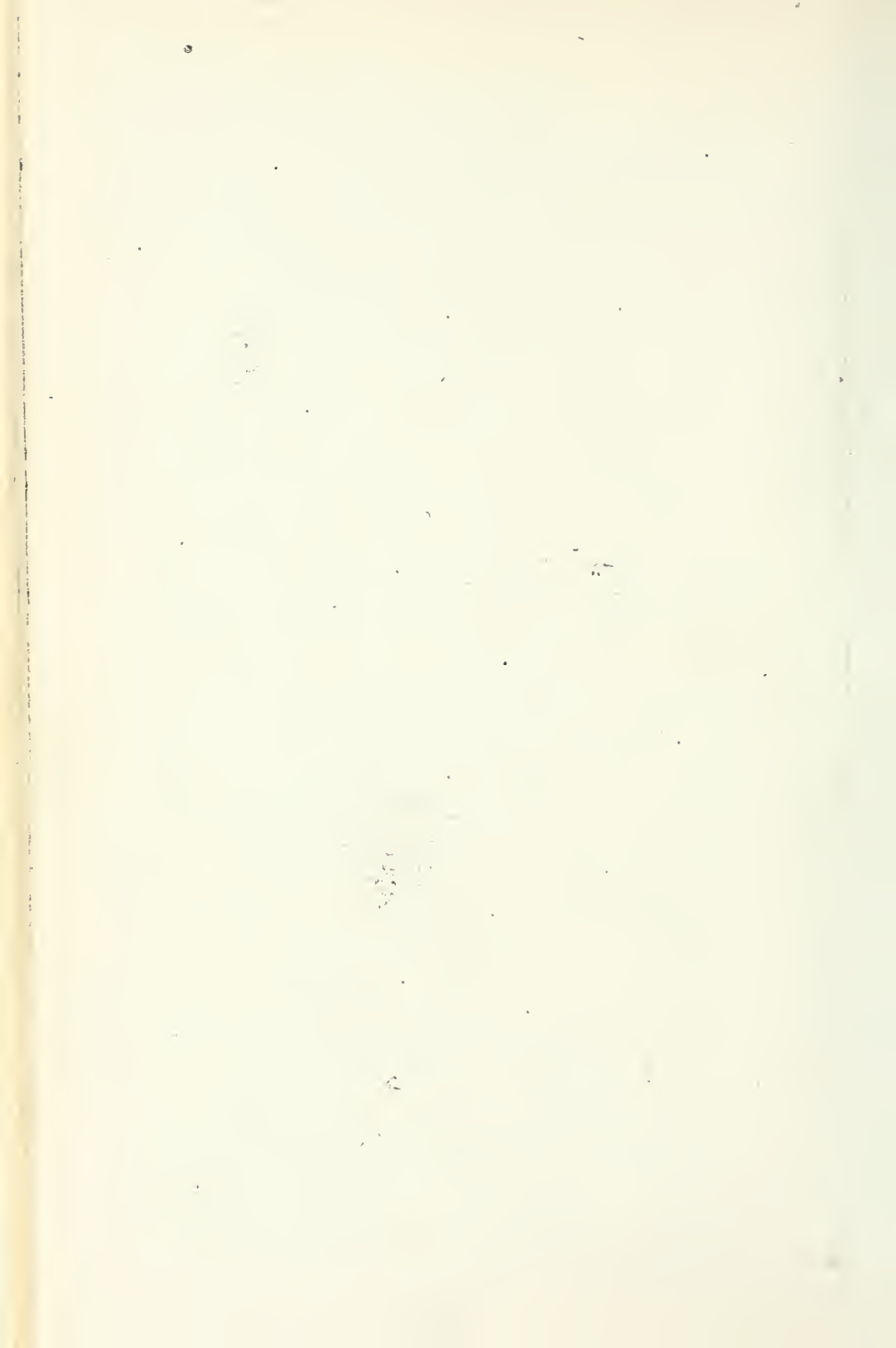
*Mer.* Tell me, in sadness, who she is you love. X to C.

*Rom.* In sadness then, I love a woman.

*Mer.* I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

*Rom.* A right good marksman!—And she's fair I love;

But knows not of my love: 't was through my eyes  
The shaft empiere'd my heart; chance gave the wound.  
Which time can never heal: no star befriends me;  
To each sad night succeeds a dismal morrow;  
And still 't is hopeless love, and endless sorrow.





*Mer.* Be rul'd by me ; forget to think of her.

*Rom.* O, teach me how I should forget to think.

*Mer.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes :  
Take thou some new infection to thy heart,  
And the rank poison of the old will die :  
Examine other beauties.

*Rom.* He that is stricken blind, cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost :  
Show me a mistress that is passing fair ;—  
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note  
Rememb'ring me, who past that passing fair ?  
Farewell ; thou canst not teach me to forget. ~~X~~ ~~11~~

~~X~~ *Mer.* I warrant thee ; if thou 'lt but stay to hear.

To-night there is an ancient splendid feast  
Kept by old Capulet, our enemy,  
Where all the beauties of Verona meet.

*Rom.* At Capulet's ?

*Mer.* At Capulet's, my friend :  
Go there ; and, with an unattainted eye,  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

*Rom.* When the devout religion of mine eyes  
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires,  
And burn the hereticks ! All-seeing Phœbus  
Ne'er saw her match, since first his course began.

*Mer.* Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being  
by,  
Herself pois'd with herself ; but let be weigh'd  
Your lady-love against some other fair,  
And she will show scant well.

*Rom.* I will along, Mercutio.

*Mer.* 'T is well : Look to behold at this high feast  
Earth-treading stars that make dim heaven's lights :  
Hear all, all see, try all ; and like her most,  
That most shall merit thee.

*Rom.* My mind is chang'd :—  
I will not go to-night.

*Mer.* Why, may one ask ?

*Rom.* I dreamt a dream to-night.

*Mer.* Ha! ha! a dream?

O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes,

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies

Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep:

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

The traces, of the smallest spider's web;

The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams:

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half 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 of mind the fairies' coach-makers:—

And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:

On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:

O'er doctors' fingers, who straight dream on fees:

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream: X

Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,

Tickling a parson as he lies asleep,

Then dreams he of another benefice:

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,

Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon

Drums in his ears; at which he starts and wakes;

And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab——

*Rom.* Peace, peace;

Thou talk'st of nothing.

*Mer.* True, I talk of dreams;

Which are the children of an idle brain,

{ 4 }

R. Lady Capulet. (2cc.)

L. Nurse - - (3times.)

L. Juliet. - (2cc.)



△ Enter. Humph. (begins to walk rather  
slowly, and sullenly away. L.H.)

Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;  
Which is as thin of substance as the air,  
And more unconstant than the wind.

*Ben.* This wind, you talk of, blows us from our-  
selves ;

And we shall come too late.

*Rom.* I fear, too early ; for my mind misgives  
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,  
From this night's revels.—Lead, my gallant friends.—

*OR* Exit BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Let come what may, once more I will behold  
My Juliet's eyes ; drink deeper of affliction :  
I'll watch the time ; and, mask'd from observation,  
Make known my sufferings, but conceal my name :  
Though hate and discord 'twixt our sires increase,  
Let in our hearts dwell love and endless peace.

*R.* [Exit. A. B.]

SCENE IV. *1st. 2d.*

A Room in Capulet's House.

*OR* Enter Lady CAPULET, meeting the Nurse. P. S.

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

*Nurse.* Now, by my faith,  
I bade her come.—What, lamb ! what, lady-bird !—  
Heaven forbid ! where's this girl ?—What, Juliet !

Enter JULIET. P. S.

*Jul.* How now, who calls ?

*Nurse.* Your mother.

*Jul.* Madam, I am here.

What is your will ? *X to Lady Capulet.*

*La. Cap.* This is the matter :—Nurse, give leave  
awhile ;

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again ;  
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.  
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pious age.

*Nurse.* Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

R. M. B.



*La. Cap.* She's not eighteen.

*Nurse.* I'll lay eighteen of my teeth,—  
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I've but eight,—  
She's not eighteen: How long is it now  
To Lammas-tide?

*La. Cap.* A fortnight and odd days.

*Nurse.* Even or odd, of all days in the year  
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be eighteen.

Susan and she—Heaven rest all christian souls!—

Were of an age.—Well, Susan is in heaven;

She was too good for me.—But, as I said,

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be eighteen;

That shall she, marry: I remember it well;

'Tis since the earthquake now just fifteen 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 breast,

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 the breast, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!

To see it tetchy, and fall out with the breast.

Shake, quoth the dove-house: 't was no need, I trow,

To bid me trudge:—

And since that time it is now fifteen 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—heaven 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 holy dam,

The pretty wench left crying, and said—*Ay.*

To see now how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never should forget it:—*Wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth

he:

And, pretty fool! it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

{ 5 }

R. M. B.

Li. Peter (2ce.)  
Disc. Capulet (2ce.)

Paris

Syball - (Masked.)

Masks - (Supers.)

Disc. Ladies & Gentlemen of the Ballet

Cryptophanes.

Sampson and Gregory } waiting on Company.

Li. { Mercutio - Renowned } to Names.  
 { Hats, and Dominos. } Pilgrim's Gown,  
 Hat & Scap.

Know better!

4 Servants of Capulet.  
to more Chasrs from R.

17 Nurse attempts to strike Peter.

*C.* *Jul.* And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

*N.* *Nurse.* Peace, I have done. Heaven mark thee to its grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:

An I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

*L.* *Cap.* And that same marriage is the very theme I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your disposition to be married?

*Jul.* It is an honour that I dream not of.

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

*L.* *Cap.* Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers: by my count,

I was your mother much upon these years

That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

*Nurse.* A man, young lady,—lady, such a man As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

*L.* *Cap.* Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

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

*L.* *Cap.* What say you? Can you like of Paris' love?

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

*Enter PETER.* *PS*

*Pet.* Madam, the guests are come, and brave ones, all in masks. You are call'd; my young lady ask'd for; the Nurse curs'd in the pantry; supper almost ready to be serv'd up; and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait.

*L.* *Cap.* We follow thee: *X N*

*[Exeunt. P.]*

## SCENE V.

~~W~~ ~~D~~  
~~xx~~ *Music.* *A Hail in Capulet's House.*

*CAPULET, with the Prince, PARIS, TYBALT, and other  
 Gentlemen and Ladies; masked,—SAMSON and  
 GREGORY waiting,—discovered.*

*L. 2<sup>d</sup> H. Enter JULIET, Lady CAPULET; and Nurse.*

*Cap.* Gentlemen, welcome! Ladies that have their  
 feet

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear hath corns: Am I come near you now?—

*1. Enter PETER, showing in, 2. MERCUTIO, 3. ROMEO, and 4. BENVOLIO.*

You're welcome, gentlemen.—I've seen the day,

That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please:—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.—

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire; the room is grown too hot. *Exit Peter*

~~xx~~ *[Musick.] and Dance.*

*Rom.* Cousin Benvolio, do you mark that lady  
 Which doth enrich the hand of yonder gentleman?

*Ben.* I do.

*Rom.* O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.

The measure done, I'll wait her to her place,

And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.

Be still, be still, my fluttering heart! *Retire a little up.*

*Tyb.* This, by his voice, should be a Montague,

Come higher, cover'd with an antick face,

To flee and scorn at our solemnity;

The Servants, at change of scene) bring  
forward Chairs, and place them 1<sup>st</sup> L. R.  
The Prince leads Lady Capulet over to seat &  
sits beside her. Paris, leads Juliet, & sits by her.

# The Nurse, remains above the Prince on R.

Paris dances with Juliet.

These lines are spoken  
during the piano-part of the Music  
while the dance is going on -  
Tybalt, who has advanced toward Romeo  
now hears pant -

Romeo retires up to Mercutio & Nurse.

As the Music and Dancing is renewed,  
The Prince, Lady Capulet, & Paris, rise & go  
up the Stage, in conversation -

Romeo, gets round, and taking the Chair  
above Juliet's, enters into conversation  
with her - (on her to H.) The Nurse, observing  
this, gets down to the ft of Romeo's Chair  
and watches them closely thro' the Scene.

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

*Act 3. Sc. 1.* Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm  
you thus?

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

Cap. Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. That villain Romeo.

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

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

Cap. He shall be endur'd:  
Am I the master here, or you? Go to:  
Be quiet, cousin, or I'll make you quiet. *(Retire up C.)*

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,  
Makes my flesh tremble in their difference.  
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,  
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. *△*

*L.* [Exit TYBALT.]

*Music ♪♪♪* [Dance.]

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand [To JUL.]  
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this.

[Kisses her hand.]

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too  
much;

For palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

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

Rom. Thus, then, dear saint, let lips put up their  
prayer. [Salutes her.]

*ℳ* Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with  
you.



*Mer.* What is her mother? *Q*

*Nurse.* Marry, bachelor,  
Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.  
I nurs'd her daughter; heiress to lord Capulet:  
I tell you, he that can lay hold on her,  
Shall have the chinks. *[Goes up Centre.]*

*Mer.* Is she a Capulet?

~~For~~ *Come, Romeo, let's be gone; the sport is over,*

*Rom.* Ay, so I fear; the more is my mishap.

*[Going.] L.*

*Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;  
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—  
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;  
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—  
More torches here!—Come on; and let's to supper.

*[Exit CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Prince, PARIS, } R.H.E.  
Gentlemen, Ladies, SAMSON, and GREGORY.]*

*Jul.* Come hither, nurse:—What is yon gentle-  
man?

*[Exit BENVOLIO. L.]*

*Nurse.* The son and heir of old Tiberio.

*Jul.* What's he that now is going out of door?

*[Exit MERCUTIO. R.]*

*Nurse.* That, as I think, is young Mercutio.

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

*[Exit ROMEO. L.]*

*Nurse.* I know not.

*Jul.* Go, ask his name.— *[Pushes Nurse off.]*

*[Exit Nurse. L.]*

If he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

*Re-enter Nurse. L.*

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

*Jul.* My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late! *X. L. ?*

Q Julia Nurse X to L. H.

C Juliet - Romeo - Mercutio - Nurse

R

11

Thro! Ms Capulet remains R to call "Juliet"

(Ceremony of taking Juliet's hand near King,  
and bowing to Juliet as he departs.)

(Ditto.) — — — — — (Ditto.)

(Ditto - more slowly & profoundly - etc.)

12

3.5 ✓

{ 1 }  
L. { Benvolio  
Mercutio }

Romco. (Purse  
- 4 times)

Balcony Juliet

Chair on Balcony & light read

*Nurse.* What's this? what's this?

*Jul.* A rhyme I learn'd e'en now  
Of one I talk'd withall.

[*CAPULET without.*]

*O. P*

*Cap.* Why, Juliet.

*Nurse.* Anon, anon.—

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

[*Exeunt. O. I*]

END OF ACT I.

*See Balcony ready*

*Sings a little down.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden.*

*Enter MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO, —who pass on,—and  
ROMEO following them.* *B.S. & R.S.*

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

[*Exit.*]

*Re enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.* *R. & S.*

*Ben.* Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

*Mer.* He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

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

*Mer.* Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Why, Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;  
 Cry but—*Alas me!* couple but—*love and dove*;  
 Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
 One nickname for her purblind son and heir:  
 I conjure thee, by thy mistress's bright eyes,  
 By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,  
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

*Ben.* An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

*Mer.* This cannot anger him: My invocation  
 Is fair and honest; and in his mistress' name  
 I conjure, only to raise up him.

*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,  
 To be consorted with the humorous night:  
~~Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.~~

*Mer.* Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-bed,  
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:  
 Come, shall we go? ~~X to L.~~

*Ben.* Go, then; for 't is in vain  
 To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*

*PJ*

SCENE II.

*Capulet's Garden.*

*Enter ROMEO.* ~~OP~~

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

[*JULIET appears at a Balcony, and sits down.*] *32 B*

But, soft! What light thro' 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.—

She speaks, yet she says nothing: What of that?

Her eye discourses: I will answer it.—

I am too bold.—O, were those eyes in heaven,

They would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing, and think it were the morn.—

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

Some  
doubt.

Lamps 1/2 down.



Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek !

*Jul.* Ah me !

*Rom.* She speaks, she speaks !

O, speak again, bright angel ! for thou art  
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,  
As is a winged messenger of heaven  
To the up-turned wond'ring eyes of mortals,  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Jul.* 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.

*Rom.* Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this ?

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy :—  
What's in a name ? That which we call a rose,  
By any other name would smell as sweet ;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,  
Without that title :—Romeo, quit thy name ;  
And for that name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word : [*JULIET starts up.*]  
Call me but love, I will forswear my name,  
And never more be Romeo.

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

*Rom.* 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.

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

*Rom.* Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither ?—tell me,—and for  
what ?



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.

*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these  
walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

*Jul.* If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

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

*Jul.* I would not, for the world, they saw thee here.  
By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

*Rom.* By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;  
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.  
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far  
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.

*Jul.* Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my  
face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke:—But farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say,—Ay;

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,

I'll frown, and be perverse; and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo: but else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague. I am too fond;

And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,

{ 2 }  
L. 2. li. *Nurse*



My true love's passion ; therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night has so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon, I vow—

*Jul.* O swear not by the moon, the inconstant  
moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb ;  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I swear by ?

*Jul.* 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.

*Rom.* If my true heart's love——

*Jul.* Well, do not swear : although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract to-night ;  
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,  
Ere one can say,—It lightens. Sweet, good night !  
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
Good night, good night !——as sweet repose and rest  
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast !

*Rom.* O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

*Jul.* What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

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

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

*Rom.* Would'st thou withdraw it ? for what pur-  
pose, love ?

*Jul.* But to be frank, and give it thee again.  
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have ; for both are infinite.—  
I hear some noise within.—Dear love, adieu !

[*Nurse within.*] *L. E. PS*

*Nurse.* Madam !

*Jul.* Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague be true.—

Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit JULIET.*]

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

*Balcony. Re-enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,  
indeed.

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

*222. Nurse. [Within.] Madam,—*

*Jul.* I come, anon:—But, if thou mean'st not well,

I do beseech thee;—

*282. Nurse. [Within.] Madam,—*

*Jul.* By and by, I come:—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.—  
To-morrow will I send.

*Rom.* So thrive my soul,—

*Jul.* A thousand times good night!

[*Exit JULIET.*]

*Rom.* A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

*RE [Exit ROMEO. R.]*

*Balcony. Re-enter JULIET.*

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

Balcony.

Call 3. now.

Ready to raise Lamps gradually.

Balcony.

{ 3 }

R.2.E. Frior Lawrence - { Small Basket of  
Herbs & Flowers.



ROMEO *entering.* P S

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name :—  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest musick to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My sweet !

Jul. At what a clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine? *Raise lamp's a little.*

Jul. I will not fail : 't is twenty years 'till then.—  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

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

Jul. 'T is almost morning ; I would have thee gone :  
And yet no further than a wanton's bird ;  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jealous of its liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I :  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.—  
Good night, good night ! Parting is such sweet  
sorrow,

That I shall say—Good night, 'till it be morrow.

[Exit JULIET. *Softly*]

Rom. 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.] *Something omitted.*

[Exit. *R. L.*]

*Romeo, comes round to L. L. L. E.  
Immediately*

63

*W. and Miss Langes  
gradually*



## SCENE III.

*The Cloisters of a Convent.* 1<sup>st</sup> Gr. S.*R. 2<sup>d</sup> E.* Enter Friar LAURENCE with a Basket.

Lau. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,

Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light :

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,

The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,

I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,

With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies

In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities ;

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,

But to the earth some special good doth give :

Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,

Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse :

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ; → explanation for

And vice sometime's by action dignified. his misjudgment

is within the infant rind of this small flower that is to come.

Poison bath residence, and med'cine power :

For this, being smelt, with that sense cheers each part :

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.

Two such opposed foes 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.

[ROMEO without.] P. S. W.

Rom. Good morrow, father !

Lau. Benedicite !—

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?

Enter ROMEO. P. S. W.

25 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head, what up so

So soon to bid good-morrow to thy pillow : early ?

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,

And where care lodges sleep will never bide ;

can't sleep  
D/C of  
care  
(P. S. W. S.)

VO<sup>xx</sup> & Lamps raised gradually.

Q. Door I. E. L. (a fastning on it, to the third<sup>rd</sup>)

4.

R. { Penolio-  
Mercurio.  
=

{5}

II. { Nurse <sup>2<sup>ce</sup>.</sup> (Jan 2.)  
Peter (Jan.)

5

30 But, where with unstuff'd brain unbruised youth  
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep resides :  
Therefore thy earliness assurcth me,  
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature.  
What is the matter, son ?

*Rom.* I tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.  
I have been feasting with mine enemy ;  
Where, to the heart's core, one hath wounded me,  
That's by me wounded ; both our remedies  
Within thy help and holy physick lie.

*Lau.* Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.

40 *Rom.* Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is  
set

On Juliet, Capulet's fair daughter :  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine :  
But when, and where, and how,  
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vows,  
45 I'll tell thee as we pass : but this I beg,  
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

*Lau.* Holy saint Francis !—

But, tell me son, and call thy reason home,  
Is not this love the offspring of thy folly,  
50 Bred from thy wantonness and thoughtless brain ?

51 Be heedful, youth, and see thou stop betimes ;

52 Lest that thy rash ungovernable passions,

O'erleaping duty and each due regard,

Hurry thee on, through short-liv'd, dear-bought pleasures,

To cureless woes and lasting penitence.

*Rom.* I pray thee, chide me not : She whom I love,  
Doth give me grace for grace, and love for love :  
Do thou, with heaven, smile upon our union ;  
Do not withhold thy benediction from us,  
But make two hearts, by holy marriage, one.

*Lau.* Well, come, my pupil ; go along with me :  
In one respect, I'll give thee my assistance ;  
For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your household rancour to pure love.

Here came  
defend's explicitly  
Cunning is one  
of few-possibl  
only his  
love for Juli  
Try to impr  
that over  
they're y  
etc, th  
shil gen  
love em  
at the  
as do  
attemp  
dispel  
criticism th  
they were  
young love  
who. How  
13th

*Rom.* O, let us hence; love stands on sudden  
haste.

*Lau.* Wisely, and slow: They stumble that run  
fast.

*R. 1. 2. 3.* [Exeunt.]

(W) (R) (B)

SCENE IV.

*A Street.*

*R.* Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO. *f. f.*

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

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

*Mer.* Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench,  
that Juliet, torments him so, that he will sure run  
mad.

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

*Mer.* A challenge, on my life.

*Ben.* Romeo will answer it.

*Mer.* Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd  
with a white wench's black eye; run through the ear  
with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with  
the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft!—And is he a man to  
encounter Tybalt? *X. L.*

*Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt?

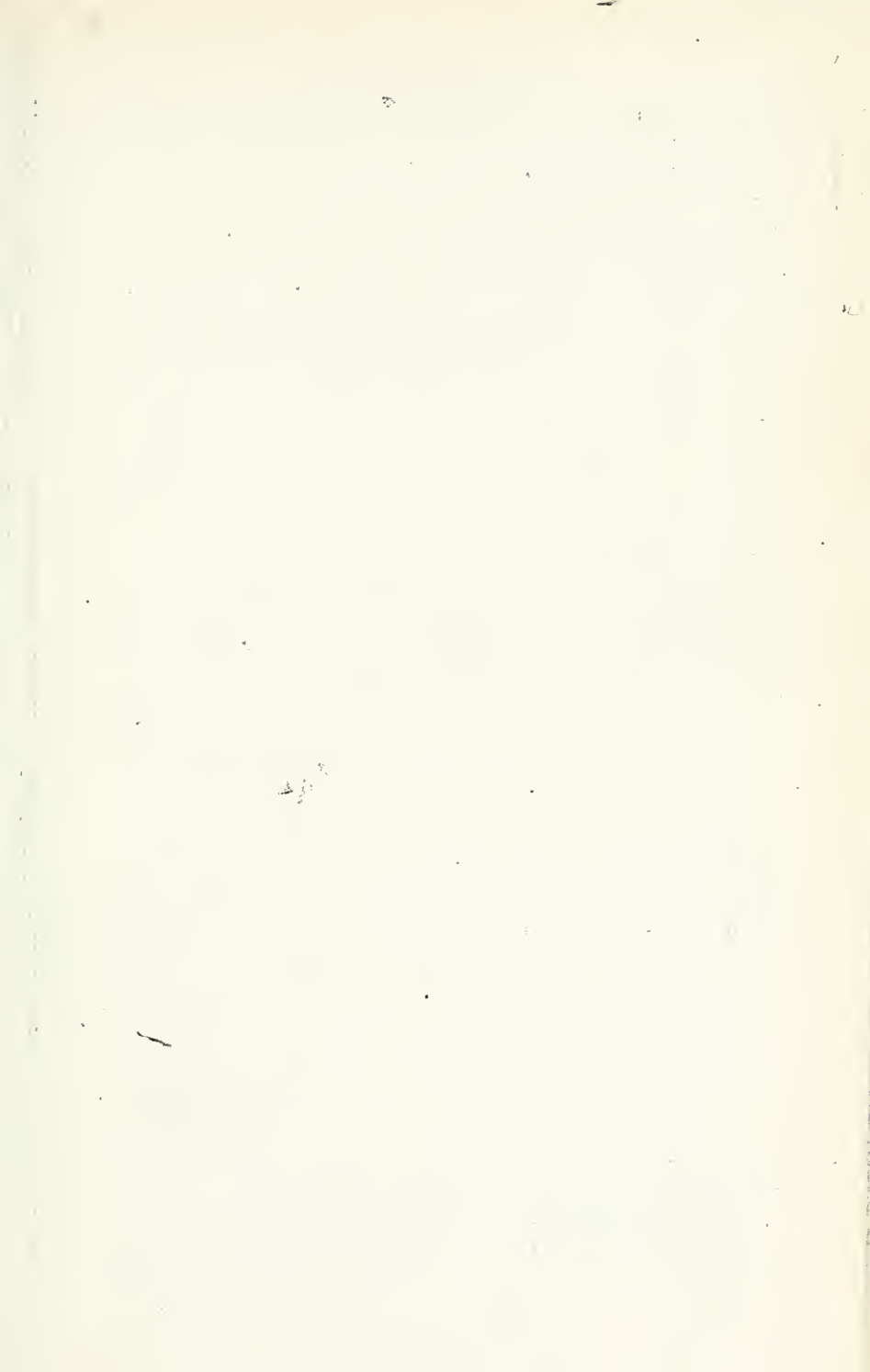
*Mer.* O, he's the courageous captain of compli-  
ments: He fights, as you sing prick-song; keeps  
time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim  
rest,—one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very  
butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gen-  
tleman of the very first house,—of the first and second  
cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso!  
the hay!—

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The plague of such antick, lispings, affected  
fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!—*Ma foi*,  
a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very fine  
wench!—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grand-

{6}

nb.  
Romeo, ready again



sire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moi's*? *X L.*

*Ben.* Here comes Romeo.

*Mer.* Without his r  , like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to berhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—

*Cl.* *L.* Enter ROMEO. O. P. D. L.

Signior Romeo, *bonjour*! there's a French salutation for you.

*Rom.* Good morrow to you both.

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

*Rom.* What counterfeit did I give you?

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

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

*L.* Enter Nurse and PETER. P. S.

*Ben.* A sail! a sail!

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

*Nurse.* Peter! *Peter!*

*Pet.* Anon?

*Nurse.* My fan, Peter. *Peter gives the Fan.*

*Mer.* Do, good Peter, to hide her face.

*Nurse.* 'Give ye good morrow, gentlemen.

*Mer.* 'Give ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

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

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

*Nurse.* You say well. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you. *Romance & Nurse go off.*

*Ben.* She will indite him to supper presently.

*Mer.* A bawd, a bawd, a bawd!—So ho!



Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; but a bawd. ~~×~~ Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to dinner, thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady.—Peter, my fan.—Farewell, lady.

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.* PS.]

Nurse. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of this roguery?

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

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such jacks: and, if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills.—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure. *Alas! [Strikes Peter with Case.]*

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

Nurse. Now, afore heaven, I am so vex'd that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—'Pray you, sir, a word:—And, as I told you, my young lady bid me inquire you out. What she bade me say, I will keep to myself: But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offer'd to any gentlewoman.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much:—Lord, lord! she will be a joyful woman.

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

{ 7 }

Disc. Juliet 2ca

(4)

*Nurse.* I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest;  
which, as I take it, is a very gentleman-like offer.

*Rom.* Bid her devise some means to come to shrift  
This afternoon;

And there she shall, at friar Laurence's cell,  
Be shriv'd, and married.—Here is for thy pains.

*Nurse.* No truly, sir; not a penny. [*Hand behind her*]

*Rom.* Go to; I say, you shall.

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

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

*Nurse.* Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady,  
—Lord, lord! when 't was a little prating thing,—  
O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would  
fain lay knife aboard: but she, good soul, had as lieve  
see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her some-  
times, and tell her that Paris is the properer man:  
but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale  
as any clout in the varsal world.

*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady.

[*Exit ROMEO. O*]

*Nurse.* Ay,—a thousand times.—Peter!

*Pet.* Anon?

*Nurse.* Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[*Exeunt. P*]

W R B

SCENE V.

*Juliet's Chamber.*

2<sup>nd</sup> 3<sup>rd</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> 6<sup>th</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> 9<sup>th</sup> 10<sup>th</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> 13<sup>th</sup> 14<sup>th</sup> 15<sup>th</sup> 16<sup>th</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> 18<sup>th</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> 20<sup>th</sup> 21<sup>st</sup> 22<sup>nd</sup> 23<sup>rd</sup> 24<sup>th</sup> 25<sup>th</sup> 26<sup>th</sup> 27<sup>th</sup> 28<sup>th</sup> 29<sup>th</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> 31<sup>st</sup> 32<sup>nd</sup> 33<sup>rd</sup> 34<sup>th</sup> 35<sup>th</sup> 36<sup>th</sup> 37<sup>th</sup> 38<sup>th</sup> 39<sup>th</sup> 40<sup>th</sup> 41<sup>st</sup> 42<sup>nd</sup> 43<sup>rd</sup> 44<sup>th</sup> 45<sup>th</sup> 46<sup>th</sup> 47<sup>th</sup> 48<sup>th</sup> 49<sup>th</sup> 50<sup>th</sup> 51<sup>st</sup> 52<sup>nd</sup> 53<sup>rd</sup> 54<sup>th</sup> 55<sup>th</sup> 56<sup>th</sup> 57<sup>th</sup> 58<sup>th</sup> 59<sup>th</sup> 60<sup>th</sup> 61<sup>st</sup> 62<sup>nd</sup> 63<sup>rd</sup> 64<sup>th</sup> 65<sup>th</sup> 66<sup>th</sup> 67<sup>th</sup> 68<sup>th</sup> 69<sup>th</sup> 70<sup>th</sup> 71<sup>st</sup> 72<sup>nd</sup> 73<sup>rd</sup> 74<sup>th</sup> 75<sup>th</sup> 76<sup>th</sup> 77<sup>th</sup> 78<sup>th</sup> 79<sup>th</sup> 80<sup>th</sup> 81<sup>st</sup> 82<sup>nd</sup> 83<sup>rd</sup> 84<sup>th</sup> 85<sup>th</sup> 86<sup>th</sup> 87<sup>th</sup> 88<sup>th</sup> 89<sup>th</sup> 90<sup>th</sup> 91<sup>st</sup> 92<sup>nd</sup> 93<sup>rd</sup> 94<sup>th</sup> 95<sup>th</sup> 96<sup>th</sup> 97<sup>th</sup> 98<sup>th</sup> 99<sup>th</sup> 100<sup>th</sup>

*Disc 1. Enter JULIET. O P*

*Jul.* The clock struck nine, when I did send the  
nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd 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 low'ring hills :  
 Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,  
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
 Of this day's journey ; and from nine 'till twelve  
 Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.  
 Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,  
 She 'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;  
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
 And his to me.—

*Enter Nurse. P.S.*

O heaven ! she comes.—O honey nurse, what news ?  
 Hast thou met him ?

Now, good sweet nurse,—

O lord, why look'st thou sad ?

*Nurse.* I am a-weary, let me rest a while :—

*[Sits down.]*

Fy, how my bones ake ! What a jaunt have I had !

*Jul.* Nay, come, I pray thee, speak :—Good, good  
 nurse, speak.

Is thy news good or bad ? answer to that ;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance :

Let me be satisfied, Is 't good, or bad ?

*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple choice : you  
 know not how to choose a man.—Go thy ways, wench,  
 serve heaven !—What, have you din'd at home ?

*Jul.* No, no :—But

What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?

*Nurse.* Lord, how my head akes ! what a head  
 have I !

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back !—

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down !

*Jul.* I faith, I'm sorry that thou art not well.

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



Act.

*Nurse.* Your love says, like an honest gentleman,  
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,  
And, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where's your mother?

*Jul.* 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, our lady dear!  
Are you so hot? Marry, come up! I trow:  
Is this the poultice for my aking bones?  
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

*Jul.* Here's such a coil!—Come, what says Romeo?

*Nurse.* Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

*Jul.* I have.

*Nurse.* Then hie you hence to friar Laurence's cell;  
There stays a husband to make you a wife:  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks.—  
Hie you to church; I must another way,  
'To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.—  
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

*Jul.* Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

WRP

SCENE VI.

*The Cloisters of a Convent.*

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.*

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

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

*Lau.* These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey



Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,  
 And in the taste confounds the appetite :  
 Therefore, love moderately.—Here comes the lady.—

[Exit ROMEO. *P.S.*]

O, so light a foot  
 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :  
 A lover may bestride the gossomers  
 That idle in the wanton summer air,  
 And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

*Enter ROMEO and JULIET. P. S.*

*Jul.* Good-even to my ghostly confessor.

*Lau.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

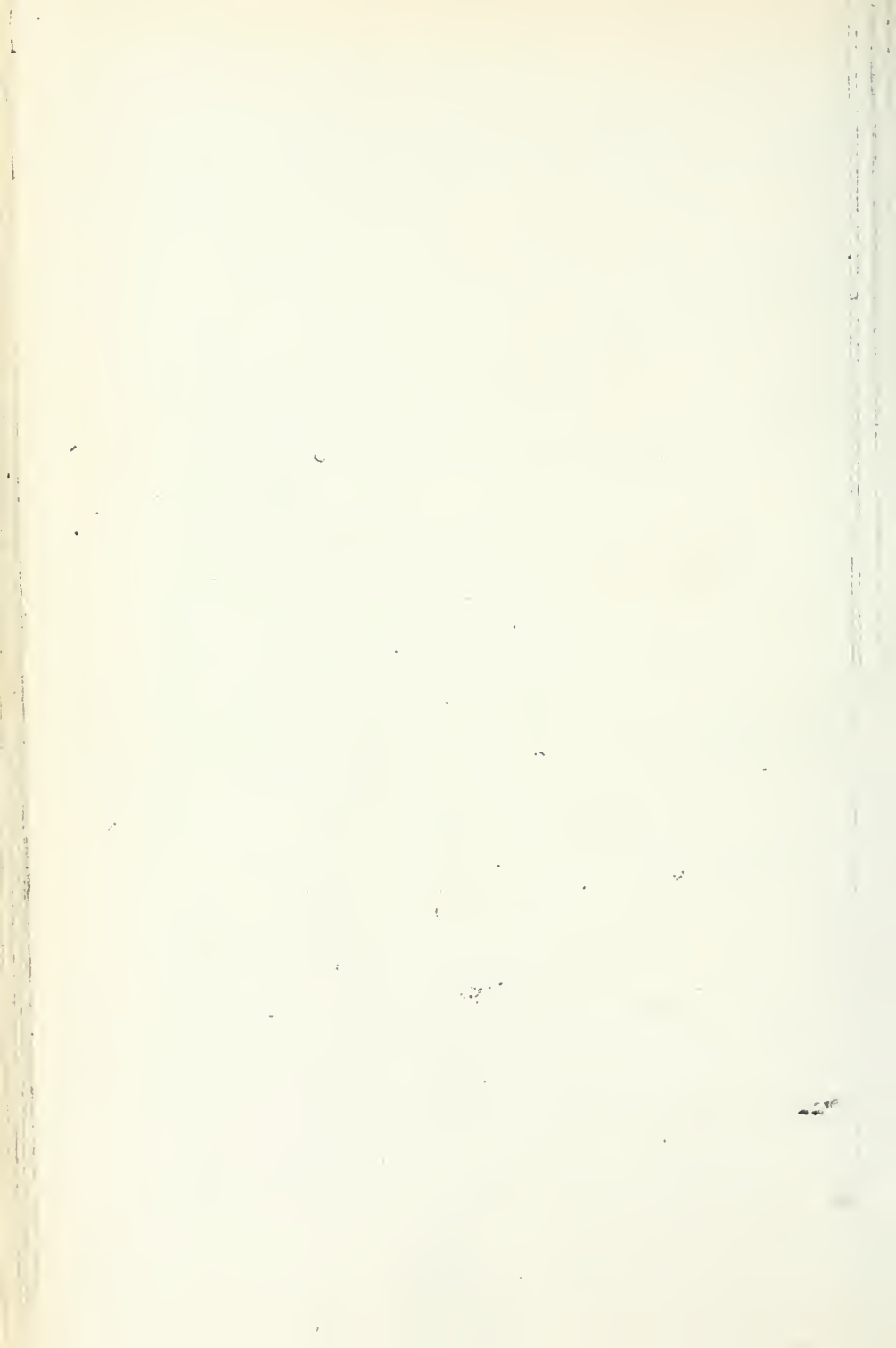
*Rom.* Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
 Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more  
 To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
 This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue  
 Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both  
 Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,  
 Brags of his substance, not of ornament :  
 They are but beggars that can count their worth ;  
 But my true love is grown to such excess,  
 I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

*Fri.* Come, come with me ;  
 For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,  
 'Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*  
*O. P.*]

END OF ACT II.



Notes

A C T III.

SCENE I.

*A Street.*

*Enter MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.* *R.S. 1.*

*Ben.* I PRAY thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;  
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad;  
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl.

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

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow?

*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy  
mood as any in Italy; and there were two such, we  
should have none shortly; for one would kill the other.  
Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a  
hair more, or a hair less, on his head, than thou hast:  
Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, hav-  
ing no other reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes:  
Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the  
street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath  
lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with  
a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter?  
with another, for tying his new shoes with old ri-  
band? And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

*Ben.* An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any  
man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an  
hour and quarter.—By my head, here come the  
Capulets.

*Enter TYBALT and two Gentlemen. O P*

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

*Tyb.* Be near at hand, I will speak to them.

*[Exit the two Gentlemen.]*

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

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

*Tyb.* You shall find me apt enough to that, sir ; if you will give me occasion.

*Mer.* Could you not take some occasion, without giving ?

*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

*Mer.* Consort ! What, dost thou make us minstrels ? If thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords : here's my fiddle-stick ; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort !

*Ben.* We talk here in the publick haunt of men :  
Either withdraw into some private place,  
Or reason coolly of your grievances,  
Or else depart ; here all eyes gaze on us.

*Mer.* Mens' eyes were made to look, and let them gaze ;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Tyb.* Well, peace be with you, sirs ! Here comes my man.

*Mer.* But, I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery.

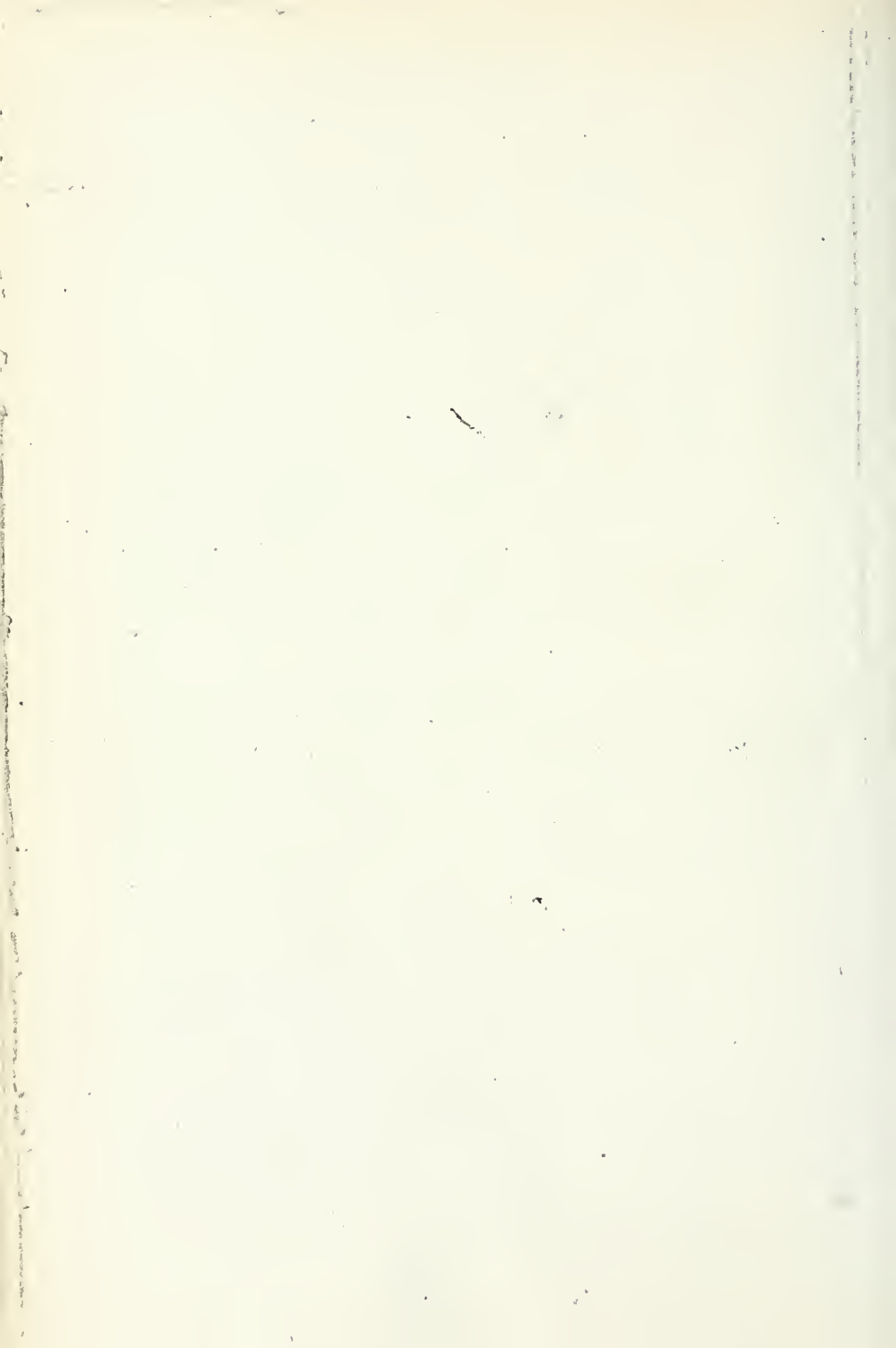
*Enter ROMEO. P. S.*

*Tyb.* Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford  
No better term than this,—Thou art a villain.

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

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

*Rom.* I do protest, I never injur'd thee ;  
But love thee better than thou canst devise ;



2

7

And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender  
As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

[Exit TYBALT. *P S*]

*Mer.* O calm ! dishonourable ! vile submission !—  
*A la stoccata* carries it away.—  
*Tybalt*,—you, rat-catcher,—[*Draws.*]

*Enter TYBALT. P S*

*Tyb.* What would'st thou have with me ?

*Mer.* Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your  
nine lives, that I mean to make bold withall : Will  
you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears ?  
Make haste ; lest mine be about your ears, ere it be  
out.

*Tyb.* I am for you, sir.—[*Draws.*]

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

*Mer.* Come, sir, your passado.

[*MERCUTIO and TYBALT fight.*]

*Rom.* Draw, Benvolio :—beat down their wea-  
pons :—

Gentlemen !—For shame, forbear this outrage :—

Hold, *Tybalt*,—good *Mercutio*,—

[*Exit TYBALT, having wounded MERCUTIO. O P*]

*Mer.* I am hurt :—

A plague o' both your houses !—I am sped :—

Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

*Ben.* What, art thou hurt ?

*Mer.* Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ; marry, 't is  
enough :—Go, fetch a surgeon.

*Rom.* Courage, man ; the hurt cannot be much.

*Mer.* No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as  
a church-door ; but, 't is enough, 't will serve ; I am  
pepper'd, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o'  
both your houses !—What ! 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 arithmetick !—  
Why, the devil, came you between us ? I was hurt  
under your arm.

*Rom.* I thought all for the best.



*Mer.* 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.—Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.—A plague o' both of your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

*Rom.* This gentleman, the prince's near ally, *P.S.*  
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
With Tybalt's slander;—O, sweet Juliet,  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,  
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

*Enter BENVOLIO. P.S.*

*Ben.* O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;  
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.—  
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

*Rom.* Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!—  
Away to heaven, respective lenity, ~~+~~  
And fire-cy'd fury be my conduct now!—

*Enter TYBALT. O P*

Now, Tybalt, take the *Villain* back again,  
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,  
And thou, or I, must keep him company.

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

*Rom.* This shall determine that.

[*They fight:—TYBALT falls, and dies.*]

*Ben.* Romeo, away! begone! ~~+~~  
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—  
Stand not amaz'd:—The prince will doom thee death,  
If thou art taken:—Hence!—begone!—away!

*Rom.* O! I am fortune's fool!

[*Exit ROMEO.*]

O P

~~Handwritten scribble~~

+

xxx Bell.

3

July 1

*Enter the Prince, MONTAGUE, CAPULET; and Attendants.* O P

*Prince.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

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

*Cap.* Unhappy sight! alas, the blood is spill'd  
Of my dear kinsman!—Now, as thou art a prince,  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

*Prince.* Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

*Ben.* Tybalt here slain:  
Romeo bespake him fair, bade him bethink  
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withall  
Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered  
With gentle breath, calm looks, knees humbly  
bow'd,—

Could not make 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 entertain'd revenge,  
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I  
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;  
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn to fly:  
This is the truth, or let Benvolio suffer.

*Cap.* He is a kinsman to the Montague:

Affection makes him false; he speaks not true.

I beg for justice: Justice, gracious prince!

Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.

*Prince.* Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;

Who now the price of his dear blood hath paid.

*Mon.* Romeo but took the forfeit life of Tybalt.

*Prince.* And we for that offence do banish him.

I have an int'rest in your heady brawls;

My blood doth flow from brave Mercutio's wounds:

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,

That you shall all repent my loss in him.—

I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;

Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase our repeal;

Therefore use none: Let Romeo be gone;

Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.

Bear hence this body:—You, attend our will:—

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,

To Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner

As Phaeton, would whip you to the west,

And bring in cloudy night immediately.—

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,

That the runaway's eyes may wink; and Romeo

Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen:—

Come night!—Come Romeo! come, thou day in night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,

Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—

Give me my Romeo, night!—and, when he dies,

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. So tedious is this day,

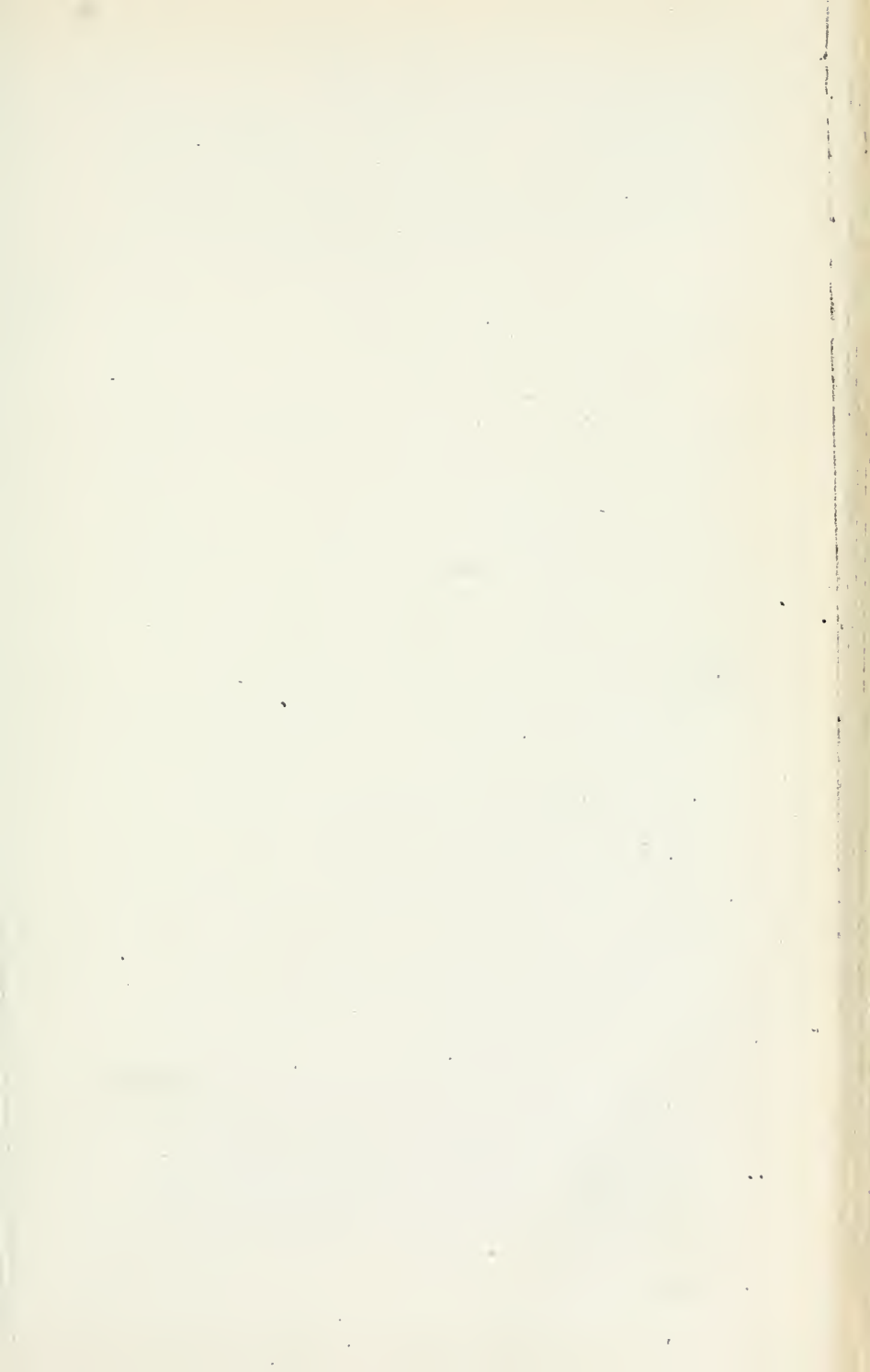
WRB

2 hours

Cap: OP

54. 100





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.* *P. S.*

Now, nurse, what news?—

Why dost thou wring thy hands?

*Nurse.* Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's  
 dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

*Jul.* Can heaven be so envious?

*Nurse.* Romeo can;

Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo! Romeo!

*In Jul.* ~~What devil art thou, that dost torment me~~  
 thus?

~~This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.~~

Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but—ay,

And that bare little word shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

*Nurse.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,

Here on his manly breast.—A piteous corse!

A bloody, piteous corse! pale, pale as ashes!

I swooned at the sight.

*Jul.* O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at  
 once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth, to earth resign; end, motion, here;

And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

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

*Jul.* What storm is this, that blows so contrary?  
 Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?

*Nurse.* Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished.

*In Jul.* ~~Banished!—is Romeo banished?~~

*Nurse.* Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.



*Jul.* O, heaven!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

*Nurse.* It did, it did; alas, the day! it did.

*Jul.* O, nature,—what hadst thou to do in hell,  
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—  
O, that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace!

*Nurse.* There is no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd:  
Shame come to Romeo!

*Jul.* Blister'd be thy tongue,  
For such a wish! He was not born to shame:  
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;  
For 't is a throne where honour may be crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
O, what a wretch was I to chide him so!

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

*Jul.* 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?—

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, whom Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my  
husband:

All this is comfort: Wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, far worse than Tybalt's death,

That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;

But, O! it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;

That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts: In that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

{ 4 }

W

All slain, all dead!—

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

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

*Jul.* Wash they his wounds with tears? My eyes  
shall flow,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

*Nurse.* Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo  
To comfort you:—He shall be here anon:—  
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

*Jul.* O, find him: Give this ring to my true lord,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt. P. S.*



SCENE III.

*The Cloisters of a Convent.*

*Enter Friar LAURENCE. P. S.*

*Lau.* Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful  
man;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
And thou art wedded to calamity.

*Enter ROMEO. O P*

*Rom.* Father, what news? what is the prince's  
doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?

*Lau.* Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company:  
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

*Rom.* What less than death can be the prince's  
doom?

*Lau.* A gentler judgement vanish'd from his lips;  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

*Rom.* Ha! banishment?—Be merciful; say—death;  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death: Do not say—banishment;

6  
 'T is death mis-term'd : calling death—banishment,  
 Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
 And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*Lau.* O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!

Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,

Taking thy part, hath push'd aside the law,

And turn'd that black word death to banishment :

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

*Rom.* 'T is torture, and not mercy : heaven is here,  
 Where Juliet lives. There's more felicity

In carrion flies, than Romeo : they may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,

And steal immortal blessings from her lips ;

But Romeo may not ; he is banished.—

O father, hast thou no strong poison mix'd,

No sharp-ground knife, no sudden means of death,

But banishment to torture me withall?

*Lau.* Fond madman, hear me speak :

I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

*Rom.* Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,

It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more.

*Lau.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

*Rom.* Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not  
 feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,

An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,

Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear  
 thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

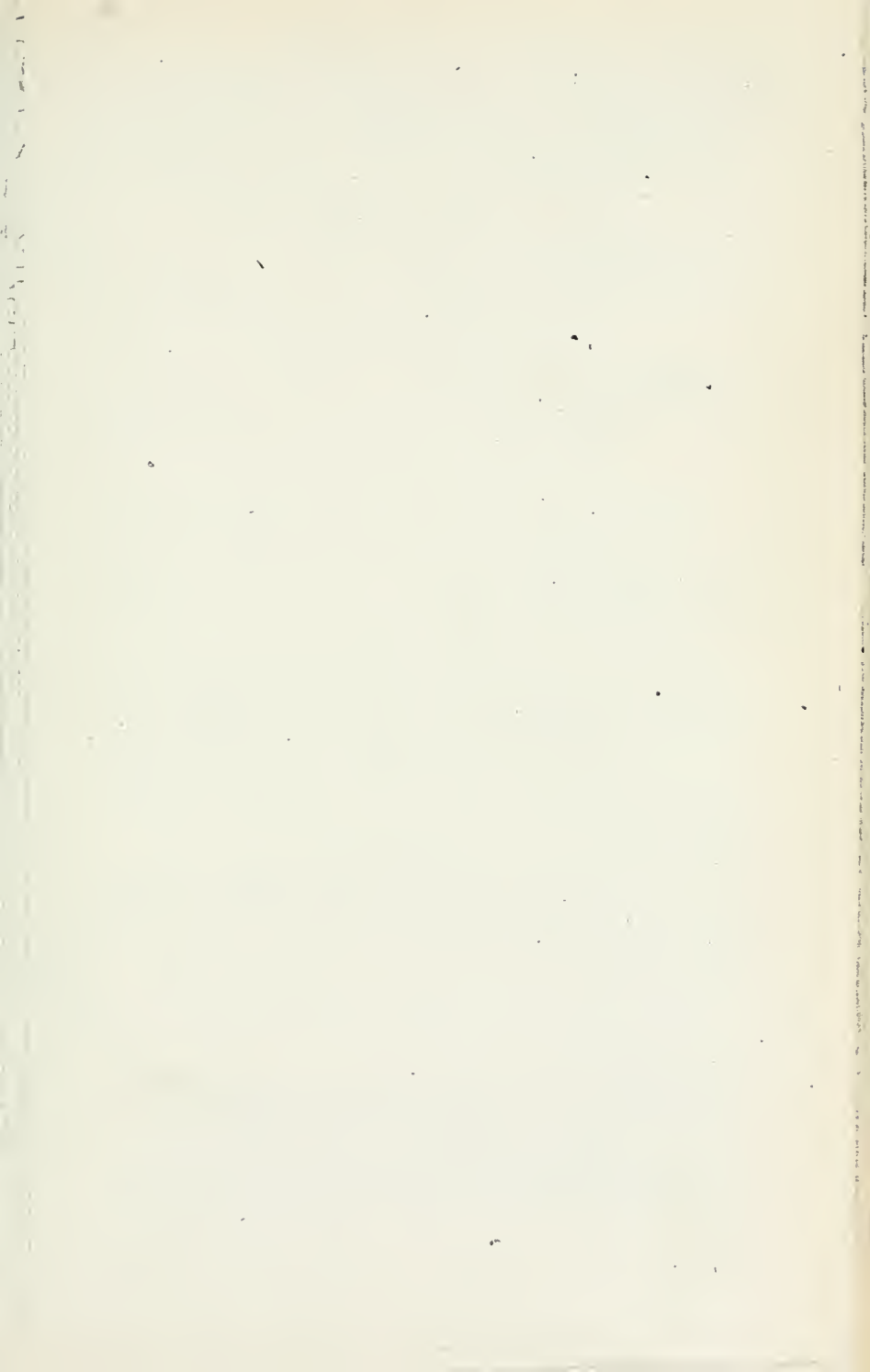
[*Throws himself on the ground.*]

[*One knocks without.*] P S

*Lau.* Arise; one knocks:—Good Romeo, hide  
 thyself.—

{5}

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[Knocking again.] P S

Who's there?—Romeo, arise;  
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile.—Stand up:  
Run to my study.—

[Knocking again.] P S

By and by.—Heaven's will,  
What wilfulness is this!—

[Knocking again.] P S

I come, I come.—  
Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's  
your will?

[Nurse without.] P S

Nurse. Let me come in, and you shall know my  
errand:  
I come from lady Juliet.  
Lau. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse. P S

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

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

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case.—O, Juliet, Juliet!

Rom. [Starts up.] Speak'st thou of Juliet?—How is  
it with her,

Since I have stain'd the childhood of our joy  
With blood?—

Where is she? how does she? what says she?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir; but weeps and  
weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,  
And Tybalt cries; and then on Romeo calls,  
And then falls down again.

Rom. As if that name,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,



Did murder her. 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.*]

*Lau.* 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.  
 Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,  
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?  
 And slay thy lady too, that lives in thee?  
 What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive:  
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed;  
 Ascend her chamber; hence, and comfort her:  
 But, look, thou stay not 'till the watch be set;  
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua:  
 Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time  
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back  
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—  
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
 And bid her hasten all the house to rest:  
 Romeo is coming.

*Nurse.* O lord, I could have staid here all the  
 night,

To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—  
 My lord, I'll tell my lady, you will come.

*Rom.* Do so; and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

*Nurse.* Here, sir,—a ring she bid me give you,  
 sir:—

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

[*Exit Nurse P. 5*]

*Rom.* How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

*Lau.* Sojourn in Mantua: I'll find out your man;  
 And he shall signify, from time to time,  
 Every good hap to you, that chances here.  
 Give me thy hand; 't is late: Farewell; good night.

{0}

{7.}

*Rom.* But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
It were a grief, so soon to part with thee.

[*Exeunt.*

*FRANCIS*

*125m*

(WR)

SCENE IV.

*A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter PARIS, CAPULET, and Lady CAPULET. PS*

*Cap.* Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our daughter:  
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I:—Well, we were born to die.—  
'Tis very late; she'll not come down to-night.

*Par.* These times of grief afford no time to woo:  
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

*Cap.* Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd  
In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.  
But, soft; what day? Well, Wednesday is too soon;  
On Thursday, let it be, you shall be married.

[We'll keep no great ado;—a friend or two;—

For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there's an end. But what say you to Thursday?

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

*Cap.* Well, get you gone: On Thursday be it then.—

Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed;

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—

[*Exit Lady CAPULET. C*

Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!—  
Good night.

[*Exeunt.*

*Paris*

*Cap*

## SCENE V.

*Capulet's Garden.**Enter ROMEO and JULIET. P. 52 E*

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

*Rom.* 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 tip-toe on the misty mountain tops;  
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*Jul.* Yon light is not day-light, I know it well:  
 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:  
 Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

*Rom.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;  
 I am content, if 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:

I'll say, 'tis not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:

Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—

What says my love? let's talk, it is not day.

*Jul.* It is, it is; hie hence, away, be gone;  
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

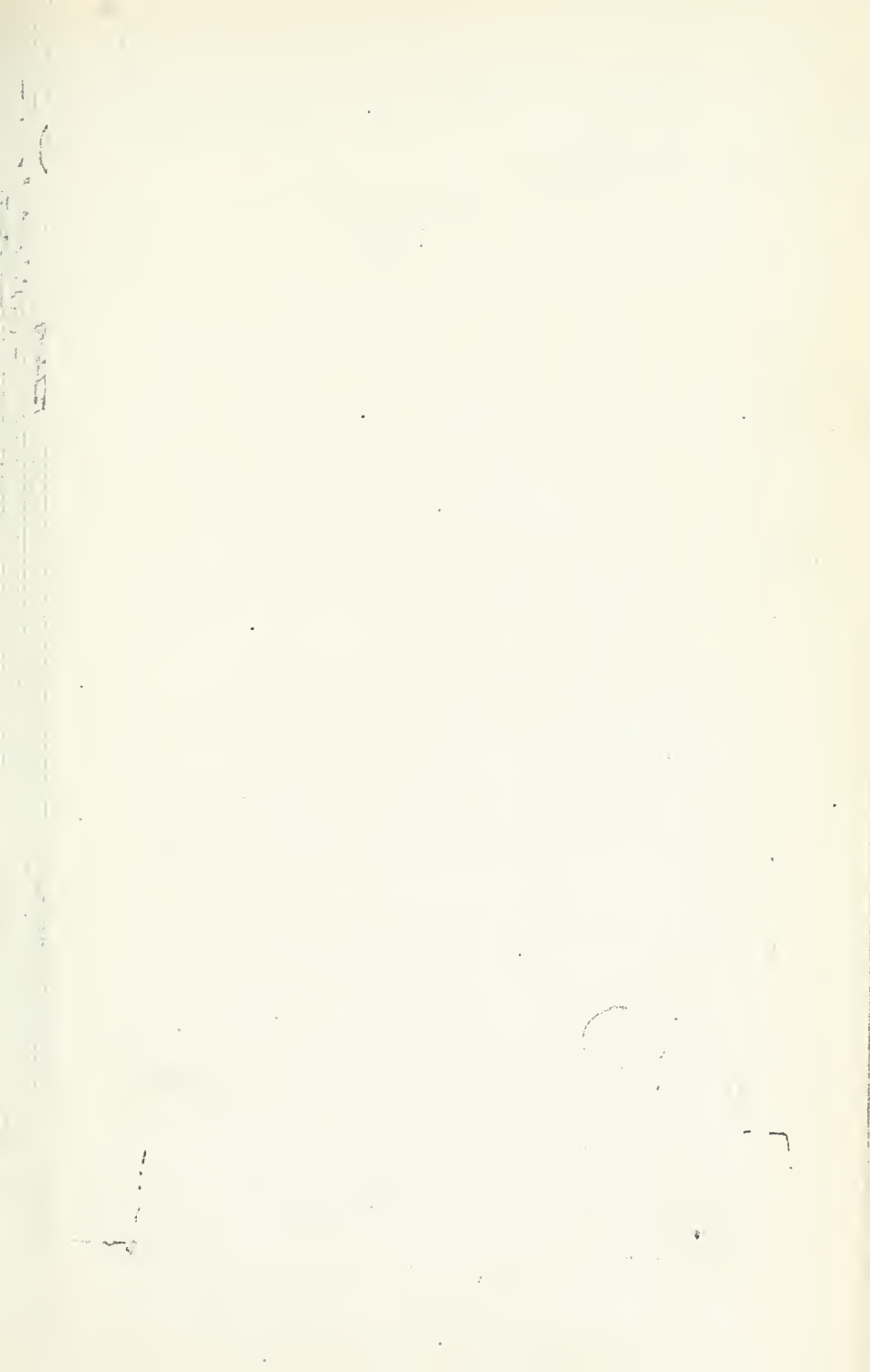
*Rom.* More light and light?—more dark and dark  
 our woes.

Farewell, my love:—one kiss, and I'll be gone.

(11) Sample 12. 1000

Sample 12. 1000

{Q.}



*Enter Nurse. P S*

*Nurse.* Madam.

*Jul.* Nurse?

*Nurse.* Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

*[Exit Nurse. P S]*

*Jul.* Art thou gone so?—Love! lord! ah, husband! friend!—

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour;

For in love's hours there are many days.

O! by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

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

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

*Rom.* I doubt it not; and all these woes shall  
serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

*Jul.* O heaven! I have an ill-divining soul:  
Methinks, I see thee, now thou'rt parting from me,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:  
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

*Rom.* And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood.—Adieu! Juliet fare-  
well!—

My life!—

*Jul.* My love!

*Rom.* My soul, adieu!—

10

*[Exeunt.]*

*Juliet*  
*Romeo*

WRB

SCENE VI.

*Juliet's Chamber.*

*Enter JULIET. P S*

*Jul.* O fortune, fortune! 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 without.] *OP.*

*La. Cap.* Ho, daughter! are you up?

*Jul.* Who is't that calls? Is it my lady mother?—

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

*Enter Lady CAPULET.* *OP.*

*La. Cap.* Why, how now, Juliet?

*Jul.* Madam, I'm not well.

*La. Cap.* Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

*Jul.* Yet let me weep for such a loss as mine.

*La. Cap.* I come to bring thee joyful tidings, girl.

*Jul.* And joy comes well in such a needful time:

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

*La. Cap.* Well, well, thou hast a careful father,  
child;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,

Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

*Jul.* Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

*La. Cap.* Marry, my child, early next Thursday  
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,

The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church,

Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

*Jul.* I wonder at this haste; that I must wed,

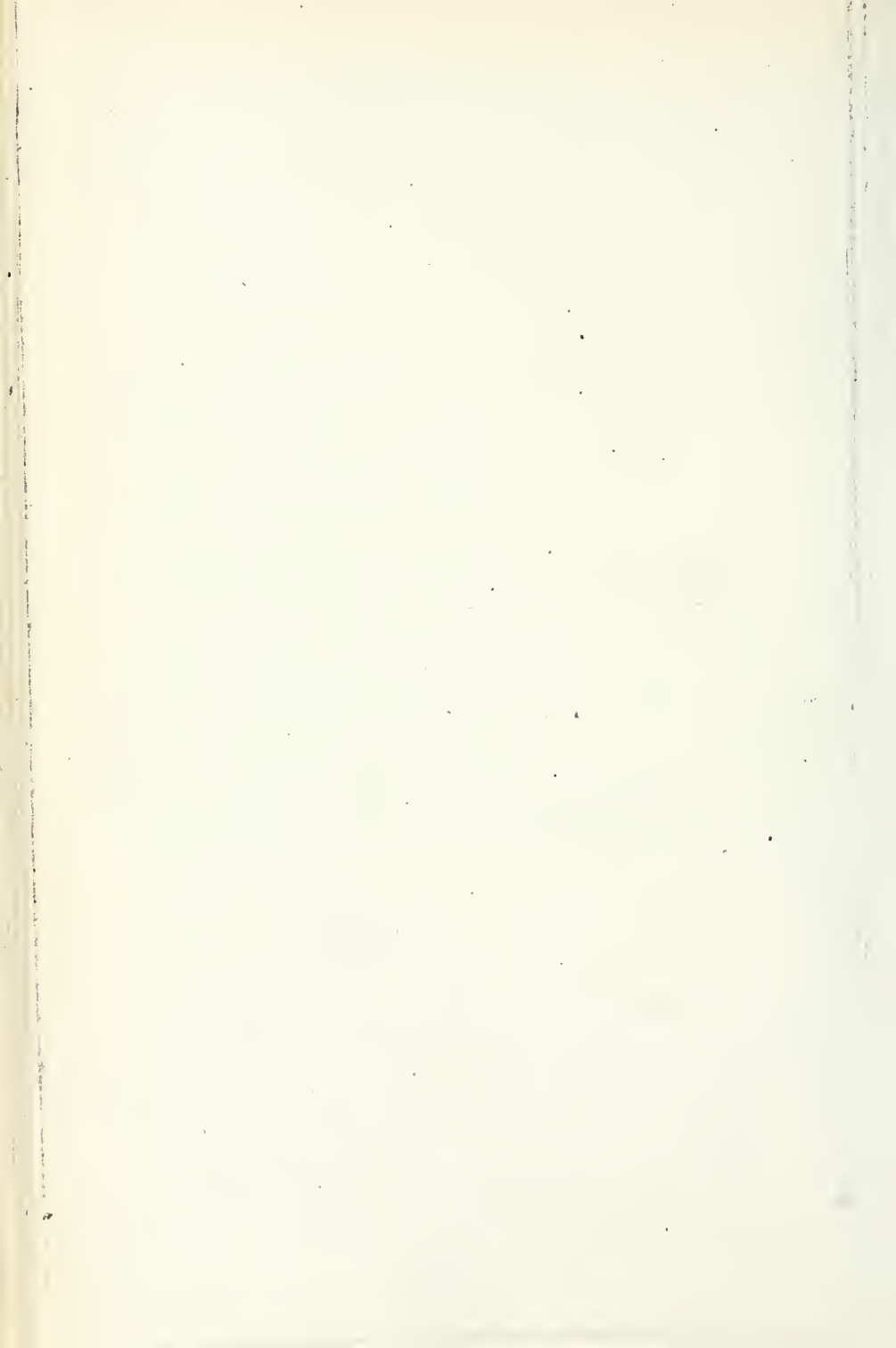
Ere he, that must be husband, comes to woo.

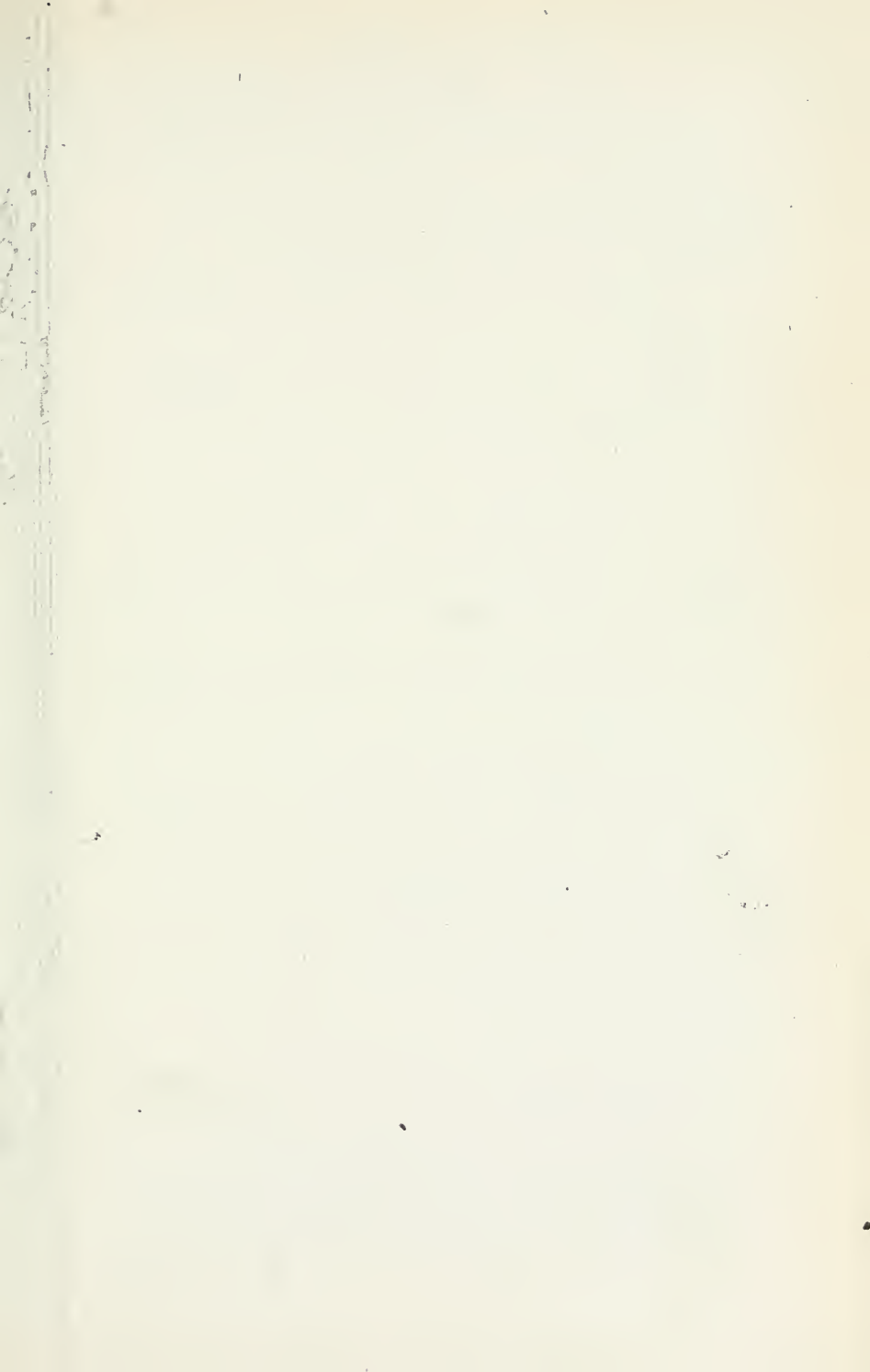
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,

I cannot marry yet.

*La. Cap.* Here comes your father; tell him so  
yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.





*Enter CAPULET and Nurse.* *P. S.*

*Cap.* How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears;

Evermore showering?—Why, how now, wife?  
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

*La. Cap.* Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave.

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

*Jul.* Proud can I never be of what I hate;  
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

*Cap.* Thank me no thankings;  
But settle your fine joints, 'gainst Thursday next,  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

*La. Cap.* ~~Fy, daughter, fy! What, Juliet, are you~~  
~~mad?~~

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

*Cap.* 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.—

—[*JULIET rises.*]

Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,  
That heaven had left us but this only child;  
But now, I see, this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her:  
Out on her, hilding!—

*Nurse.* Heaven bless her!—  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*Cap.* And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your tongue.  
Good prudence: Smatter with your go-sips, go.

*Nurse.* I speak no treason.

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

*La. Cap.* You are too hot.

*Cap.* Good wife, it makes me mad: Day, night,  
late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,  
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd: and having now provided  
A gentleman of princely parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful and nobly train'd,  
Proportion'd as one's heart would wish a man,—  
And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer—I'll not wed,—I cannot love,  
I am too young;—I pray you, pardon me;—  
But, an you will not wed,—Look to 't, think on 't,—  
I do not use to jest:—Thursday is near:  
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets;  
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.

[*Exit* CAPULET.]

*Jul.* Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?—  
[*Kneels.*] 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.

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

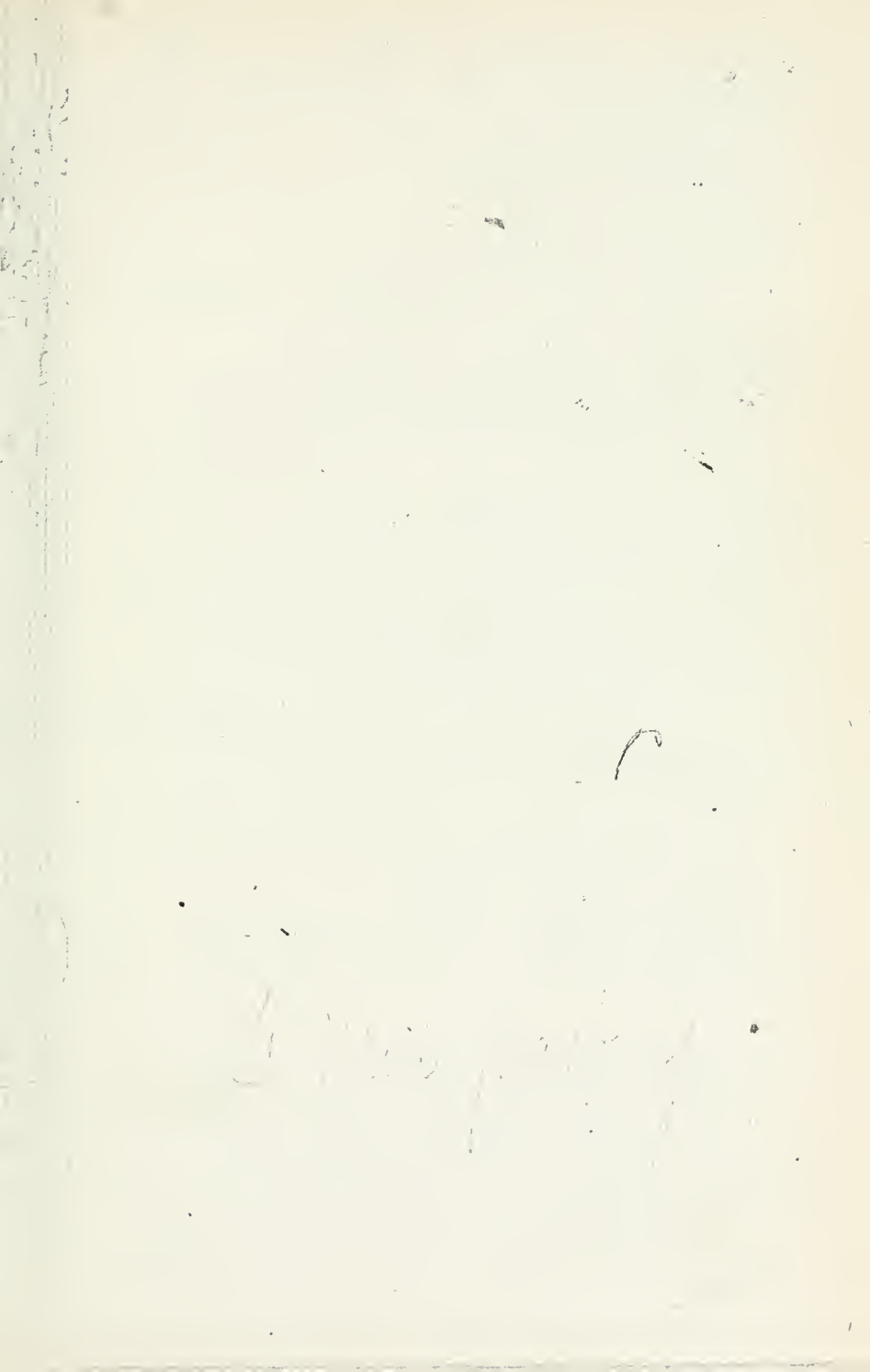
*PS* [*Exit* Lady CAPULET.]

*Jul.* O, heaven!—O, nurse, how shall this be  
prevented?

Alack, alack,—that heaven should practise stratagems  
Upon so soft a subject as myself!

*Nurse.* Rise:—Faith, here it is:  
Romeo is banish'd; 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:

Ad-



Then, since the case so stands, I think it best  
You married with the count.

*Jul.* Speakest thou from thy heart?

*Nurse.* From my soul too;

Or else beshrew them both.

*Jul.* Amen!

*Nurse.* What? what?

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous  
much.

Go in, and tell my lady, I am gone,  
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,  
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

*Nurse.* Marry, I will: and this is wisely done.

[*Exit Nurse. P.S.*]

*Jul.* O, most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare  
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—  
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:  
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[*Exit. A.P.*]

END OF ACT III.



## A C T IV.

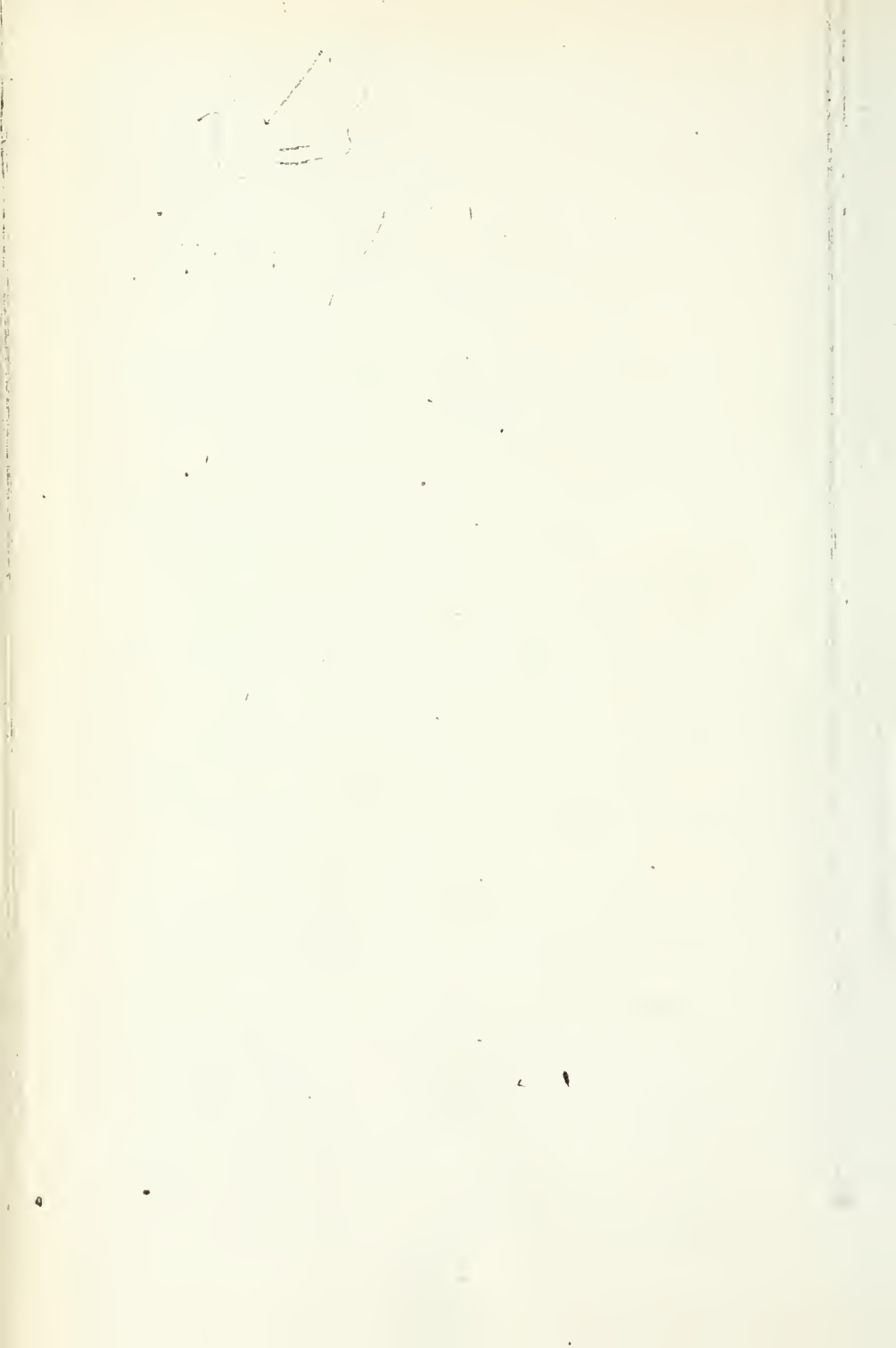
## SCENE I.

*The Cloisters of a Convent.**Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS. PS**Lau.* ON Thursday, sir? the time is very short.*Par.* My father Capulet will have it so;  
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.*Lau.* You say, you do not know the lady's mind:—  
Uneven is the course, I like it not.*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;  
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,  
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;  
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,  
To stop the inundation of her tears:  
Now do you know the reason of this haste.*Lau.* [*Aside.*] I would I knew not why it should  
be slow'd.—

Look, sir, here comes the lady tow'rd's my cell.

*Enter JULIET. PS**Par.* Welcome, my love, my lady, and my wife.*Jul.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.*Par.* That may be, must be, love, on Thursday  
next.*Jul.* What must be, shall be.*Par.* Come you to make confession to this father?*Jul.* To answer that, were to confess to you.—Are you at leisure, holy father, now?— *700*  
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?*Lau.* My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,  
now.—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.



2

2

*Par.* Heaven shield, I should disturb devotion!  
Juliet, farewell.

[Exit PARIS. *PS*]

*Jul.* Go, shut the door; and, when thou hast done  
so,  
Come weep with me,—past hope, past cure, past  
help!

*Lau.* O, Juliet, I already know thy grief.

*Jul.* Tell me not, friar, that thou know'st my grief,  
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 steel I'll help it presently.

Heaven join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
And, ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Give to another, this shall slay them both:

[*Draws a dagger.*]

Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,  
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,  
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody dagger  
Shall play the umpire.

*Lau.* 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, it is likely, thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death, to free thee from this marriage.

*Jul.* O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,  
Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;  
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.

*Lau.* Hold, Juliet :—Hie thee home ; get thee to  
 bed ;—

Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber ;—

And, when thou art alone, take thou this phial,

And this distilled liquor drink thou off :

When, presently, through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humour ;

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ;

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 :

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt continue two and forty hours ;

And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.—

Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :

Then, as the manner of our country is,

In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.—

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,

Shall Romeo, by my letters, know our drift ;

And hither shall he come ; and he and I

Will watch thy waking, and that very night

Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua :

If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,

Abate thy valour in the acting this.

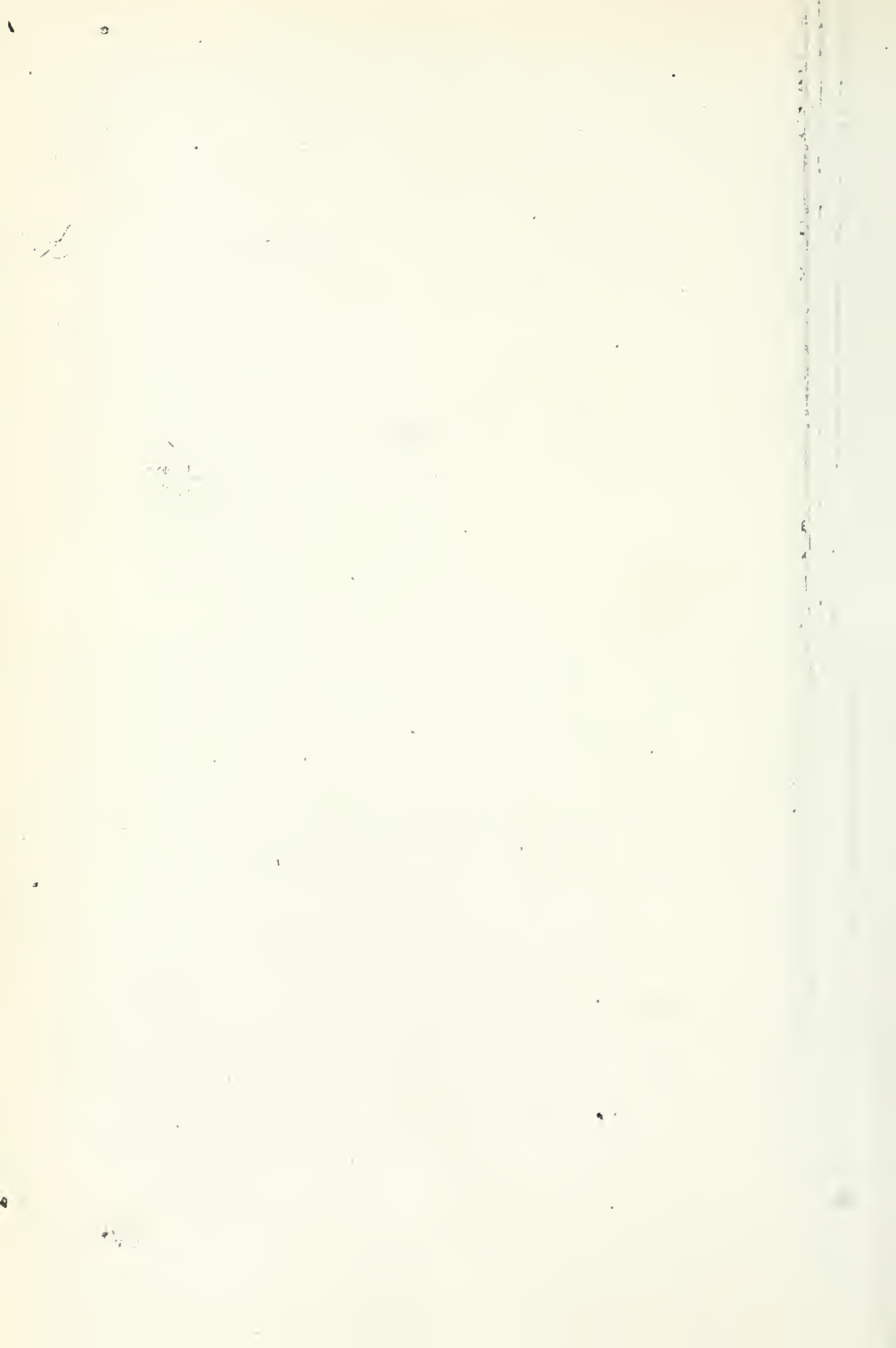
*Jul.* Give me, O give me !—tell me not of fear.

[*Gives her the phial.*]

*Lau.* Hold :—Get you gone ; be strong and pro-  
 sperous

In this resolve : I'll send a friar with speed

To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.



~~X9~~

(1)

(2)

*Jul.* Love, give me strength; and strength shall  
help afford.—  
Farewell, dear father.

[*Exeunt.*

*Friar O.P.*  
*Juliet P.*

WR

5

SCENE II.

*A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter CAPULET, meeting Lady CAPULET, and Nurse. P S*

*Cap.* What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

*Nurse.* Ay, forsooth.

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

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

*Nurse.* See, where she comes from shrift. *with money*

*Enter JULIET. P S looking*

*Cap.* How now, my headstrong? where have you  
been gadding?

*Jul.* 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 rul'd by you.

*Cap.* Send for the county; go, tell him of this:  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

*Jul.* I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;  
And gave him what becoming love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

*Cap.* This is as't should be:  
Now, afore heaven, this reverend holy friar,—  
All our whole city is much bound to him.

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

*La. Cap.* No, not 'till Thursday; there is time  
enough.



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

*O P* [*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*]

*La. Cap.* We shall be short in our provision.

*Cap.* Tush! all things shall be well.—

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her:

I'll not to bed; but walk myself to Paris,

To appoint him 'gainst to-morrow. My heart's light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt CAPULET and Lady CAPULET.*]

*P S*

(W)(R)

### SCENE III.

*Juliet's Chamber.*

*11. 8*

*Enter JULIET and Nurse. O P*

*Jul.* Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself 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.

*Enter Lady CAPULET. O P*

*La. Cap.* What, are you busy? Do you need my help?

*Jul.* No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities 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.

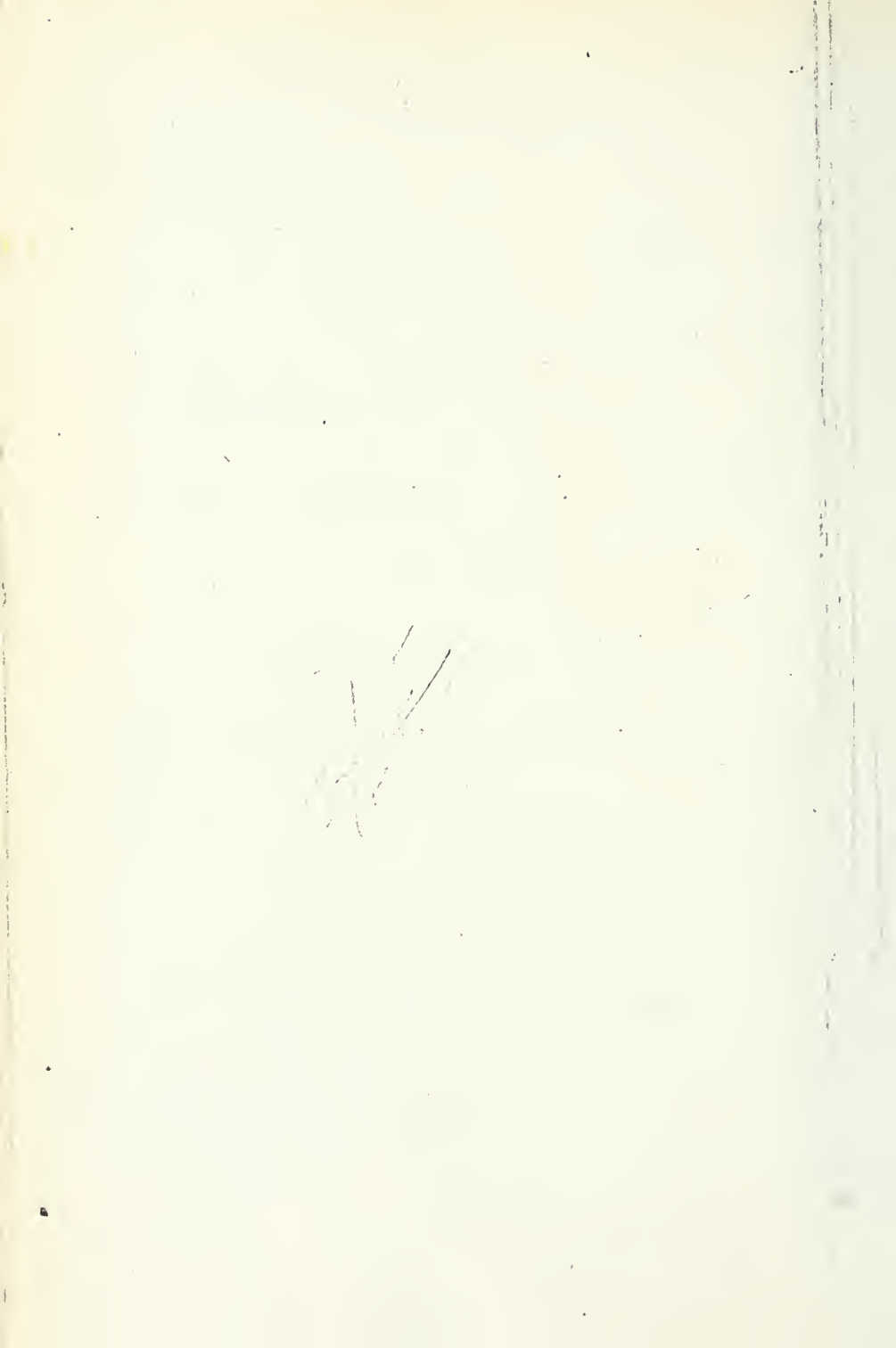
*La. Cap.* Then, good night!

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

*O P.* [*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

*Jul.* Farewell!—Heaven knows, when we shall meet again.—

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,



{ 5 }

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+

That almost freezes up the heat of life :  
 I'll call them back again to comfort me.  
 Nurse !—What should she do here ?  
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—

*[Takes out the phial.]*

Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all ?

Shall I of-force be married to the count ?

No, no ;—this shall forbid it :—*[Draws a dagger.]*—

Lie thou there.—

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 ?

I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not ;

For he hath still been tried a holy man.—

How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in ?

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

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies fest'ring in his shroud ; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort ;—

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

Environed with all these hideous fears,

And madly play with my forefathers' joints ?

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?

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

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?—

O, look ! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out Romeo :—Stay, Tybalt, stay !—

Romeo, I come: This do I drink to thee.—

[Drinks the contents of the phial.]

O, potent draught, thou hast chill'd me to the heart!—

My head turns round:—my senses fail me.—

O, Romeo! Romeo!—

[She throws herself on the bed.]

WR

#### SCENE IV.

*A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse. P.S.,*

*La. Cap.* Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

*Nurse.* They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

*Enter CAPULET. P.S.*

*Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,

The curfew-bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock:—

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:

Spare not for cost.

*Nurse.* Go, go, you cot-quean, go;

Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow

For this night's watching.

[Exit Nurse. P.S.]

*Cap.* No, not a whit: What! I have watch'd, ere now,

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.—

The county will be here with musick straight;

For so he said he would.—

[Musick without.]

I hear him near.—

Nurse!—Wife,—What, ho!—What, nurse! I say.

*Enter Nurse. P.S.*

Go, waken Juliet; go, and trim her up:—

I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste;

Make haste, I say.

[Exeunt.]



100

{4}

10/10

(WR)

SCENE V.

*Juliet's Chamber.*

*Act.*

*JULIET discovered on the Bed.*

*Enter Nurse. O P L*

*Nurse.* Mistress!—What, mistress!—Juliet!—  
Fast, I warrant her:—  
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—Fy, you slug-a-bed!—  
Why, love, I say!—Madam! sweet-heart!—why,  
bride!—  
What, not a word?—You take your pennyworths now:  
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,  
That you shall rest but little.—Heaven forgive me,—  
Marry, and amen,—how sound is she asleep!  
I must needs wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!—  
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;  
He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?—  
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!—  
Ho! my lord! my lady!—

*Enter Lady CAPULET. O P*

*La. Cap.* What noise is here?

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*La. Cap.* What is the matter?

*Nurse.* Look!—O, heavy day!

*La. Cap.* O me! O me!—my child, my only life,  
Revive, look up; or I will die with thee.—  
Help, help!—call help.

*Enter CAPULET. O P*

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

*Nurse.* She's dead, she's dead, she's dead,—back  
the day!



*Cap.* 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 the field.  
 Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS. O b*

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

*Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return:

O son, the night before the wedding-day  
 Death hath embrac'd thy bride:—See, there she lies,  
 Flower as she was, nipp'd in the bud by him.—  
 O, Juliet! O, my child, my child!

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

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

*Cap.* Most miserable hour, that time ere saw  
 In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!  
 But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
 But one thing to enjoy and solace in,  
 And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

*Lau.* Your daughter lives in peace and happiness:  
 Heaven and yourself had part in this fair maid,  
 Now heaven hath all.—

Come, stick your rosemary on this fair corse;  
 And, as the custom of our country is,  
 Convey her where her ancestors lie tomb'd.

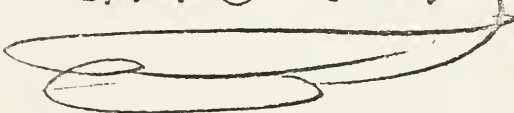
The heavens do lower upon you, for some ill;  
 Move them not more, by crossing their high will.

*[Exeunt.]*

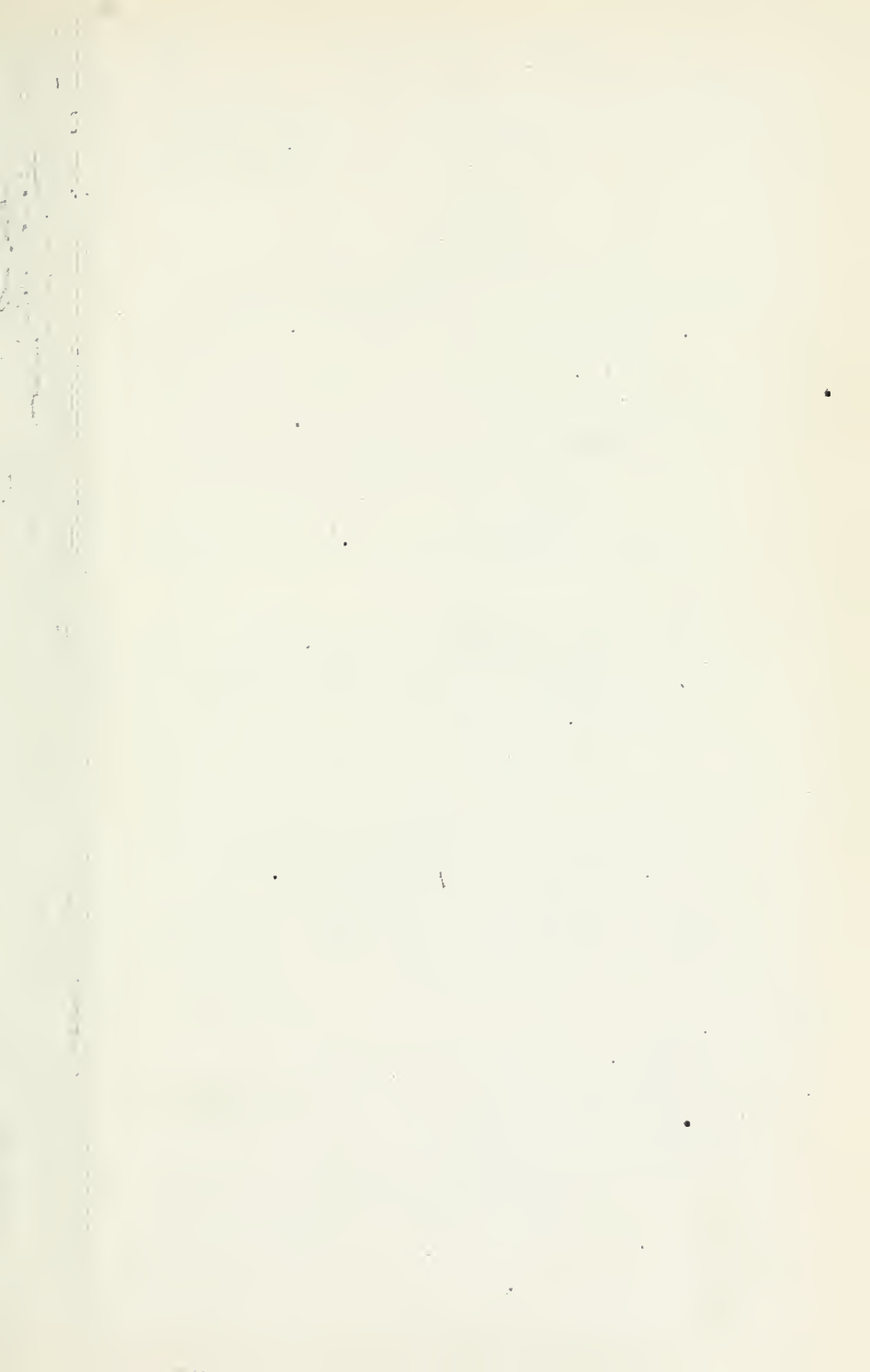
*Drop envelopes then*

END OF ACT IV.

*Give out*



20



ACT V.

SCENE I.

*A Church.*

*Enter the Procession to the Funeral of Juliet.*

*The Dirge.*

CHORUS.

*Rise, rise,  
Heart-breaking sighs,  
The woe-fraught bosom swell;  
For sighs alone,  
And dismal moan,  
Should echo Juliet's knell.*

AIR.

*She's gone,—the sweetest flow'r of May,  
That blooming blest our sight:  
Those eyes, which shone like breaking day,  
Are set in endless night!—*

CHORUS.

*Rise, rise! &c.*

AIR.

*She's gone, she's gone; nor leaves behind  
So fair a form, so pure a mind.—  
How could'st thou, Death, at once destroy  
The lover's hope, the parent's joy?*

CHORUS.

*Rise, rise! &c.*

AIR.

*Thou, spotless soul, look down below,  
Our unfeign'd sorrow see!—  
O, give us strength to bear our woe,  
To bear the loss of thee!*

CHORUS.

*Rise, rise! &c.*

[*Exeunt graves.*]

*Curfew.*

WTRB

## SCENE II.

Mantua.

A Street.

Enter ROMEO. *PS*

*Rom.* If I may trust the flattery of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :  
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne ;  
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheertul thoughts.  
I dreamt, my lady came, and found me dead ;  
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reviv'd, 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. *PS*

2  
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.

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

*Rom.* Is it even so ? then I defy you, stars !—

*Bal.* My lord !

*Rom.* Thou know'st my lodging : get me ink and  
paper,

And hire post-horses ; I will hence to-night.

*Bal.* Pardon me, sir, I dare not leave you thus :  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
Some misadventure.

*Rom.* Go, thou art deceiv'd ;

2

3

Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.—

Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

*Bal.* No, good my lord.

*Rom.* No matter: Get thee gone; and hire those horses.—

[Exit BALTHASAR. *PS*]

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

Let's see for means.—O, mischief, thou art swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary,—

And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,

Culling of simples; meager were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

An alligator stuff'd, and other skins

Of ill-shap'd fishes; and, about his shelves,

A beggarly account of empty boxes,

Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,

Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,

Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.

Noting this penury, to myself I said—

An if a man did need a poison now,

Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

O, this same thought did but forerun my need!

As I remember, this should be the house:

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—

What ho! Apothecary.

*Enter Apothecary. OP*

*Apo.* Who calls so loud?

*Rom.* 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.

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

*Rom.* Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,



And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,  
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery:—  
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:  
The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

*Apo.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.

[*Exit Apothecary.* *P*]

*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

*Re-enter Apothecary.* *O P.*

*Apo.* Put this in thy liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

*Rom.* There is thy gold; worse poison to men's  
souls,

Doing more murder in this loathsome world,  
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:  
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.  
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—

[*Exit Apothecary.* *OP*]

Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me  
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

*P.S* [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.

*Verona.*

*The Cloisters of a Convent.*

*Enter Friar JOHN.* *PS-*

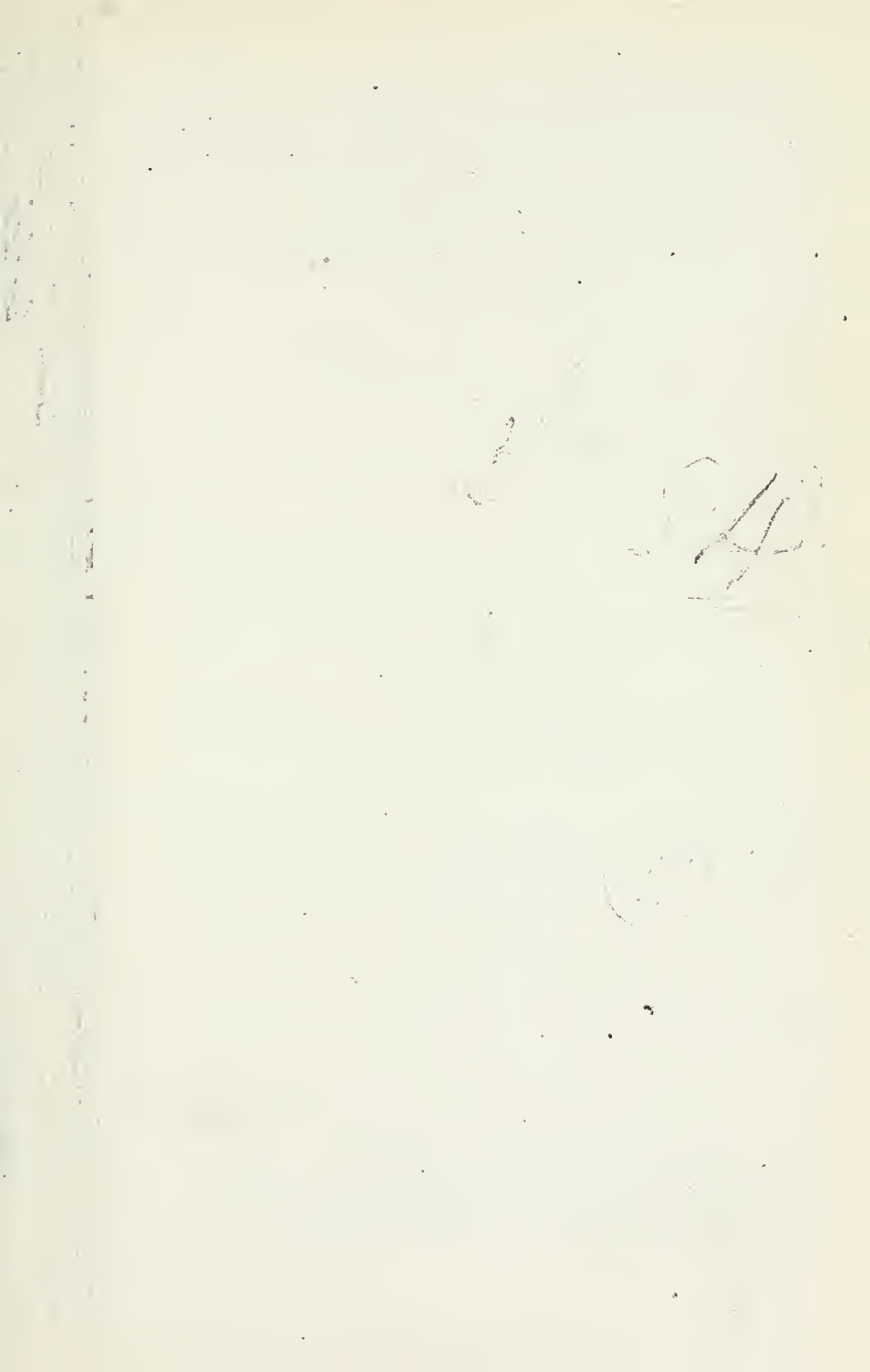
*John.* Holy Franciscan friar!—Brother, ho!

*Enter Friar LAURENCE.* *OP*

*Law.* This same should be the voice of friar John.—  
Welcome from Mantua.—What says Romeo?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

*John.* Going to find a bare-foot brother out,  
One of our order, to associate me,  
Here in this city visiting the sick,

$$\frac{\frac{14}{5}}{6}$$



And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
Suspecting that we both were in a house  
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,  
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;  
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

*Lau.* Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

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

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

*John.* Brother, I'll go, and bring it thee.

[Exit Friar John, *PS*]

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

[Exit. *PS*]

WAB

SCENE IV.

A Churchyard;

in it,

The Monument of the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, and his Page with a Torch and a Basket  
of Flowers. *PS*

*Par.* Give me thy torch, boy.—Hence; and stand  
aloof.—

Yet, put it out; for I would not be seen.  
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,

Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,  
 But thou shalt hear it : Whistle then to me,  
 As signal that thou hear'st something approach.—  
 Give me those flowers.—Do as I bid thee ; go.

*Page.* I am almost afraid to stand alone  
 Here in the churchyard ; yet I will adventure.

[*Exit Page.*]

*Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I  
 strew :

Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,  
 Accept this latest favour at my hands ;  
 Who, living, honour'd thee, and, being dead,  
 With funeral obsequies adorn thy tomb !—

\*\*\* [*The Page whistles.*]

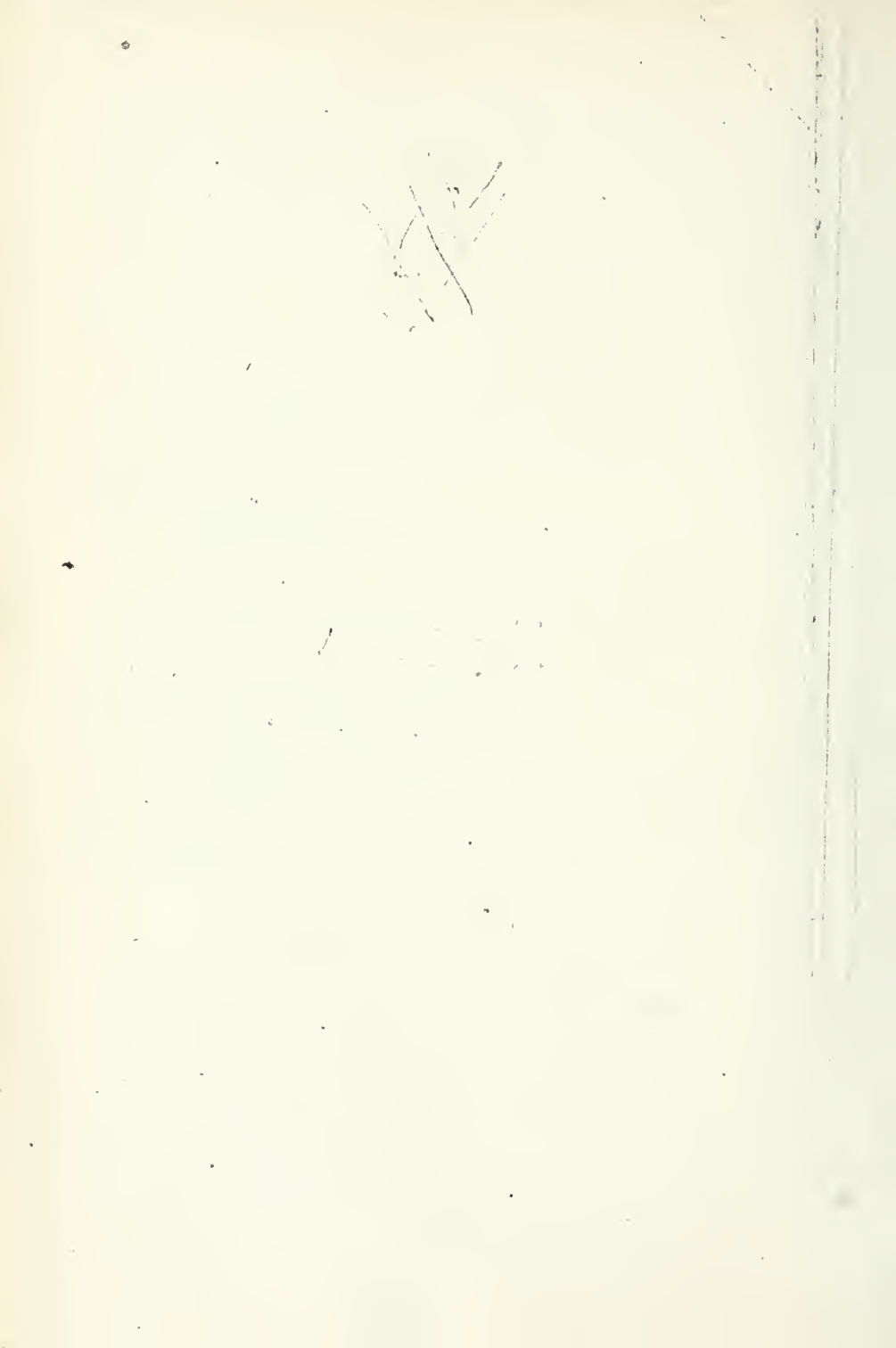
The boy gives warning, something doth approach.—  
 What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
 To cross my obsequies ?  
 What, with a torch !—Muffle me, night, awhile.

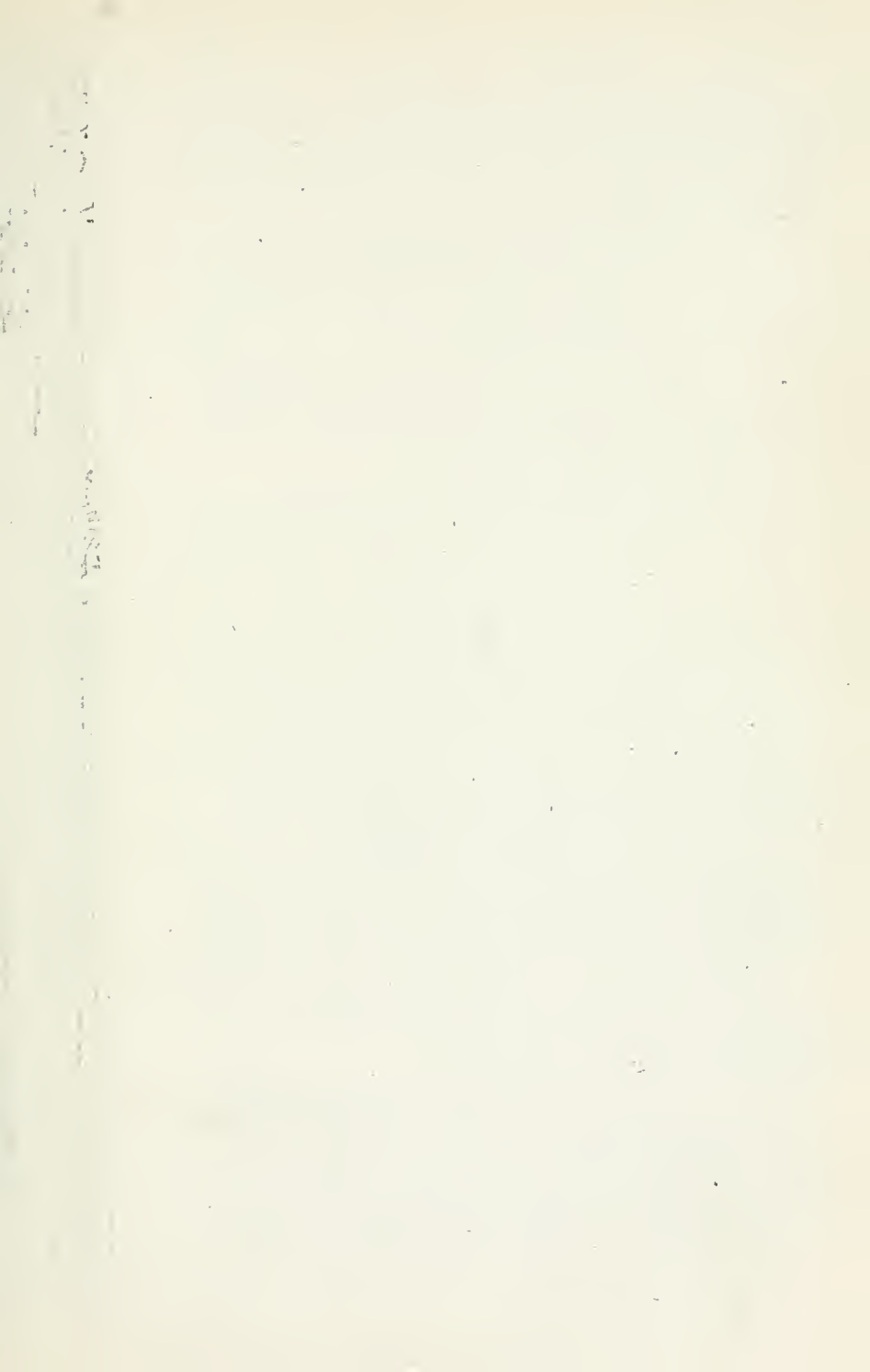
[*Exit.*]

*Enter ROMEO, and BALTHASAR with a Torch and an  
 iron Crow.*

*Rom.* Give me the wrenching iron.—

Hold ; take this letter : Early in the morning  
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
 Put out the torch : and, on 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 I must use  
 In dear employment : therefore hence, be gone :—  
 But, if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
 In what I further shall intend to do,  
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
 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.

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

*Rom.* So shalt thou win my favour.—Take thou  
that :

[*Gives BALTHASAR his purse.*]

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

*Bal.* For all this same, I'll hide me near this place ;  
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[*Exit BALTHASAR.* *P.S.*]

*Rom.* Thou maw detestable, thou womb of death,  
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Attempting to break open the Monument.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food.

*Enter PARIS.* *2<sup>d</sup> B.*

*Par.* Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.  
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?  
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :  
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

*Rom.* I must, indeed ; and therefore came I hither.—  
Good, gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man :  
Fly hence, and leave me :

By heaven, I love thee better than myself ;  
For I come hither arm'd against myself.

*Par.* I do defy thy pity, and thy counsel,  
And do attach thee as a felon here.

*Rom.* Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee,  
boy.

[*They fight.—PARIS falls.*] *2<sup>d</sup> B.*

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

[*Dies.*]

*Rom.* In faith, I will :—Let me peruse this face :—  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris :  
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !—  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave ;

[*Bursts open the Monument.*]



For here lies Juliet.—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.—  
 O, Juliet, why art thou yet so fair?  
 Here, here

Will I set up my everlasting rest;  
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
 From this world-wearied flesh.—  
 Come, bitter conduct, come unsavoury guide!

*[Takes out the poison.]*

Thou, desperate pilot, now at once run on  
 The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark!—  
 No more,—here's to my love!—

*[Drinks the draught.]*

Eyes, look your last!  
 Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, do you  
 The doors of breath seal with a righteous kiss!—

*[JULIET wakes.]*

Soft!—she breathes, and stirs!

*Jul.* Where am I? Defend me, powers!

*Rom.* She speaks, she lives, and we shall still be  
 bless'd:

My kind propitious stars o'erpay me now  
 For all my sorrows past.—Rise, rise, my Juliet;  
 And from this cave of death, this house of horror,  
 Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms;  
 There breathe a vital spirit in thy lips,  
 And call thee back, my soul, to life and love.

*[Raises her.]*

*Jul.* Bless me, how cold it is!—Who's there?—

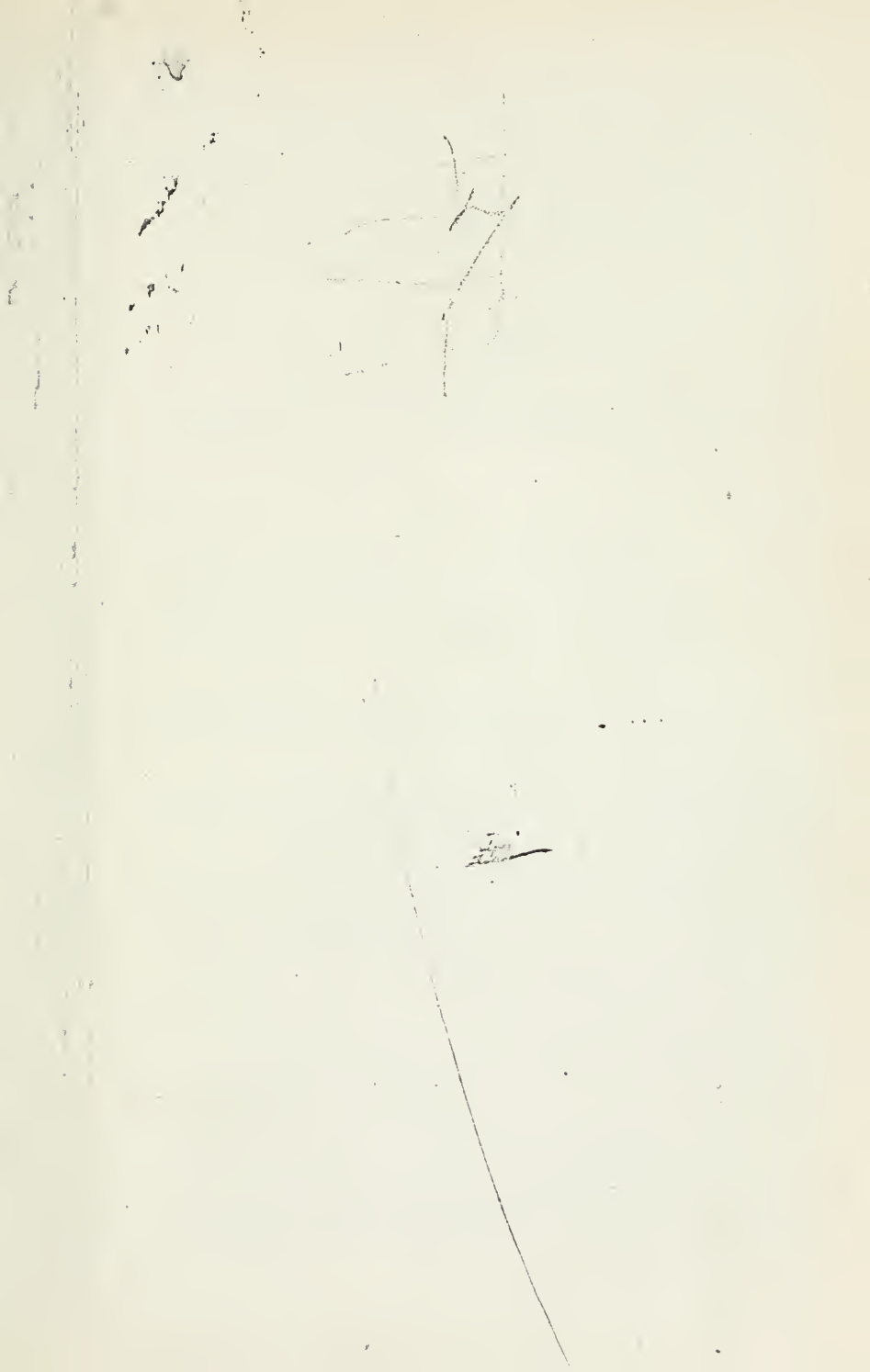
*Rom.* Thy husband;

'T is thy Romeo, Juliet, rais'd from despair  
 To joys unutterable.—Quit, quit this place,  
 And let us fly together.—*[Brings her from the Tomb.]*

*Jul.* Why do you force me so?—I'll ne'er con-  
 sent;—

+

5



My strength may fail me, but my will 's unmov'd;—  
I'll not wed Paris;—Romeo is my husband.

*Rom.* Romeo is thy husband; I am that Romeo;  
Nor all the opposing powers of earth or man  
Shall break our bonds, or tear thee from my heart.

*Jul.* I know that voice: Its magick sweetness wakes  
My tranced soul:—I now remember well  
Each circumstance.—

O my lord, my husband!—

Dost thou avoid me, Romeo? Let me touch  
Thy hand, and taste the cordial of thy lips.—  
You fright me:—Speak:—O, let me hear some  
voice

Besides my own in this drear vault of death,  
Or I shall faint.—Support me—

*Rom.* O, I cannot;  
I have no strength; but want thy feeble aid.—  
Cruel poison!

*Jul.* Poison! What means my lord? Thy trembling  
voice,

Pale lips, and swimming eyes,—Death's in thy face.

*Rom.* It is indeed,—I struggle with him now:—

The transports that I felt,  
To hear thee speak, and see thy opening eyes,  
Stopp'd, for a moment, his impetuous course,  
And all my mind was happiness and thee:—  
But now the poison rushes through my veins:—  
I have not time to tell,—

Fate brought me to this place, to take a last,  
Last farewell of my love, and with thee die.

*Jul.* Die?—Was the friar false?

*Rom.* I know not that.—

I thought thee dead: distracted at the sight,—  
O fatal speed!—drank poison,—kiss'd thy lips,  
And found within thy arms a precious grave:—  
But, in that moment,—O!—

*Jul.* And did I wake for this!

*Rom.* My powers are blasted:  
'Twixt death and love I'm torn, I am distracted:

But death's strongest:—And must I leave thee,  
Juliet!—

O, cruel, cursed fate! in sight of heaven,—

*Jul.* Thou rav'st: lean on my breast.

*Rom.* Fathers have flinty hearts, no tears can melt  
'em:—

Nature pleads in vain:—Children must be wretched,

*Jul.* O, my breaking heart!

*Rom.* She is my wife,—our hearts are twin'd to-  
gether,—

Capulet, forbear;—Paris, loose your hold;—

Pull not our heart-strings thus:—they crack,—they  
break,—

O, Juliet! Juliet!—

[Dies.]

*Jul.* Stay, stay for me, Romeo;—

A moment stay; fate marries us in death,

And we are one: no power shall part us.

[Faints on ROMEO's Body.]

*Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a Lantern and an iron Crow.*

*Lau.* Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's  
there?—

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

*Jul.* Who's there?

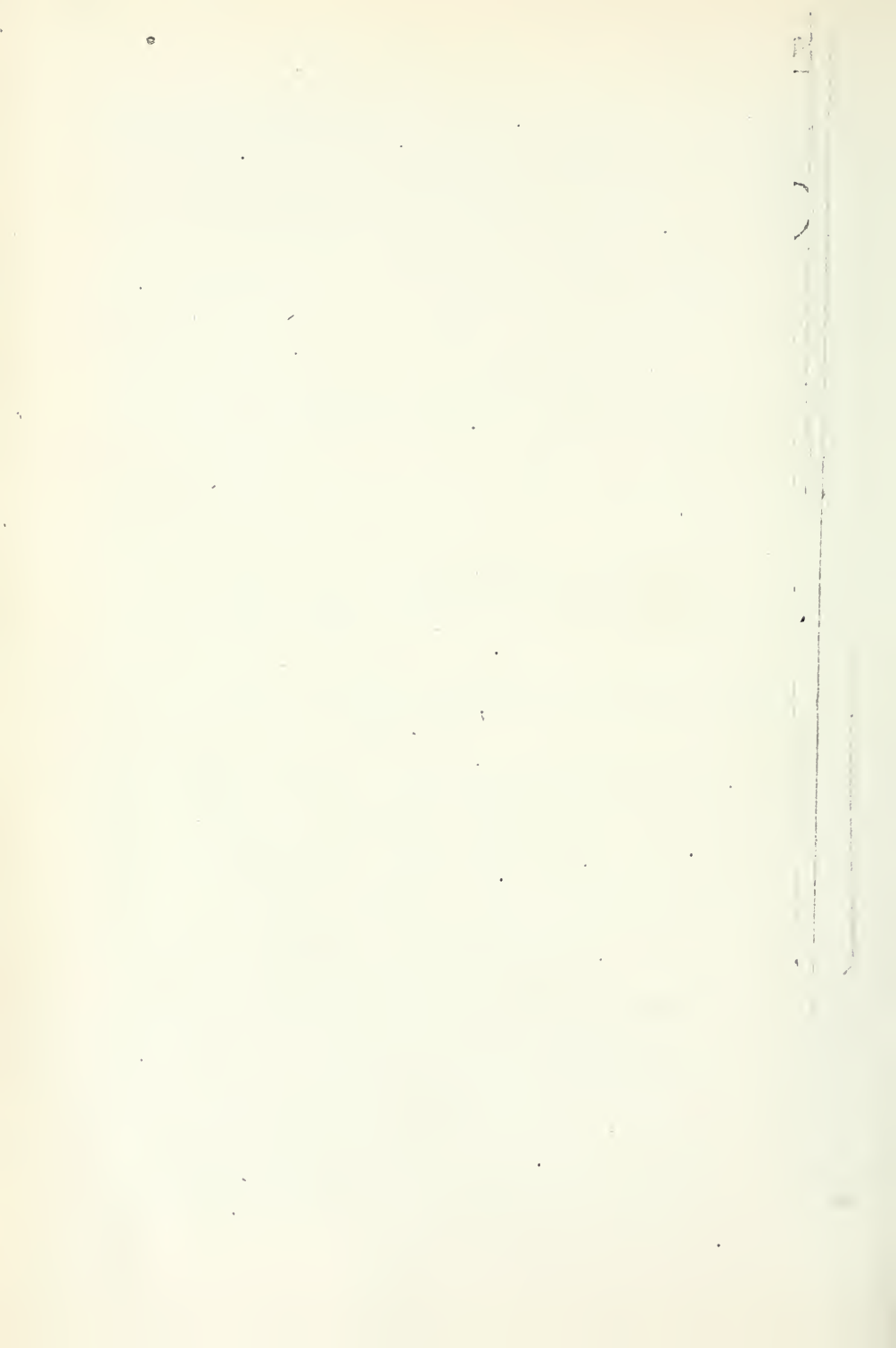
*Lau.* Ha! Juliet awake!—and Romeo dead!—  
And Paris too!—O, what an unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

*Jul.* Here he is still, and I will hold him fast;  
They shall not tear him from me.

*Lau.* Patience, lady!

*Jul.* O, thou cursed friar! Patience!  
Talk'st thou of patience to a wretch like me?

*Lau.* O fatal error!—Rise, thou fair distress'd,  
And fly this scene of death.



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*Jul.* Come thou not near me;  
Or this dagger shall quit my Romeo's death.

*[Draws a dagger.]*  
*Lau.* I wonder not, thy griefs have made thee  
desp'rate.—

*[Voices without.]*

Follow, follow,—

*Lau.* What noise without?—Sweet Juliet, let us fly;  
A greater power than we can contradict,  
Hath thwarted our intents: Come, haste away;  
I will dispose thee, most unhappy lady,  
Amongst a sisterhood of holy nuns.

*[Voices without.]*

Which way? Which way?

*Lau.* Stay not to question; for the watch is coming:  
Come; go, good Juliet.—I dare not longer stay.

*[Exit Friar LAURENCE.]*

*Jul.* Go, get thee hence; for I will not away.—  
What's here? A phial!—Romeo's timeless end.—  
O, churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop  
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;  
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them.—

*[Voices without.]*

Lead, boy:—Which way?

*Jul.* Noise again!—

Then I'll be brief.—O, happy dagger!—

*[Stabs herself.]*

This is thy sheath;—there rest,—and let me die.

*[Dies.]*

*Enter BALTHASAR and the Page guarded,—the Prince,  
and Attendants with Torches.*

*Bal.* This is the place, my liege.

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

*Enter CAPULET, and Gentlemen.*

*Cap.* What should it be, that they so shrike  
abroad?—



The people in the street cry—Romeo ;  
Some,—Juliet ; and some,—Paris : and all run  
With open outcry tow'ards our monument.

*Prince.* What fear is this, which startles in your  
ears ?

*Bal.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain ;—  
My master Romeo dead ;—and Juliet,  
Thought dead before, appears but newly kill'd.

*Cap.* O me ! this sight of death is as a bell,  
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter MONTAGUE, and Gentlemen. O P*

*Prince.* Come, Montague ; for thou art early up,  
To see thy son and heir now early fallen.

~~*Mon.* Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night !  
The exile of my son hath stopp'd her breath :—  
What further woe conspires against my age ?~~

~~*Prince.* Look there, and see.~~

~~*Mon.* O, thou untaught ! what manners is in this,  
To press before thy father to a grave !~~

*Prince.* Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,  
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
And know their spring and head : Meantime forbear,  
And let mischance be slave to patience.—  
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

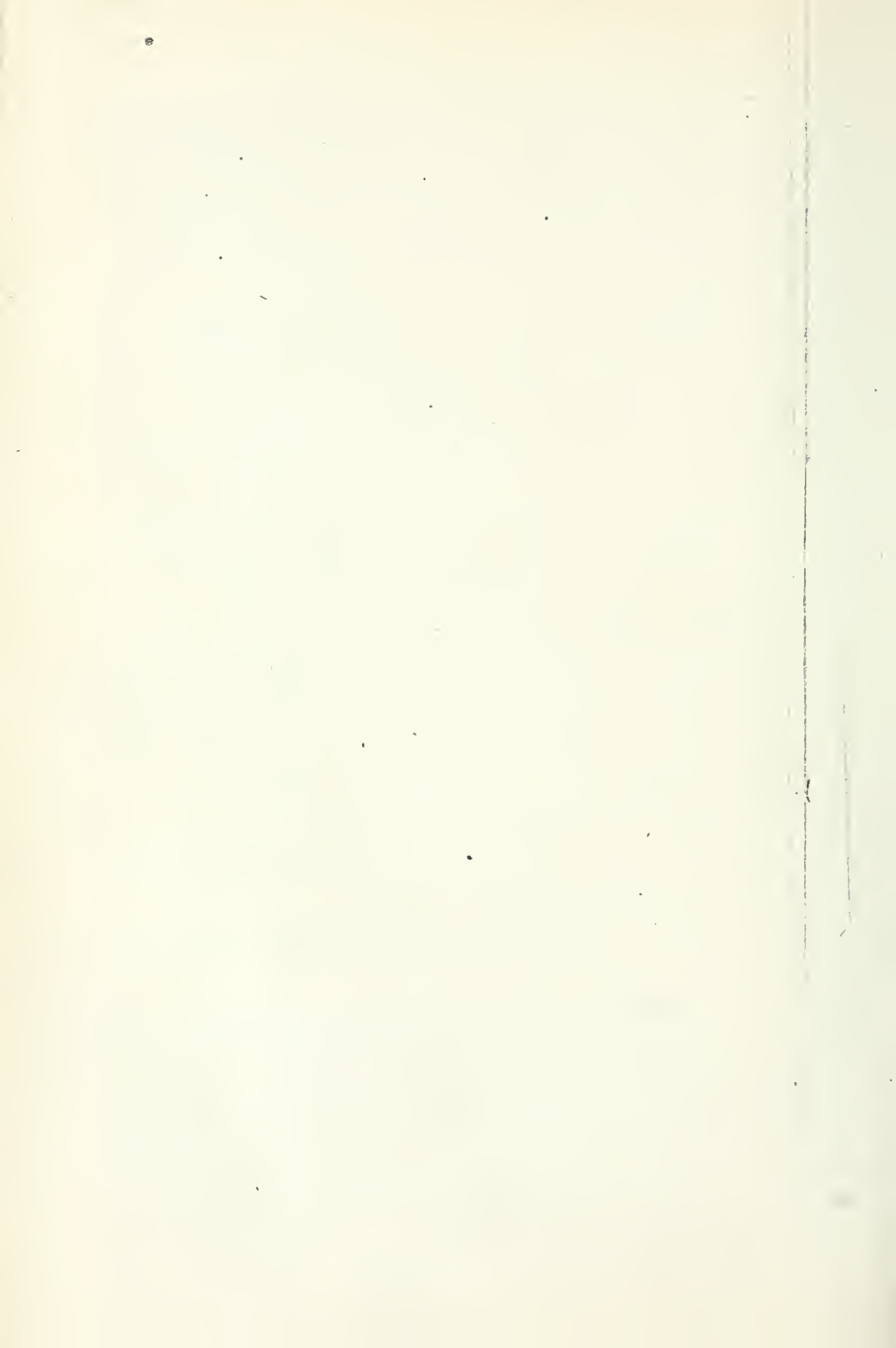
*Enter Friar LAURENCE. E. P. S*

*Lau.* I am the greatest.

*Prince.* Then, say at once what thou dost know in  
this.

*Lau.* Let us retire from this dread scene of death,  
And I'll unfold the whole : If aught in this  
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
Be sacrific'd, some hour before its time,  
Unto the rigour of severest law.

*Prince.* We still have known thee for a holy man.—  
Let Romeo's man, and let the boy attend us :



32 Mar.

We'll hence, and further scan these sad disasters.—  
 Well may you mourn, my lords, now wise too late,  
 These tragick issues of your mutual hate.  
 From private feuds what dire misfortunes flow!  
 Whate'er the cause, the sure effect is woe.

[*Exeunt.*]

32

*Curtain slow*

*Mus.*

THE END.











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