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**From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library**

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare’s plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of “taking up Shakespeare,” finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare’s plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare’s works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger’s holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare’s works in the Folger’s Elizabethan Theater.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare’s works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exist to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

*Michael Witmore*

Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

**Textual Introduction**

**By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine**

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare’s plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late- nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare’s plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare’s text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed “improper” and “indecent” for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: “Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee…”). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: “If she in

chains of magic were not bound,”), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: “With blood and sword and fire to win your right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest soldier. Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

**Synopsis**

The prologue of *Romeo and Juliet* calls the title characters “star- crossed lovers”—and the stars do seem to conspire against these young lovers.

Romeo is a Montague, and Juliet a Capulet. Their families are enmeshed in a feud, but the moment they meet—when Romeo and his friends attend a party at Juliet’s house in disguise—the two fall in love and quickly decide that they want to be married.

A friar secretly marries them, hoping to end the feud. Romeo and his companions almost immediately encounter Juliet’s cousin Tybalt, who challenges Romeo. When Romeo refuses to fight, Romeo’s friend Mercutio accepts the challenge and is killed. Romeo then kills Tybalt and is banished. He spends that night with Juliet and then leaves for Mantua.

Juliet’s father forces her into a marriage with Count Paris. To avoid this marriage, Juliet takes a potion, given her by the friar, that makes her appear dead. The friar will send Romeo word to be at her family tomb when she awakes. The plan goes awry, and Romeo learns instead that she is dead. In the tomb, Romeo kills himself. Juliet wakes, sees his body, and commits suicide. Their deaths appear finally to end the feud.

ROMEO

MONTAGUE, his father

LADY MONTAGUE, his mother BENVOLIO, their kinsman ABRAM, a Montague servingman

BALTHASAR, Romeo’s servingman

JULIET

CAPULET, her father

LADY CAPULET, her mother

NURSE to Juliet

TYBALT, kinsman to the Capulets PETRUCHIO, Tybalt’s companion Capulet’s Cousin

SAMPSON



GREGORY PETER

*servingmen*

Other Servingmen

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona

PARIS, the Prince’s kinsman and Juliet’s suitor MERCUTIO, the Prince’s kinsman and Romeo’s friend Paris’ Page

FRIAR LAWRENCE FRIAR JOHN APOTHECARY

Three or four Citizens

Three Musicians Three Watchmen

CHORUS

Attendants, Maskers, Torchbearers, a Boy with a drum, Gentlemen, Gentlewomen, Tybalt’s Page, Servingmen.

*Enter Chorus.*



FTLN 0001

FTLN 0002

FTLN 0003

FTLN 0004

FTLN 0005

FTLN 0006

FTLN 0007

FTLN 0008

FTLN 0009

FTLN 0010

FTLN 0011

FTLN 0012

FTLN 0013

FTLN 0014

Two households, both alike in dignity (In fair Verona, where we lay our scene),

From ancient grudge break to new mutiny, Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes 5

A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life; Whose misadventured piteous overthrows Doth with their death bury their parents’ strife. The fearful passage of their death-marked love

And the continuance of their parents’ rage, 10

Which, but their children’s end, naught could remove, Is now the two hours’ traffic of our stage;

The which, if you with patient ears attend,

What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

*Chorus exits.*

7

Scene 1

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, with swords and bucklers, of the house of Capulet.*

FTLN 0015

FTLN 0016

FTLN 0017

FTLN 0018

FTLN 0019

FTLN 0020

FTLN 0021

FTLN 0022

FTLN 0023

SAMPSON GREGORY SAMPSON GREGORY

collar.

SAMPSON GREGORY SAMPSON GREGORY

Gregory, on my word we’ll not carry coals. No, for then we should be colliers.

I mean, an we be in choler, we’ll draw. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of

5

I strike quickly, being moved.

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

A dog of the house of Montague moves me. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to

FTLN 0024

FTLN 0025

stand. Therefore if thou art moved thou runn’st 10

away.

FTLN 0026

SAMPSON

A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I

FTLN 0027

will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague’s.

FTLN 0028

GREGORY

That shows thee a weak slave, for the weakest

FTLN 0029

goes to the wall. 15

FTLN 0030

SAMPSON

’Tis true, and therefore women, being the

FTLN 0031

FTLN 0032

FTLN 0033

weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore I will push Montague’s men from the wall and

thrust his maids to the wall.

FTLN 0034

GREGORY

The quarrel is between our masters and us 20

FTLN 0035

their men.

FTLN 0036

SAMPSON

’Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant.

FTLN 0037



FTLN 0038

When I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

9

FTLN 0039

GREGORY The heads of the maids? 25

FTLN 0040

SAMPSON

Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads.

FTLN 0041

Take it in what sense thou wilt.

FTLN 0042

FTLN 0043

GREGORY SAMPSON

They must take it in sense that feel it. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand,

FTLN 0044

and ’tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh. 30

FTLN 0045

GREGORY

’Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou

FTLN 0046

FTLN 0047

hadst been poor-john. Draw thy tool. Here comes of the house of Montagues.

*Enter Abram with another Servingman.*



FTLN 0048

FTLN 0049

FTLN 0050

FTLN 0051

FTLN 0052

FTLN 0053

FTLN 0054

FTLN 0055

SAMPSON

thee.

GREGORY SAMPSON GREGORY SAMPSON

begin.

GREGORY

My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back

35

How? Turn thy back and run? Fear me not.

No, marry. I fear thee!

Let us take the law of our sides; let them

40

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

FTLN 0056

as they list.

FTLN 0057

SAMPSON

Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at

FTLN 0058

them, which is disgrace to them if they bear it.

*He bites his thumb.*



FTLN 0059

FTLN 0060

FTLN 0061

ABRAM SAMPSON ABRAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? 45

I do bite my thumb, sir.

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

FTLN 0062

FTLN 0063

FTLN 0064

SAMPSON*, aside to Gregory* Is the law of our side if I

say “Ay”?



GREGORY*, aside to Sampson* No. 50

FTLN 0065

SAMPSON

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

FTLN 0066

but I bite my thumb, sir.

FTLN 0067

FTLN 0068

FTLN 0069

GREGORY ABRAM SAMPSON

Do you quarrel, sir? Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as 55

FTLN 0070

good a man as you.

FTLN 0071

ABRAM

No better.

FTLN 0072

SAMPSON Well, sir.

*Enter Benvolio.*

FTLN 0073

FTLN 0074

GREGORY*, aside to Sampson* Say “better”; here comes

one of my master’s kinsmen. 60

FTLN 0075

FTLN 0076

FTLN 0077

SAMPSON ABRAM SAMPSON

Yes, better, sir.

You lie.

Draw if you be men.—Gregory, remember

FTLN 0078

thy washing blow.

*They fight.*

FTLN 0079

BENVOLIO

Part, fools!

*Drawing his sword.* 65

FTLN 0080

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

*Enter Tybalt, drawing his sword.*



FTLN 0081

FTLN 0082

FTLN 0083

FTLN 0084

FTLN 0085

FTLN 0086

TYBALT

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

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me. 70

TYBALT

What, drawn and talk of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

FTLN 0087

Have at thee, coward!

*They fight.*

*Enter three or four Citizens with clubs or partisans.*

FTLN 0088

FTLN 0089

CITIZENS 

Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!



Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues! 75

*Enter old Capulet in his gown, and his Wife.*

FTLN 0090

FTLN 0091

FTLN 0092

CAPULET

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

LADY CAPULET

A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

*Enter old Montague and his Wife.*

FTLN 0093

FTLN 0094

FTLN 0095

FTLN 0096

FTLN 0097

FTLN 0098

FTLN 0099

FTLN 0100

FTLN 0101

FTLN 0102

FTLN 0103

FTLN 0104

FTLN 0105

FTLN 0106

FTLN 0107

FTLN 0108

FTLN 0109

FTLN 0110

FTLN 0111

FTLN 0112

FTLN 0113

FTLN 0114

FTLN 0115

FTLN 0116

FTLN 0117

FTLN 0118

FTLN 0119

CAPULET

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

MONTAGUE

Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

*Enter Prince Escalus with his train.*

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbor-stainèd steel—

Will they not hear?—What ho! You men, you beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

With purple fountains issuing from your veins: On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground, And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.

Three civil brawls bred of an airy word By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets And made Verona’s ancient citizens

Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments To wield old partisans in hands as old,

Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate. If ever you disturb our streets again,

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time all the rest depart away.

You, Capulet, shall go along with me, And, Montague, come you this afternoon To know our farther pleasure in this case,

To old Free-town, our common judgment-place. Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*All but Montague, Lady Montague,*

*and Benvolioexit.*

80

85

90

95

100

105



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0120  FTLN 0121 | MONTAGUE*, to Benvolio*  Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach? Speak, nephew, were you by when it began? |  |
|  | BENVOLIO |
| FTLN 0122  FTLN 0123  FTLN 0124 | Here were the servants of your adversary, And yours, close fighting ere I did approach. I drew to part them. In the instant came | 110 |
| FTLN 0125  FTLN 0126  FTLN 0127  FTLN 0128  FTLN 0129 | The fiery Tybalt with his sword prepared, Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears, He swung about his head and cut the winds,  Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn. While we were interchanging thrusts and blows | 115 |
| FTLN 0130  FTLN 0131 | Came more and more and fought on part and part, Till the Prince came, who parted either part. |  |
|  | LADY MONTAGUE |  |
| FTLN 0132  FTLN 0133 | O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today? Right glad I am he was not at this fray. |  |
|  | BENVOLIO |  |
| FTLN 0134  FTLN 0135 | Madam, an hour before the worshiped sun Peered forth the golden window of the east, | 120 |
| FTLN 0136  FTLN 0137  FTLN 0138  FTLN 0139 | A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad, Where underneath the grove of sycamore That westward rooteth from this city side, So early walking did I see your son. | 125 |
| FTLN 0140  FTLN 0141  FTLN 0142  FTLN 0143  FTLN 0144 | 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  (Which then most sought where most might not be found, | 130 |
| FTLN 0145  FTLN 0146  FTLN 0147 | Being one too many by my weary self), Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,  And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me. |  |
|  | MONTAGUE |  |
| FTLN 0148  FTLN 0149 | Many a morning hath he there been seen,  With tears augmenting the fresh morning’s dew, | 135 |
| FTLN 0150 | Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs. |  |

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0151 | But all so soon as the all-cheering sun |  |
| FTLN 0152 | Should in the farthest east begin to draw |
| FTLN 0153 | The shady curtains from Aurora’s bed, |
| FTLN 0154 | Away from light steals home my heavy son | 140 |
| FTLN 0155 | And private in his chamber pens himself, |  |
| FTLN 0156 | Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out, |  |
| FTLN 0157 | And makes himself an artificial night. |  |
| FTLN 0158 | Black and portentous must this humor prove, |  |
| FTLN 0159 | Unless good counsel may the cause remove.  BENVOLIO | 145 |

FTLN 0160

FTLN 0161

FTLN 0162

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO

Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0163  FTLN 0164 | Both by myself and many other friends. But he, his own affections’ counselor, | 150 |
| FTLN 0165 | Is to himself—I will not say how true, |  |
| FTLN 0166 | But to himself so secret and so close, |  |
| FTLN 0167 | So far from sounding and discovery, |  |
| FTLN 0168 | As is the bud bit with an envious worm |  |
| FTLN 0169 | Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air | 155 |
| FTLN 0170 | Or dedicate his beauty to the same. |  |
| FTLN 0171 | Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow, |  |
| FTLN 0172 | We would as willingly give cure as know. |  |

 

*Enter Romeo.*

FTLN 0173

FTLN 0174

FTLN 0175

FTLN 0176

BENVOLIO

See where he comes. So please you, step aside. I’ll know his grievance or be much denied.

MONTAGUE

I would thou wert so happy by thy stay

To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let’s away.

*Montague and Lady Montagueexit.*



160

FTLN 0177

FTLN 0178

FTLN 0179

FTLN 0180

BENVOLIO

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

Ay me, sad hours seem long.

165

FTLN 0181

FTLN 0182

FTLN 0183

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo’s hours?

ROMEO

Not having that which, having, makes them short.

FTLN 0184

BENVOLIO

In love?

170

FTLN 0185

ROMEO

Out—

FTLN 0186

BENVOLIO ROMEO

Of love?

FTLN 0187

Out of her favor where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0188  FTLN 0189 | Alas that love, so gentle in his view, Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof! | 175 |
|  | ROMEO |  |
| FTLN 0190  FTLN 0191  FTLN 0192  FTLN 0193  FTLN 0194 | Alas that love, whose view is muffled still, Should without eyes see pathways to his will!  Where shall we dine?—O me! What fray was here? Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.  Here’s much to do with hate, but more with love. | 180 |
| FTLN 0195 | Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate, |  |
| FTLN 0196  FTLN 0197 | O anything of nothing first create! O heavy lightness, serious vanity, |  |
| FTLN 0198  FTLN 0199 | Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,  Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health, | 185 |
| FTLN 0200  FTLN 0201  FTLN 0202 | Still-waking sleep that is not what it is! This love feel I, that feel no love in this. Dost thou not laugh? |  |

FTLN 0203



FTLN 0204

BENVOLIO ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

No, coz, I rather weep.

190

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0205 | BENVOLIO At thy good heart’s oppression. |  |
| FTLN 0206 | ROMEO Why, such is love’s transgression. |
| FTLN 0207 | Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast, |
| FTLN 0208 | Which thou wilt propagate to have it pressed |
| FTLN 0209 | With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown | 195 |
| FTLN 0210 | Doth add more grief to too much of mine own. |  |
| FTLN 0211 | Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs; |  |
| FTLN 0212 | Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers’ eyes; |  |
| FTLN 0213 | Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears. |  |
| FTLN 0214 | What is it else? A madness most discreet, | 200 |
| FTLN 0215 | A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. |  |
| FTLN 0216 | Farewell, my coz. |  |
| FTLN 0217 | BENVOLIO Soft, I will go along. |  |

FTLN 0218

FTLN 0219

FTLN 0220

FTLN 0221

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO

Tut, I have lost myself. I am not here.

This is not Romeo. He’s some other where.

BENVOLIO

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

205

FTLN 0222

ROMEO

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

FTLN 0223

FTLN 0224

FTLN 0225

FTLN 0226

FTLN 0227

FTLN 0228

FTLN 0229

FTLN 0230

FTLN 0231

FTLN 0232

BENVOLIO

Groan? Why, no. But sadly tell me who.

ROMEO

A sick man in sadness makes his will— A word ill urged to one that is so ill.

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO

A right good markman! And she’s fair I love.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

Well in that hit you miss. She’ll not be hit With Cupid’s arrow. She hath Dian’s wit, And, in strong proof of chastity well armed,

210

215

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0233  FTLN 0234 | From love’s weak childish bow she lives uncharmed. She will not stay the siege of loving terms, | 220 |
| FTLN 0235  FTLN 0236  FTLN 0237  FTLN 0238 | Nor bide th’ encounter of assailing eyes, Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold. O, she is rich in beauty, only poor  That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store. |  |
|  | BENVOLIO |  |
| FTLN 0239 | Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste? | 225 |
|  | ROMEO |  |
| FTLN 0240  FTLN 0241  FTLN 0242  FTLN 0243  FTLN 0244 | She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste; For beauty, starved with her severity,  Cuts beauty off from all posterity.  She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair, To merit bliss by making me despair. | 230 |
| FTLN 0245  FTLN 0246 | She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow Do I live dead, that live to tell it now. |  |
|  | BENVOLIO |  |

FTLN 0247

FTLN 0248

Be ruled by me. Forget to think of her.

ROMEO

O, teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0249 | By giving liberty unto thine eyes. |  | 235 |
| FTLN 0250 | Examine other beauties. |  |  |
| FTLN 0251 | ROMEO ’Tis the way |  |  |
| FTLN 0252 | To call hers, exquisite, in question more. |  |  |
| FTLN 0253 | These happy masks that kiss fair ladies’ brows, |  |  |
| FTLN 0254 | Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair. |  | 240 |
| FTLN 0255 | He that is strucken blind cannot forget |  |  |
| FTLN 0256 | The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. |  |  |
| FTLN 0257 | Show me a mistress that is passing fair; |  |  |
| FTLN 0258 | What doth her beauty serve but as a note |  |  |
| FTLN 0259 | Where I may read who passed that passing fair? |  | 245 |
| FTLN 0260 | Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.  BENVOLIO |  |  |
| FTLN 0261 | I’ll pay that doctrine or else die in debt. | *They exit.* |  |

Scene 2

*Enter Capulet, County Paris, and a Servingman.*

FTLN 0262

FTLN 0263

FTLN 0264

FTLN 0265

FTLN 0266

FTLN 0267

FTLN 0268

FTLN 0269

FTLN 0270

FTLN 0271

FTLN 0272

FTLN 0273

FTLN 0274

FTLN 0275

FTLN 0276

FTLN 0277

FTLN 0278

FTLN 0279

FTLN 0280

FTLN 0281

FTLN 0282

FTLN 0283

FTLN 0284

FTLN 0285

FTLN 0286

FTLN 0287

FTLN 0288

FTLN 0289

CAPULET

But Montague is bound as well as I,

In penalty alike, and ’tis not hard, I think, For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PARIS

Of honorable reckoning are you both,

And pity ’tis you lived at odds so long. 5

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

CAPULET

But saying o’er what I have said before. My child is yet a stranger in the world.

She hath not seen the change of fourteen years.

Let two more summers wither in their pride 10

Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET

And too soon marred are those so early made. Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;

She’s the hopeful lady of my earth. 15

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart; My will to her consent is but a part.

And, she agreed, within her scope of choice Lies my consent and fair according voice.

This night I hold an old accustomed feast, 20

Whereto I have invited many a guest Such as I love; and you among the store,

One more, most welcome, makes my number more. At my poor house look to behold this night

Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light. 25

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel When well-appareled April on the heel

Of limping winter treads, even such delight

FTLN 0290

FTLN 0291

FTLN 0292

FTLN 0293

FTLN 0294

Among fresh fennel buds shall you this night

Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see, 30

And like her most whose merit most shall be; Which, on more view of many, mine, being one, May stand in number, though in reck’ning none.

FTLN 0295

FTLN 0296

Come go with me.

*To Servingman, giving him a list.*

Go, sirrah, trudge about 35

FTLN 0297

FTLN 0298

FTLN 0299

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

*Capulet and Parisexit.*

FTLN 0300

SERVINGMAN

Find them out whose names are written

FTLN 0301

FTLN 0302

FTLN 0303

FTLN 0304

FTLN 0305

FTLN 0306

FTLN 0307

FTLN 0308

FTLN 0309

FTLN 0310

FTLN 0311

FTLN 0312

FTLN 0313

FTLN 0314

FTLN 0315

here! It is written that the shoemaker should 40

meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the

writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. 45

In good time!

*Enter Benvolio and Romeo.*

BENVOLIO*, to Romeo*



Tut, man, one fire burns out another’s burning; One pain is lessened by another’s anguish.

Turn giddy, and be helped by backward turning.

One desperate grief cures with another’s languish. 50

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

ROMEO

Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO

For what, I pray thee?

FTLN 0316

FTLN 0317

ROMEO BENVOLIO ROMEO

For your broken shin. 55

Why Romeo, art thou mad?

FTLN 0318

Not mad, but bound more than a madman is,

FTLN 0319

FTLN 0320

FTLN 0321

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

Whipped and tormented, and—good e’en, good

fellow. 60

FTLN 0322

FTLN 0323

SERVINGMAN

read?

ROMEO

God gi’ good e’en. I pray, sir, can you

FTLN 0324

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

FTLN 0325

SERVINGMAN

Perhaps you have learned it without

FTLN 0326

FTLN 0327

book. But I pray, can you read anything you see? 65

ROMEO

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

FTLN 0328

SERVINGMAN

You say honestly. Rest you merry.

FTLN 0329

ROMEO

Stay, fellow. I can read.

(*He reads the letter.*)

FTLN 0330

FTLN 0331

FTLN 0332

FTLN 0333

FTLN 0334

FTLN 0335

FTLN 0336

FTLN 0337

FTLN 0338

FTLN 0339

*Signior Martino and his wife and daughters,*

*County Anselme and his beauteous sisters,* 70

*The lady widow of Vitruvio,*

*Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces, Mercutio and his brother Valentine,*

*Mine Uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters,*

*My fair niece Rosaline and Livia,* 75

*Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena.*

A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

FTLN 0340

SERVINGMAN

Up.

FTLN 0341

ROMEO

Whither? To supper? 80

FTLN 0342

SERVINGMAN

To our house.

FTLN 0343

ROMEO

Whose house?

FTLN 0344

SERVINGMAN ROMEO

My master’s.

FTLN 0345

Indeed I should have asked thee that before.

FTLN 0346

SERVINGMAN

Now I’ll tell you without asking. My 85

FTLN 0347

FTLN 0348



master is the great rich Capulet, and, if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray come and crush a

FTLN 0349

FTLN 0350

cup of wine. Rest you merry.

BENVOLIO

At this same ancient feast of Capulet’s

*He exits.*

FTLN 0351

FTLN 0352

FTLN 0353

FTLN 0354

FTLN 0355

FTLN 0356

FTLN 0357

FTLN 0358

FTLN 0359

FTLN 0360

FTLN 0361

FTLN 0362

FTLN 0363

FTLN 0364

FTLN 0365

FTLN 0366

FTLN 0367

FTLN 0368

FTLN 0369

Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves, With all the admirèd beauties of Verona.

Go thither, and with unattainted eye

Compare her face with some that I shall show, And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO

When the devout religion of mine eye Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire; And these who, often drowned, could never die, Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.

One fairer than my love? The all-seeing sun Ne’er saw her match since first the world begun.

BENVOLIO

Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by, Herself poised with herself in either eye;

But in that crystal scales let there be weighed Your lady’s love against some other maid That I will show you shining at this feast,

And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

ROMEO

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

90

95

100

105

*They exit.*



Scene 3

*Enter Lady Capuletand Nurse.*

FTLN 0370

FTLN 0371

FTLN 0372

FTLN 0373

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,

I bade her come.—What, lamb! What, ladybird! God forbid. Where’s this girl? What, Juliet!

*Enter Juliet.*

FTLN 0374

JULIET How now, who calls? 5

FTLN 0375

NURSE JULIET

Your mother.

FTLN 0376

Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0377  FTLN 0378  FTLN 0379 | This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile.  We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again. I have remembered me, thou ’s hear our counsel. | 10 |
| FTLN 0380 | Thou knowest my daughter’s of a pretty age. |  |
|  | NURSE |  |
| FTLN 0381  FTLN 0382  FTLN 0383  FTLN 0384 | Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.  LADY CAPULET She’s not fourteen.  NURSE I’ll lay fourteen of my teeth (and yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four) she’s not fourteen. | 15 |
| FTLN 0385  FTLN 0386 | How long is it now to Lammastide?  LADY CAPULET A fortnight and odd days. |  |
|  | NURSE |  |
| FTLN 0387  FTLN 0388  FTLN 0389 | Even or odd, of all days in the year,  Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen. Susan and she (God rest all Christian souls!) | 20 |
| FTLN 0390  FTLN 0391  FTLN 0392  FTLN 0393  FTLN 0394 | Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God; She was too good for me. But, as I said,  On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen. That shall she. Marry, I remember it well.  ’Tis since the earthquake now eleven years, | 25 |
| FTLN 0395  FTLN 0396  FTLN 0397  FTLN 0398  FTLN 0399 | And she was weaned (I never shall forget it) Of all the days of the year, upon that day.  For I had then laid wormwood to my dug, Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall. My lord and you were then at Mantua. | 30 |
| FTLN 0400  FTLN 0401  FTLN 0402 | Nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I said,  When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool, |  |
| FTLN 0403  FTLN 0404 | To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug. “Shake,” quoth the dovehouse. ’Twas no need, I | 35 |
| FTLN 0405 | trow, |  |

FTLN 0406

FTLN 0407

FTLN 0408

FTLN 0409

FTLN 0410

FTLN 0411

FTLN 0412

FTLN 0413

FTLN 0414

FTLN 0415

FTLN 0416

FTLN 0417

FTLN 0418

FTLN 0419

FTLN 0420

FTLN 0421

FTLN 0422

FTLN 0423

FTLN 0424

FTLN 0425

FTLN 0426

FTLN 0427

FTLN 0428

FTLN 0429

FTLN 0430

FTLN 0431

FTLN 0432

FTLN 0433

FTLN 0434

FTLN 0435

FTLN 0436

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years.

For then she could stand high-lone. Nay, by th’

rood, 40

She could have run and waddled all about, For even the day before, she broke her brow, And then my husband (God be with his soul, He was a merry man) took up the child.

“Yea,” quoth he, “Dost thou fall upon thy face? 45

Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, Wilt thou not, Jule?” And, by my holidam,

The pretty wretch left crying and said “Ay.” To see now how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years, 50

I never should forget it. “Wilt thou not, Jule?” quoth he.

And, pretty fool, it stinted and said “Ay.”

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh 55

To think it should leave crying and say “Ay.” And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cock’rel’s stone, A perilous knock, and it cried bitterly.

“Yea,” quoth my husband. “Fall’st upon thy face? 60

Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age, Wilt thou not, Jule?” It stinted and said “Ay.”

JULIET

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

NURSE

Peace. I have done. God mark thee to his grace,

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e’er I nursed. 65

An I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

FTLN 0437

FTLN 0438

FTLN 0439

FTLN 0440

FTLN 0441

FTLN 0442

FTLN 0443

FTLN 0444

FTLN 0445

FTLN 0446

FTLN 0447

FTLN 0448

FTLN 0449

FTLN 0450

FTLN 0451

FTLN 0452

FTLN 0453

FTLN 0454

FTLN 0455

FTLN 0456

FTLN 0457

FTLN 0458

FTLN 0459

FTLN 0460

FTLN 0461

FTLN 0462

FTLN 0463

FTLN 0464

LADY CAPULET

Marry, that “marry” is the very theme

I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married? 70

JULIET

It is an honor that I dream not of.

NURSE

An honor? Were not I thine only nurse,

I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAPULET

Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you 75

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. 80

NURSE

A man, young lady—lady, such a man

As all the world—why, he’s a man of wax.

LADY CAPULET

Verona’s summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE

Nay, he’s a flower, in faith, a very flower.

LADY CAPULET

What say you? Can you love the gentleman? 85

This night you shall behold him at our feast. Read o’er the volume of young Paris’ face, And find delight writ there with beauty’s pen. Examine every married lineament

And see how one another lends content, 90

And what obscured in this fair volume lies Find written in the margent of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover, To beautify him only lacks a cover.

The fish lives in the sea, and ’tis much pride 95

FTLN 0465

FTLN 0466

FTLN 0467

FTLN 0468

FTLN 0469

FTLN 0470

FTLN 0471

FTLN 0472

FTLN 0473

FTLN 0474

For fair without the fair within to hide.

That book in many’s eyes doth share the glory That in gold clasps locks in the golden story. So shall you share all that he doth possess

By having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE

No less? Nay, bigger. Women grow by men.

LADY CAPULET

Speak briefly. Can you like of Paris’ love?

JULIET

I’ll look to like, if looking liking move. But no more deep will I endart mine eye

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

*Enter Servingman. *

100

105

FTLN 0475

SERVINGMAN

Madam, the guests are come, supper

FTLN 0476

FTLN 0477

FTLN 0478

FTLN 0479

served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the Nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait. I beseech you, follow straight.

LADY CAPULET

110

FTLN 0480

FTLN 0481

We follow thee.

NURSE

*Servingman exits.*

Juliet, the County stays.

FTLN 0482

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

*They exit.*

Scene 4

*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers, Torchbearers, and a Boy with a drum.*

FTLN 0483

FTLN 0484

FTLN 0485

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

The date is out of such prolixity.

FTLN 0486

FTLN 0487

FTLN 0488

FTLN 0489

FTLN 0490

FTLN 0491

FTLN 0492

FTLN 0493

FTLN 0494

FTLN 0495

FTLN 0496

FTLN 0497

FTLN 0498

FTLN 0499

FTLN 0500

FTLN 0501

FTLN 0502

FTLN 0503

FTLN 0504

FTLN 0505

FTLN 0506

FTLN 0507

FTLN 0508

FTLN 0509

FTLN 0510

FTLN 0511

FTLN 0512

FTLN 0513

FTLN 0514

We’ll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,

Bearing a Tartar’s painted bow of lath, 5

Scaring the ladies like a crowkeeper,

Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke After the prompter, for our entrance.



But let them measure us by what they will.

We’ll measure them a measure and be gone. 10

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes

With nimble soles. I have a soul of lead 15

So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

MERCUTIO

You are a lover. Borrow Cupid’s wings

And soar with them above a common bound.

ROMEO

I am too sore enpiercèd with his shaft

To soar with his light feathers, and so bound 20

I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe. Under love’s heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO 



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

ROMEO

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough, 25

Too rude, too boist’rous, and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO

If love be rough with you, be rough with love. Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.— Give me a case to put my visage in.—

A visor for a visor. What care I 30

What curious eye doth cote deformities? Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

FTLN 0515

FTLN 0516

FTLN 0517

FTLN 0518

FTLN 0519

FTLN 0520

FTLN 0521

FTLN 0522

FTLN 0523

FTLN 0524

FTLN 0525

FTLN 0526

FTLN 0527

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

A torch for me. Let wantons light of heart 35

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels, For I am proverbed with a grandsire phrase: I’ll be a candle holder and look on;

The game was ne’er so fair, and I am done. 

MERCUTIO

Tut, dun’s the mouse, the constable’s own word. 40

If thou art dun, we’ll draw thee from the mire—

Or, save your reverence, love—wherein thou stickest

Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

ROMEO

Nay, that’s not so. 45

FTLN 0528

MERCUTIO

I mean, sir, in delay

FTLN 0529

FTLN 0530

FTLN 0531

FTLN 0532

FTLN 0533

We waste our lights; in vain, light lights by day. Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

ROMEO

And we mean well in going to this masque, 50

But ’tis no wit to go.

FTLN 0534

MERCUTIO ROMEO

Why, may one ask?

FTLN 0535

FTLN 0536

FTLN 0537

I dreamt a dream tonight.

MERCUTIO ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

And so did I.

55

FTLN 0538

MERCUTIO ROMEO

That dreamers often lie.

FTLN 0539

FTLN 0540

In bed asleep while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO

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



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0541  FTLN 0542 | She is the fairies’ midwife, and she comes In shape no bigger than an agate stone | 60 |
| FTLN 0543 | On the forefinger of an alderman, |  |
| FTLN 0544  FTLN 0545  FTLN 0546  FTLN 0547 | Drawn with a team of little atomi Over men’s noses as they lie asleep.  Her wagon spokes made of long spinners’ legs, The cover of the wings of grasshoppers, | 65 |
| FTLN 0548  FTLN 0549  FTLN 0550  FTLN 0551  FTLN 0552 | Her traces of the smallest spider web,  Her collars of the moonshine’s wat’ry beams, Her whip of cricket’s bone, the lash of film, Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,  Not half so big as a round little worm | 70 |
| FTLN 0553  FTLN 0554  FTLN 0555  FTLN 0556  FTLN 0557 | Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid. Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,  Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub, Time out o’ mind the fairies’ coachmakers. And in this state she gallops night by night | 75 |
| FTLN 0558  FTLN 0559  FTLN 0560  FTLN 0561  FTLN 0562 | Through lovers’ brains, and then they dream of love; On courtiers’ knees, that dream on cur’sies straight; O’er lawyers’ fingers, who straight dream on fees; O’er ladies’ lips, who straight on kisses dream, Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues | 80 |
| FTLN 0563  FTLN 0564  FTLN 0565  FTLN 0566  FTLN 0567 | Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are. Sometime she gallops o’er a courtier’s nose,  And then dreams he of smelling out a suit.  And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig’s tail, Tickling a parson’s nose as he lies asleep; | 85 |
| FTLN 0568  FTLN 0569  FTLN 0570  FTLN 0571  FTLN 0572 | Then he dreams 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 | 90 |
| FTLN 0573  FTLN 0574  FTLN 0575  FTLN 0576 | Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  That plats the manes of horses in the night |  |

FTLN 0577

FTLN 0578

FTLN 0579

FTLN 0580

FTLN 0581

FTLN 0582

And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs, Which once untangled much misfortune bodes. This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs, That presses them and learns them first to bear, Making them women of good carriage.

This is she—

95

100

FTLN 0583

ROMEO

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace.

FTLN 0584

FTLN 0585

Thou talk’st of nothing.

MERCUTIO

True, I talk of dreams,

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0586  FTLN 0587 | Which are the children of an idle brain,  Begot of nothing but vain fantasy, | 105 |
| FTLN 0588  FTLN 0589  FTLN 0590  FTLN 0591  FTLN 0592 | Which is as thin of substance as the air  And more inconstant than the wind, who woos Even now the frozen bosom of the north  And, being angered, puffs away from thence, Turning his side to the dew-dropping south. | 110 |
|  | BENVOLIO |  |
| FTLN 0593  FTLN 0594 | This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves. Supper is done, and we shall come too late. |  |
|  | ROMEO |  |
| FTLN 0595  FTLN 0596  FTLN 0597 | I fear too early, for my mind misgives Some consequence yet hanging in the stars Shall bitterly begin his fearful date | 115 |
| FTLN 0598  FTLN 0599  FTLN 0600  FTLN 0601 | With this night’s revels, and expire the term Of a despisèd life closed in my breast  By some vile forfeit of untimely death. But he that hath the steerage of my course |  |
| FTLN 0602 | Direct my sail. On, lusty gentlemen. | 120 |

FTLN 0603



BENVOLIO

Strike, drum.

*They march about the stage and then withdraw to the side.*

Scene 5

*Servingmen come forth with napkins.*

FTLN 0604

FIRST SERVINGMAN

Where’s Potpan that he helps not

FTLN 0605



FTLN 0606



to take away? He shift a trencher? He scrape a trencher?

FTLN 0607

SECOND SERVINGMAN

When good manners shall lie

FTLN 0608

FTLN 0609

all in one or two men’s hands, and they unwashed 5

too, ’tis a foul thing.



FTLN 0610

FIRST SERVINGMAN

Away with the joint stools, remove

FTLN 0611

FTLN 0612

FTLN 0613

FTLN 0614

the court cupboard, look to the plate.—

Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane, and, as

thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone 10

and Nell.—Anthony and Potpan!



FTLN 0615

FTLN 0616

THIRD SERVINGMAN FIRST SERVINGMAN

Ay, boy, ready.

You are looked for and called for,

FTLN 0617



asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

FTLN 0618

THIRD SERVINGMAN

We cannot be here and there too. 15

FTLN 0619

Cheerly, boys! Be brisk awhile, and the longer liver

FTLN 0620

take all.

*They move aside.*

*Enter Capulet and his household,all the guests and gentlewomen to Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, andthe other Maskers.*

FTLN 0621

FTLN 0622

FTLN 0623

FTLN 0624

FTLN 0625

FTLN 0626

FTLN 0627

FTLN 0628

FTLN 0629

FTLN 0630

FTLN 0631

CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes Unplagued with corns will walk a boutwith

you.— 20

Ah, 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?—

Welcome, gentlemen. I have seen the day 25

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.



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0632  FTLN 0633 | You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians,  play. *Music plays and they dance.* 30 | |
| FTLN 0634  FTLN 0635  FTLN 0636  FTLN 0637  FTLN 0638 | A hall, a hall, give room!—And foot it, girls.— More light, you knaves, and turn the tables up, And quench the fire; the room is grown too hot.— Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.— Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet, | 35 |
| FTLN 0639  FTLN 0640  FTLN 0641  FTLN 0642 | For you and I are past our dancing days. How long is ’t now since last yourself and I Were in a mask?  CAPULET’S COUSIN By ’r Lady, thirty years. |  |
|  | CAPULET |  |
| FTLN 0643 | What, man, ’tis not so much, ’tis not so much. | 40 |
| FTLN 0644  FTLN 0645  FTLN 0646 | ’Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio, Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,  Some five and twenty years, and then we masked. |  |
|  | CAPULET’S COUSIN |  |
| FTLN 0647  FTLN 0648 | ’Tis more, ’tis more. His son is elder, sir. His son is thirty. | 45 |
| FTLN 0649  FTLN 0650 | CAPULET Will you tell me that?  His son was but a ward two years ago. |  |
| FTLN 0651 | ROMEO*, to a Servingman*  What lady’s that which doth enrich the hand |  |
| FTLN 0652 | Of yonder knight? |  |
| FTLN 0653 | SERVINGMAN I know not, sir. | 50 |
|  | ROMEO |  |
| FTLN 0654  FTLN 0655  FTLN 0656  FTLN 0657  FTLN 0658 | O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright! It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night As a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear—  Beauty too rich for use, for Earth too dear. So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows | 55 |
| FTLN 0659  FTLN 0660  FTLN 0661  FTLN 0662  FTLN 0663 | As yonder lady o’er her fellows shows.  The measure done, I’ll watch her place of stand And, touching hers, make blessèd my rude hand. Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight, For I ne’er saw true beauty till this night. | 60 |

FTLN 0664

FTLN 0665

TYBALT

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.— Fetch me my rapier, boy.

*Page exits.*

FTLN 0666

FTLN 0667

FTLN 0668

FTLN 0669

FTLN 0670

FTLN 0671

FTLN 0672

FTLN 0673

FTLN 0674

FTLN 0675

What, dares the slave Come hither covered with an antic face

To fleer and scorn at our solemnity? 65

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

CAPULET

Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,

A villain that is hither come in spite 70

To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

FTLN 0676

TYBALT CAPULET

’Tis he, that villain Romeo.

FTLN 0677

FTLN 0678

FTLN 0679

FTLN 0680

FTLN 0681

FTLN 0682

FTLN 0683

FTLN 0684

FTLN 0685

FTLN 0686

FTLN 0687

FTLN 0688

Content thee, gentle coz. Let him alone.

He bears him like a portly gentleman, 75

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him

To be a virtuous and well-governed 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. 80

It is my will, the which if thou respect,

Show a fair presence and put off these frowns, An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT

It fits when such a villain is a guest.

I’ll not endure him. 85

FTLN 0689

CAPULET

He shall be endured.

FTLN 0690

FTLN 0691

FTLN 0692

What, goodman boy? I say he shall. Go to. Am I the master here or you? Go to.

You’ll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,

FTLN 0693

FTLN 0694

FTLN 0695

You’ll make a mutiny among my guests, 90

You will set cock-a-hoop, you’ll be the man!

TYBALT

Why, uncle, ’tis a shame.

FTLN 0696

CAPULET

Go to, go to.

FTLN 0697

FTLN 0698

FTLN 0699

FTLN 0700

FTLN 0701

FTLN 0702

FTLN 0703

FTLN 0704

FTLN 0705

FTLN 0706

You are a saucy boy. Is ’t so indeed?

This trick may chance to scathe you. I know what. You must contrary me. Marry, ’tis time—

Well said, my hearts.—You are a princox, go.

Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame, I’ll make you quiet.—What, cheerly, my hearts!

TYBALT

Patience perforce with willful choler meeting Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting. I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt’rest gall.

95

100

FTLN 0707

FTLN 0708

FTLN 0709

FTLN 0710

FTLN 0711

FTLN 0712

ROMEO*, taking Juliet’s hand*



If I profane with my unworthiest hand This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much, Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

*He exits.*

105

FTLN 0713

FTLN 0714

FTLN 0715

FTLN 0716

FTLN 0717

FTLN 0718

FTLN 0719

For saints have hands that pilgrims’ hands do touch, And palm to palm is holy palmers’ kiss.

ROMEO

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

110

115

FTLN 0720

FTLN 0721

FTLN 0722

FTLN 0723

ROMEO

Then move not while my prayer’s effect I take.

*He kisses her.*



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

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!

120

FTLN 0724

FTLN 0725

Give me my sin again.

JULIET NURSE

*He kisses her.*

You kiss by th’ book.



FTLN 0726

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

*Juliet moves toward her mother.*

ROMEO

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0727  FTLN 0728 | What is her mother?  NURSE Marry, bachelor, | 125 |
| FTLN 0729  FTLN 0730  FTLN 0731  FTLN 0732 | Her mother is the lady of the house,  And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.  I nursed her daughter that you talked withal. I tell you, he that can lay hold of her |  |
| FTLN 0733 | Shall have the chinks. *Nurse moves away.* | 130 |
| FTLN 0734 | ROMEO*, aside* Is she a Capulet? |  |

FTLN 0735



FTLN 0736

FTLN 0737

O dear account! My life is my foe’s debt.

BENVOLIO

Away, begone. The sport is at the best.

ROMEO

Ay, so I fear. The more is my unrest.

CAPULET

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0738 | Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone. | 135 |
| FTLN 0739 | We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.— |  |
| FTLN 0740 | Is it e’en so? Why then, I thank you all. |  |
| FTLN 0741 | I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.— |  |
| FTLN 0742 | More torches here.—Come on then, let’s to bed.— |  |
| FTLN 0743 | Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late. | 140 |
| FTLN 0744 | I’ll to my rest.  *All but Juliet and the Nurse begin to exit.* |  |

FTLN 0745

FTLN 0746

FTLN 0747

FTLN 0748

FTLN 0749

JULIET

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET

What’s he that now is going out of door?

NURSE

Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

JULIET

What’s he that follows here, that would not dance?

145



FTLN 0750

NURSE JULIET

I know not.

 

FTLN 0761

FTLN 0762

Of one I danced withal.

NURSE

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0751  FTLN 0752 | Go ask his name. *The Nurse goes.*If he be marrièd, My grave is like to be my wedding bed. |  |
| FTLN 0753 | NURSE*, returning*  His name is Romeo, and a Montague, | 150 |
| FTLN 0754 | The only son of your great enemy. |  |
|  | JULIET |  |
| FTLN 0755  FTLN 0756  FTLN 0757  FTLN 0758 | My only love sprung from my only hate!  Too early seen unknown, and known too late! Prodigious birth of love it is to me  That I must love a loathèd enemy. | 155 |
|  | NURSE |  |
| FTLN 0759  FTLN 0760 | What’s this? What’s this?  JULIET A rhyme I learned even now |  |

*One calls within “Juliet.”*

Anon, anon.

FTLN 0763

Come, let’s away. The strangers all are gone.

*They exit.*

160

# *ACT 2*



*Enter Chorus.*



FTLN 0764

FTLN 0765

FTLN 0766

FTLN 0767

FTLN 0768

FTLN 0769

FTLN 0770

FTLN 0771

FTLN 0772

FTLN 0773

FTLN 0774

FTLN 0775

FTLN 0776

FTLN 0777

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie, And young affection gapes to be his heir.

That fair for which love groaned for and would die, With tender Juliet matched, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is beloved and loves again, 5

Alike bewitchèd by the charm of looks, But to his foe supposed he must complain,

And she steal love’s sweet bait from fearful hooks. Being held a foe, he may not have access

To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear, 10

And she as much in love, her means much less To meet her new belovèd anywhere.

But passion lends them power, time means, to meet, Temp’ring extremities with extreme sweet.

*Chorus exits.*

Scene 1

*Enter Romeo alone.*

FTLN 0778

FTLN 0779

ROMEO

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

*He withdraws.*



*Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.*

65

FTLN 0780

BENVOLIO

Romeo, my cousin Romeo, Romeo!

FTLN 0781



MERCUTIO

He is wise



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0782  FTLN 0783 | And, on my life, hath stol’n him home to bed.  BENVOLIO  He ran this way and leapt this orchard wall. | 5 |
| FTLN 0784  FTLN 0785 | Call, good Mercutio.  MERCUTIO  Nay, I’ll conjure too. |  |
| FTLN 0786  FTLN 0787 | Romeo! Humors! Madman! Passion! Lover! Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh. | 10 |
| FTLN 0788 | Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied. |  |
| FTLN 0789 | Cry but “Ay me,” pronounce but “love” and |  |
| FTLN 0790  FTLN 0791 | “dove.”  Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word, |  |
| FTLN 0792 | One nickname for her purblind son and heir, | 15 |
| FTLN 0793  FTLN 0794  FTLN 0795  FTLN 0796  FTLN 0797 | Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid.— He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not. The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—  I conjure thee by Rosaline’s bright eyes, | 20 |
| FTLN 0798  FTLN 0799  FTLN 0800  FTLN 0801 | By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,  By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh, And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,  That in thy likeness thou appear to us. |  |
|  | BENVOLIO |  |
| FTLN 0802 | An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him. | 25 |
|  | MERCUTIO |  |
| FTLN 0803  FTLN 0804  FTLN 0805  FTLN 0806  FTLN 0807 | This cannot anger him. ’Twould anger him To raise a spirit in his mistress’ circle  Of some strange nature, letting it there stand Till she had laid it and conjured it down.  That were some spite. My invocation | 30 |
| FTLN 0808  FTLN 0809 | Is fair and honest. In his mistress’ name, I conjure only but to raise up him. |  |
|  | BENVOLIO |  |
| FTLN 0810 | Come, he hath hid himself among these trees |  |

FTLN 0811

FTLN 0812

FTLN 0813

FTLN 0814

FTLN 0815

FTLN 0816

FTLN 0817

FTLN 0818

FTLN 0819

FTLN 0820

FTLN 0821

To be consorted with the humorous night.

Blind is his love and best befits the dark. 35

MERCUTIO

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark. Now will he sit under a medlar tree

And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit

As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—

O Romeo, that she were, O, that she were 40

An open-arse, thou a pop’rin pear. Romeo, good night. I’ll to my truckle bed; This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.— Come, shall we go?

FTLN 0822

BENVOLIO

Go, then, for ’tis in vain 45

FTLN 0823



To seek him here that means not to be found.

*They exit.*

Scene 2

*Romeo comes forward.*



FTLN 0824

FTLN 0825

FTLN 0826

FTLN 0827

FTLN 0828

FTLN 0829

FTLN 0830

FTLN 0831

FTLN 0832

FTLN 0833

FTLN 0834

FTLN 0835

FTLN 0836

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*Enter Juliet above.*



But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the East, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief 5

That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she. Be not her maid since she is envious.

Her vestal livery is but sick and green, And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.

It is my lady. O, it is my love! 10

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that? Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

FTLN 0837

FTLN 0838

FTLN 0839

FTLN 0840

FTLN 0841

FTLN 0842

FTLN 0843

FTLN 0844

FTLN 0845

FTLN 0846

FTLN 0847

FTLN 0848

FTLN 0849

I am too bold. ’Tis not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, 15

Having some business, do entreat her eyes To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

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

The brightness of her cheek would shame those

stars 20

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven Would through the airy region stream so bright That birds would sing and think it were not night. See how she leans her cheek upon her hand.

O, that I were a glove upon that hand, 25

That I might touch that cheek!

FTLN 0850

JULIET

Ay me.

FTLN 0851

FTLN 0852

FTLN 0853

FTLN 0854

FTLN 0855

FTLN 0856

FTLN 0857

FTLN 0858

FTLN 0859

FTLN 0860

FTLN 0861

FTLN 0862

FTLN 0863

FTLN 0864

FTLN 0865

FTLN 0866

FTLN 0867

FTLN 0868

FTLN 0869

ROMEO*, aside * She speaks.

O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o’er my head, 30

As is a wingèd messenger of heaven Unto the white-upturnèd wond’ring eyes Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him

When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds

And sails upon the bosom of the air. 35

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name,

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, And I’ll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO*, aside*



Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? 40

JULIET

’Tis but thy name that is my enemy. Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What’s Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot, Nor arm, nor face. O, be some other name

Belonging to a man. 45

What’s in a name? That which we call a rose

FTLN 0870

FTLN 0871

FTLN 0872

FTLN 0873

FTLN 0874

FTLN 0875

By any other word would smell as sweet.

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called, Retain that dear perfection which he owes

Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name, 50

And, for thy name, which is no part of thee, Take all myself.

FTLN 0876

ROMEO

I take thee at thy word.

FTLN 0877

FTLN 0878

FTLN 0879

FTLN 0880

Call me but love, and I’ll be new baptized.

Henceforth I never will be Romeo. 55

JULIET

What man art thou that, thus bescreened in night, So stumblest on my counsel?

FTLN 0881

ROMEO

By a name

FTLN 0882

FTLN 0883

FTLN 0884

FTLN 0885

FTLN 0886

FTLN 0887

FTLN 0888

FTLN 0889

FTLN 0890

FTLN 0891

FTLN 0892

FTLN 0893

FTLN 0894

FTLN 0895

FTLN 0896

FTLN 0897

FTLN 0898

I know not how to tell thee who I am.

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself 60

Because it is an enemy to thee.

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET

My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words Of thy tongue’s uttering, yet I know the sound.

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? 65

ROMEO

Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore? The orchard walls are high and hard to climb, And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here. 70

ROMEO

With love’s light wings did I o’erperch these walls, For stony limits cannot hold love out,

And what love can do, that dares love attempt. Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee. 75

FTLN 0899

FTLN 0900

FTLN 0901

FTLN 0902

FTLN 0903

FTLN 0904

FTLN 0905

FTLN 0906

FTLN 0907

FTLN 0908

FTLN 0909

FTLN 0910

FTLN 0911

FTLN 0912

FTLN 0913

FTLN 0914

FTLN 0915

FTLN 0916

FTLN 0917

FTLN 0918

FTLN 0919

FTLN 0920

FTLN 0921

FTLN 0922

FTLN 0923

FTLN 0924

FTLN 0925

FTLN 0926

FTLN 0927

FTLN 0928

ROMEO

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye

Than twenty of their swords. Look thou but sweet, And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

I have night’s cloak to hide me from their eyes, And, but thou love me, let them find me here. My life were better ended by their hate

Than death proroguèd, wanting of thy love.

JULIET

By whose direction found’st thou out this place?

ROMEO

By love, that 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 washed with the farthest sea, I should adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET

Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face, Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight. Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny What I have spoke. But farewell compliment.

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say “Ay,” And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear’st, Thou mayst prove false. At lovers’ perjuries, They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully. Or, if thou thinkest I am too quickly won, I’ll frown and be perverse and say thee nay, So thou wilt woo, but else not for the world. In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,

And therefore thou mayst think my havior light. But trust me, gentleman, I’ll prove more true

80

85

90

95

100

105

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0929  FTLN 0930  FTLN 0931  FTLN 0932  FTLN 0933 | Than those that have more coying to be strange. I should have been more strange, I must confess, But that thou overheard’st ere I was ware  My true-love passion. Therefore pardon me, And not impute this yielding to light love, | 110 |
| FTLN 0934 | Which the dark night hath so discoverèd. |  |
|  | ROMEO |  |
| FTLN 0935  FTLN 0936 | Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I vow,  That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops— |  |
|  | JULIET |  |
| FTLN 0937 | O, swear not by the moon, th’ inconstant moon, |  |
| FTLN 0938  FTLN 0939 | That monthly changes in her circled orb, Lest that thy love prove likewise variable. | 115 |
|  | ROMEO |  |
| FTLN 0940  FTLN 0941  FTLN 0942  FTLN 0943 | What shall I swear by?  JULIET Do not swear at all.  Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, Which is the god of my idolatry, | 120 |
| FTLN 0944 | And I’ll believe thee. |  |

FTLN 0945

ROMEO JULIET

If my heart’s dear love—

FTLN 0955



FTLN 0956

FTLN 0957

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0946 | Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee, |  |
| FTLN 0947 | I have no joy of this contract tonight. |
| FTLN 0948 | It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden, | 125 |
| FTLN 0949 | Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be |  |
| FTLN 0950 | Ere one can say “It lightens.” Sweet, good night. |  |
| FTLN 0951 | This bud of love, by summer’s ripening breath, |  |
| FTLN 0952 | May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. |  |
| FTLN 0953 | Good night, good night. As sweet repose and rest | 130 |
| FTLN 0954 | Come to thy heart as that within my breast.  ROMEO |  |

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO

Th’ exchange of thy love’s faithful vow for mine.

FTLN 0958

FTLN 0959

FTLN 0960

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

JULIET



135

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0961  FTLN 0962  FTLN 0963 | But to be frank and give it thee again. And yet I wish but for the thing I have. My bounty is as boundless as the sea, | 140 |
| FTLN 0964  FTLN 0965 | My love as deep. The more I give to thee, The more I have, for both are infinite. |  |
| FTLN 0966 | *Nurse calls from within.*  I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu.— |  |
| FTLN 0967  FTLN 0968 | Anon, good nurse.—Sweet Montague, be true.  Stay but a little; I will come again. *She exits.* | 145 |
|  | ROMEO |  |
| FTLN 0969  FTLN 0970  FTLN 0971 | O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard, Being in night, all this is but a dream, Too flattering sweet to be substantial. |  |

*Reenter Juliet above.*

JULIET

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0972 | Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed. |  |
| FTLN 0973 | If that thy bent of love be honorable, | 150 |
| FTLN 0974 | Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow, |  |
| FTLN 0975 | By one that I’ll procure to come to thee, |  |
| FTLN 0976 | Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite, |  |
| FTLN 0977  FTLN 0978 | And all my fortunes at thy foot I’ll lay  And follow thee my lord throughout the world. | 155 |
| FTLN 0979 | NURSE*, within* Madam. |  |

FTLN 0980

FTLN 0981

FTLN 0982

JULIET

I come anon.—But if thou meanest not well, I do beseech thee—



NURSE*, within* Madam.



FTLN 0983

JULIET

By and by, I come.—

160

FTLN 0984

FTLN 0985

To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief. Tomorrow will I send.

FTLN 0986



ROMEO So thrive my soul—

FTLN 0987

JULIET ROMEO

A thousand times good night.

*She exits.*

FTLN 0988

FTLN 0989

FTLN 0990

FTLN 0991

A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

*Going.*



*Enter Juliet above again.*

165

JULIET



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 0992  FTLN 0993 | Hist, Romeo, hist! O, for a falc’ner’s voice To lure this tassel-gentle back again! | 170 |
| FTLN 0994  FTLN 0995 | Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud, Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies |  |
| FTLN 0996  FTLN 0997 | And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine With repetition of “My Romeo!” |  |
|  | ROMEO |  |
| FTLN 0998  FTLN 0999  FTLN 1000 | It is my soul that calls upon my name.  How silver-sweet sound lovers’ tongues by night, Like softest music to attending ears. | 175 |
|  | JULIET |  |
| FTLN 1001 | Romeo. |  |
| FTLN 1002  FTLN 1003 | ROMEO My dear.  JULIET What o’clock tomorrow | 180 |

FTLN 1004



FTLN 1005

Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO JULIET

By the hour of nine.

FTLN 1006

FTLN 1007

FTLN 1008

FTLN 1009

FTLN 1010

I will not fail. ’Tis twenty year till then.

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET

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

185

FTLN 1011

FTLN 1012

FTLN 1013

FTLN 1014

FTLN 1015

FTLN 1016

FTLN 1017

FTLN 1018

FTLN 1019

ROMEO

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

JULIET

’Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone, And yet no farther than a wanton’s bird,

That lets it hop a little from his hand, Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,

And with a silken thread plucks it back again, So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROMEO

I would I were thy bird.

190

195

FTLN 1020

JULIET

Sweet, so would I.

FTLN 1021

FTLN 1022

FTLN 1023

FTLN 1024

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.

ROMEO 



*She exits.*



200

FTLN 1025

FTLN 1026

FTLN 1027

FTLN 1028

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 friar’s close cell, His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

*He exits.*

205

Scene 3

*Enter Friar Lawrence alone with a basket.*

FTLN 1029

FTLN 1030

FTLN 1031

FTLN 1032

FTLN 1033

FTLN 1034

FRIAR LAWRENCE

The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night, Check’ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light, And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels

From forth day’s path and Titan’s fiery wheels.

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye, 5

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

FTLN 1035

FTLN 1036

FTLN 1037

FTLN 1038

FTLN 1039

FTLN 1040

FTLN 1041

FTLN 1042

FTLN 1043

FTLN 1044

FTLN 1045

FTLN 1046

FTLN 1047

FTLN 1048

FTLN 1049

FTLN 1050

FTLN 1051

FTLN 1052

FTLN 1053

FTLN 1054

FTLN 1055

FTLN 1056

FTLN 1057

FTLN 1058

FTLN 1059

FTLN 1060

I must upfill this osier cage of ours

With baleful weeds and precious-juicèd flowers. The Earth that’s nature’s mother is her tomb;

What is her burying grave, that is her womb; 10

And from her womb children of divers kind We sucking on her natural bosom find, Many for many virtues excellent,

None but for some, and yet all different.

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies 15

In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities. For naught so vile that on the Earth doth live But to the Earth some special good doth give;

Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse. 20

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied, And vice sometime by action dignified.

*Enter Romeo.*

Within the infant rind of this weak flower Poison hath residence and medicine power:

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each 25

part;

Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart. Two such opposèd kings encamp them still

In man as well as herbs—grace and rude will;

And where the worser is predominant, 30

Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FTLN 1061

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Benedicite.

FTLN 1062

FTLN 1063

FTLN 1064

FTLN 1065

FTLN 1066

FTLN 1067

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Young son, it argues a distempered head 35

So soon to bid “Good morrow” to thy bed. Care keeps his watch in every old man’s eye, And, where care lodges, sleep will never lie;

But where unbruisèd youth with unstuffed brain

FTLN 1068

FTLN 1069

FTLN 1070

FTLN 1071

FTLN 1072

FTLN 1073

FTLN 1074

FTLN 1075

FTLN 1076

FTLN 1077

FTLN 1078

FTLN 1079

FTLN 1080

FTLN 1081

FTLN 1082

FTLN 1083

FTLN 1084

FTLN 1085

FTLN 1086

FTLN 1087

FTLN 1088

FTLN 1089

FTLN 1090

FTLN 1091

FTLN 1092

FTLN 1093

FTLN 1094

FTLN 1095

FTLN 1096

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth 40

reign.

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure

Thou art uproused with some distemp’rature, Or, if not so, then here I hit it right:

Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight. 45

ROMEO

That last is true. The sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO

With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No.

I have forgot that name and that name’s woe.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

That’s my good son. But where hast thou been 50

then?

ROMEO

I’ll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy, Where on a sudden one hath wounded me

That’s by me wounded. Both our remedies 55

Within thy help and holy physic lies. I bear no hatred, blessèd man, for, lo,

My intercession likewise steads my foe.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift. 60

ROMEO

Then plainly know my heart’s dear love is set On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,

And all combined, save what thou must combine

By holy marriage. When and where and how 65

We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow I’ll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,

That thou consent to marry us today.

FTLN 1097

FTLN 1098

FTLN 1099

FTLN 1100

FTLN 1101

FTLN 1102

FTLN 1103

FTLN 1104

FTLN 1105

FTLN 1106

FTLN 1107

FTLN 1108

FTLN 1109

FTLN 1110

FTLN 1111

FTLN 1112

FTLN 1113

FTLN 1114

FTLN 1115

FTLN 1116

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!

Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear, 70

So soon forsaken? Young men’s love then lies Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine

Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!

How much salt water thrown away in waste 75

To season love, that of it doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears, Thy old groans yet ringing in mine ancient ears. Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit

Of an old tear that is not washed off yet. 80

If e’er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine, Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.

And art thou changed? Pronounce this sentence then:

Women may fall when there’s no strength in men. 85

ROMEO

Thou chid’st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO

And bad’st me bury love.

FTLN 1117

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Not in a grave

FTLN 1118

FTLN 1119

FTLN 1120

FTLN 1121

To lay one in, another out to have. 90

ROMEO

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

FTLN 1122

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O, she knew well

FTLN 1123

FTLN 1124

FTLN 1125

FTLN 1126

FTLN 1127

Thy love did read by rote, that could not spell. 95

But come, young waverer, come, go with me. In one respect I’ll thy assistant be,

For this alliance may so happy prove

To turn your households’ rancor to pure love.

FTLN 1128

FTLN 1129

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.

*They exit.*

100

Scene 4

*Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.*

FTLN 1130

FTLN 1131

FTLN 1132

FTLN 1133

FTLN 1134

FTLN 1135

FTLN 1136

FTLN 1137

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

Not to his father’s. I spoke with his man.

MERCUTIO

Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that

Rosaline, 5

Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

BENVOLIO

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

FTLN 1138

FTLN 1139

FTLN 1140

FTLN 1141

MERCUTIO BENVOLIO MERCUTIO BENVOLIO

A challenge, on my life.

Romeo will answer it. 10

Any man that can write may answer a letter. Nay, he will answer the letter’s master, how

FTLN 1142

he dares, being dared.

FTLN 1143

MERCUTIO

Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead,

FTLN 1144

FTLN 1145

FTLN 1146

FTLN 1147

stabbed with a white wench’s black eye, run 15

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?



FTLN 1148

FTLN 1149

BENVOLIO MERCUTIO

Why, what is Tybalt?

More than prince of cats. O, he’s the courageous 20

FTLN 1150

FTLN 1151

captain of compliments. He fights as you sing

prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion.

FTLN 1152

FTLN 1153

FTLN 1154

FTLN 1155

FTLN 1156

He rests his minim rests, one, two, and the third in your bosom—the very butcher of a silk button, a

duelist, a duelist, a gentleman of the very first house 25

of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal

*passado*, the *punto reverso*, the *hay*!

FTLN 1157

FTLN 1158

BENVOLIO MERCUTIO

The what?

The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting

FTLN 1159

FTLN 1160

FTLN 1161

FTLN 1162

FTLN 1163

FTLN 1164

FTLN 1165

FTLN 1166

phantasimes, these new tuners of accent: “By 30

Jesu, a very good blade! A very tall man! A very good whore!” Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these



strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these “pardon-me” ’s,



who stand so much on the new form 35

that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O their bones, their bones!

*Enter Romeo.*

FTLN 1167

FTLN 1168

BENVOLIO MERCUTIO

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O

FTLN 1169

FTLN 1170

FTLN 1171

FTLN 1172

FTLN 1173

FTLN 1174

FTLN 1175

FTLN 1176

flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the 40

numbers that Petrarch flowed in. Laura to his lady was a kitchen wench (marry, she had a better love to berhyme her), Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gypsy,

Helen and Hero hildings and harlots, Thisbe a gray

eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, 45

*bonjour*. There’s a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

FTLN 1177

ROMEO

Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit

FTLN 1178

did I give you?

FTLN 1179

MERCUTIO

The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive? 50

FTLN 1180

ROMEO

Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was

FTLN 1181

FTLN 1182

great, and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

FTLN 1183

MERCUTIO

That’s as much as to say such a case as

FTLN 1184

yours constrains a man to bow in the hams. 55

FTLN 1185

ROMEO

Meaning, to curtsy.

FTLN 1186

MERCUTIO Thou hast most kindly hit it.

FTLN 1187

ROMEO

A most courteous exposition.

FTLN 1188

MERCUTIO

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

FTLN 1189

ROMEO

“Pink” for flower. 60

FTLN 1190

MERCUTIO

Right.

FTLN 1191

ROMEO

Why, then is my pump well flowered.

FTLN 1192

MERCUTIO

Sure wit, follow me this jest now till thou

FTLN 1193

FTLN 1194

FTLN 1195

hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole

of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, 65

solely singular.

FTLN 1196

ROMEO

O single-soled jest, solely singular for the

FTLN 1197

singleness.

FTLN 1198

FTLN 1199

MERCUTIO

faints.

Come between us, good Benvolio. My wits

70

FTLN 1200

ROMEO

Switch and spurs, switch and spurs, or I’ll cry

FTLN 1201

a match.

FTLN 1202

MERCUTIO

Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I

FTLN 1203

FTLN 1204

FTLN 1205

am done, for thou hast more of the wild goose in

one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole 75

five. Was I with you there for the goose?

FTLN 1206

ROMEO

Thou wast never with me for anything when

FTLN 1207

thou wast not there for the goose.

FTLN 1208

MERCUTIO

I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

FTLN 1209

ROMEO

Nay, good goose, bite not. 80

FTLN 1210

MERCUTIO

Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most

FTLN 1211

sharp sauce.

FTLN 1212

ROMEO

And is it not, then, well served into a sweet

FTLN 1213

FTLN 1214

goose?

MERCUTIO

O, here’s a wit of cheveril that stretches 85

FTLN 1215

from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

FTLN 1216

ROMEO

I stretch it out for that word “broad,” which

FTLN 1217

FTLN 1218

added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

FTLN 1219

MERCUTIO

Why, is not this better now than groaning 90

FTLN 1220

FTLN 1221

for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo, now art thou what thou art, by art as well as

FTLN 1222

FTLN 1223

FTLN 1224

by nature. For this driveling love is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his

bauble in a hole. 95

FTLN 1225

FTLN 1226

BENVOLIO MERCUTIO

Stop there, stop there.

Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against

FTLN 1227

the hair.

FTLN 1228

FTLN 1229

BENVOLIO MERCUTIO

Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large. O, thou art deceived. I would have made it

100

FTLN 1230

FTLN 1231

FTLN 1232

short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale

and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

*Enter Nurse and her man Peter.*



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 1233  FTLN 1234 | ROMEO Here’s goodly gear. A sail, a sail!  MERCUTIO Two, two—a shirt and a smock. | 105 |
| FTLN 1235  FTLN 1236  FTLN 1237  FTLN 1238 | NURSE Peter.  PETER Anon.  NURSE My fan, Peter.  MERCUTIO Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan’s |  |
| FTLN 1239  FTLN 1240 | the fairer face.  NURSE God you good morrow, gentlemen. | 110 |
| FTLN 1241  FTLN 1242  FTLN 1243 | MERCUTIO God you good e’en, fair gentlewoman.  NURSE Is it good e’en?  MERCUTIO ’Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of |  |
| FTLN 1244  FTLN 1245 | the dial is now upon the prick of noon.  NURSE Out upon you! What a man are you? | 115 |
| FTLN 1246  FTLN 1247  FTLN 1248  FTLN 1249 | ROMEO One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself to mar.  NURSE By my troth, it is well said: “for himself to mar,” quoth he? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me | 120 |
| FTLN 1250  FTLN 1251  FTLN 1252  FTLN 1253  FTLN 1254 | where I may find the young Romeo?  ROMEO I can tell you, but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse. | 125 |
| FTLN 1255 | NURSE You say well. |  |

FTLN 1256

FTLN 1257

MERCUTIO Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i’ faith, wisely, wisely.



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 1258  FTLN 1259 | NURSE If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with  you. | 130 |
| FTLN 1260  FTLN 1261  FTLN 1262  FTLN 1263  FTLN 1264 | BENVOLIO She will indite him to some supper.  MERCUTIO A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho!  ROMEO What hast thou found?  MERCUTIO No hare, sir, unless a hare, sir, in a Lenten pie that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. | 135 |
| FTLN 1265  FTLN 1266  FTLN 1267  FTLN 1268  FTLN 1269 | *Singing. An old hare hoar,*  *And an old hare hoar,*  *Is very good meat in Lent.*  *But a hare that is hoar Is too much for a score* | 140 |
| FTLN 1270  FTLN 1271  FTLN 1272  FTLN 1273  FTLN 1274 | *When it hoars ere it be spent.*  Romeo, will you come to your father’s? We’ll to dinner thither.  ROMEO I will follow you.  MERCUTIO Farewell, ancient lady. Farewell, lady, lady, | 145 |
| FTLN 1275  FTLN 1276  FTLN 1277  FTLN 1278  FTLN 1279 | lady. *Mercutio and Benvolioexit.*  NURSE I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his ropery?  ROMEO A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk and will speak more in a minute than he will | 150 |
| FTLN 1280  FTLN 1281  FTLN 1282  FTLN 1283  FTLN 1284 | stand to in a month.  NURSE An he speak anything against me, I’ll take him down, an he were lustier than he is, and twenty such jacks. An if I cannot, I’ll find those that shall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none | 155 |
| FTLN 1285  FTLN 1286  FTLN 1287  FTLN 1288  FTLN 1289 | of his skains-mates. *To Peter.* And thou must stand by too and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.  PETER I saw no man use you at his pleasure. If I had, my weapon should quickly have been out. I warrant | 160 |
| FTLN 1290  FTLN 1291  FTLN 1292 | you, I dare draw as soon as another man, if I  see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side. |  |

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 1293  FTLN 1294 | NURSE Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! *To Romeo.*Pray | 165 |
| FTLN 1295  FTLN 1296  FTLN 1297  FTLN 1298  FTLN 1299 | you, sir, a word. And, as I told you, my young lady bid me inquire you out. What she bid me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell you, if you should lead her in a fool’s paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say. For | 170 |
| FTLN 1300  FTLN 1301  FTLN 1302  FTLN 1303 | the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. |  |
| FTLN 1304  FTLN 1305  FTLN 1306  FTLN 1307  FTLN 1308 | ROMEO Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress.  I protest unto thee—  NURSE Good heart, and i’ faith I will tell her as much.  Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.  ROMEO What wilt thou tell her, nurse? Thou dost not | 175 |
| FTLN 1309  FTLN 1310 | mark me.  NURSE I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as | 180 |
| FTLN 1311  FTLN 1312  FTLN 1313  FTLN 1314 | I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.  ROMEO Bid her devise  Some means to come to shrift this afternoon, And there she shall at Friar Lawrence’ cell | 185 |
| FTLN 1315 | Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains. |  |
| FTLN 1316 | *Offering her money.*  NURSE No, truly, sir, not a penny. |  |
| FTLN 1317 | ROMEO Go to, I say you shall. |  |
|  | NURSE |  |

FTLN 1318



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

ROMEO

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 1319 | And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall. | 190 |
| FTLN 1320 | Within this hour my man shall be with thee |  |
| FTLN 1321 | And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair, |  |
| FTLN 1322 | Which to the high topgallant of my joy |  |
| FTLN 1323 | Must be my convoy in the secret night. |  |
| FTLN 1324 | Farewell. Be trusty, and I’ll quit thy pains. | 195 |
| FTLN 1325 | Farewell. Commend me to thy mistress. |  |

FTLN 1326

NURSE

Now, God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

FTLN 1327

ROMEO NURSE

What sayst thou, my dear nurse?

FTLN 1328

FTLN 1329

FTLN 1330

Is your man secret? Did you ne’er hear say

“Two may keep counsel, putting one away”?

ROMEO

Warrant thee, my man’s as true as steel.

200

FTLN 1331

NURSE

Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady. Lord,

FTLN 1332

FTLN 1333

FTLN 1334

FTLN 1335

FTLN 1336

FTLN 1337

FTLN 1338

FTLN 1339

Lord, when ’twas a little prating thing—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard, but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes 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 versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

205

210

FTLN 1340

FTLN 1341

ROMEO NURSE

Ay, nurse, what of that? Both with an *R*.

Ah, mocker, that’s the dog’s name. *R* is for

FTLN 1342

FTLN 1343

FTLN 1344

the—No, I know it begins with some other letter,

and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

215

FTLN 1345

FTLN 1346

FTLN 1347

FTLN 1348

ROMEO NURSE PETER NURSE

Commend me to thy lady. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter. Anon.

Before and apace.

*They exit.*



Scene 5

*Enter Juliet.*

FTLN 1349

FTLN 1350

FTLN 1351

FTLN 1352

FTLN 1353

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse. In half an hour she promised to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him. That’s not so.

O, she is lame! Love’s heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glides than the sun’s beams, 5

FTLN 1354

FTLN 1355

FTLN 1356

FTLN 1357

FTLN 1358

FTLN 1359

FTLN 1360

FTLN 1361

FTLN 1362

FTLN 1363

FTLN 1364

FTLN 1365

FTLN 1366

FTLN 1367

Driving back shadows over louring hills. Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw Love, And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings. Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day’s journey, and from nine till twelve 10

Is three long hours, yet she is not come. Had she affections and warm youthful blood, She would be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me. 15

But old folks, many feign as they were dead, Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

*Enter Nurse and Peter.*

O God, she comes!—O, honey nurse, what news? Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.



FTLN 1368

NURSE JULIET

Peter, stay at the gate.

*Peter exits.* 20

FTLN 1369

FTLN 1370

FTLN 1371

FTLN 1372

FTLN 1373

FTLN 1374

FTLN 1375

FTLN 1376

FTLN 1377

FTLN 1378

FTLN 1379

FTLN 1380

FTLN 1381

FTLN 1382

FTLN 1383

Now, good sweet nurse—O Lord, why lookest thou

sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily.

If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face. 25

NURSE

I am aweary. Give me leave awhile.

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I!

JULIET

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

speak. 30

NURSE

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

JULIET

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath To say to me that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay 35

FTLN 1384

FTLN 1385

FTLN 1386

FTLN 1387

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse. Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that. Say either, and I’ll stay the circumstance. Let me be satisfied; is ’t good or bad?

FTLN 1388

NURSE

Well, you have made a simple choice. You know 40

FTLN 1389

FTLN 1390

FTLN 1391

FTLN 1392

FTLN 1393

FTLN 1394

FTLN 1395

FTLN 1396

FTLN 1397

FTLN 1398

FTLN 1399

FTLN 1400

FTLN 1401

FTLN 1402

FTLN 1403

FTLN 1404

FTLN 1405

FTLN 1406

not how to choose a man. Romeo? No, not he. Though his face be better than any man’s, yet his leg excels all men’s, and for a hand and a foot and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they

are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, 45

but I’ll warrant him as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench. Serve God. What, have you dined at home?

JULIET

No, no. But all this did I know before.

What says he of our marriage? What of that? 50

NURSE

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I! It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o’ t’ other side! Ah, my back, my back! Beshrew your heart for sending me about

To catch my death with jaunting up and down. 55

JULIET

I’ faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

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

FTLN 1407

NURSE

Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a

FTLN 1408

FTLN 1409

FTLN 1410

FTLN 1411

FTLN 1412

FTLN 1413

courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I 60

warrant, a virtuous—Where is your mother?

JULIET

Where is my mother? Why, she is within. Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest: “Your love says, like an honest gentleman,

Where is your mother?” 65

FTLN 1414

NURSE

O God’s lady dear,

FTLN 1415

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow.

FTLN 1416

FTLN 1417

FTLN 1418

FTLN 1419

Is this the poultice for my aching bones? Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET

Here’s such a coil. Come, what says Romeo? 70

NURSE

Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

FTLN 1420

JULIET NURSE

I have.

FTLN 1421

FTLN 1422

FTLN 1423

FTLN 1424

FTLN 1425

FTLN 1426

FTLN 1427

FTLN 1428

FTLN 1429

FTLN 1430

FTLN 1431

Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence’ cell.

There stays a husband to make you a wife.

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks; They’ll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church. I must another way, To fetch a ladder by the which your love

Must climb a bird’s nest soon when it is dark. I am the drudge and toil in your delight,

But you shall bear the burden soon at night. Go. I’ll to dinner. Hie you to the cell.

JULIET

Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

75

80

*They exit.*

Scene 6

*Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.*

FTLN 1432

FTLN 1433

FTLN 1434

FTLN 1435

FTLN 1436

FTLN 1437

FTLN 1438

FTLN 1439

FTLN 1440

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

ROMEO

Amen, amen. But come what sorrow can, It cannot countervail the exchange of joy

That one short minute gives me in her sight. 5

Do thou but close our hands with holy words, Then love-devouring death do what he dare, It is enough I may but call her mine.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

These violent delights have violent ends

FTLN 1441

FTLN 1442

FTLN 1443

FTLN 1444

FTLN 1445

FTLN 1446

FTLN 1447

FTLN 1448

FTLN 1449

FTLN 1450

FTLN 1451

FTLN 1452

FTLN 1453

FTLN 1454

FTLN 1455

FTLN 1456

FTLN 1457

FTLN 1458

FTLN 1459

FTLN 1460

FTLN 1461

FTLN 1462

FTLN 1463

FTLN 1464

FTLN 1465

FTLN 1466

FTLN 1467

FTLN 1468

And in their triumph die, like fire and powder, 10

Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey Is loathsome in his own deliciousness

And in the taste confounds the appetite. Therefore love moderately. Long love doth so.

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. 15

*Enter Juliet.*

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot Will ne’er wear out the everlasting flint. A lover may bestride the gossamers That idles in the wanton summer air,

And yet not fall, so light is vanity. 20

JULIET

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy

Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more 25

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath

This neighbor air, and let rich music’s tongue Unfold the imagined happiness that both Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JULIET

Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, 30

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 sum of half my wealth.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Come, come with me, and we will make short work, 35

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone Till Holy Church incorporate two in one.

*They exit.*



# *ACT 3*



Scene 1

*Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and their men.*

FTLN 1469

FTLN 1470

FTLN 1471

FTLN 1472

BENVOLIO

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let’s retire. The day is hot, the Capels are abroad,

And if we meet we shall not ’scape a brawl,

For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

FTLN 1473

MERCUTIO

Thou art like one of these fellows that, when 5

FTLN 1474

FTLN 1475

FTLN 1476

FTLN 1477

FTLN 1478

he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table and says “God send me no need of thee” and, by the operation of the second cup, draws him on the drawer when indeed there is

no need. 10

FTLN 1479

FTLN 1480

BENVOLIO MERCUTIO

Am I like such a fellow?

Come, come, thou art as hot a jack in thy

FTLN 1481

FTLN 1482

mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be

moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

FTLN 1483

FTLN 1484

BENVOLIO MERCUTIO

And what to? 15

Nay, an there were two such, we should

FTLN 1485

FTLN 1486

FTLN 1487

FTLN 1488

FTLN 1489

FTLN 1490

FTLN 1491

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 in his beard than

thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking 20

nuts, having no other reason but because thou

hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as

115

FTLN 1492

FTLN 1493

FTLN 1494

FTLN 1495

FTLN 1496

FTLN 1497

FTLN 1498

FTLN 1499

an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been

beaten as addle as an egg for quarreling. Thou hast 25

quarreled with a man for coughing in the street because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? With

another, for tying his new shoes with old ribbon? 30

And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling?

FTLN 1500

BENVOLIO

An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any

FTLN 1501

FTLN 1502

man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

FTLN 1503

FTLN 1504

FTLN 1505

MERCUTIO

BENVOLIO MERCUTIO

The fee simple? O simple! 35

*Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.*

By my head, here comes the Capulets. By my heel, I care not.

FTLN 1506

FTLN 1507

TYBALT*, to his companions*

Follow me close, for I will speak to them.— Gentlemen, good e’en. A word with one of you.



FTLN 1508

MERCUTIO

And but one word with one of us? Couple it 40

FTLN 1509

with something. Make it a word and a blow.

FTLN 1510

TYBALT

You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an

FTLN 1511

you will give me occasion.

FTLN 1512

FTLN 1513

MERCUTIO

giving?

Could you not take some occasion without

45

FTLN 1514

FTLN 1515

TYBALT MERCUTIO

Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels?

FTLN 1516

FTLN 1517

FTLN 1518

FTLN 1519

FTLN 1520

FTLN 1521

FTLN 1522

An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear

nothing but discords. Here’s my fiddlestick; here’s

that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort! 50

BENVOLIO

We talk here in the public haunt of men. Either withdraw unto some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances,

Or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us.

FTLN 1523

FTLN 1524

FTLN 1525

FTLN 1526

FTLN 1527

FTLN 1528

FTLN 1529

FTLN 1530

FTLN 1531

FTLN 1532

FTLN 1533

FTLN 1534

FTLN 1535

FTLN 1536

FTLN 1537

FTLN 1538

FTLN 1539

FTLN 1540

FTLN 1541

FTLN 1542

MERCUTIO

Men’s eyes were made to look, and let them gaze. 55

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

*Enter Romeo.*

TYBALT

Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

MERCUTIO

But I’ll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery. Marry, go before to field, he’ll be your follower.

Your Worship in that sense may call him “man.” 60

TYBALT

Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford

No better term than this: thou art a villain.

ROMEO

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting. Villain am I none. 65

Therefore farewell. I see thou knowest me not.

TYBALT

Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

That thou hast done me. Therefore turn and draw.

ROMEO

I do protest I never injured thee

But love thee better than thou canst devise 70

Till thou shalt know the reason of my love. And so, good Capulet, which name I tender As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!

FTLN 1543

FTLN 1544

*Alla stoccato* carries it away.

Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?

*He draws.* 75

FTLN 1545

FTLN 1546

TYBALT MERCUTIO

What wouldst thou have with me?

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your

FTLN 1547

FTLN 1548

nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as

you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the 80

FTLN 1549

FTLN 1550

FTLN 1551

eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.



FTLN 1552

TYBALT ROMEO

I am for you.

*He draws.*

FTLN 1553

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up. 85

FTLN 1554

MERCUTIO ROMEO

Come, sir, your *passado.*

*They fight.*

FTLN 1555

FTLN 1556

Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage!



*Romeo draws.*

FTLN 1557



FTLN 1558

FTLN 1559

Tybalt! Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath

Forbid this bandying in Verona streets. 90

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

*Romeo attempts to beat down their rapiers.*



*Tybalt stabs Mercutio.*

FTLN 1560

FTLN 1561

PETRUCHIO

MERCUTIO



Away, Tybalt!

*Tybalt, Petruchio, and their followers exit.*



I am hurt.

FTLN 1562

FTLN 1563

A plague o’ both houses! I am sped.

Is he gone and hath nothing? 95

FTLN 1564

BENVOLIO MERCUTIO

What, art thou hurt?

FTLN 1565

FTLN 1566

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, ’tis enough.

Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

*Page exits.*

ROMEO

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 1567  FTLN 1568 | Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.  MERCUTIO No, ’tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as | 100 |
| FTLN 1569 | a church door, but ’tis enough. ’Twill serve. Ask for |  |
| FTLN 1570 | me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I |  |
| FTLN 1571 | am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o’ |  |
| FTLN 1572 | both your houses! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a |  |
| FTLN 1573 | cat, to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a | 105 |
| FTLN 1574 | villain that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the |  |
| FTLN 1575 | devil came you between us? I was hurt under your |  |
| FTLN 1576 | arm. |  |

FTLN 1577

FTLN 1578

FTLN 1579

FTLN 1580

FTLN 1581

ROMEO I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

Help me into some house, Benvolio,

Or I shall faint. A plague o’ both your houses! They have made worms’ meat of me.

I have it, and soundly, too. Your houses!

*All but Romeoexit.*



110

ROMEO

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 1582 | This gentleman, the Prince’s near ally, |  |
| FTLN 1583 | My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt | 115 |
| FTLN 1584 | In my behalf. My reputation stained |  |
| FTLN 1585 | With Tybalt’s slander—Tybalt, that an hour |  |
| FTLN 1586 | Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet, |  |
| FTLN 1587 | Thy beauty hath made me effeminate |  |
| FTLN 1588 | And in my temper softened valor’s steel. | 120 |

*Enter Benvolio.*

FTLN 1589

FTLN 1590

FTLN 1591

FTLN 1592

FTLN 1593

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead. That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds, Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROMEO

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

*Enter Tybalt.*



125

FTLN 1594

FTLN 1595

FTLN 1596

FTLN 1597

FTLN 1598

FTLN 1599

FTLN 1600

FTLN 1601

FTLN 1602

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

Alive in triumph, and Mercutio slain! Away to heaven, respective lenity,

And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now.— Now, Tybalt, take the “villain” back again That late thou gavest me, for Mercutio’s soul Is but a little way above our heads,

Staying for thine to keep him company. Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

130

FTLN 1603

FTLN 1604

TYBALT

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

135

FTLN 1605

FTLN 1606

ROMEO

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, begone!

This shall determine that.

*They fight. Tybalt falls.*

FTLN 1607

FTLN 1608

FTLN 1609

FTLN 1610

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.

Stand not amazed. The Prince will doom thee death If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away.

ROMEO

O, I am Fortune’s fool!

140

FTLN 1611

BENVOLIO

Why dost thou stay?

*Enter Citizens.*

*Romeo exits.*

FTLN 1612

FTLN 1613

FTLN 1614

FTLN 1615

FTLN 1616

FTLN 1617

CITIZEN

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

BENVOLIO

There lies that Tybalt.

CITIZEN*, to Tybalt* Up, sir, go with me.

I charge thee in the Prince’s name, obey.

*Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wives and all.*

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO

145

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 1618  FTLN 1619  FTLN 1620  FTLN 1621 | O noble prince, I can discover all  The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl. There lies the man, slain by young Romeo, That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio. | 150 |
|  | LADY CAPULET |  |
| FTLN 1622  FTLN 1623 | Tybalt, my cousin, O my brother’s child!  O prince! O cousin! Husband! O, the blood is spilled | 155 |
| FTLN 1624 | Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true, |  |

FTLN 1625

FTLN 1626

FTLN 1627

For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague. O cousin, cousin!

PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 1628  FTLN 1629  FTLN 1630  FTLN 1631  FTLN 1632  FTLN 1633 | Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo’s hand did slay— Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink  How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal Your high displeasure. All this utterèd  With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed Could not take truce with the unruly spleen | 160  165 |
| FTLN 1634  FTLN 1635  FTLN 1636  FTLN 1637  FTLN 1638 | 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 | 170 |
| FTLN 1639  FTLN 1640  FTLN 1641  FTLN 1642 | It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud  “Hold, friends! Friends, part!” and swifter than his tongue |  |
| FTLN 1643  FTLN 1644  FTLN 1645  FTLN 1646  FTLN 1647  FTLN 1648 | His agile arm beats down their fatal points, And ’twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled. But by and by comes back to Romeo, Who had but newly entertained revenge, | 175  180 |
| FTLN 1649  FTLN 1650  FTLN 1651  FTLN 1652 | And to ’t they go like lightning, for ere I  Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain, And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.  This is the truth, or let Benvolio die. |  |
|  | LADY CAPULET |  |
| FTLN 1653  FTLN 1654  FTLN 1655  FTLN 1656  FTLN 1657  FTLN 1658 | He is a kinsman to the Montague.  Affection makes him false; he speaks not true. Some twenty of them fought in this black strife, And all those twenty could but kill one life.  I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give. Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live. | 185  190 |

PRINCE



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 1659  FTLN 1660 | Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio.  Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe? |  |
|  | MONTAGUE |
| FTLN 1661  FTLN 1662  FTLN 1663 | Not Romeo, Prince; he was Mercutio’s friend. His fault concludes but what the law should end, The life of Tybalt. | 195 |
| FTLN 1664  FTLN 1665  FTLN 1666  FTLN 1667  FTLN 1668 | PRINCE And for that offense Immediately we do exile him hence.  I have an interest in your hearts’ proceeding:  My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding. But I’ll amerce you with so strong a fine | 200 |
| FTLN 1669 | That you shall all repent the loss of mine. |  |
| FTLN 1670  FTLN 1671  FTLN 1672  FTLN 1673 | I will be deaf to pleading and excuses.  Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses. Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste, Else, when he is found, that hour is his last. | 205 |
| FTLN 1674  FTLN 1675 | Bear hence this body and attend our will. Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. |  |
|  | *They exit, the Capulet men* |  |
|  | *bearing off Tybalt’s body.* |  |

Scene 2



*Enter Juliet alone.*



FTLN 1676

FTLN 1677

FTLN 1678

FTLN 1679

FTLN 1680

FTLN 1681

FTLN 1682

FTLN 1683

FTLN 1684

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, Towards Phoebus’ lodging. Such a wagoner As Phaëton would whip you to the west And bring in cloudy night immediately.

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night, 5

That runaways’ eyes may wink, and Romeo Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen. Lovers can see to do their amorous rites

By their own beauties, or, if love be blind,

FTLN 1685

FTLN 1686

FTLN 1687

FTLN 1688

FTLN 1689

FTLN 1690

FTLN 1691

FTLN 1692

FTLN 1693

FTLN 1694

FTLN 1695

FTLN 1696

FTLN 1697

FTLN 1698

FTLN 1699

FTLN 1700

FTLN 1701

FTLN 1702

FTLN 1703

FTLN 1704

FTLN 1705

FTLN 1706

FTLN 1707

FTLN 1708

FTLN 1709

FTLN 1710

FTLN 1711

FTLN 1712

FTLN 1713

FTLN 1714

It best agrees with night. Come, civil night, 10

Thou sober-suited matron all in black, And learn me how to lose a winning match Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.

Hood my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,

With thy black mantle till strange love grow bold, 15

Think true love acted simple modesty.

Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come, thou day in night,

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night

Whiter than new snow upon a raven’s back. 20

Come, gentle night; come, loving black-browed night,

Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die, Take him and cut him out in little stars,

And he will make the face of heaven so fine 25

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 possessed it, and, though I am sold,

Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day 30

As is the night before some festival

To an impatient child that hath new robes And may not wear them.

*Enter Nurse with cords.*

O, here comes my nurse,

And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks 35

But Romeo’s name speaks heavenly eloquence.—

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

FTLN 1715

NURSE

JULIET

Ay, ay, the cords. 40

*Dropping the rope ladder.*



FTLN 1716

Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 1717  FTLN 1718  FTLN 1719 | Ah weraday, he’s dead, he’s dead, he’s dead! We are undone, lady, we are undone.  Alack the day, he’s gone, he’s killed, he’s dead. |  |
|  | JULIET |
| FTLN 1720  FTLN 1721 | Can heaven be so envious?  NURSE Romeo can, | 45 |
| FTLN 1722  FTLN 1723 | Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo, Whoever would have thought it? Romeo! |  |
|  | JULIET |  |
| FTLN 1724  FTLN 1725 | What devil art thou that dost torment me thus? This torture should be roared in dismal hell. | 50 |
| FTLN 1726  FTLN 1727  FTLN 1728  FTLN 1729 | Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but “Ay,” And that bare vowel “I” shall poison more Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.  I am not I if there be such an “I,” |  |
| FTLN 1730  FTLN 1731  FTLN 1732 | Or those eyes shut that makes thee answer “Ay.” If he be slain, say “Ay,” or if not, “No.”  Brief sounds determine my weal or woe. | 55 |
|  | NURSE |  |
| FTLN 1733  FTLN 1734  FTLN 1735 | I saw the wound. I saw it with mine eyes  (God save the mark!) here on his manly breast— A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse, | 60 |
| FTLN 1736  FTLN 1737 | Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood, All in gore blood. I swoonèd at the sight. |  |
|  | JULIET |  |
| FTLN 1738  FTLN 1739  FTLN 1740 | O break, my heart, poor bankrout, break at once! To prison, eyes; ne’er look on liberty.  Vile earth to earth resign; end motion here, | 65 |
| FTLN 1741 | And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier. |  |
|  | NURSE |  |
| FTLN 1742  FTLN 1743  FTLN 1744 | O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had! O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman, That ever I should live to see thee dead! |  |
|  | JULIET |  |
| FTLN 1745 | What storm is this that blows so contrary? | 70 |

FTLN 1746

FTLN 1747

FTLN 1748

FTLN 1749

FTLN 1750

FTLN 1751

FTLN 1752

FTLN 1753

FTLN 1754

FTLN 1755

FTLN 1756

FTLN 1757

FTLN 1758

FTLN 1759

FTLN 1760

FTLN 1761

FTLN 1762

FTLN 1763

FTLN 1764

FTLN 1765

FTLN 1766

Is Romeo slaughtered and is Tybalt dead? My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom, For who is living if those two are gone?

NURSE

Tybalt is gone and Romeo banishèd. 75

Romeo that killed him—he is banishèd.

JULIET

O God, did Romeo’s hand shed Tybalt’s blood?

NURSE 



It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

JULIET 



O serpent heart hid with a flow’ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? 80

Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!

Dove-feathered raven, wolvish-ravening lamb! Despisèd substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem’st,

A damnèd saint, an honorable villain. 85

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?

Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell 90

In such a gorgeous palace!

FTLN 1767

NURSE

There’s no trust,

FTLN 1768

FTLN 1769

FTLN 1770

FTLN 1771

FTLN 1772

FTLN 1773

No faith, no honesty in men. All perjured, All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.

Ah, where’s my man? Give me some aqua vitae. 95

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.

Shame come to Romeo!

FTLN 1774

JULIET

Blistered be thy tongue

FTLN 1775

FTLN 1776

FTLN 1777

For such a wish! He was not born to shame. Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,

For ’tis a throne where honor may be crowned

100

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 1778  FTLN 1779 | Sole monarch of the universal Earth. O, what a beast was I to chide at him! |  |
|  | NURSE |
| FTLN 1780 | Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin? | 105 |
|  | JULIET |  |
| FTLN 1781  FTLN 1782  FTLN 1783  FTLN 1784  FTLN 1785 | Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name  When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it? But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? | 110 |
| FTLN 1786  FTLN 1787  FTLN 1788  FTLN 1789  FTLN 1790 | That villain cousin would have killed my husband. Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring; Your tributary drops belong to woe,  Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain, | 115 |
| FTLN 1791  FTLN 1792  FTLN 1793  FTLN 1794  FTLN 1795 | And Tybalt’s dead, that would have slain my husband.  All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then? Some word there was, worser than Tybalt’s death, That murdered me. I would forget it fain, | 120 |
| FTLN 1796  FTLN 1797  FTLN 1798  FTLN 1799  FTLN 1800 | But, O, it presses to my memory  Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners’ minds: “Tybalt is dead and Romeo banishèd.”  That “banishèd,” that one word “banishèd,” Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt’s death | 125 |
| FTLN 1801  FTLN 1802  FTLN 1803  FTLN 1804  FTLN 1805 | Was woe enough if it had ended there; Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship  And needly will be ranked with other griefs,  Why followed not, when she said “Tybalt’s dead,” “Thy father” or “thy mother,” nay, or both, | 130 |
| FTLN 1806  FTLN 1807  FTLN 1808  FTLN 1809  FTLN 1810 | Which modern lamentation might have moved? But with a rearward following Tybalt’s death, “Romeo is banishèd.” To speak that word  Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet, All slain, all dead. “Romeo is banishèd.” | 135 |
| FTLN 1811 | There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, |  |

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 1812  FTLN 1813 | In that word’s death. No words can that woe sound. Where is my father and my mother, nurse? |  |
|  | NURSE |
| FTLN 1814  FTLN 1815 | Weeping and wailing over Tybalt’s corse. Will you go to them? I will bring you thither. | 140 |
|  | JULIET |  |
| FTLN 1816  FTLN 1817  FTLN 1818  FTLN 1819 | Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent,  When theirs are dry, for Romeo’s banishment.— Take up those cords. |  |
| FTLN 1820 | *The Nurse picks up the rope ladder.*  Poor ropes, you are beguiled, | 145 |
| FTLN 1821  FTLN 1822  FTLN 1823  FTLN 1824  FTLN 1825 | Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled. He made you for a highway to my bed, But I, a maid, die maiden-widowèd.  Come, cords—come, nurse. I’ll to my wedding bed, And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead! | 150 |
|  | NURSE |  |
| FTLN 1826  FTLN 1827  FTLN 1828  FTLN 1829 | Hie to your chamber. I’ll find Romeo To comfort you. I wot well where he is.  Hark you, your Romeo will be here at night. I’ll to him. He is hid at Lawrence’ cell. |  |
|  | JULIET |  |
| FTLN 1830  FTLN 1831 | O, find him! *Giving the Nurse a ring.*  Give this ring to my true knight | 155 |
| FTLN 1832 | And bid him come to take his last farewell. |  |
|  | *They exit.* |  |

Scene 3



*Enter Friar Lawrence. *



FTLN 1833

FTLN 1834

FTLN 1835

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man. Affliction is enamored of thy parts,

And thou art wedded to calamity.

*Enter Romeo.*

ROMEO

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 1836  FTLN 1837 | Father, what news? What is the Prince’s doom? What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand | 5 |
| FTLN 1838  FTLN 1839  FTLN 1840  FTLN 1841 | That I yet know not?  FRIAR LAWRENCE Too familiar  Is my dear son with such sour company. I bring thee tidings of the Prince’s doom. |  |
|  | ROMEO |  |
| FTLN 1842 | What less than doomsday is the Prince’s doom? | 10 |
|  | FRIAR LAWRENCE |  |
| FTLN 1843  FTLN 1844 | A gentler judgment vanished from his lips: Not body’s death, but body’s banishment. |  |
|  | ROMEO |  |
| FTLN 1845  FTLN 1846  FTLN 1847 | Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say “death,” For exile hath more terror in his look,  Much more than death. Do not say “banishment.” | 15 |
|  | FRIAR LAWRENCE |  |
| FTLN 1848  FTLN 1849 | Here from Verona art thou banishèd.  Be patient, for the world is broad and wide. |  |
|  | ROMEO |  |
| FTLN 1850  FTLN 1851  FTLN 1852 | There is no world without Verona walls But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  Hence “banishèd” is “banished from the world,” | 20 |
| FTLN 1853  FTLN 1854  FTLN 1855  FTLN 1856 | And world’s exile is death. Then “banishèd” Is death mistermed. Calling death “banishèd,” Thou cutt’st my head off with a golden ax And smilest upon the stroke that murders me. |  |
|  | FRIAR LAWRENCE |  |
| FTLN 1857  FTLN 1858  FTLN 1859  FTLN 1860  FTLN 1861  FTLN 1862 | O deadly sin, O rude unthankfulness!  Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince, Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law  And turned that black word “death” to “banishment.”  This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not. | 25  30 |

FTLN 1863

FTLN 1864

FTLN 1865

FTLN 1866

FTLN 1867

FTLN 1868

FTLN 1869

FTLN 1870

FTLN 1871

FTLN 1872

FTLN 1873

FTLN 1874

FTLN 1875

FTLN 1876

FTLN 1877

FTLN 1878

FTLN 1879

FTLN 1880

FTLN 1881

FTLN 1882

FTLN 1883

FTLN 1884

FTLN 1885

FTLN 1886

FTLN 1887

FTLN 1888

FTLN 1889

FTLN 1890

FTLN 1891

FTLN 1892

FTLN 1893

ROMEO

’Tis torture and not mercy. Heaven is here Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog And little mouse, every unworthy thing, Live here in heaven and may look on her,

But Romeo may not. More validity, 35

More honorable state, more courtship lives In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize On the white wonder of dear Juliet’s hand And steal immortal blessing from her lips,

Who even in pure and vestal modesty 40

Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin; But Romeo may not; he is banishèd.

Flies may do this, but I from this must fly. They are free men, but I am banishèd.

And sayest thou yet that exile is not death? 45

Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne’er so mean, But “banishèd” to kill me? “Banishèd”?

O friar, the damnèd use that word in hell. 50

Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart, Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,

A sin absolver, and my friend professed, To mangle me with that word “banishèd”?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak. 55

ROMEO

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I’ll give thee armor to keep off that word, Adversity’s sweet milk, philosophy,

To comfort thee, though thou art banishèd.

ROMEO

Yet “banishèd”? Hang up philosophy. 60

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,

FTLN 1894

FTLN 1895

FTLN 1896

FTLN 1897

FTLN 1898

FTLN 1899

FTLN 1900

FTLN 1901

FTLN 1902

FTLN 1903

FTLN 1904

FTLN 1905

FTLN 1906

Displant a town, reverse a prince’s doom, It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO

How should they when that wise men have no eyes? 65

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel. Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,

An hour but married, Tybalt murderèd,

Doting like me, and like me banishèd, 70

Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair

And fall upon the ground as I do now,

*Romeo throws himself down.*

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.



FRIAR LAWRENCE

*Knock within.*

FTLN 1907

FTLN 1908

FTLN 1909

FTLN 1910

FTLN 1911

FTLN 1912

FTLN 1913

FTLN 1914

FTLN 1915

FTLN 1916

Arise. One knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO

Not I, unless the breath of heartsick groans, Mistlike, enfold me from the search of eyes.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hark, how they knock!—Who’s there?—Romeo, arise.

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile.—Stand up.

Run to my study.—By and by.—God’s will, What simpleness is this?—I come, I come.

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

75

*Knock.*

80

*Knock.*

*Knock.*

FTLN 1917

FTLN 1918

FTLN 1919

NURSE*, within*

Let me come in, and you shall know my errand. 85



I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE*, admitting the Nurse*

Welcome, then.

*Enter Nurse.*



FTLN 1920

FTLN 1921

FTLN 1922

FTLN 1923

FTLN 1924

FTLN 1925

FTLN 1926

FTLN 1927

FTLN 1928

FTLN 1929

FTLN 1930

NURSE

O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar, Where’s my lady’s lord? Where’s Romeo?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

There on the ground, with his own tears made 90

drunk.

NURSE

O, he is even in my mistress’ case, Just in her case. O woeful sympathy! Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,

Blubb’ring and weeping, weeping and blubb’ring.— 95

Stand up, stand up. Stand an you be a man. For Juliet’s sake, for her sake, rise and stand. Why should you fall into so deep an O?

FTLN 1931

ROMEO NURSE

Nurse.

FTLN 1932

FTLN 1933

FTLN 1934

FTLN 1935

FTLN 1936

FTLN 1937

FTLN 1938

FTLN 1939

FTLN 1940

FTLN 1941

FTLN 1942

Ah sir, ah sir, death’s the end of all.

ROMEO*, rising up*



Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her? Doth not she think me an old murderer, Now I have stained the childhood of our joy

With blood removed but little from her own? Where is she? And how doth she? And what says My concealed lady to our canceled love?

NURSE

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

100

105

110

FTLN 1943

FTLN 1944

FTLN 1945

FTLN 1946

FTLN 1947

FTLN 1948

ROMEO As if that name,

Shot from the deadly level of a gun,

Did murder her, as that name’s cursèd hand Murdered her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me, In what vile part of this anatomy

Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack

115

FTLN 1949

FTLN 1950

The hateful mansion.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

*He draws his dagger.*

Hold thy desperate hand!



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 1951  FTLN 1952 | Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art.  Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote | 120 |
| FTLN 1953  FTLN 1954  FTLN 1955  FTLN 1956  FTLN 1957 | The unreasonable fury of a beast. Unseemly woman in a seeming man, And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both! Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order, I thought thy disposition better tempered. | 125 |
| FTLN 1958 | Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself, |  |
| FTLN 1959  FTLN 1960  FTLN 1961  FTLN 1962 | And slay thy lady that in thy life lives, By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?  Why railest thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth, Since birth and heaven and earth all three do meet | 130 |
| FTLN 1963  FTLN 1964  FTLN 1965  FTLN 1966  FTLN 1967 | In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose? Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit, Which, like a usurer, abound’st in all  And usest none in that true use indeed  Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit. | 135 |
| FTLN 1968  FTLN 1969  FTLN 1970  FTLN 1971  FTLN 1972 | Thy noble shape is but a form of wax, Digressing from the valor of a man; Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,  Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish; Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, | 140 |
| FTLN 1973  FTLN 1974  FTLN 1975  FTLN 1976  FTLN 1977 | Misshapen in the conduct of them both, Like powder in a skilless soldier’s flask, Is set afire by thine own ignorance,  And thou dismembered with thine own defense. What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive, | 145 |
| FTLN 1978 | For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead: |  |

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 1979  FTLN 1980  FTLN 1981  FTLN 1982 | There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee, But thou slewest Tybalt: there art thou happy.  The law that threatened death becomes thy friend And turns it to exile: there art thou happy. | 150 |
| FTLN 1983  FTLN 1984 | A pack of blessings light upon thy back; Happiness courts thee in her best array; |  |
| FTLN 1985 | But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench, |  |
| FTLN 1986  FTLN 1987 | Thou pouts upon thy fortune and thy love. Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. | 155 |
| FTLN 1988  FTLN 1989  FTLN 1990  FTLN 1991  FTLN 1992 | 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 | 160 |
| FTLN 1993  FTLN 1994  FTLN 1995  FTLN 1996  FTLN 1997 | 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, | 165 |
| FTLN 1998  FTLN 1999  FTLN 2000 | And bid her hasten all the house to bed, Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto. Romeo is coming. |  |
|  | NURSE |  |
| FTLN 2001  FTLN 2002 | O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!— | 170 |
| FTLN 2003 | My lord, I’ll tell my lady you will come. |  |
|  | ROMEO |  |

FTLN 2004

FTLN 2005

FTLN 2006

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

NURSE

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

*Nurse gives Romeo a ring.*

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



FTLN 2007

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this!

*She exits.*

175

FRIAR LAWRENCE



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 2008  FTLN 2009  FTLN 2010 | Go hence, good night—and here stands all your state:  Either be gone before the watch be set |  |
| FTLN 2011  FTLN 2012 | Or by the break of day disguised from hence. Sojourn in Mantua. I’ll find out your man, | 180 |
| FTLN 2013  FTLN 2014  FTLN 2015 | And he shall signify from time to time Every good hap to you that chances here.  Give me thy hand. ’Tis late. Farewell. Good night. |  |
|  | ROMEO |  |
| FTLN 2016  FTLN 2017 | But that a joy past joy calls out on me, It were a grief so brief to part with thee. | 185 |
| FTLN 2018 | Farewell.  *They exit.* |  |

Scene 4

*Enter old Capulet, his Wife, and Paris.*

FTLN 2019

FTLN 2020

FTLN 2021

FTLN 2022

FTLN 2023

FTLN 2024

FTLN 2025

FTLN 2026

FTLN 2027

FTLN 2028

FTLN 2029

FTLN 2030

FTLN 2031

FTLN 2032

CAPULET

Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily

That we have had no time to move our daughter. Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly, And so did I. Well, we were born to die.

’Tis very late. She’ll not come down tonight. 5

I promise you, but for your company, I would have been abed an hour ago.

PARIS

These times of woe afford no times to woo.—

Madam, good night. Commend me to your

daughter. 10

LADY CAPULET

I will, and know her mind early tomorrow. Tonight she’s mewed up to her heaviness.

CAPULET

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender

Of my child’s love. I think she will be ruled

FTLN 2033

FTLN 2034

FTLN 2035

FTLN 2036

FTLN 2037

FTLN 2038

In all respects by me. Nay, more, I doubt it not.— 15

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed. Acquaint her here of my son Paris’ love,

And bid her—mark you me?—on Wednesday next—

But soft, what day is this? 20

FTLN 2039

PARIS CAPULET

Monday, my lord.

FTLN 2040

FTLN 2041

FTLN 2042

FTLN 2043

FTLN 2044

FTLN 2045

FTLN 2046

FTLN 2047

FTLN 2048

FTLN 2049

FTLN 2050

FTLN 2051

FTLN 2052

FTLN 2053

FTLN 2054

FTLN 2055

FTLN 2056

Monday, ha ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon.

O’ Thursday let it be.—O’ Thursday, tell her, She shall be married to this noble earl.—

Will you be ready? Do you like this haste? 25

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, 30

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

PARIS

My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET

Well, get you gone. O’ Thursday be it, then.

*To Lady Capulet.*Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed.



Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.— 35

Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!— Afore me, it is so very late that we

May call it early by and by.—Good night.

*They exit.*

Scene 5

*Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.*

FTLN 2057

FTLN 2058

FTLN 2059

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day. It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 2060  FTLN 2061 | Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree. Believe me, love, it was the nightingale. | 5 |
|  | ROMEO |  |
| FTLN 2062  FTLN 2063  FTLN 2064  FTLN 2065  FTLN 2066 | It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.  Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund day Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops. | 10 |
| FTLN 2067 | I must be gone and live, or stay and die. |  |
|  | JULIET |  |
| FTLN 2068 | Yond light is not daylight, I know it, I. |  |
| FTLN 2069  FTLN 2070  FTLN 2071 | It is some meteor that the sun exhaled To be to thee this night a torchbearer And light thee on thy way to Mantua. | 15 |
| FTLN 2072 | Therefore stay yet. Thou need’st not to be gone. |  |
|  | ROMEO |  |
| FTLN 2073  FTLN 2074  FTLN 2075  FTLN 2076 | Let me be ta’en; let me be put to death. I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  I’ll say yon gray is not the morning’s eye; ’Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia’s brow. | 20 |
| FTLN 2077  FTLN 2078  FTLN 2079  FTLN 2080  FTLN 2081 | Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat The vaulty heaven so high above our heads. I have more care to stay than will to go.  Come death and welcome. Juliet wills it so. How is ’t, my soul? Let’s talk. It is not day. | 25 |
|  | JULIET |  |
| FTLN 2082  FTLN 2083  FTLN 2084  FTLN 2085  FTLN 2086 | It is, it is. Hie hence, begone, away! It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps. Some say the lark makes sweet division.  This doth not so, for she divideth us. | 30 |
| FTLN 2087  FTLN 2088  FTLN 2089  FTLN 2090  FTLN 2091 | Some say the lark and loathèd toad changed eyes. O, now I would they had changed voices too,  Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray, Hunting thee hence with hunt’s-up to the day. O, now begone. More light and light it grows. | 35 |

FTLN 2092

ROMEO

More light and light, more dark and dark our woes.

*Enter Nurse.*

FTLN 2093

FTLN 2094

NURSE JULIET NURSE

Madam. Nurse?

FTLN 2095

FTLN 2096

FTLN 2097

FTLN 2098

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.

The day is broke; be wary; look about.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Farewell, farewell. One kiss and I’ll descend.



*She exits.* 40



JULIET

*They kiss, and Romeo descends.*

FTLN 2099

FTLN 2100

FTLN 2101

FTLN 2102

FTLN 2103

Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay husband, friend! I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

For in a minute there are many days. 45

O, by this count I shall be much in years Ere I again behold my Romeo.

FTLN 2104

ROMEO

Farewell.

FTLN 2105

FTLN 2106

FTLN 2107

FTLN 2108

FTLN 2109

FTLN 2110

FTLN 2111

FTLN 2112

FTLN 2113

FTLN 2114

FTLN 2115

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JULIET

O, think’st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO

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

JULIET 



O God, I have an ill-divining soul! Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low, As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.

Either my eyesight fails or thou lookest pale.

ROMEO

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

50

55

*He exits.*

FTLN 2116

FTLN 2117

FTLN 2118

FTLN 2119

FTLN 2120

JULIET

O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle. 60

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, Fortune, For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long, But send him back.

*Enter Lady Capulet.*



FTLN 2121

LADY CAPULET JULIET

Ho, daughter, are you up? 65

FTLN 2122

FTLN 2123

FTLN 2124

Who is ’t that calls? It is my lady mother.

Is she not down so late or up so early?

What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

*Juliet descends.*

FTLN 2125

FTLN 2126

LADY CAPULET

Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET

LADY CAPULET

Madam, I am not well. 70

FTLN 2127

FTLN 2128

FTLN 2129

FTLN 2130

FTLN 2131

FTLN 2132

FTLN 2133

FTLN 2134

FTLN 2135

Evermore weeping for your cousin’s death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears? An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.

Therefore have done. Some grief shows much of

love, 75

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET

So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend Which you weep for.

FTLN 2136

JULIET

Feeling so the loss, 80

FTLN 2137

FTLN 2138

FTLN 2139

FTLN 2140

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LADY CAPULET

Well, girl, thou weep’st not so much for his death As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

JULIET

What villain, madam?

FTLN 2141

FTLN 2142

FTLN 2143

FTLN 2144

FTLN 2145

FTLN 2146

FTLN 2147

FTLN 2148

FTLN 2149

FTLN 2150

FTLN 2151

FTLN 2152

FTLN 2153

FTLN 2154

FTLN 2155

FTLN 2156

FTLN 2157

FTLN 2158

FTLN 2159

FTLN 2160

FTLN 2161

FTLN 2162

FTLN 2163

FTLN 2164

FTLN 2165

FTLN 2166

FTLN 2167

FTLN 2168

LADY CAPULET That same villain, Romeo.

JULIET*, aside*



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

LADY CAPULET

That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET

Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands. Would none but I might venge my cousin’s death!

LADY CAPULET

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not. Then weep no more. I’ll send to one in Mantua, Where that same banished runagate doth live, Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo till I behold him—dead— Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vexed. Madam, if you could find out but a man To bear a poison, I would temper it,

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof, Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors To hear him named and cannot come to him To wreak the love I bore my cousin

Upon his body that hath slaughtered him.

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

And joy comes well in such a needy time. What are they, beseech your Ladyship?

LADY CAPULET

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child,

85

90

95

100

105

110

FTLN 2169

FTLN 2170

FTLN 2171

FTLN 2172

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness, Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy

That thou expects not, nor I looked not for.

JULIET

Madam, in happy time! What day is that?

LADY CAPULET

115

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 2173  FTLN 2174  FTLN 2175  FTLN 2176 | Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn The gallant, young, and noble gentleman, The County Paris, at Saint Peter’s Church Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride. | 120 |
|  | JULIET |  |
| FTLN 2177  FTLN 2178  FTLN 2179  FTLN 2180  FTLN 2181 | Now, by Saint Peter’s Church, and Peter too, He shall not make me there a joyful bride!  I wonder at this haste, that I must wed  Ere he that should be husband comes to woo. I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam, | 125 |
| FTLN 2182  FTLN 2183  FTLN 2184 | I will not marry yet, and when I do I swear It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate, Rather than Paris. These are news indeed! |  |
|  | LADY CAPULET |  |
| FTLN 2185  FTLN 2186 | Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself, And see how he will take it at your hands. | 130 |
|  | *Enter Capulet and Nurse.* |  |

CAPULET

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 2187 | When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew, |  |
| FTLN 2188 | But for the sunset of my brother’s son |
| FTLN 2189 | It rains downright. |
| FTLN 2190 | How now, a conduit, girl? What, still in tears? |
| FTLN 2191 | Evermore show’ring? In one little body | 135 |
| FTLN 2192 | Thou counterfeits a bark, a sea, a wind. |  |
| FTLN 2193 | For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea, |  |
| FTLN 2194 | Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is, |  |
| FTLN 2195 | Sailing in this salt flood; the winds thy sighs, |  |
| FTLN 2196 | Who, raging with thy tears and they with them, | 140 |
| FTLN 2197 | Without a sudden calm, will overset |  |



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 2198  FTLN 2199 | Thy tempest-tossèd body.—How now, wife? Have you delivered to her our decree? |  |
|  | LADY CAPULET |
| FTLN 2200  FTLN 2201 | Ay, sir, but she will none, she gives you thanks. I would the fool were married to her grave. | 145 |
|  | CAPULET |  |
| FTLN 2202  FTLN 2203  FTLN 2204  FTLN 2205  FTLN 2206 | 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 blessed, Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  So worthy a gentleman to be her bride? | 150 |
|  | JULIET |  |
| FTLN 2207  FTLN 2208  FTLN 2209 | Not proud you have, but thankful that you have. Proud can I never be of what I hate,  But thankful even for hate that is meant love. |  |
|  | CAPULET |  |
| FTLN 2210  FTLN 2211 | How, how, how, how? Chopped logic? What is this? “Proud,” and “I thank you,” and “I thank you not,” | 155 |
| FTLN 2212  FTLN 2213  FTLN 2214  FTLN 2215  FTLN 2216 | And yet “not proud”? Mistress minion you, Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds, But fettle your fine joints ’gainst Thursday next To go with Paris to Saint Peter’s Church,  Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. | 160 |
| FTLN 2217  FTLN 2218  FTLN 2219 | Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage! You tallow face!  LADY CAPULET Fie, fie, what, are you mad? |  |
| FTLN 2220 | JULIET*, kneeling*  Good father, I beseech you on my knees, |  |
| FTLN 2221 | Hear me with patience but to speak a word. | 165 |
|  | CAPULET |  |
| FTLN 2222  FTLN 2223  FTLN 2224  FTLN 2225  FTLN 2226 | Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch! I tell thee what: get thee to church o’ Thursday, Or never after look me in the face.  Speak not; reply not; do not answer me.  My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us | 170 |
| FTLN 2227 | blessed |  |

FTLN 2228

FTLN 2229

FTLN 2230

FTLN 2231

That God had lent 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.

175

FTLN 2232

NURSE

God in heaven bless her!

FTLN 2233

FTLN 2234

FTLN 2235

FTLN 2236

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

CAPULET

And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue. Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.

NURSE

I speak no treason.

180

FTLN 2237

FTLN 2238

FTLN 2239

CAPULET  NURSE 

May not one speak?



CAPULET

O, God ’i’ g’ eden!

Peace, you mumbling fool!



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 2240  FTLN 2241 | Utter your gravity o’er a gossip’s bowl,  For here we need it not. | 185 |
| FTLN 2242  FTLN 2243  FTLN 2244  FTLN 2245  FTLN 2246 | LADY CAPULET You are too hot.  CAPULET God’s bread, it makes me mad. Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play, Alone, in company, still my care hath been  To have her matched. And having now provided | 190 |
| FTLN 2247 | A gentleman of noble parentage, |  |
| FTLN 2248  FTLN 2249  FTLN 2250  FTLN 2251 | Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly ligned, Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts, Proportioned as one’s thought would wish a man— And then to have a wretched puling fool, | 195 |
| FTLN 2252  FTLN 2253  FTLN 2254  FTLN 2255  FTLN 2256 | 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, I’ll pardon you!  Graze where you will, you shall not house with me. | 200 |
| FTLN 2257  FTLN 2258  FTLN 2259 | Look to ’t; think on ’t. I do not use to jest. Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart; advise. An you be mine, I’ll give you to my friend. |  |

FTLN 2260

FTLN 2261

FTLN 2262

FTLN 2263

An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets, For, by my soul, I’ll ne’er acknowledge thee,

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good. Trust to ’t; bethink you. I’ll not be forsworn.

205

JULIET

*He exits.*



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 2264  FTLN 2265  FTLN 2266 | Is there no pity sitting in the clouds  That sees into the bottom of my grief?— O sweet my mother, cast me not away. | 210 |
| FTLN 2267  FTLN 2268  FTLN 2269 | Delay this marriage for a month, a week, Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  In that dim monument where Tybalt lies. |  |
|  | LADY CAPULET |  |
| FTLN 2270  FTLN 2271 | Talk not to me, for I’ll not speak a word. Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. | 215 |
|  | *She exits.* |  |
| FTLN 2272 | JULIET*, rising*  O God! O nurse, how shall this be prevented? |  |
| FTLN 2273  FTLN 2274  FTLN 2275  FTLN 2276 | My husband is on Earth, my faith in heaven. How shall that faith return again to Earth Unless that husband send it me from heaven By leaving Earth? Comfort me; counsel me.— | 220 |
| FTLN 2277  FTLN 2278  FTLN 2279  FTLN 2280 | Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems Upon so soft a subject as myself.—  What sayst thou? Hast thou not a word of joy? Some comfort, nurse. |  |
| FTLN 2281  FTLN 2282  FTLN 2283  FTLN 2284  FTLN 2285  FTLN 2286 | NURSE Faith, here it is.  Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing That he dares ne’er come back to challenge you, Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  Then, since the case so stands as now it doth, I think it best you married with the County. | 225  230 |
| FTLN 2287  FTLN 2288  FTLN 2289  FTLN 2290 | O, he’s a lovely gentleman!  Romeo’s a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam, Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart, |  |

FTLN 2291

FTLN 2292

FTLN 2293

FTLN 2294

FTLN 2295

I think you are happy in this second match, For it excels your first, or, if it did not,

Your first is dead, or ’twere as good he were As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET

Speak’st thou from thy heart?

NURSE

235

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 2296  FTLN 2297  FTLN 2298 | And from my soul too, else beshrew them both.  JULIET Amen.  NURSE What? | 240 |
|  | JULIET |  |
| FTLN 2299  FTLN 2300  FTLN 2301 | Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much. Go in and tell my lady I am gone,  Having displeased my father, to Lawrence’ cell | 245 |
| FTLN 2302 | To make confession and to be absolved. |  |
|  | NURSE |  |

FTLN 2303

FTLN 2304

FTLN 2305

FTLN 2306

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

JULIET

Ancient damnation, O most wicked fiend! Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

*She exits.*

250



FTLN 2307

FTLN 2308

FTLN 2309

FTLN 2310

FTLN 2311

Which she hath praised him with above compare So many thousand times? Go, counselor.

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. I’ll to the Friar to know his remedy.

If all else fail, myself have power to die.

*She exits.*

255

# *ACT 4*



Scene 1

*Enter Friar Lawrence and County Paris.*

FTLN 2312

FTLN 2313

FTLN 2314

FTLN 2315

FTLN 2316

FTLN 2317

FTLN 2318

FTLN 2319

FTLN 2320

FTLN 2321

FTLN 2322

FTLN 2323

FTLN 2324

FTLN 2325

FTLN 2326

FTLN 2327

FTLN 2328

FRIAR LAWRENCE

On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS

My father Capulet will have it so,

And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

You say you do not know the lady’s mind?

Uneven is the course. I like it not. 5

PARIS

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

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears. Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous

That she do give her sorrow so much sway, 10

And in his wisdom hastes our marriage To stop the inundation of her tears,

Which, too much minded by herself alone, May be put from her by society.

Now do you know the reason of this haste. 15

FRIAR LAWRENCE*, aside*



I would I knew not why it should be slowed.— Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

*Enter Juliet.*

177

FTLN 2329

FTLN 2330

FTLN 2331

FTLN 2332

PARIS

Happily met, my lady and my wife.

JULIET

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

PARIS

That “may be” must be, love, on Thursday next. 20

JULIET

What must be shall be.

FTLN 2333

FRIAR LAWRENCE PARIS

That’s a certain text.

FTLN 2334

FTLN 2335

FTLN 2336

FTLN 2337

FTLN 2338

FTLN 2339

FTLN 2340

FTLN 2341

FTLN 2342

FTLN 2343

FTLN 2344

FTLN 2345

FTLN 2346

FTLN 2347

FTLN 2348

Come you to make confession to this father?

JULIET

To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS

Do not deny to him that you love me. 25

JULIET

I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS

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

JULIET

If I do so, it will be of more price

Being spoke behind your back than to your face.

PARIS

Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears. 30

JULIET

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

PARIS

Thou wrong’st it more than tears with that report.

JULIET

That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,

And what I spake, I spake it to my face. 35

PARIS

Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

JULIET

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



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 2349  FTLN 2350 | Are you at leisure, holy father, now,  Or shall I come to you at evening Mass? |  |
|  | FRIAR LAWRENCE |
| FTLN 2351  FTLN 2352 | My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.— My lord, we must entreat the time alone. | 40 |
|  | PARIS |  |
| FTLN 2353  FTLN 2354  FTLN 2355 | God shield I should disturb devotion!— Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you.  Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. *He exits.* |  |
|  | JULIET |  |
| FTLN 2356  FTLN 2357 | O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,  Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past help. | 45 |
|  | FRIAR LAWRENCE |  |
| FTLN 2358  FTLN 2359  FTLN 2360  FTLN 2361 | O Juliet, I already know thy grief.  It strains me past the compass of my wits.  I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it, On Thursday next be married to this County. | 50 |
|  | JULIET |  |
| FTLN 2362  FTLN 2363  FTLN 2364  FTLN 2365  FTLN 2366 | Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest of this, Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it. If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help, Do thou but call my resolution wise,  And with this knife I’ll help it presently. | 55 |
| FTLN 2367 | *She shows him her knife.*  God joined my heart and Romeo’s, thou our hands; |  |
| FTLN 2368  FTLN 2369  FTLN 2370  FTLN 2371 | And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo’s sealed, Shall be the label to another deed,  Or my true heart with treacherous revolt Turn to another, this shall slay them both. | 60 |
| FTLN 2372  FTLN 2373  FTLN 2374  FTLN 2375  FTLN 2376 | Therefore out of thy long-experienced time Give me some present counsel, or, behold, ’Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that  Which the commission of thy years and art | 65 |
| FTLN 2377  FTLN 2378  FTLN 2379 | Could to no issue of true honor bring. Be not so long to speak. I long to die  If what thou speak’st speak not of remedy. |  |



FRIAR LAWRENCE



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 2380  FTLN 2381 | Hold, daughter, I do spy a kind of hope, Which craves as desperate an execution | 70 |
| FTLN 2382  FTLN 2383 | As that is desperate which we would prevent. If, rather than to marry County Paris, |  |
| FTLN 2384  FTLN 2385  FTLN 2386 | Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself, Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  A thing like death to chide away this shame, | 75 |
| FTLN 2387  FTLN 2388 | That cop’st with death himself to ’scape from it; And if thou darest, I’ll give thee remedy. |  |
|  | JULIET |  |
| FTLN 2389  FTLN 2390  FTLN 2391 | O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris, From off the battlements of any tower, Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk | 80 |
| FTLN 2392  FTLN 2393  FTLN 2394 | Where serpents are. Chain me with roaring bears, Or hide me nightly in a charnel house, O’ercovered quite with dead men’s rattling bones, |  |
| FTLN 2395  FTLN 2396 | With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls. Or bid me go into a new-made grave | 85 |
| FTLN 2397  FTLN 2398  FTLN 2399  FTLN 2400  FTLN 2401 | 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 unstained wife to my sweet love. | 90 |
|  | FRIAR LAWRENCE |  |
| FTLN 2402  FTLN 2403  FTLN 2404  FTLN 2405 | Hold, then. Go home; be merry; give consent To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.  Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone;  Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber. |  |
| FTLN 2406 | *Holding out a vial.*  Take thou this vial, being then in bed, | 95 |
| FTLN 2407  FTLN 2408  FTLN 2409  FTLN 2410 | And this distilling liquor drink thou off; When presently through all thy veins shall run A cold and drowsy humor; for no pulse  Shall keep his native progress, but surcease. |  |
| FTLN 2411 | No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest. | 100 |

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 2412  FTLN 2413 | The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade To paly ashes, thy eyes’ windows fall |  |
| FTLN 2414  FTLN 2415  FTLN 2416 | Like death when he shuts up the day of life. Each part, deprived of supple government, Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death, | 105 |
| FTLN 2417  FTLN 2418  FTLN 2419  FTLN 2420  FTLN 2421 | And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death Thou shalt continue two and forty hours  And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead. | 110 |
| FTLN 2422 | Then, as the manner of our country is, |  |
| FTLN 2423 | In thy best robes uncovered on the bier |  |
| FTLN 2424  FTLN 2425  FTLN 2426 | Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  In the meantime, against thou shalt awake, | 115 |
| FTLN 2427  FTLN 2428 | Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift, And hither shall he come, and he and I |  |
| FTLN 2429  FTLN 2430  FTLN 2431 | Will watch thy waking, and that very night Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  And this shall free thee from this present shame, | 120 |
| FTLN 2432  FTLN 2433 | If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear Abate thy valor in the acting it. |  |
|  | JULIET |  |
| FTLN 2434 | Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear! |  |
| FTLN 2435 | FRIAR LAWRENCE*, giving Juliet the vial*  Hold, get you gone. Be strong and prosperous |  |
| FTLN 2436  FTLN 2437 | In this resolve. I’ll send a friar with speed To Mantua with my letters to thy lord. | 125 |
|  | JULIET |  |

FTLN 2438



FTLN 2439

FTLN 2440

Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father.

*They exit in different directions.*



Scene 2

*Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and Servingmen, two or three.*

FTLN 2441

FTLN 2442

CAPULET

So many guests invite as here are writ.

*One or two of the Servingmen exit*



*with Capulet’s list.*

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

FTLN 2443

SERVINGMAN

You shall have none ill, sir, for I’ll try if

FTLN 2444

they can lick their fingers.

FTLN 2445

CAPULET

How canst thou try them so? 5

FTLN 2446

SERVINGMAN

Marry, sir, ’tis an ill cook that cannot lick

FTLN 2447

FTLN 2448

his own fingers. Therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

FTLN 2449

CAPULET

Go, begone.

*Servingman exits.*

FTLN 2450

FTLN 2451

We shall be much unfurnished for this time.— 10

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

FTLN 2452

NURSE CAPULET

Ay, forsooth.

FTLN 2453

FTLN 2454

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

A peevish self-willed harlotry it is.

*Enter Juliet.*

FTLN 2455

FTLN 2456

FTLN 2457

FTLN 2458

FTLN 2459

FTLN 2460

NURSE

See where she comes from shrift with merry look. 15

CAPULET

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

JULIET

Where I have learned me to repent the sin Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests, and am enjoined 20



FTLN 2461

FTLN 2462

FTLN 2463

By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here

To beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you. Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

*Kneeling.*

FTLN 2464

FTLN 2465

FTLN 2466

FTLN 2467

FTLN 2468

FTLN 2469

CAPULET

Send for the County. Go tell him of this.

I’ll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning.

JULIET

I met the youthful lord at Lawrence’ cell And gave him what becomèd love I might, Not stepping o’er the bounds of modesty.

CAPULET

Why, I am glad on ’t. This is well. Stand up.

25

*Juliet rises.*



FTLN 2470

FTLN 2471

FTLN 2472

FTLN 2473

FTLN 2474

FTLN 2475

FTLN 2476

FTLN 2477

FTLN 2478

FTLN 2479

FTLN 2480

This is as ’t should be.—Let me see the County. 30

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.— Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar, All our whole city is much bound to him.

JULIET

Nurse, will you go with me into my closet

To help me sort such needful ornaments 35

As you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET

No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

CAPULET

Go, nurse. Go with her. We’ll to church tomorrow.

*Juliet and the Nurseexit.*



LADY CAPULET

We shall be short in our provision.

’Tis now near night. 40

FTLN 2481

CAPULET

Tush, I will stir about,

FTLN 2482

FTLN 2483

FTLN 2484

FTLN 2485

FTLN 2486

FTLN 2487

FTLN 2488

FTLN 2489

And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife. Go thou to Juliet. Help to deck up her.

I’ll not to bed tonight. Let me alone.

I’ll play the housewife for this once.—What ho!— 45

They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself To County Paris, to prepare up him

Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

*They exit.*



Scene 3

*Enter Juliet and Nurse.*

FTLN 2490

FTLN 2491

FTLN 2492

FTLN 2493

FTLN 2494

JULIET

Ay, those attires are best. But, gentle nurse, I pray thee leave me to myself tonight,

For I have need of many orisons

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,

Which, well thou knowest, is cross and full of sin. 5

*Enter Lady Capulet.*



FTLN 2495

FTLN 2496

FTLN 2497

FTLN 2498

FTLN 2499

FTLN 2500

FTLN 2501

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

No, madam, we have culled such necessaries As are behooveful for our state tomorrow.

So please you, let me now be left alone,

And let the Nurse this night sit up with you, 10

For I am sure you have your hands full all In this so sudden business.

FTLN 2502

LADY CAPULET

Good night.

FTLN 2503

FTLN 2504

FTLN 2505

FTLN 2506

FTLN 2507

FTLN 2508

FTLN 2509

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

*Lady Capulet and the Nurseexit.*

JULIET

Farewell.—God knows when we shall meet again. 15

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins That almost freezes up the heat of life.

I’ll call them back again to comfort me.— Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone. 20

FTLN 2510

Come, vial.

*She takes out the vial.*

FTLN 2511

FTLN 2512

FTLN 2513

FTLN 2514

What if this mixture do not work at all? Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?

*She takes out her knife and puts it down beside her.*

No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

What if it be a poison which the Friar 25



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 2515  FTLN 2516  FTLN 2517  FTLN 2518  FTLN 2519 | Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,  Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored 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. | 30 |
| FTLN 2520  FTLN 2521  FTLN 2522  FTLN 2523  FTLN 2524 | 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, | 35 |
| FTLN 2525  FTLN 2526  FTLN 2527  FTLN 2528  FTLN 2529 | And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes? Or, if I live, is it not very like  The horrible conceit of death and night, Together with the terror of the place— As in a vault, an ancient receptacle | 40 |
| FTLN 2530  FTLN 2531  FTLN 2532  FTLN 2533  FTLN 2534 | Where for this many hundred years the bones Of all my buried ancestors are packed; 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— | 45 |
| FTLN 2535  FTLN 2536  FTLN 2537  FTLN 2538 | Alack, alack, is it not like that I,  So early waking, what with loathsome smells, And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth, That living mortals, hearing them, run mad— |  |
| FTLN 2539  FTLN 2540  FTLN 2541  FTLN 2542  FTLN 2543  FTLN 2544 | O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught, Environèd 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 desp’rate brains? | 50  55 |
| FTLN 2545  FTLN 2546  FTLN 2547  FTLN 2548 | O look, methinks I see my cousin’s ghost Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body Upon a rapier’s point! Stay, Tybalt, stay!  Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here’s drink. I drink to |  |
| FTLN 2549 | thee. *She drinks and falls upon her bed* | 60 |

*within the curtains.*



Scene 4

*Enter Lady Capuletand Nurse.*

FTLN 2550

FTLN 2551

FTLN 2552

FTLN 2553

FTLN 2554

FTLN 2555

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

*Enter old Capulet.*

CAPULET

Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crowed. The curfew bell hath rung. ’Tis three o’clock.—

Look to the baked meats, good Angelica. 5

Spare not for cost.

FTLN 2556

NURSE

Go, you cot-quean, go,

FTLN 2557

FTLN 2558

FTLN 2559

FTLN 2560

FTLN 2561

FTLN 2562

FTLN 2563

Get you to bed. Faith, you’ll be sick tomorrow For this night’s watching.

CAPULET

No, not a whit. What, I have watched ere now 10

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

LADY CAPULET

Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time, But I will watch you from such watching now.

*Lady Capulet and Nurse exit.*

CAPULET

A jealous hood, a jealous hood!

*Enter three or four Servingmen with spits and logs and baskets.*

FTLN 2564

FTLN 2565

What is there?



FIRST SERVINGMAN

Now fellow, 15

FTLN 2566

Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.

CAPULET

FTLN 2567

FTLN 2568

Make haste, make haste.

*First Servingman exits.*

Sirrah, fetch drier logs.



FTLN 2569

Call Peter. He will show thee where they are. 20

FTLN 2570

FTLN 2571

FTLN 2572

FTLN 2573

SECOND SERVINGMAN



I have a head, sir, that will find out logs And never trouble Peter for the matter.

CAPULET

Mass, and well said. A merry whoreson, ha! Thou shalt be loggerhead.

FTLN 2574

FTLN 2575

*Second Servingman exits.*

Good faith, ’tis day. 25



The County will be here with music straight,

FTLN 2576

FTLN 2577

For so he said he would. I hear him near.— Nurse!—Wife! What ho!—What, nurse, I say!

*Enter Nurse.*

*Play music.*

FTLN 2578

FTLN 2579

FTLN 2580

FTLN 2581

Go waken Juliet. Go and trim her up.

I’ll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste, Make haste. The bridegroom he is come already. Make haste, I say.

30

*He exits.*



Scene 5

FTLN 2582

FTLN 2583

FTLN 2584

FTLN 2585

FTLN 2586

FTLN 2587

FTLN 2588

FTLN 2589

FTLN 2590

FTLN 2591

FTLN 2592

FTLN 2593

NURSE*, approaching the bed*

Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!—Fast, I warrant her, she—

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

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

What, not a word?—You take your pennyworths 5

now.

Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant, The County Paris hath set up his rest

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,

Marry, and amen! How sound is she asleep! 10

I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam! Ay, let the County take you in your bed,

FTLN 2594

FTLN 2595

FTLN 2596

FTLN 2597

FTLN 2598

FTLN 2599

FTLN 2600

He’ll fright you up, i’ faith.—Will it not be?

*She opens the bed’s curtains.*

What, dressed, and in your clothes, and down

again? 15

I must needs wake you. Lady, lady, lady!— Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady’s dead.— O, weraday, that ever I was born!—

Some aqua vitae, ho!—My lord! My lady!

*Enter Lady Capulet.*



FTLN 2601

FTLN 2602

FTLN 2603

FTLN 2604

LADY CAPULET

What noise is here?

NURSE

LADY CAPULET

What is the matter?

NURSE

LADY CAPULET

20

O lamentable day!

Look, look!—O heavy day!

FTLN 2605

FTLN 2606

FTLN 2607

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

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee. 25

Help, help! Call help.

*Enter Capulet.*



FTLN 2608

FTLN 2609

FTLN 2610

FTLN 2611

FTLN 2612

FTLN 2613

FTLN 2614

FTLN 2615

FTLN 2616

CAPULET

For shame, bring Juliet forth. Her lord is come.

NURSE

She’s dead, deceased. She’s dead, alack the day!

LADY CAPULET

Alack the day, she’s dead, she’s dead, she’s dead.

CAPULET

Ha, let me see her! Out, alas, she’s cold. 30

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff. Life and these lips have long been separated. Death lies on her like an untimely frost Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

NURSE

O lamentable day! 35

FTLN 2617

FTLN 2618

FTLN 2619

LADY CAPULET O woeful time!

CAPULET

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

*Enter Friar Lawrence and the County Paris, with Musicians.*



FTLN 2620

FTLN 2621

FTLN 2622

FTLN 2623

FTLN 2624

FTLN 2625

FTLN 2626

FTLN 2627

FTLN 2628

FTLN 2629

FTLN 2630

FTLN 2631

FTLN 2632

FTLN 2633

FTLN 2634

FTLN 2635

FTLN 2636

FTLN 2637

FTLN 2638

FTLN 2639

FTLN 2640

FTLN 2641

FTLN 2642

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET

Ready to go, but never to return.— 40

O son, the night before thy wedding day Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies, Flower as she was, deflowerèd by him.

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

My daughter he hath wedded. I will die 45

And leave him all. Life, living, all is Death’s.

PARIS

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

LADY CAPULET

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour that e’er time saw 50

In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child, But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel death hath catched it from my sight!

NURSE

O woe, O woeful, woeful, woeful day! 55

Most lamentable day, most woeful day That ever, ever I did yet behold!

O day, O day, O day, O hateful day! Never was seen so black a day as this!

O woeful day, O woeful day! 60

PARIS

Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 2643  FTLN 2644  FTLN 2645 | Most detestable death, by thee beguiled, By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!  O love! O life! Not life, but love in death! |  |
|  | CAPULET |
| FTLN 2646  FTLN 2647  FTLN 2648  FTLN 2649  FTLN 2650  FTLN 2651 | Despised, distressèd, hated, martyred, killed! Uncomfortable time, why cam’st thou now To murder, murder our solemnity?  O child! O child! My soul and not my child! Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead,  And with my child my joys are burièd. | 65  70 |
|  | FRIAR LAWRENCE |  |
| FTLN 2652  FTLN 2653  FTLN 2654  FTLN 2655  FTLN 2656 | Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion’s cure lives not In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  Had part in this fair maid. Now heaven hath all, And all the better is it for the maid.  Your part in her you could not keep from death, | 75 |
| FTLN 2657  FTLN 2658  FTLN 2659  FTLN 2660  FTLN 2661 | But heaven keeps his part in eternal life. The most you sought was her promotion,  For ’twas your heaven she should be advanced; And weep you now, seeing she is advanced Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself? | 80 |
| FTLN 2662  FTLN 2663  FTLN 2664  FTLN 2665  FTLN 2666 | O, in this love you love your child so ill That you run mad, seeing that she is well.  She’s not well married that lives married long, But she’s best married that dies married young. Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary | 85 |
| FTLN 2667  FTLN 2668 | On this fair corse, and, as the custom is, And in her best array, bear her to church, |  |
| FTLN 2669  FTLN 2670 | For though fond nature bids us all lament, Yet nature’s tears are reason’s merriment. |  |
|  | CAPULET |  |
| FTLN 2671  FTLN 2672  FTLN 2673  FTLN 2674  FTLN 2675 | All things that we ordainèd festival Turn from their office to black funeral: Our instruments to melancholy bells, Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,  Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change, | 90 |

FTLN 2676

FTLN 2677

FTLN 2678

FTLN 2679

FTLN 2680

FTLN 2681

FTLN 2682

Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse, And all things change them to the contrary.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him, And go, Sir Paris. Everyone prepare

To follow this fair corse unto her grave. The heavens do lour upon you for some ill.

Move them no more by crossing their high will.

*All but the Nurse and the Musiciansexit.*

95

100

FTLN 2683

FTLN 2684

FTLN 2685

FTLN 2686

FIRST MUSICIAN

Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.



NURSE

Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up, For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

FIRST MUSICIAN



Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.



*Enter Peter. *



*Nurse exits.*

105



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 2687  FTLN 2688  FTLN 2689  FTLN 2690 | PETER Musicians, O musicians, “Heart’s ease,” “Heart’s ease.” O, an you will have me live, play “Heart’s ease.”  FIRST MUSICIAN Why “Heart’s ease?” |  |
| FTLN 2691  FTLN 2692  FTLN 2693  FTLN 2694 | PETER O musicians, because my heart itself plays “My heart is full.” O, play me some merry dump to comfort me.  FIRST MUSICIAN Not a dump, we. ’Tis no time to play | 110 |
| FTLN 2695 | now. |  |
| FTLN 2696  FTLN 2697 | PETER You will not then?  FIRST MUSICIAN No. | 115 |
| FTLN 2698  FTLN 2699 | PETER I will then give it you soundly.  FIRST MUSICIAN What will you give us? |  |
| FTLN 2700 | PETER No money, on my faith, but the gleek. I will give |  |
| FTLN 2701  FTLN 2702 | you the minstrel.  FIRST MUSICIAN Then will I give you the | 120 |
| FTLN 2703 | serving-creature. |  |



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 2704  FTLN 2705  FTLN 2706 | PETER Then will I lay the serving-creature’s dagger on your pate. I will carry no crochets. I’ll *re* you, I’ll *fa* you. Do you note me? | 125 |
| FTLN 2707 | FIRST MUSICIAN An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us. |  |
| FTLN 2708 | SECOND MUSICIAN  Pray you, put up your dagger and |  |
| FTLN 2709  FTLN 2710 | put out your wit.  PETER  Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat |  |
| FTLN 2711  FTLN 2712 | you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men. | 130 |
| FTLN 2713 | *Sings. When griping griefs the heart doth wound* |  |
| FTLN 2714  FTLN 2715  FTLN 2716 | *And doleful dumps the mind oppress, Then music with her silver sound—*  Why “silver sound”? Why “music with her silver | 135 |
| FTLN 2717  FTLN 2718 | sound”? What say you, Simon Catling?  FIRST MUSICIAN Marry, sir, because silver hath a |  |
| FTLN 2719  FTLN 2720 | sweet sound.  PETER Prates.—What say you, Hugh Rebeck? |  |
| FTLN 2721 | SECOND MUSICIAN I say “silver sound” because musicians | 140 |
| FTLN 2722  FTLN 2723  FTLN 2724 | sound for silver.  PETER Prates too.—What say you, James Soundpost?  THIRD MUSICIAN  Faith, I know not what to say. |  |
| FTLN 2725  FTLN 2726 | PETER O, I cry you mercy. You are the singer. I will say for you. It is “music with her silver sound” because | 145 |
| FTLN 2727 | musicians have no gold for sounding: |  |
| FTLN 2728  FTLN 2729  FTLN 2730 | *Sings. Then music with her silver sound With speedy help doth lend redress.*  *He exits.*  FIRST MUSICIAN What a pestilent knave is this same! |  |
| FTLN 2731 | SECOND MUSICIAN  Hang him, Jack. Come, we’ll in | 150 |
| FTLN 2732 | here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. |  |
|  | *They exit.* |  |

# *ACT 5*



Scene 1

*Enter Romeo.*

FTLN 2733

FTLN 2734

FTLN 2735

FTLN 2736

FTLN 2737

FTLN 2738

FTLN 2739

FTLN 2740

FTLN 2741

FTLN 2742

FTLN 2743

FTLN 2744

FTLN 2745

FTLN 2746

FTLN 2747

FTLN 2748

FTLN 2749

FTLN 2750

FTLN 2751

FTLN 2752

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand. My bosom’s lord sits lightly in his throne, And all this day an unaccustomed spirit

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. 5

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

think!)

And breathed such life with kisses in my lips

That I revived and was an emperor. 10

Ah me, how sweet is love itself possessed When but love’s shadows are so rich in joy!

*Enter Romeo’s man Balthasar, in riding boots.*

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

How doth my lady? Is my father well? 15

How doth my Juliet? That I ask again, For nothing can be ill if she be well.

BALTHASAR

Then she is well and nothing can be ill. Her body sleeps in Capels’ monument,

And her immortal part with angels lives. 20

211

FTLN 2753

FTLN 2754

FTLN 2755

FTLN 2756

FTLN 2757

FTLN 2758

FTLN 2759

FTLN 2760

FTLN 2761

FTLN 2762

I saw her laid low in her kindred’s vault And presently took post to tell it you.

O, pardon me for bringing these ill news, Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

ROMEO

Is it e’en so?—Then I deny you, stars!— 25

Thou knowest my lodging. Get me ink and paper, And hire post-horses. I will hence tonight.

BALTHASAR

I do beseech you, sir, have patience.

Your looks are pale and wild and do import

Some misadventure. 30

FTLN 2763

ROMEO

Tush, thou art deceived.

FTLN 2764

FTLN 2765

FTLN 2766

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

BALTHASAR

No, my good lord.

FTLN 2767

ROMEO

No matter. Get thee gone, 35

FTLN 2768

And hire those horses. I’ll be with thee straight.

*Balthasar exits.*

FTLN 2769

FTLN 2770

FTLN 2771

FTLN 2772

FTLN 2773

FTLN 2774

FTLN 2775

FTLN 2776

FTLN 2777

FTLN 2778

FTLN 2779

FTLN 2780

FTLN 2781

FTLN 2782

FTLN 2783

FTLN 2784

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.

Let’s see for means. O mischief, thou art swift To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.

I do remember an apothecary 40

(And hereabouts he dwells) which late I noted In tattered 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, 45

An alligator stuffed, and other skins

Of ill-shaped 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 50

Were thinly scattered to make up a show. Noting this penury, to myself I said

FTLN 2785

FTLN 2786

FTLN 2787

FTLN 2788

FTLN 2789

FTLN 2790

FTLN 2791

FTLN 2792

“An if a man did need a poison now, Whose sale is present death in Mantua,

Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.” 55

O, this same thought did but forerun my need, And this same needy man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house. Being holiday, the beggar’s shop is shut.—

What ho, Apothecary! 60

*Enter Apothecary.*

FTLN 2793

APOTHECARY ROMEO

Who calls so loud?

FTLN 2794

Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.

*He offers money.*

FTLN 2795

FTLN 2796

FTLN 2797

FTLN 2798

FTLN 2799

FTLN 2800

FTLN 2801

FTLN 2802

FTLN 2803

FTLN 2804

FTLN 2805

FTLN 2806

FTLN 2807

FTLN 2808

FTLN 2809

FTLN 2810

FTLN 2811

FTLN 2812

Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have

A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear

As will disperse itself through all the veins, 65

That the life-weary taker may fall dead,

And that the trunk may be discharged of breath As violently as hasty powder fired

Doth hurry from the fatal cannon’s womb.

APOTHECARY

Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua’s law 70

Is death to any he that utters them.

ROMEO

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness, And fearest to die? Famine is in thy cheeks, Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,

Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back. 75

The world is not thy friend, nor the world’s law. The world affords no law to make thee rich.

Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

APOTHECARY

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROMEO

I pay thy poverty and not thy will. 80

FTLN 2813

FTLN 2814

FTLN 2815

FTLN 2816

FTLN 2817

FTLN 2818

FTLN 2819

FTLN 2820

FTLN 2821

FTLN 2822

FTLN 2823

APOTHECARY*, giving him the poison*

Put this in any liquid thing you will



And drink it off, and if you had the strength Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO*, handing him the money*

There is thy gold, worse poison to men’s souls,

Doing more murder in this loathsome world 85

Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.

I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none. Farewell, buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

*Apothecary exits.*



Come, cordial and not poison, go with me 90

To Juliet’s grave, for there must I use thee.

*He exits.*



Scene 2

*Enter Friar John.*

FTLN 2824

FRIAR JOHN

Holy Franciscan friar, brother, ho!

*Enter Friar Lawrence.*

FTLN 2825

FTLN 2826

FTLN 2827

FTLN 2828

FTLN 2829

FTLN 2830

FTLN 2831

FTLN 2832

FTLN 2833

FTLN 2834

FTLN 2835

FRIAR LAWRENCE

This same should be the voice of Friar John.— Welcome from Mantua. What says Romeo?

Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

FRIAR JOHN

Going to find a barefoot brother out, 5

One of our order, to associate me, Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town, Suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign, 10

Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth, So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

FTLN 2836

FTLN 2837

FTLN 2838

FTLN 2839

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

I could not send it—here it is again—



Nor get a messenger to bring it thee, So fearful were they of infection.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

*Returning the letter.*

15

FTLN 2840

FTLN 2841

FTLN 2842

FTLN 2843

FTLN 2844

FTLN 2845

FTLN 2846

FTLN 2847

FTLN 2848

FTLN 2849

FTLN 2850

FTLN 2851

FTLN 2852

FTLN 2853

Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood, The letter was not nice but full of charge, Of dear import, and the neglecting it

May do much danger. Friar John, go hence. Get me an iron crow and bring it straight Unto my cell.

FRIAR JOHN

Brother, I’ll go and bring it thee.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Now must I to the monument alone.

Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake. She will beshrew me much that Romeo Hath had no notice of these accidents.

But I will write again to Mantua,

And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.

Poor living corse, closed in a dead man’s tomb!

20

*He exits.*

25

30

*He exits.*

Scene 3

*Enter Paris and his Page.*

FTLN 2854

FTLN 2855

FTLN 2856

FTLN 2857

FTLN 2858

FTLN 2859

PARIS

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

Under yond yew trees lay thee all along, Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground.

So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread 5

(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)

FTLN 2860

FTLN 2861

FTLN 2862

FTLN 2863

FTLN 2864

FTLN 2865

FTLN 2866

FTLN 2867

FTLN 2868

FTLN 2869

FTLN 2870

FTLN 2871

FTLN 2872

FTLN 2873

FTLN 2874

But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me

As signal that thou hearest something approach. Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee. Go.

PAGE*, aside*



I am almost afraid to stand alone 10

Here in the churchyard. Yet I will adventure.

*He moves away from Paris.*

PARIS*, scattering flowers*

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew (O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones!)

Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by moans. 15

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

*Page whistles.*



The boy gives warning something doth approach. What cursèd foot wanders this way tonight,

To cross my obsequies and true love’s rite? 20

What, with a torch? Muffle me, night, awhile.

*He steps aside.*



*Enter Romeo and Balthasar.*



FTLN 2875

FTLN 2876

FTLN 2877

FTLN 2878

FTLN 2879

FTLN 2880

FTLN 2881

FTLN 2882

FTLN 2883

FTLN 2884

FTLN 2885

FTLN 2886

FTLN 2887

ROMEO

Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron. Hold, take this letter. Early in the morning See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee, 25

Whate’er thou hearest 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 30

A precious ring, a ring that I must use

In dear employment. Therefore hence, begone. But, if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

In what I farther shall intend to do,

FTLN 2888

FTLN 2889

FTLN 2890

FTLN 2891

FTLN 2892

FTLN 2893

FTLN 2894

FTLN 2895

FTLN 2896

FTLN 2897

By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint 35

And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs. The time and my intents are savage-wild,

More fierce and more inexorable far Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

BALTHASAR 



I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 40

ROMEO

So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that.

*Giving money.*



Live and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.

BALTHASAR*, aside*



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



ROMEO*, beginning to force open the tomb*



*He steps aside.*

FTLN 2898

FTLN 2899

FTLN 2900

FTLN 2901

FTLN 2902

FTLN 2903

FTLN 2904

FTLN 2905

FTLN 2906

FTLN 2907

FTLN 2908

FTLN 2909

FTLN 2910

FTLN 2911

FTLN 2912

FTLN 2913

FTLN 2914

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, 45

Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth, Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

And in despite I’ll cram thee with more food.

PARIS

This is that banished haughty Montague

That murdered my love’s cousin, with which grief 50

It is supposèd the fair creature died,

And here is come to do some villainous shame To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.

*Stepping forward.*



Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague.

Can vengeance be pursued further than death? 55

Condemnèd villain, I do apprehend thee. Obey and go with me, for thou must die.

ROMEO

I must indeed, and therefore came I hither. Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp’rate man.

Fly hence and leave me. Think upon these gone. 60

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,

FTLN 2915

FTLN 2916

FTLN 2917

FTLN 2918

FTLN 2919

FTLN 2920

FTLN 2921

FTLN 2922

FTLN 2923

Put not another sin upon my head By urging me to fury. O, begone!

By heaven, I love thee better than myself,

For I come hither armed against myself. 65

Stay not, begone, live, and hereafter say A madman’s mercy bid thee run away.

PARIS

I do defy thy commination 

And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO

Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy! 70

*They draw and fight.*

FTLN 2924

FTLN 2925

FTLN 2926

FTLN 2927

FTLN 2928

FTLN 2929

FTLN 2930

FTLN 2931

FTLN 2932

FTLN 2933

FTLN 2934

FTLN 2935

FTLN 2936

PAGE 

O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.



PARIS

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

ROMEO

In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face. Mercutio’s kinsman, noble County Paris! What said my man when my betossèd soul Did not attend him as we rode? I think

He told me Paris should have married Juliet. Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune’s book! I’ll bury thee in a triumphant grave.—

*He exits.*



*He dies.*

75

80

FTLN 2937

FTLN 2938

FTLN 2939

FTLN 2940

FTLN 2941

*He opens the tomb.*

A grave? O, no. A lantern, slaughtered youth,



For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes 85

This vault a feasting presence full of light.— Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.

*Laying Paris in the tomb.*



How oft when men are at the point of death



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 2942  FTLN 2943 | Have they been merry, which their keepers call A light’ning before death! O, how may I | 90 |
| FTLN 2944  FTLN 2945  FTLN 2946  FTLN 2947  FTLN 2948 | Call this a light’ning?—O my love, my wife, Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath, Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.  Thou art not conquered. Beauty’s ensign yet Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, | 95 |
| FTLN 2949  FTLN 2950  FTLN 2951  FTLN 2952  FTLN 2953 | And death’s pale flag is not advancèd there.— Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?  O, what more favor can I do to thee  Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain To sunder his that was thine enemy? | 100 |
| FTLN 2954  FTLN 2955  FTLN 2956  FTLN 2957  FTLN 2958 | Forgive me, cousin.—Ah, dear Juliet, Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe That unsubstantial death is amorous,  And that the lean abhorrèd monster keeps Thee here in dark to be his paramour? | 105 |
| FTLN 2959 | For fear of that I still will stay with thee |  |
| FTLN 2960  FTLN 2961  FTLN 2962  FTLN 2963 | And never from this palace of dim night Depart again. Here, here will I remain  With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here Will I set up my everlasting rest | 110 |
| FTLN 2964  FTLN 2965  FTLN 2966  FTLN 2967  FTLN 2968 | And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  From this world-wearied flesh! Eyes, look your last. Arms, take your last embrace. And, lips, O, you The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  A dateless bargain to engrossing death. | 115 |
| FTLN 2969 | *Kissing Juliet.*  Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide! |  |
| FTLN 2970  FTLN 2971 | Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on The dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark! |  |
| FTLN 2972 | Here’s to my love. *Drinking.* O true apothecary, |  |
| FTLN 2973 | Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. | 120 |
|  | *He dies.* |  |

*Enter Friar Lawrence with lantern, crow, and spade.*



FTLN 2974

FTLN 2975

FTLN 2976

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Saint Francis be my speed! How oft tonight

Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who’s there?

BALTHASAR 



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

FRIAR LAWRENCE



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 2977  FTLN 2978 | Bliss be upon you. Tell me, good my friend, What torch is yond that vainly lends his light | 125 |
| FTLN 2979  FTLN 2980 | To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern, It burneth in the Capels’ monument. |  |
|  | BALTHASAR |  |
| FTLN 2981  FTLN 2982 | It doth so, holy sir, and there’s my master, One that you love. |  |
| FTLN 2983  FTLN 2984 | FRIAR LAWRENCE Who is it?  BALTHASAR  Romeo. | 130 |

FTLN 2985

FTLN 2986

FRIAR LAWRENCE

How long hath he been there?



BALTHASAR  FRIAR LAWRENCE



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 2987  FTLN 2988 | Go with me to the vault.  BALTHASAR I dare not, sir. | 135 |
| FTLN 2989  FTLN 2990  FTLN 2991 | My master knows not but I am gone hence, And fearfully did menace me with death  If I did stay to look on his intents. |  |
|  | FRIAR LAWRENCE |  |
| FTLN 2992  FTLN 2993 | Stay, then. I’ll go alone. Fear comes upon me. O, much I fear some ill unthrifty thing. | 140 |
|  | BALTHASAR |  |
| FTLN 2994  FTLN 2995  FTLN 2996 | As I did sleep under this yew tree here, I dreamt my master and another fought, And that my master slew him. |  |
|  | FRIAR LAWRENCE*, moving toward the tomb* |  |
| FTLN 2997 | Romeo!— |  |
| FTLN 2998  FTLN 2999  FTLN 3000 | Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains The stony entrance of this sepulcher?  What mean these masterless and gory swords | 145 |

Full half an hour.

 

 

 

 

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 3001  FTLN 3002  FTLN 3003 | To lie discolored by this place of peace? Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too? And steeped in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour |  | 150 |
| FTLN 3004  FTLN 3005 | Is guilty of this lamentable chance! The lady stirs. |  |  |
|  | JULIET |  |  |
| FTLN 3006  FTLN 3007  FTLN 3008 | O comfortable friar, where is my lord? I do remember well where I should be, And there I am. Where is my Romeo? |  | 155 |
|  | FRIAR LAWRENCE |  |  |
| FTLN 3009  FTLN 3010  FTLN 3011  FTLN 3012  FTLN 3013 | I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.  A greater power than we can contradict  Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away. Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead, |  | 160 |
| FTLN 3014  FTLN 3015  FTLN 3016  FTLN 3017 | And Paris, too. Come, I’ll dispose of thee Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.  Stay not to question, for the watch is coming. Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay. |  |  |
|  | JULIET |  |  |
| FTLN 3018  FTLN 3019 | Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.  *He exits.*  What’s here? A cup closed in my true love’s hand? | | 165 |
| FTLN 3020  FTLN 3021  FTLN 3022  FTLN 3023 | Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.— O churl, drunk all, and left no friendly drop To help me after! I will kiss thy lips.  Haply some poison yet doth hang on them, |  | 170 |

FTLN 3024

FTLN 3025

To make me die with a restorative. Thy lips are warm!

*She kisses him.*

*Enter Paris’s Pageand Watch.*



FTLN 3026

FIRST WATCH JULIET

Lead, boy. Which way?

FTLN 3027

FTLN 3028

Yea, noise? Then I’ll be brief. O, happy dagger,

This is thy sheath. There rust, and let me die.

*She takes Romeo’s dagger, stabs herself, and dies.*

175

FTLN 3029

FTLN 3030

FTLN 3031

PAGE 

This is the place, there where the torch doth burn.



FIRST WATCH



The ground is bloody.—Search about the churchyard.

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 3032 | Go, some of you; whoe’er you find, attach.  *Some watchmen exit.* |  |
| FTLN 3033  FTLN 3034  FTLN 3035  FTLN 3036  FTLN 3037 | Pitiful sight! Here lies the County slain, And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead, Who here hath lain this two days burièd.— Go, tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets.  Raise up the Montagues. Some others search. | 180 |
| FTLN 3038 | *Others exit.*  We see the ground whereon these woes do lie, | 185 |
| FTLN 3039  FTLN 3040 | But the true ground of all these piteous woes We cannot without circumstance descry. |  |

 

 

*Enter Watchmen withRomeo’s man Balthasar.*



FTLN 3041

FTLN 3042

FTLN 3043

SECOND WATCH

Here’s Romeo’s man. We found him in the churchyard.



FIRST WATCH



Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.

*Enter Friar Lawrence and another Watchman.*

190

FTLN 3044

FTLN 3045

FTLN 3046

FTLN 3047

THIRD WATCH

Here is a friar that trembles, sighs, and weeps. We took this mattock and this spade from him As he was coming from this churchyard’s side.

FIRST WATCH



A great suspicion. Stay the Friar too.

*Enter the Prince with Attendants.*

FTLN 3048

FTLN 3049

PRINCE

What misadventure is so early up

That calls our person from our morning rest?

195

*Enter Capulet and Lady Capulet.*



FTLN 3050

FTLN 3051

FTLN 3052

FTLN 3053

FTLN 3054

CAPULET

What should it be that is so shrieked abroad?

LADY CAPULET

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

PRINCE

What fear is this which startles in our ears?

FIRST WATCH



200

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 3055  FTLN 3056  FTLN 3057 | Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain, And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before, Warm and new killed. |  |
|  | PRINCE |
| FTLN 3058  FTLN 3059 | Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes. | 205 |
|  | FIRST WATCH |  |
| FTLN 3060  FTLN 3061  FTLN 3062 | Here is a friar, and slaughtered Romeo’s man, With instruments upon them fit to open  These dead men’s tombs. |  |
|  | CAPULET |  |
| FTLN 3063  FTLN 3064  FTLN 3065  FTLN 3066 | O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds! This dagger hath mista’en, for, lo, his house  Is empty on the back of Montague,  And it mis-sheathèd in my daughter’s bosom. | 210 |
|  | LADY CAPULET |  |
| FTLN 3067  FTLN 3068 | O me, this sight of death is as a bell That warns my old age to a sepulcher. | 215 |
|  | *Enter Montague.* |  |

FTLN 3069

FTLN 3070

FTLN 3071

PRINCE

Come, Montague, for thou art early up

To see thy son and heir now early down.

MONTAGUE

Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight.

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 3072  FTLN 3073 | Grief of my son’s exile hath stopped her breath. What further woe conspires against mine age? | 220 |
| FTLN 3074 | PRINCE Look, and thou shalt see. |  |
| FTLN 3075 | MONTAGUE*, seeing Romeo dead*  O thou untaught! What manners is in this, |  |
| FTLN 3076 | To press before thy father to a grave? |  |
|  | PRINCE |  |
| FTLN 3077  FTLN 3078 | Seal up the mouth of outrage for awhile, Till we can clear these ambiguities | 225 |
| FTLN 3079  FTLN 3080  FTLN 3081  FTLN 3082  FTLN 3083 | And know their spring, their head, their true descent,  And then will I be general of your woes  And lead you even to death. Meantime forbear, And let mischance be slave to patience.— | 230 |
| FTLN 3084 | Bring forth the parties of suspicion. |  |
|  | FRIAR LAWRENCE |  |
| FTLN 3085  FTLN 3086  FTLN 3087  FTLN 3088 | I am the greatest, able to do least,  Yet most suspected, as the time and place Doth make against me, of this direful murder. And here I stand, both to impeach and purge | 235 |
| FTLN 3089 | Myself condemnèd and myself excused. |  |
|  | PRINCE |  |

FTLN 3090

Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR LAWRENCE



|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 3091  FTLN 3092  FTLN 3093 | I will be brief, for my short date of breath Is not so long as is a tedious tale.  Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet, | 240 |
| FTLN 3094  FTLN 3095  FTLN 3096  FTLN 3097  FTLN 3098 | And she, there dead, that Romeo’s faithful wife. I married them, and their stol’n marriage day  Was Tybalt’s doomsday, whose untimely death Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city, For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined. | 245 |
| FTLN 3099  FTLN 3100  FTLN 3101  FTLN 3102 | You, to remove that siege of grief from her, Betrothed and would have married her perforce To County Paris. Then comes she to me,  And with wild looks bid me devise some mean |  |

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 3103  FTLN 3104  FTLN 3105  FTLN 3106  FTLN 3107  FTLN 3108 | To rid her from this second marriage,  Or in my cell there would she kill herself. Then gave I her (so tutored by my art)  A sleeping potion, which so took effect As I intended, for it wrought on her  The form of death. Meantime I writ to Romeo | 250  255 |
| FTLN 3109  FTLN 3110  FTLN 3111  FTLN 3112  FTLN 3113 | That he should hither come as this dire night To help to take her from her borrowed grave, Being the time the potion’s force should cease. But he which bore my letter, Friar John,  Was stayed by accident, and yesternight | 260 |
| FTLN 3114  FTLN 3115  FTLN 3116  FTLN 3117  FTLN 3118 | Returned my letter back. Then all alone At the prefixèd hour of her waking  Came I to take her from her kindred’s vault, Meaning to keep her closely at my cell  Till I conveniently could send to Romeo. | 265 |
| FTLN 3119  FTLN 3120  FTLN 3121  FTLN 3122  FTLN 3123 | But when I came, some minute ere the time Of her awakening, here untimely lay  The noble Paris and true Romeo dead. She wakes, and I entreated her come forth  And bear this work of heaven with patience. | 270 |
| FTLN 3124  FTLN 3125  FTLN 3126  FTLN 3127  FTLN 3128 | But then a noise did scare me from the tomb, And she, too desperate, would not go with me But, as it seems, did violence on herself.  All this I know, and to the marriage Her nurse is privy. And if aught in this | 275 |
| FTLN 3129  FTLN 3130  FTLN 3131 | Miscarried by my fault, let my old life Be sacrificed some hour before his time Unto the rigor of severest law. |  |
|  | PRINCE |  |
| FTLN 3132  FTLN 3133 | We still have known thee for a holy man.— Where’s Romeo’s man? What can he say to this? | 280 |
|  | BALTHASAR |  |
| FTLN 3134  FTLN 3135  FTLN 3136 | I brought my master news of Juliet’s death, And then in post he came from Mantua  To this same place, to this same monument. |  |

FTLN 3137

FTLN 3138

FTLN 3139

FTLN 3140

FTLN 3141

FTLN 3142

This letter he early bid me give his father

And threatened me with death, going in the vault, If I departed not and left him there.

PRINCE

Give me the letter. I will look on it.—

*He takes Romeo’s letter.*



Where is the County’s page, that raised the watch?—

285

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| FTLN 3143  FTLN 3144 | Sirrah, what made your master in this place?  PAGE  He came with flowers to strew his lady’s grave | 290 |
| FTLN 3145  FTLN 3146  FTLN 3147  FTLN 3148 | And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.  Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb, And by and by my master drew on him, And then I ran away to call the watch. | 295 |
|  | PRINCE |  |
| FTLN 3149  FTLN 3150  FTLN 3151  FTLN 3152  FTLN 3153 | This letter doth make good the Friar’s words, Their course of love, the tidings of her death; And here he writes that he did buy a poison Of a poor ’pothecary, and therewithal  Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet. | 300 |
| FTLN 3154  FTLN 3155  FTLN 3156  FTLN 3157  FTLN 3158 | Where be these enemies?—Capulet, Montague, See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love, And I, for winking at your discords too,  Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punished. | 305 |
|  | CAPULET |  |
| FTLN 3159  FTLN 3160  FTLN 3161  FTLN 3162  FTLN 3163 | O brother Montague, give me thy hand. This is my daughter’s jointure, for no more Can I demand.  MONTAGUE But I can give thee more, For I will ray her statue in pure gold, | 310 |
| FTLN 3164  FTLN 3165  FTLN 3166 | That whiles Verona by that name is known, There shall no figure at such rate be set  As that of true and faithful Juliet. |  |

FTLN 3167

FTLN 3168

FTLN 3169

FTLN 3170

FTLN 3171

FTLN 3172

FTLN 3173

FTLN 3174

CAPULET

As rich shall Romeo’s by his lady’s lie, Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

PRINCE

A glooming peace this morning with it brings. The sun for sorrow will not show his head.

Go hence to have more talk of these sad things. Some shall be pardoned, and some punishèd.

For never was a story of more woe Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

*All exit.*

315

320