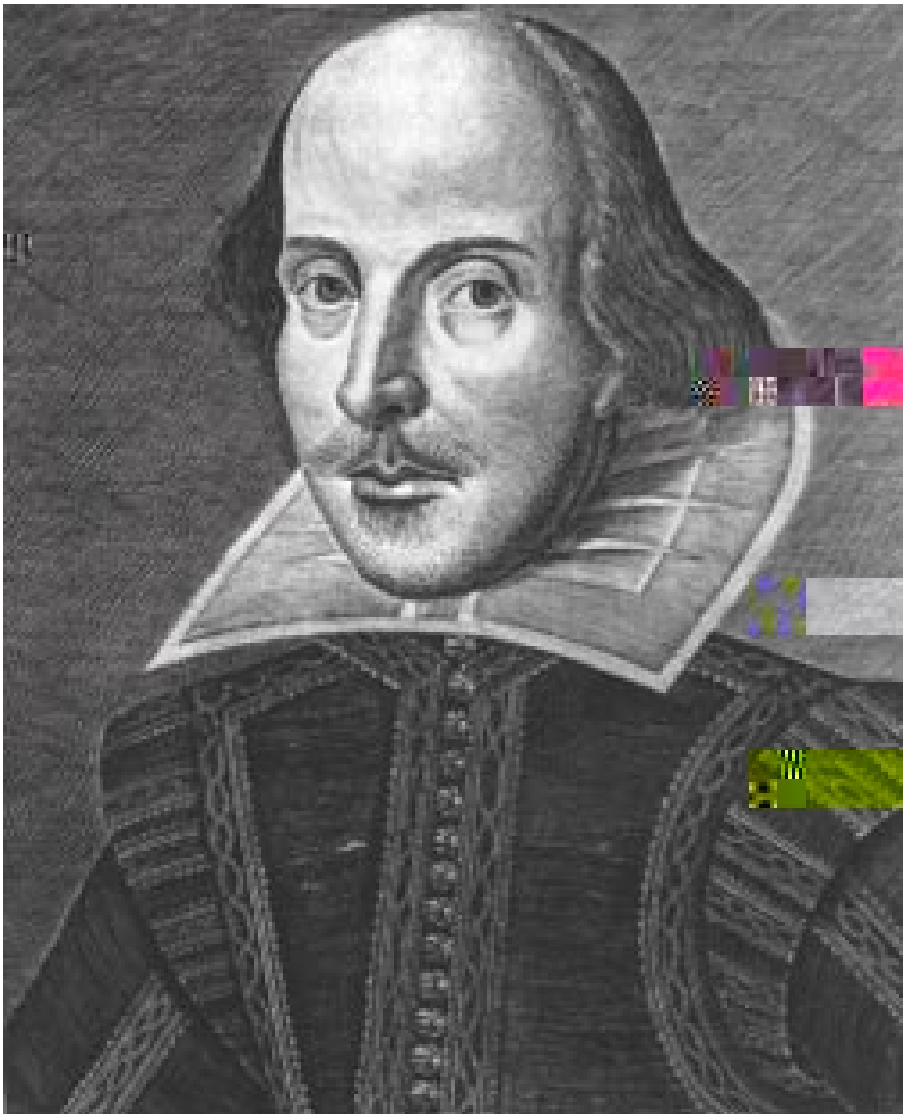


VOLUME IV BOOK IX

1

ROMEO AND JULIET



By William Shakespeare

Dramatis Personae



BALTHASAR *servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON
GREGORY } *servants to Capulet.*

PETER *servant to Juliet's nurse.*

ABRAHAM *servant to Montague.*

An Apothecary. (APOTHECARY)

Three Musicians.
(FIRST MUSICIAN)
(SECOND MUSICIAN)
(THIRD MUSICIAN)

Page to Paris; (PAGE) another Page; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE *wife to Montague.*

LADY CAPULET *wife to Capulet.*

JULIET *daughter to Capulet.*

Nurse to Juliet. (NURSE)

*Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women,
relations to both houses; Maskers,*

Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

(FIRST CITIZEN), (SERVANT), (FIRST SERVANT), (SECOND SERVANT), (FIRST WATCHMAN), (SECOND WATCHMAN), (THIRD WATCHMAN), Chorus.

SCENE *Verona: Mantua.*

Romeo and Juliet



PROLOGUE

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

Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.



ACT I

SCENE I

Verona. A public place.

[Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of CAPULET, armed with swords and bucklers]

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

GREGORY No, for then we should be colliers.

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

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

SAMPSON I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

GREGORY The heads of the maids?

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

GREGORY They must take it in sense that feel it.

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

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

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

GREGORY How! turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON Fear me not.

GREGORY No, marry; I fear thee!

SAMPSON Let us take the law of our sides;

With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd 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 further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgement-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY]

ROMEO Out—

BENVOLIO Of love?

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

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

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

BENVOLIO No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO Why, such is love's transgression.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO Soft! I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

BENVOLIO Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

ROMEO What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me who.

ROMEO Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

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

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

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

ROMEO 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 arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the 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 Then she hath sworn that she will still
live chaste?

ROMEO She hath, and in that sparing makes
huge waste.

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

CAPULET But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Which on more view, of many mine being one
May stand in number, though in reckoning none,
Come, go with me.

[To Servant, giving a paper]

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

[Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS]

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

[Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO]

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

ROMEO Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO For what, I pray thee?

ROMEO For your broken shin.

BENVOLIO Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and—God-den, good fellow.

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

ROMEO Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERVANT Perhaps you have learned it without book:
but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

ROMEO Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

SERVANT Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

ROMEO Stay, fellow; I can read.

[Reads]

“Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady
widow of Vitratio; Signior Placentio and his lovely
nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine
uncle Capulet, his wife—and daughters; my fair niece
Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin
Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.”
A fair

assembly: whither should they come?

SERVANT Up.

ROMEO Whither?

SERVANT To supper; to our house.

ROMEO Whose house?

SERVANT My master's.

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

SERVANT Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is
the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house

of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.
Rest you merry!

[Exit]

BENVOLIO At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
At this samWhend beadevoutF3 ligion

With this night's revels and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

BENVOLIO Strike, drum.

[Exeunt]

SCENE V

A hall in CAPULET's house.

*[Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen
with napkins]*

FIRST SERVANT Where's Potpan, that he helps not to
take away? He shift a trencher? he scrape a trencher!

SECOND SERVANT When good manners shall lie all in
one or two men's hands and they unwashed too, 'tis a
foul thing.

FIRST SERVANT Away with the joint-stools, remove the
court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save
me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let
the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.
Antony, and Potpan!

SECOND SERVANT Ay, boy, ready.

FIRST SERVANT You are looked for and called for, asked
for and sought for, in the great chamber.

SECOND SERVANT We cannot be here and there too.
Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver
take all.

*[Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his
house, meeting the Guests and Maskers]*

CAPULET Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that
have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen! come, musicians, play.
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance]

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

SECOND CAPULET By'r lady, thirty years.

CAPULET What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not
so much:
'Tis since the nuptials of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

SECOND CAPULET 'Tis more, 'tis more, his son is
For so (Ynity; am I coNow-59yT, yostock Tw -honFor j 0
Were in a mask?TYBALT7 Tf0 -17 TD24.534OLIO

CAPULET

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

JULIET My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

NURSE What's this? what's this?

JULIET A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal.

[*One calls within "Juliet."*]

NURSE Anon, anon!
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II

PROLOGUE

[*Enter Chorus*]

CHORUS Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
Alike betwitched 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;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

MERCUTIO
[*Exit*]

SCENE I

A lane by the wall of CAPULET's orchard.

[*Enter ROMEO*]

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

[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it*]

[*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO*]

BENVOLIO Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

MERCUTIO He is wise;
And, on my lie, hath stol'n him home to bed.

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

Romeo and Juliet: ACT II

JULIET I would not for the world they saw thee here.

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

JULIET By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

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

JULIET Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night
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
Then say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse an 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 'haviuor light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

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

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

ROMEO What shall I swear by?

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

ROMEO If my heart's dear love—

JULIET Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say "It lightens." Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

ROMEO

ROMEO

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

ROMEO So thrive my soul—

JULIET A thousand times good night!

[Exit, above]

ROMEOJULIET

ROMEO Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE Benedicite!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
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 unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

ROMEO That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAURENCE God pardon sin! wast thou
with Rosaline?

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

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

ROMEO I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

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

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

FRIAR LAURENCE Holy Saint Francis, what a
change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
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.

ROMEO Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAURENCE For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO And bad'st me bury love.

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

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

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

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

FRIAR LAURENCE Wisely and slow; they stumble that
run fast.

[Exeunt]

SCENE IV
A street.

[Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO]

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

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

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

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

MERCUTIO

Romeo and Juliet: ACT II

MERCUTIO Why, is not this better now than groaning
for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo;
now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature:
for this drivelling love is like a great naturar 552 7caTwh

MERCUTIO

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MERCUTIO

out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself:
but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into
a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross
kind of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman
is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double
with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered
to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

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

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

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

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

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

NURSE No truly sir; not a penny.

ROMEO Go to; I say you shall.

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

ROMEO And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
e my very I cel wiquitpains.

NURSE No trulw Grsee s, aven j Tsy saye! He.ROMEO And swilt ou cellu tell,onvong.re? thou /F1 7 Tf -24.322 -17 T

Romeo and Juliet: ACT II

JULIET Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAURENCE 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 heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

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

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

[Exeunt]

ACT III

SCENE I

A public place.

[Enter MERCOTHILL holy church incorporate two in one.

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

[Enter ROMEO]

TYBALT Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes
my man.

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."

TYBALT Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

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

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

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

MERCUTIO O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away.

[Draws]

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT What wouldst thou have with me?

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

TYBALT I am for you.

[Drawing]

ROMEO Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO Come, sir, your passado.

[They fight]

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

[TYBALT under ROMEO's arm stabs
MERCUTIO, and flies with his followers]

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

BENVOLIO What, art thou hurt?

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

[Exit Page]

ROMEO Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide
as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for
me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I
am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o'
both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a
cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a
rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of
arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I
was hurt under your arm.

ROMEO I thought all for the best.

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

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO]

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

[Re-enter BENVOLIO]

BENVOLIO O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II
CAPULET's orchard.

[Enter JULIET]

JULIET Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
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 on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

[Enter Nurse, with cords]

Noy wink andi,and 3Inte5 1.5 l S 0 j 2 j 610.5rfo46o nbng3syou e

Romeo and Juliet: ACT III

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

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

ROMEO There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: then banished,
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

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

ROMEO 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may

SCENE IV

A room in CAPULET's house.

[Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS]

CAPULET Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I:—Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

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

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

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

PARIS Monday, my lord,

CAPULET

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

[Exit]

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

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

[He goeth down]

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Exit]

JULIET O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him.
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

LADY CAPULET [Within] Ho, daughter! are you up?

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

[Enter LADY CAPULET]

LADY CAPULET Why, how now, Juliet!

JULIET Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET Evermore weeping for your
cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
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.

JULIET Feeling so the loss,
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 slaughter'd him.

JULIET What villain, madam?

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 banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd 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 for a kinsman vex'd.
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 slaughter'd 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, I beseech your ladyship?

And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer "I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me."
But, as you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will you shall not house with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in
the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

JULIET Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

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

[Exit]

JULIET O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'Twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET Speakest thou from thy heart?

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

JULIET Amen!

NURSE What?

JULIET Well, thou hast comforted me
marvellous much.
Go in: and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,

Romeo and Juliet: ACT IV

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAURENCE Hold, then; go home, be merry,
give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II
Hall in CAPULET's house.

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

CAPULET So many guests invite as here are writ.

[*Exit First Servant*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

SECOND SERVANT You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try
if they can lick their fingers.

CAPULET How canst thou try them so?

SECOND SERVANT Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot
lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his

LADY CAPULET No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

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

[Exeunt JULIET and Nurse]

LADY CAPULET We shall be short in our provision: 'Tis now near night.

CAPULET Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Exeunt]

SCENE III

JULIET's chamber.

[Enter JULIET and Nurse]

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

[Enter LADY CAPULET]

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

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

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

[Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse]

JULIET Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
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.
Come, vial.

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

[Laying down her dagger]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
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,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed:
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:—
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefather's joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She falls upon her bed, within the curtains]

SCENE IV

Hall in CAPULET's house.

[Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse]

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

NURSE They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

[Enter CAPULET]

CAPULET Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock
hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for the cost.

NURSE Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; faith, You'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

CAPULET No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
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.

[Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse]

CAPULET A jealous hood, a jealous hood!

[Enter three or four Servingsmen, with spits,
logs, and baskets]

Now, fellow,
What's there?

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

CAPULET Make haste, make haste.

[Exit First Servant]

Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

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

[Exit]

CAPULET Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would: I hear him near.

[Music within]

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

[Re-enter Nurse]

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.

[Exeunt]

SCENE V
JULIET's chamber.

[Enter Nurse]

NURSE Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast,
I warrant her, she:
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!
What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

[Undraws the curtains]

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you; Lady! lady! lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some aqua vitae, ho! My lord! my lady!

[Enter LADY CAPULET]

LADY CAPULET What noise is here?

NURSE O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET What is the matter?

NURSE Look, look! O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET O me, O me! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! Call help.

[Enter CAPULET]

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

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

LADY CAPULET Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead!

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

NURSE O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET O woful time!

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

*[Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS,
with Musicians]*

FRIAR LAURENCE Come, is the bride ready to go
to church?

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

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

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

NURSE O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day, most woful 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 woful day, O woful day!

PARIS Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

CAPULET Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why camest 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 buried.

FRIAR LAURENCE 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,
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 ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
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
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us an lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAPULET All things that we ordained 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,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

FRIAR LAURENCE Sir, go you in; and, madam,
go with him;
And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

*[Exeunt CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS,
and FRIAR LAURENCE]*

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

NURSE Honest goodfellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[Exit]

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

[Enter PETER]

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"?

PETER O, musicians, because my heart itself plays “My heart is full of woe”: O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

FIRST MUSICIAN Not a dump we; ’tis no time to play now.

PETER You will not, then?

FIRST MUSICIAN No.

PETER I will then give it you soundly.

FIRST MUSICIAN What will you give us?

PETER No money, on my faith, but the gleek; I will give you the minstrel.

FIRST MUSICIAN Then I will give you the serving-creature.

PETER Then will I lay the serving-creature’s dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I’ll re you, I’ll fa you; do you note me?

FIRST MUSICIAN An you re us and fa us, you note us.

SECOND MUSICIAN Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

PETER Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.

Answer me like men:

“When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound”
— why “silver sound”? why “music with her silver sound”? What say you, Simon Catling?

MUSICIAN Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PETER Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

SECOND MUSICIAN I say “silver sound,” because musicians sound for silver.

PETER Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

THIRD MUSICIAN Faith, I know not what to say.

PETER O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is “music with her silver sound,” because musicians have no gold for sounding: “Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.”

[Exit]

FIRST MUSICIAN What a pestilent knave is this same!

SECOND MUSICIAN Hang him, Jack! Come, we’ll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

[Exeunt]

ACT V

SCENE I

Mantua. A street.

[Enter ROMEO]

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 unaccustom’d spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave
to think!—

And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess’d,
When but love’s shadows are so rich in joy!

[Enter BALTHASAR, booted]

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

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

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

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

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

[Exit]

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

[Exit]

SCENE III

*A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging
to the CAPULETS.*

[Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers
and a torch]

PARIS Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE ~~Paris~~ aure.ENE III

PARIS

ROMEO I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

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

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

[They fight]

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

[Exit]

PARIS O, I am slain!

[Falls]

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

[Dies]

ROMEO In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
A grave? O no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying PARIS in the tomb]

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,

HsoL my love! my a2o4k o5y man, wh(I'l* (honey of thy1s dy death: A5a lie haBT167quor here)Tj a d Ft,c kign325
MercutioBALTHASARme Ps) r h, ([La I ?,han ir hahahaathknh,s ul)Tj T37.984nis a ligya wn my24.322 -10 TD (Mercur

BALTHASAR Full half an hour.

FRIAR LAURENCE Go with me to the vault.

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

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

BALTHASAR As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

FRIAR LAURENCE Romeo!

[Advances]

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[Enters the tomb]

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

[JULIET wakes]

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

[Noise within]

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

[Noise again]

I dare no longer stay.

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

[Exit FRIAR LAURENCE]

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

[Kisses him]

Thy lips are warm.

FIRST WATCHMAN [Within] Lead, boy: which way?

JULIET Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

[Snatching ROMEO's dagger]

This is thy sheath;

[Stabs herself]

there rust, and let me die.

[Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies]

[Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS]

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

FIRST WATCHMAN The ground is bloody; search about
the churchyard:
Go, some of you, who'er you find attach.
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain,
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:
Raise up the Montagues: some others search:
WepC?ClI kiss thy l rea (The grgE ld:)Tj 0 -ling, w
Go, some of you, who'er you find attach 65 -gount fcb1

THIRD WATCHMAN 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 side.

FIRST WATCHMAN A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

[Enter the PRINCEspade,g0g from this churchyarda

