

Romeo and Juliet
by
William Shakespeare

Edited by
Bill Green

Characters

Romeo, a young man

Juliet, a young woman

Capulet, Juliet's father

Lady Capulet, Juliet's mother

Nurse, Juliet's nurse

Friar Laurence, an old churchman

Montague, Romeo's father

Benvolio, Romeo's sensible friend

Mercutio, Romeo's mercurial friend

Tybalt, Juliet's quick-tempered cousin

Prince, the Prince of Verona

Peter, a Capulet servant

Samson, a Capulet servant

Adam, a Montague servant

Watchman (1)

Guests (2)

(1) May double Samson or Adam

(2) May double Samson, Adam, and stage hands.

A street in Verona. Enter PETER and SAMPSON from one side, ABRAM and SERVANT from the other. PETER AND SAMPSON notice the others first.

PETER

Draw your tool! Here comes of the house of Montague.

SAMPSON

My naked weapon is out. Quarrel! I will back you.

PETER

How? Turn your back and run?

SAMPSON

Let us keep the law on our side. Let them begin.

PETER

I will frown as I pass by. Let them take it as they will.

SAMPSON

I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace if they bear it

ABRAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

(Aside to PETER.)

Is the law on our side if I say aye?

PETER

No.

SAMPSON

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

PETER

Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAM

Quarrel, sir? No, sir!

SAMPSON

But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as good a man as you.

ABRAM

No better?

Enter BENVOLIO and TYBALT opposite sides.

PETER

Say "better." Here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

SAMPSON

Yes, better, sir.

ABRAM

You lie.

SAMPSON

Draw if you be men!

They begin to fight.

BENVOLIO

Part, fools. Put up your swords. You know not what you do.

He draws to separate them.

TYBALT

What? Are you drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn, Benvolio. Look upon your death!

TYBALT draws his sword.

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace. Put up your sword
Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT

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

He attacks. They fight. Others shout
and watch. Enter CAPULET and LADY
CAPULET on one side, MONTAGUE on the
other.

CAPULET

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

LADY CAPULET

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

PRINCE enters.

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel!
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls bred of an airy word
By you, Old Capulet and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me.

All exit but BENVOLIO and MONTAGUE.

MONTAGUE

Oh, where is Romeo? Saw you him today.
Right glad I am he was not in this fray.
Many an early morn has he been seen
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.

BENVOLIO

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

MONTAGUE exits. ROMEO enters.

BENVOLIO

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so long?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

Ay me! Sad hours seem long.

BENVOLIO

What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

BENVOLIO

Not having that which, having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO

In love.

ROMEO

Out.

BENVOLIO

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favor where I am in love.
Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO

Wait. I will go along.

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 it is that you love.

ROMEO

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO

A right good marksman! And she's fair I love.
Oh, she is rich in beauty, only poor
That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

BENVOLIO

Then she has sworn that she will still live chaste.

ROMEO

She has, and in that sparing makes huge waste.

BENVOLIO

Be ruled by me. Forget to think of her.

ROMEO

Oh, teach me how I should forget to think.

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty to your eyes.
Examine other beauties.

ROMEO

Show me a mistress that is passing fair.
What does her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who passed that passing fair.
Farewell. You cannot teach me to forget.

PETER enters with a paper.

PETER

I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO

Aye, my own fortune in my misery.

PETER

But I pray you, can you read anything you see?

ROMEO

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

PETER

Well, rest you merry! (he turns to go).

ROMEO

Stay, fellow. I can read.
"Signor Martino and his wife and daughters.
Count Anselm and his beauteous sisters.
Signor Placentio and his lovely nieces.
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters.
My fair niece Rosaline and Livia.
Signor Valentio and his cousin Tybalt."
A fair assembly. Where are they to come?

PETER

To our house.

ROMEO

Whose house?

PETER

My master's.

ROMEO

Indeed. I should have asked you that before.

PETER

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

He exits.

BENVOLIO

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom you so love
With all the admired beauties of Verona.
Go there, and with an unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I will show,
And I will make you think your swan a crow.

ROMEO

When the devout religion of my eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

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

They exit.

2

SCENE TWO

2

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

Now, by my maidenhead at twelve years old,
I bade her come. --What, lamb! What ladybird!
God forbid! --Where's the girl? --What Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Who calls?

NURSE

Your mother.

JULIET

Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET

You know my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
Come Lammas' Eve at night she shall be fourteen.
That shall she. Marry, I remember it well.
Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,
And she was weaned--I never shall forget it--
For I had then laid wormwood on my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall.
My lord and you were then in Mantua.
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," said he, "Do you fall upon your face?
You will fall backward when you have more wit."

LADY CAPULET

Enough of this! I pray you, hold your peace!

NURSE

Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh
To think she should leave crying and say aye.
"you will fall backward when you come to age!"

LADY CAPULET

Nurse!

NURSE

Peace, I have done. God mark you with his grace,
You were the prettiest babe that ever I nursed.
If I might live to see you married once,
I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

It is an honor that I dream not of.

LADY CAPULET

Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. Then in brief,
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE

A man, young lady! Lady, such a man!

LADY CAPULET

Verona's summer has not such a flower.

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

What say you? Can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast.
So shall you share all that he does 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.

3

SCENE THREE

3

A street. Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, and
BENVOLIO.

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes
With nimble soles. I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

MERCUTIO

You are in love. Borrow Cupid's wings.

ROMEO

I am too sorely pierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers.
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

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.

They put on masks.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

We mean well by going to this ball,
But 'tis not wise to go.

MERCUTIO

And why, may one ask.

ROMEO

I dreamt a dream last night.

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO

In bed asleep while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO

Oh, then, I see Queen Mab has been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn by a team of little atomi
Over men's noses as they sleep.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and teaches them to bear,
Making them women of good carriage,
This is she--

ROMEO

Peace, peace, Mercutio! Peace!
You talk of nothing.

MERCUTIO

True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy
And more inconstant than the wind.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

I fear too early, for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars.
But he that has the steerage of my fate
Direct my suit. On, lusty gentlemen!

All exit.

4

SCENE FOUR

4

Capulet house. Enter CAPULET, LADY
CAPULET, JULIET, TYBALT, NURSE, PETER,
GUESTS and SERVANTS. ROMEO, MERCUTIO,
and BENVOLIO other side

CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will walk about with you.
--Ah, my mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance, I'll swear has corns.
--Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear
Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
--You are welcome, gentlemen. --Come, musicians, play.

MUSIC. Dancing. ROMEO asks PETER.
TYBALT overhears.

ROMEO
What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

PETER
I know not, sir?

ROMEO
Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright.
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear,
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.
Did my heart love till now. Forswear it, sight,
For I never saw true beauty till tonight.

MUSIC has stopped. He approaches her.
MUSIC again, softly. He dances with
her. Others also dance.

TYBALT
This by his voice would be a Montague
Come hither covered in an antic face
To sneer and scorn at our solemnity.
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!

CAPULET
Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT
'Tis he, that villain Romeo!

CAPULET
Let him alone. 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.
It is my will, the which--

TYBALT

I'll not endure him!

CAPULET

He shall be endured.
Am I the master here or you? Go to!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET

You are a saucy boy! Is it so indeed?

TYBALT

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall.

TYBALT exits. ROMEO is with JULIET.

ROMEO

If I profane with my unworhiest 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,
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

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

JULIET

Saints do not move, but grant for prayer's sake.

ROMEO

Then move not while my prayer's effect I take. (kisses her)
Thus from my lips, by thine, my prayer is purged.

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

Sin from my lips? Oh. trespass sweetly urged.
Give me my sin again. (they kiss)

JULIET

You kiss by the book.

NURSE

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

MUSIC ends. JULIET moves away.

ROMEO

Who is her mother?

NURSE

Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house
And a good lady.

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

Away. Begone. The sport is of the best.

ROMEO

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

CAPULET

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone.
Is it even so? Why, then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.

All except JULIET and NURSE exit. ROMEO
last, looking back.

JULIET

Come here, nurse. Who is yon gentleman.

NURSE

I know not.

JULIET

Go ask his name. (NURSE goes) If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE

(returning) His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of our 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 learned even now.

NURSE

Come. Let's away. The strangers all are gone.

They exit.

5

SCENE FIVE

5

The garden of the Capulets. ROMEO
enters. JULIET appears on the balcony.

ROMEO

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief
That tho, her maid, art far more fair than she.
It is my lady. Oh, it is my love.
Oh, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourses. I will answer it.

JULIET

Ay, me!

ROMEO

Oh, speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night, being over my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven.

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name.
Or, if thou wilt not, but be sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO

(aside) Shall I hear more or shall I speak at this?

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's a Montague? It is nor hand nor foot,

Nor arm nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. Oh, be some other name!
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection that he owns
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

What man art thou bescreened in night?

ROMEO

By a name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself
Because it is an enemy to thee.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
The place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I fly over these walls.
I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes.
Unless thou love me, let them find me here.
My life were better ended by their hate
Than death prolonged, wanting for thy love.

JULIET

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "ay,"
And I will take thy word. Yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false. 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."

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow--

JULIET

Oh, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circle 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 in this contract tonight.
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.
Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast.

ROMEO

Oh, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

JULIET

To be generous and give it thee again.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea.
My love as deep. The more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu.
--Anon, good nurse. --Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little while. I will come again.

She exits above.

ROMEO

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

JULIET returns.

JULIET

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and at what time thou wilt perform the rite--

NURSE

(within) Madam!

JULIET

--I come! --Tomorrow will I send.

NURSE

Madam!

JULIET

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

She exits above.

ROMEO

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest.
Hence will I to my holy friar's close cell,
His help to crave and my good luck to tell.

He exits.

6

SCENE SIX

6

FRIAR LAURENCE'S cell. He enters with a
basket of flowers.

FRIAR LAURENCE

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And fleckled darkness, like a drunkard, reels
From forth day's path and Titan's burning wheels.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison has residence and medicine power.
For this, being smelled, with that part cheers each part,
Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart.

ROMEO enters.

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Young son, your earliness does me assure
You are uproused by some distemperature.
Or, if not so, then here I hit it right.
Our Romeo has not been in bed tonight.

ROMEO

The last is true. The sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAURENCE

God pardon sin! Were you with Rosaline?

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

That's my good son. But where have you been then?

ROMEO

I have been feasting with mine enemy
Where of a sudden one has wounded me
That's by me wounded. Both our remedies
Within your help and holy physic lies.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Be plain, good son, and homely in your 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 you must combine
By holy marriage. Now but this I pray,
That you consent to marry us today.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Holy Saint Frances, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline that you did love so dear
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Lo, here upon your cheek the stain does sit
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.

ROMEO

You chided me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAURENCE

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO

And bade me bury love.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Not in a grave
To lay one in, another out to have.
But come, young waverer, come. Go with me.
In one good cause, I'll your assistant be,
For this alliance may so happy prove
To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.

They exit.

7

SCENE SEVEN

7

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

Not to his father's. I spoke to his man.
Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Has sent a letter to his father's house.

MERCUTIO

A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO

Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO

Alas, poor Romeo! He is already dead, stabbed with a white
wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love song. And
is the the man to encounter Tybalt?

BENVOLIO

Why, what's a Tybalt?

MERCUTIO

More than Prince of Cats. Oh, he keeps time, distance, and
proportion. A duelist, a duelist. Ah, the immortal passado,
the punto reverso, and the hai!

BENVOLIO

Here comes Romeo.

ROMEO enters.

MERCUTIO

Signor Romeo, Bonjour! You gave us the slip last night.

ROMEO

Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great, and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy. My friend!

(A warm greeting.)

MERCUTIO

Why, is this not better than groaning for love? Now are you Romeo. Now you are what you are by nature, for this driveling love is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Enter NURSE and PETER.

ROMEO

A sail, a sail!

NURSE

My fan, Peter.

MERCUTIO

Good, Peter, to hide her face, for her fan's the fairer face.
--Good evening, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE

Is it evening?

MERCUTIO

No less, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

NURSE

Out upon you! Can any of you tell where I can find the young Romeo?

ROMEO

I am the youngest of that name.

NURSE

If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you--

BENVOLIO

She will invite him to some supper.

MERCUTIO

A bawd, a bawd, a bawd!--Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to dinner there.

ROMEO

I will follow you.

MERCUTIO

Farewell, ancient lady. Farewell, lady, lady, lady.

MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO exit.

NURSE

Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, 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 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 my lady and mistress. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon, and there she shall at Friar Laurences' cell be shrived and married.

NURSE

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

(She begins to leave.)

Oh, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, 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 cloth.

ROMEO

Commend me to your lady.

NURSE

Ay, a thousand times. --Peter! Afore and apace.

They exit.

8

SCENE EIGHT

8

The Capulet house. Enter JULIET.

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse.
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him. Oh, she is lame!
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,

She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
But old folks, many act as if they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

NURSE enters.

JULIET

Oh, God, she comes. --O honey Nurse, what news?
Have you met him? O Lord, why look you sad?
If good, you shame the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE

I am weary. Fie, how my bones ache!

JULIET

I would you had my bones and I your news.

NURSE

Do you not see that I am out of breath.

JULIET

How are you out of breath when you have breath
To say to me that you are out of breath?
The excuse that you do make in this delay
Is longer than the tale you do excuse.
Is your news good or bad? Answer me that.

NURSE

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I.
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back--on the other side--ah, my back, my back.

JULIET

Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me. What says my love.

NURSE

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

JULIET

Where is my mother? How oddly you reply!
"Your love says like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?" Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE

Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET

I have.

NURSE

Then go you hence to Friar Laurence' cell.
There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks!
Go you to church. Go you to the cell.

JULIET

Hie to high fortune! Good Nurse, farewell.

Both exit.

9

SCENE NINE

9

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

FRIAR LAURENCE

So smile the heavens on this holy act.

ROMEO

Amen, amen. But come what sorry can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.

FRIAR LAURENCE

These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness.
Therefore love moderately. Long love does so.
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

JULIET

Good evening to my holy confessor.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Romeo shall thank you, daughter, for us both.
Come. Come with me, and we will make short work,
For, by your leave, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

Exit all.

SCENE TEN

Enter MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO

Why, you will quarrel with a man that as a hair more or a hair less in his beard than you. You will quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because you have hazel eyes. Your head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat--

BENVOLIO

By my head, here come the Capulets.

Enter TYBALT.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT

Gentlemen, a word with one of you.

MERCUTIO

But one word with one of us? Couple it with something. Make it a word and a blow.

TYBALT

You shall find me apt enough for that, sir, if you give me the occasion. Mercutio, you consort with Romeo.

MERCUTIO

Consort? What? Do you make us minstrels. If you make us minstrels, look to hear nothing but discord.

(He indicates his sword.)

Here's my fiddlestick. Here's what shall make you dance.

BENVOLIO

We talk here in the public haunt of men.
Here all eyes gaze on us.

MERCUTIO

Men's eyes were made to look. Let them gaze.

Enter ROMEO.

TYBALT

Well, peace be with you. Here comes my man.
--Romeo, the love I bear you can afford
No better term than this: you are a villain.

ROMEO

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love you
Does excuse the appertaining rage
Of such a greeting. Villain am I none.
Therefore, farewell. I see you know me not.

TYBALT

Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
You have done me. Therefore turn and draw.

ROMEO

I do protest I never injured you,
But love you better than you can devise
Till you shall know the reason for my love.
And so, dear Capulet, which name I tender
As dearly as my own, be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!

(He draws his sword.)

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT

What would you have of me?

MERCUTIO

Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives. Will
you pluck your sword out?

TYBALT

I am for you. (draws sword)

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put your rapier up.

MERCUTIO

Come, sir. Your passado.

MERCUTIO and TYBALT fight. ROMEO draws
his sword to break it up.

ROMEO

Draw, Benvolio. Beat down their weapons. Gentlemen, for
shame! Tybalt! Mercutio! The Prince expressly has forbid this
bandying in Verona streets. Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

ROMEO tries to break up the fight, and
TYBALT stabs MERCUTIO under ROMEO's
arm. TYBALT runs away.

MERCUTIO

I am hurt. A plague on both your houses!

ROMEO

Are you hurt?

MERCUTIO

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

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 tomorrow, and you
shall find me a grave man. A plague on both your houses! 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 on both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me.
I have it, and soundly too. Your houses.

MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO exit.

ROMEO

My very friend has got his mortal hurt
On my behalf--my reputation stained
With Tybalt's slander--Tybalt that an hour
Has been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,
Your beauty has made me effeminate.

BENVOLIO enters.

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead!
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Tybalt enters.

ROMEO

Again in triumph, and Mercutio slain.
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again

That late you gave me, for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for yours to keep him company.
Either you or I, or both, must go with him.

TYBALT

You wretched boy that did consort him here
Shall with him hence.

ROMEO

This shall determine that.

They fight. TYBALT falls.

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away! Be gone!
Stand not amazed. The Prince will doom you death
If you are taken. Hence. Be gone. Away!

ROMEO

Oh, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO

Why do you stay?

ROMEO exits. Enter CAPULET, LADY
CAPULET, MONTAGUE, others, and PRINCE.

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO

O noble prince, I can discover all.
There lies the man slain by young Romeo,
That slew your kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET

Tybalt, my cousin. Oh, the blood is spilled
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as you are true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!

PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled,
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
And to it they go like lightning. Before I
Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LADY CAPULET

He is a kinsman to the Montague.
Affection makes him false. He speaks not true.

PRINCE

Romeo slew him. He slew Mercutio.
Who now the price of his dear blood does owe?

MONTAGUE

Not Romeo, Prince. He was Mercutio's friend.
His fault concludes but what the law should end:
The life of Tybalt.

PRINCE

And for that offense
Immediately we do exile him hence.
Bear off this body and respect my will.
Mercy but murders, pardoning those who kill.

All exit with TYBALT's body.

10

SCENE ELEVEN

10

The Capulet house. Enter JULIET.

JULIET

Come night. Come Romeo. Come day in night.
For you will lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.
Come gentle night. Come loving, black-browed 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.
Oh, I have bought the mansion of a love
But not possessed it. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that has new robes
But may not wear them. Oh, here comes my nurse.

(NURSE enters.)

Ay, me, what news? Why do you wring your hands?

NURSE

Ah, alas! He's dead! He's dead! He's dead!

JULIET

Can Heaven be so envious?

NURSE

Romeo can,
Though Heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo,
Whoever would have thought it? Romeo!

JULIET

What devil are you that you torment me thus?
Has Romeo slain himself?

NURSE

I saw the wound
Here on his manly breast, a piteous corpse,
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood.

JULIET

Oh, break, my heart, poor bankrupt! Break at once!

NURSE

O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
That ever I should live to see you dead!

JULIET

What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest cousin and my dearest lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom,
For who is living if those two are gone?

NURSE

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished.
Romeo that killed him--he is banished.

JULIET

O God, did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood.

NURSE

It did. It did. Alas the day, it did.
There is no faith, no honesty in men.
Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET

Blistered be your tongue
For such a wish! He was not born to shame.
Upon his brow shame was ashamed to sit.

NURSE

Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

JULIET

Will you speak ill of him that is my husband?
My husband lives that Tybalt would have slain,
And Tybalt's dead that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort. Why then do I weep?
Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death
Has murdered me, that one word banished
Has slain ten thousand Tybalts. Banished!
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death. No words that woe can sound.

NURSE

Go to your chamber. I'll find Romeo
To comfort you. I know well where he is.
Listen. Your Romeo will be here tonight.
I'll to him. He is hid in Laurence' cell.

JULIET

Oh, find him! Give this ring to my true knight
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

All exit.

11

SCENE TWELVE.

11

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Romeo, come forth.

Enter ROMEO.

ROMEO

Father, what is the Prince's doom?

FRIAR LAURENCE

Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO

Ha, banishment? Be merciful. Say "death."

FRIAR LAURENCE

Here from Verona you are banished.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

There is no world outside Verona's walls
But Purgatory, torture, Hell itself.
Hence banished is banished from the world.
You cut my head off with a golden ax
And smile upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Oh, rude unthankfulness. The kind Prince,
Taking your part, has brushed aside the law.

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 may look on her,
But Romeo may not. He is banished.
O friar, the damned use that word in Hell.
Howling attends it. How have you the heart
To mangle me with that word "banished"?

FRIAR LAURENCE

You are a foolish man. Listen to me speak.

ROMEO

You cannot speak of that you do not feel.
Were you as young as I, Juliet your love,
But an hour married, Tybalt murdered,
Loving like me, and like me banished,
Then might you speak. Then might you tear your hair
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Knocking on the door.

Arise. A knock. Good Romeo, hide yourself.
Hark, how they knock. --Who's there. --Romeo, arise.
You will be captured. --Stay awhile. --stand up.
--Who knocks so hard?

NURSE

I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Welcome then.

NURSE enters.

O holy friar. Oh, tell me, Holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord? Where is Romeo?

FRIAR LAURENCE

There on the ground with his own tears made drunk.

NURSE

Oh, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case. Even so she lies
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
--Stand up, stand up. Stand if you be a man.
For Juliet's sake. For her sake, rise and stand.

ROMEO

You spoke with Juliet? How is it with her?

NURSE

Oh, 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,
And then falls down again.

ROMEO

As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
Murdered her kinsman. Oh, tell me, Friar,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Does my name lodge?

Draws dagger to stab himself.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold your desperate hand!
Have you slain Tybalt? Will you slay yourself
And slay the lady that in your life lives?
What? Rouse yourself. Your Juliet is alive,
There are you happy. Tybalt would kill you,
But you killed Tybalt. There are you happy.
The law that threatened death becomes your friend
And turns it into exile. There are you happy.
Go, get you to your love as was arranged.
Ascend to her chamber. Go and comfort her.
Be sure you stay not till the watch be set,
For then you cannot pass to Mantua,
Where you shall live till we can find a time
To beg pardon of the Prince and bring you back.

NURSE

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

She exits.

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this?

They exit.

12

SCENE THIRTEEN

12

JULIET's bed. She and ROMEO.

JULIET

Will you be gone? It is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale and not the lark
That pierced the fearful hollow of your ear.
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morn.
Night's candles are burned out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET

Yon light is not daylight. I know it. I.
It is some meteor that the sun exhales.
Therefore stay yet. You need not to be gone.

ROMEO

Let me be taken. Let me be put to death.
I am content if you will have it so.

Come, death, and welcome. Juliet wills it so.
How is it, my soul? Let's talk. It is not day.

JULIET

It is. It is. Go hence. Be gone. Away.
It is the lark that sings so out of tune.

(They rise, dress.)

Some say the lark makes sweet division.
This does not so, for she divides us so.
Oh, now be gone. More light and light it grows.

ROMEO

More light and light, more dark and dark our woes.
Farewell, farewell. One kiss and I'll descend.

JULIET

Oh, do you think we will ever meet again?

ROMEO

I doubt it not, my love. Adieu. Adieu.

He exits. LADY CAPULET calls, off.

LADY CAPULET

Ho, daughter, are you up?

JULIET

Madame, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET enters.

LADY CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What? Will you wash him from his grave with tears?
Even if you could, you could not make him live.
Well, girl, you weep not so much for his death
As that the villain lives that slaughtered him.

JULIET

Aye, out of the reach of these, my hands.

LADY CAPULET

But now I'll tell you joyful tidings, girl.
Well, well, you have careful father, child,
One who, to distract you from your heaviness,
Has sorted out a sudden day of joy.

JULIET

Madam, what day is this?

LADY CAPULET

Next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,

The county Paris, at St. Peter's church,
Shall happily make you there a joyful bride.

JULIET

Now, by Saint Peter's church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet. And when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. This is news indeed!

LADY CAPULET

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

Enter CAPULET and NURSE.

CAPULET

How now, girl? Still in tears? How now wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET

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

CAPULET

Is she not proud? Does she not count her blessed,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?

JULIET

Not proud you have, but thankful that you have.
Proud I can never be of what I hate.

CAPULET

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints against Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church.

JULIET

(She kneels.)

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

CAPULET

Hang thee, young baggage. Disobedient wretch,
I tell you what: get you to church on Thursday
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not. Reply not. Do not answer me.
My fingers itch.

NURSE

God in Heaven bless her.

CAPULET

Peace, you mumbling fool!

LADY CAPULET

You are too hot.

CAPULET

It makes me mad, for all my care has been
To have her matched, And having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
And then to have a wretched, whimpering fool
To answer, "I'll not wed," "I cannot love,"
"I am too young," "I pray you pardon me."
Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart. Advise.
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend.
If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll never acknowledge you,
Nor what is mine shall never do you good.
Trust on it. Bethink you. I'll not be forsworn.

He exits.

JULIET

(Rising)

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

LADY CAPULET

Do as you will, for I have done with you!

She exits.

JULIET

Alack, that Heaven should practice strategems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
--What say you? Have you not a word of joy?

NURSE

Faith, here it is. Romeo is banished,
So I think it best you married with the count.
I think you happy in this second match.
Your first is dead, or it's as good he were
As living and you have no use of him.

JULIET

Speak you from your heart?

NURSE

And from my soul or else curse them both.

JULIET

Amen!

NURSE

What?

JULIET

Well, you have comforted me marvelous much.
Go in. Tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell
To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE

Marry, I will, and this is wisely done.

She exits.

JULIET

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
I'll to the friar to know his remedy.
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

She takes a knife and exits.

13

SCENE FOURTEEN

13

The friar's cell. Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.
A knocking at the door. Enter JULIET.

JULIET

Oh, shut the door, an, when you have done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past help.

FRIAR LAURENCE

O Juliet, I already know your grief.
I hear you must, and nothing can delay it,
On Thursday next be married to this Paris.

JULIET

Tell me not, Friar, that you hear of this
Unless you tell me how I may prevent it.
If in your wisdom you can give no help,
Then with this knife I'll help it presently.
Be not long to speak. I long to die
If what you speak speaks not of remedy.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, daughter. I do spy a kind of hope.
If rather than to marry the County Paris,
You have the strength of will to slay yourself,
Then it is likely you will undertake
A thing like death to drive away this shame.
And if you dare, I'll give you remedy.

JULIET

Oh, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of any tower,
Or walk in thievish streets, or bid me lurk
Where serpents are or go in a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his tomb--
And I will do it without fear or doubt
To live an unstained wife to my true love.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold then. Go home. Be merry. Give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.
Tomorrow night look that you lie alone.
Take you this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drink you off.
Then presently through all your veins will run
A cold and drowsy humor, and no pulse,
No warmth, no breath shall testify you live.
The roses in your lips and cheeks shall fade,
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death,
You shall continue two and forty hours
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse you from your bed, there are you dead.
Then, as the manner of our country is,
You shall be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, before you shall awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch your waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear you hence to Mantua.
And this shall free you from this present shame
If no inconstant toy or womanish fear
Abate your valor in the acting of it.

JULIET

Give me! Give me! Tell me not of fear.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Get you gone. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua with my letters to your lord.

JULIET

Farewell, dear father.

They exit.

Capulet's house. Enter CAPULET and LADY
CAPULET.

CAPULET

What? Is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?
Well, he may chance to do some good on her.

(Enter JULIET.)

How now, headstrong? Where have you been gadding?

JULIET

Where I have learned me to repent the sin
Of disobedience. (kneels) Pardon, I beseech you.
Henceforth, I am ever ruled by you.

CAPULET

Send for the County. Go tell him this.
I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning!

LADY CAPULET

No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.
We shall be short in our provisions.

CAPULET

I'll stir about. I'll not to bed tonight.
Let me alone. My heart is wondrous light
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

All exit.

15

SCENE FIFTEEN

15

Juliet's bedroom. JULIET and NURSE.

JULIET

I pray you, leave me to myself tonight,
For I have need of many holy prayers
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well you know, is cross and full of sin.

NURSE

Get you to bed and rest, for you have need.

She exits.

JULIET

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins
That almost freezes out the heat of life.
I'll call her 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 does not work at all?
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
No, no. This shall forbid it. Lie you there.

(She lays down a knife.)

What if it be poison, which the friar
Cunningly has given to have me dead
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored?
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo come?
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault
And there die strangled before Romeo comes?
Oh, if I wake, shall I not be distraught
And madly play with my forefather's joints
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
Oh, look! I think I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo who did split his body
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink. I drink to thee.

She drinks and falls upon her bed.
MUSIC or LIGHT shift. TIME PASSES.

CAPULET (OFF)

Go waken Juliet. Go and dress her up.
I'll go and chat with Paris. Go. Make haste,
Make haste. The bridegroom is already come.

Enter NURSE.

NURSE

Mistress! What? Mistress! Juliet! You slug-a-bed.
What? Not a word? Well, get your sleep in now.
Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant,
You shall get little sleep. How sound asleep!
I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam.
What? Dressed and in your clothes. Lady! Lady!

(She shakes the limp JULIET.)

Alas! Alas! Help! Help! My lady's dead!
Alas that I was ever born! My lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

LADY CAPULET

What noise is this?

NURSE

Look. Look. O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET

Oh me! Oh me! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with you.
Help! Help! Call help!

Enter CAPULET.

CAPULET

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

LADY CAPULET

Alack the day! She's dead! She's dead! She's dead!

CAPULET

Ha, let me see her. Oh alas, she's cold.
Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Come. Is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET

Ready to go but never to return.
O child, O child! My soul and not my child!
Dead you are! Alack, my child is dead,
And with my child all joys are buried.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Peace, ho, for shame! Heaven and yourself
Had part of this fair maid. Now Heaven has 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.
Dry up your tears and stick your rosemary
On this fair corpse, and, as the custom is,
In all her best array, bear her to church.

CAPULET

All things that we ordained festival
Turn from their office to black funeral.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Sir, go you in, and everyone prepare
To follow this fair corpse unto her grave.

All exit.

16

SCENE SEVENTEEN

16

Mantua. Enter ROMEO.

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
I dreamed my lady came and found me dead
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips
That I revived and was an emperor.

(Enter BENVOLIO.)

News from Verona! How now, Benvolio?
How does my lady? Is my father well?

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

BENVOLIO

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 quickly I took post to tell you so.
Oh, pardon me for bringing this ill news.

ROMEO

Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars!
You know my lodging. Get me ink and paper,
And hire horses. I'll ride there tonight.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

Tut, you are deceived.
Have you no letters to me from the friar?

(BENVOLIO shrugs.)

No matter. Get you gone and hire those horses.

(BENVOLIO exits.)

Well, Juliet, I will lie with you tonight.
I must have means. O mischief, you are swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary.
Noting his poverty, to myself I said,
"If any man did need a poison now,
Here is the caitiff wretch would sell it to him."
Now this same man must sell it to me.

17

SCENE EIGHTEEN

17

The tomb in Verona. JULIET on a bier on
one side. Enter ROMEO and BENVOLIO
other side.

ROMEO

Here. Take this letter. Early in the morning,
See you deliver it to my lord and father.
Whatever you hear or see, 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 off of her dead finger
A precious ring. Therefore, go. Begone.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

Live and be prosperous, and farewell, good friend.

He crosses toward JULIET.

BENVOLIO

(aside) For all this, I will hide. His looks I fear.

BENVOLIO hides.

ROMEO

Here lies my Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault full of light. Oh, my love, my wife,
Death, that sucked the honey from your breath,
Has no power yet upon your beauty.
Why are you yet so fair? Shall I believe
That insubstantial death is amorous
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
You here in dark to be his paramour
With worms that are your chambermaids? Oh, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-weary 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.
Here's to my love.

(He drinks.)

O true apothecary,
Your drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

JULIET

(She wakes.)

I do remember well where I should be.
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

(She sees him.)

What's this? A vial in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, has been his timeless end.
Oh, churl! Drunk all and left no friendly drop
To help me after. I will kiss your lips.
Maybe some poison yet does hang on them.

(She kisses ROMEO.)

Your lips are warm.

WATCHMAN (OFF)

Lead on, boy! Which way?

JULIET

A noise! I will be brief. O happy dagger!
This your sheath.

(She stabs herself.)

There rust and let me die.

WATCHMAN enters.

WATCHMAN

Pitiful sight! Go and Tell the Prince.
Run to the Capulets! The Montagues!

He runs off. Transition MUSIC. The
PRINCE enters with the FRIAR. All other
living characters enter gradually.

CAPULET

What should it be that is so shrieked abroad?

WATCHMAN

See, Romeo dead and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and newly killed.

CAPULET

Oh, heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!

LADY CAPULET

Oh me! This sight of death is as a bell
That calls my old age to a sepulcher.

MONTAGUE enters.

PRINCE

Come Montague, for you are early up
To see your son and heir now early down.

MONTAGUE

Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight.
What further woe conspires against my age?

PRINCE

Look and you shall see.

MONTAGUE

O thou rude boy! What manners are in this,
To press before your father to a grave!

PRINCE

Seal up the mouth of this outrage for a while.

(Curtain is closed.)

--Where's Romeo's friend? What does he say of this?

BENVOLIO

I brought to Romeo news of Juliet's death,
And then in haste he came from Mantua.
This letter he bid me give his father.

PRINCE

This letter does make good the Friar's words,
The course of their love, the tidings of their death.
And here he writes that he did buy poison
And came to this vault to lie with Juliet.
Where are 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.

CAPULET

O brother Montague, give me your hand!

(They embrace.)

MONTAGUE

And I will raise a statue in pure gold
Of this, the true and faithful Juliet.

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 face.
Go hence to have some talk of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned and some punished.
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

All exit.