



BRAVE SPIRITS THEATRE ARCHIVE

REHEARSAL SCRIPT
Romeo and Juliet
2013

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ROMEO AND JULIET

BRAVE SPIRITS THEATRE – JUNE 2013

ACT I - CHORUS

Enter Chorus (Juliet)

CHORUS

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-crossed lovers take their life,
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows,
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-marked love
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
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.

Exit Chorus

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed

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 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 civil 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 Draw thy tool! Here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

SAMPSON Let us take the law of our sides. Let them begin.

GREGORY

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

SAMPSON

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

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

No.

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM

Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

SAMPSON

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

ABRAHAM

No better.

Enter BENVOLIO

SAMPSON

Well, sir.

GREGORY

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

SAMPSON Yes, better, sir.

ABRAHAM You lie.

SAMPSON Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.

They fight

BENVOLIO Part, fools!

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

Enter TYBALT

TYBALT What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

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

Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT What, drawn and talk of peace? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward!

They fight. Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET

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

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

CAPULET My sword, I say! Old Montague is come.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE

MONTAGUE

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

LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
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 thee, 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,
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO

LADY MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO

Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east,

ROMEO

Whose house?

SERVANT

My master's.

ROMEO

Indeed, I should have asked 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 SERVANT

BENVOLIO

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves,
With all the admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither, and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO

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

Exeunt

ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,

I bade her come. What, lamb! What, ladybird!

God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET

JULIET How now! Who calls?

NURSE Your mother.

JULIET Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remembered me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET She's not fourteen.

NURSE I'll lay fourteen of my teeth—
And yet, to my teeth be it spoken, I have but four—
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammastide?

LADY CAPULET A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—

Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen,
That shall she, marry. I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was weaned—I never shall forget it—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day.
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug—
My lord and you were then at Mantua—
Nay, I do bear a brain—But, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand alone; nay, by th' rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before she broke her brow,
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
A' was a merry man—took up the child:
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.'

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh.

'Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed.

An I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET

Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme

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

How stands your disposition to be married?

JULIET

It is an honour that I dream not of.

NURSE

An honour! Were not I thine only nurse,

I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAPULET

Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem

Are made already mothers. By my count,

I was your mother much upon these years

That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE

A man, young lady! Lady, such a man

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

LADY CAPULET

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

What say you? Can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast.

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;

Examine every married lineament,

And see how one another lends content,

And what obscured in this fair volume lies

Find written in the margent of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover.

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;

So shall you share all that he doth possess,

By having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE

No less? Nay, bigger; women grow by men.

LADY CAPULET

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

I'll look to like, if looking liking move,

But no more deep will I endart mine eye

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter SERVANT

SERVANT

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

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee. Juliet, the County stays.

Exit SERVANT

NURSE

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Exeunt

ACT I. SCENE IV.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, and BENVOLIO

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

ROMEO

I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound

By some vile forfeit of untimely death.

But he that hath the steerage of my course,

Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

Exeunt

ACT I. SCENE V.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, JULIET, PARIS, GUEST, SERVANT, ROMEO, BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes

Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.

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

ROMEO

What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

SERVANT

I know not, sir.

ROMEO

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear,
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight,
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET

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

TYBALT

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

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone.
He bears him like a portly gentleman,
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town

Here in my house do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient;, take no note of him.
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT

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

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

Go to, go to,
Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

TYBALT

Patience perforce with willful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet convert to bitterest gall.

Exit TYBALT

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

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.

JULIET

You kiss by th' book.

NURSE

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROMEO

What is her mother?

NURSE

Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house.

I nursed her daughter, that you talked withal.

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall have the chinks.

ROMEO

Is she a Capulet?

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

BENVOLIO

Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

ROMEO

Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

CAPULET

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so? Why, then, I thank you all.

I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.

More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse

JULIET

Come hither, Nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET

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

NURSE

Marry that, I think, be young Petrucio.

JULIET

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

NURSE

I know not.

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

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

NURSE

What's this? What's this?

JULIET

A rhyme I learned even now
Of one I danced withal.

LADY CAPULET calls within 'Juliet.'

NURSE

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

Exeunt

ACT II - CHORUS

Enter Chorus

CHORUS

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

That fair for which love groaned for and would die,
With tender Juliet matched is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
Alike bewitched 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 anywhere.
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

Exit CHORUS

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ROMEO

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

ROMEO withdraws. Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

BENVOLIO Romeo, my cousin Romeo!

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

Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO. Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

Enter JULIET

But, soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

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

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks yet she says nothing. What of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

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

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

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

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp. Her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er 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, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

ROMEO

I take thee at thy word.

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

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET

What man art thou that thus bescreened in night

So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO

By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am.

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,

Because it is an enemy to thee.

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET

My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words

Of 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

How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye

Than twenty of their swords. Look thou but sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
An 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.
I am no pilot, yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,
I should adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET

Thou 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 tonight.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell, compliment.
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'
And I will take thy word; yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully,
Or if thou 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 'havior 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—

JULIET

O, swear not by the moon, th'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 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.
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

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

JULIET

But to be frank, and give it thee again;
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

NURSE calls within

I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

Exit JULIET

ROMEO

O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard.

Being in night, all this is but a dream.

Re-enter JULIET

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 what time thou wilt perform the rite.

NURSE

[*Within*] Madam!

JULIET

I come, anon—But if thou mean'st not well,

I do beseech thee—

NURSE

[*Within*] Madam!

JULIET

By and by, I come!—

To cease thy strife, and leave me to my grief.

Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul—

JULIET

A thousand times good night!

Exit JULIET

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But Love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

Re-enter JULIET

JULIET

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

ROMEO

It is my soul that calls upon my name.
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears.

JULIET

Romeo!

ROMEO

My dear?

JULIET

At what o'clock tomorrow
Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO

By the hour of nine.

JULIET

I will not fail. 'Tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET

I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
And with a silken thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROMEO

I would I were thy bird.

JULIET

Sweet, so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

Exit JULIET

ROMEO

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast;
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

Exit ROMEO

Farewell. Commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE

Ay, a thousand times.

Exeunt

ACT II. SCENE IV

Enter JULIET

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so.
O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE

O God, she comes! O honey Nurse, what news?

NURSE

I am aweary, give me leave awhile.

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

JULIET

I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak, good, good Nurse, speak.

NURSE

Jesu, what haste? Can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JULIET

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? Answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.

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

NURSE

Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo? No, not he. Though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. Go thy ways, wench, serve God. What, have you dined at home?

JULIET

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

What says he of our marriage? What of that?

NURSE

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces

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

Beshrew your heart for sending me about

To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

JULIET

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

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

NURSE

Your love says, like an honest gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And, I warrant, a virtuous—Where is your mother?

JULIET

Where is my mother! Why, she is within.

Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!

'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,

Where is your mother?'

NURSE

O God's Lady dear!

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

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET

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

NURSE

Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET

I have.

NURSE

Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner. Hie you to the cell.

JULIET

Hie to high fortune! Honest Nurse, farewell.

Exeunt

ACT II. SCENE V.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

These violent delights have violent ends.

Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET

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 heaped like mine and that thy skill be more

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath

This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue

Unfold the imagined happiness that both

Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JULIET

Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,

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.

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

ACT III. SCENE II.

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, untalked 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,
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,

With thy black mantle; till strange love grow 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-browed night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love
But not possessed it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them.

Enter NURSE, with cords

O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE

Ay, ay, the cords.

JULIET

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

NURSE

Ah, weraday! He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone.

Alack the day, he's gone, he's killed, 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 art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roared in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but 'Ay,'

And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

I am not I, if there be such an 'Ay,'

Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer 'Ay.'

If he be slain, say 'Ay,' or if not, 'No.'

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

NURSE

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—

God save the mark—here on his manly breast.

A piteous corpse, a bloody piteous corpse.

JULIET

O, break, my heart! Poor bankrupt, break at once!

NURSE

O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JULIET

What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead,

My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom,

For who is living, if those two are gone?

NURSE

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo 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.

JULIET

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! Fiend angelical!

Dove-feathered raven! Wolvish-ravens lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show,

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honourable villain!

Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

NURSE

There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET

Blistered be thy tongue

For such a wish! He was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crowned
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

NURSE

Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

JULIET

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have killed my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murdered me. I would forget it fain,
But O, it presses to my memory

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished;'
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
And needly will be ranked with other griefs,
Why followed not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentations might have moved?
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banished'—to speak that word
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished!'
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father, and my mother, Nurse?

NURSE

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corpse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JULIET

Wash they his wounds with tears; mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.
He made you for a highway to my bed,

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords, come, Nurse, I'll to my wedding bed

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead.

NURSE

Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo

To comfort you; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

JULIET

O, find him, give this ring to my true knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

Exeunt

ACT III. SCENE III.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

FRIAR LAURENCE

Romeo, come forth, come forth, thou fearful man.

Affliction is enamored of thy parts,

And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

A gentle judgment vanished from his lips,

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

ROMEO

Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say 'death,'

For exile hath more terror in his look,

Much more than death. Do not say 'banishment.'

PARIS

Monday, my lord.

CAPULET

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

A' Thursday let it be, a' Thursday, tell her,

She shall be married to this noble earl.

Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?

We'll keep no great ado, a friend or two,

For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much.

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends

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

PARIS

My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET

Well get you gone, a' Thursday be it, then.

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed;

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.

Farewell, my lord. It is so very late,

That we may call it early by and by.

Good night.

Exeunt

ACT III. SCENE V.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET

Yond light is not daylight, I know it, I.
It is some meteor that the sun exhales
To be to thee this night a torchbearer
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death.
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? Let's talk; it is not day.

JULIET

It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.

Some say the lark makes sweet division;

This doth not so, for she divideth us.

O, now be gone! More light and light it grows.

ROMEO

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

NURSE

[*Within*] Madam!

JULIET

Nurse?

Enter NURSE

NURSE

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.

The day is broke. Be wary, look about.

Exit NURSE

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

He goeth down (or whatever that means for our production)

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 so low,

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 ROMEO

JULIET

O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle.

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, Fortune,

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

But send him back.

LADY CAPULET

[*Within*] Ho, daughter! Are you up?

JULIET

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

Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

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,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

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

JULIET What villain madam?

LADY CAPULET That same villain, Romeo.

JULIET Villain and he be many miles asunder.—

God Pardon him! I do, with all my heart,
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAPULET

That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named, and cannot come to him.
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that slaughtered him!

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

And joy comes well in such a needy time.

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

LADY CAPULET

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

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,

Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy

That thou expects not, nor I looked not for.

JULIET

Madam, in happy time; what day is that?

LADY CAPULET

Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,

The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,

Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JULIET

Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter, too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste, that I must wed

Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.

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

I will not marry yet, and, when I do, I swear,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,

Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

LADY CAPULET

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! A conduit, girl? What, still in tears?

Evermore showering? 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

Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How? Will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JULIET

Not proud, you have, but thankful, that you have.

Proud can I never be of what I hate,

But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

CAPULET

How now, how now, chopped logic? What is this?

'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not,'

And yet 'not proud'? Mistress minion, you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!

You tallow-face!

LADY CAPULET

Fie, fie! What, are you mad?

JULIET

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

CAPULET

Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.

NURSE

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

CAPULET

And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your tongue.

NURSE

I speak no treason.

CAPULET

O, God-i'-good-e'en!

NURSE

May not one speak?

CAPULET

Peace, you mumbling fool!

LADY CAPULET

You are too hot.

CAPULET

God's bread, it makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her matched: and having now provided

A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly trained,
Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man,
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
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.

Exit LORD CAPULET

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 LADY CAPULET

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.

What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE

Faith, here it is.

Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing,

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you,

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

I think it best you married with the county.

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

Speak'st 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 marvelous much.

Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,

To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE

Marry, I will, and this is wisely done.

Exit NURSE

JULIET

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath praised him with above compare

So many thousand times? Go, counselor,

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.

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

If all else fail, myself have power to die.

Exit JULIET

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS

FRIAR LAURENCE On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

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

FRIAR LAURENCE You say you do not know the lady's mind.
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

PARIS Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talked of love.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR LAURENCE I would I knew not why it should be slowed.
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET

PARIS Happily met, my lady and my wife!

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

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

JULIET

What must be shall be.

FRIAR LAURENCE

That's a certain text.

PARIS

Come you to make confession to this father?

JULIET

To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS

Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET

I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS

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

JULIET

If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

PARIS

Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

JULIET

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

PARIS

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

JULIET

That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

PARIS

Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

JULIET

It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

FRIAR LAURENCE

My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

PARIS

God shield I should disturb devotion!

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye.

Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss.

Exit PARIS

JULIET

O shut the door, and when thou hast done so,

Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief,

It strains me past the compass of my wits.

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this count.

JULIET

Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.

If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands,

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed,

Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Turn to another, this shall slay them both.

Give me some present counsel, or, behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak. I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, daughter, I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower,
Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk
Where serpents are. Chain me with roaring bears,
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'ercovered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble,
And I will do it without fear or doubt,

To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.
Tomorrow 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 humor, for no pulse,
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, 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 valor 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

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and NURSE

CAPULET

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

NURSE

Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET

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

A peevish self-willed harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET

NURSE

See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

CAPULET

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

JULIET

Where I have learned me to repent the sin

Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests, and am enjoined

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

CAPULET

Send for the county; go tell him of this.
I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning.

JULIET

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

CAPULET

Why, I am glad on't; this is well. Stand up.

JULIET

Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET

No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

CAPULET

Go, Nurse, go with her. We'll to church tomorrow.

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 tonight; let me alone.

I'll play the housewife for this once.

Exit LADY CAPULET

What, ho!

They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

Exit LORD CAPULET

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Enter JULIET and NURSE

JULIET

Ay, those attires are best. But, gentle Nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself tonight,
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou knowest, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

No, madam, we have culled such necessities
As are behoveful for our state tomorrow.
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.

Exit 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 tomorrow morning?

No, no! This shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

What if it be a poison, which the Friar

Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

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

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

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

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

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 crowed,
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica.
Spare not for the cost.

NURSE Go, you cotquean, go,
Get you to bed. Faith, you'll be sick tomorrow
For this night's watching.

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

CAPULET A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

FRIAR LAURENCE

Who is it?

BALTHASAR

Romeo.

FRIAR LAURENCE

How long hath he been there?

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.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Stay, then, I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me.

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Enters the tomb

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too,

And steeped 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, 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 me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him*]
Thy lips are warm.

WATCH

[*Within*] Lead, boy: which way?

JULIET

Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!
This is thy sheath; there rust, and let me die. [*Dies*]

Enter WATCH, with the PAGE of PARIS

CAPULET

As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie,

Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

PRINCE

A glooming peace this morning with it brings.

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head.

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things.

Some shall be pardoned, and some punished,

For never was a story of more woe

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Exeunt