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ROMEO AND JULIET,

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

AS ARRANGED FOR THE STAGE

BY

HENRY IRVING,

AND PRESENTED AT

THE LYCEUM THEATRE,

ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8TH, 1882.

LONDON: BICKERS AND SON,
1, LEICESTER SQUARE.

1882.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.
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PREFACE.

In producing this tragedy, I have availed myself of every resource at my command to illustrate without intrusion the Italian warmth, life, and romance of this enthralling love-story.

Such changes as have been made from the ordinary manner and presentation are, I think, justified by the fuller development of our present stage, of whose advantages the Poet would, doubtless, have freely availed himself had his own opportunities been brought up to the level of our time.

In the arrangement of the text I have endeavoured to retain all that was compatible with the presentation of the play within a reasonable limit of time. The Variorum of Furness, and the editions of Dyce and Singer, have afforded me much aid.

Among the restorations will be found that of Romeo's unrequited love for Rosaline, omitted amongst other things in Garrick's Georgian version. Its value can hardly be over-appreciated, since Shakespeare has carefully worked out this first baseless love of Romeo as a palpable evidence of the subjective nature of the man and his passion.

In securing for the production of this play the cooperation and assistance of some of the distinguished
representatives of our time of the various Arts I have been most fortunate; and although the art of the actor must ever fail to realize the ideal of the Poet, still we hope that suggestions in the interpretation of the play may be offered on which the mind may dwell with pleasure and profit, and which may justify our attempt.

Henry Irving.

Lyceum Theatre,
8th March, 1882.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, prince of Verona             MR. TYARS.
PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince               MR. G. ALEXANDER.
MONTAGUE, heads of two houses at variance with each other
CAPULET,
ROMEO, son to Montague                      MR. HARBURY.
MERCUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo          MR. HOWE.
BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo            MR. IRVING.
TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet
FRIAR LAURENCE, Franciscans
FRIAR JOHN,
BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo                  MR. FERNANDEZ.
SAMSON,
GREGORY, servants to Capulet                MR. BLACK.
PETER, servant to Juliet’s nurse
ABRAHAM, servant to Montague                MR. HUDSON.
An Apothecary                                  MR. ARCHER.
Servant to Capulet
Page to Paris                                    MR. CARTER.
Citizen                                            MR. ANDREWS.
CHORUS                                            MR. LOUSER.
LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague
LADY CAPULET, wife of Capulet                 MISS K. BROWNE.
JULIET, daughter to Capulet                    MISS L. PAYNE.
Nurse to Juliet                                  MISS ELLEN TERRY.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Pages, Musicians, Watchmen, Attendants, &c., &c.

Scene: Verona; except once in the Fifth Act, where it is in Mantua.

Time of action: Five days.
SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

PROLOGUE.

ACT I.

Scene 1. Verona.—The Market Place.
Scene 2. Verona.—Loggia of Capulet's House.
Scene 3. Verona.—Before Capulet's House.

ACT II.

Scene 1. Verona.—Wall of Capulet's Garden.
Scene 2. Verona.—The Garden.
Scene 3. Verona.—The Monastery.
Scene 4. Verona.—Outside the City.
Scene 5. Verona.—Terrace of Capulet's Garden.
Scene 6. Verona.—The Cloisters.

ACT III.

Scene 1. Verona.—A Public Place.
Scene 2. Verona.—The Loggia.
Scene 3. Verona.—A Secret Place in the Monastery.
Scene 4. Verona.—Capulet's House.
Scene 5. Verona.—Juliet's Chamber.

ACT IV.

Scene 1. Verona.—The Friar's Cell.
Scene 2. Verona.—Juliet's Chamber—Night.
Scene 3. Verona.—The Same—Morning.

ACT V.

Scene 1. Mantua.—A Street.
Scene 2. Verona.—The Friar's Cell.
Scene 3. Verona.—Church Yard with the Tomb of the Capulets.
Scene 4. Verona.—The Tomb.
THE PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus.

WO households, both alike in dignity,
(In fair Verona, where we lay our scene),
-From ancient grudge, break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
   A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life ;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrowes
   Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
   And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
   Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

[Exit.]
ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Verona. The Market Place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, armed with Swords and Bucklers.

Sampson.

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

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

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

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

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

Gre. Here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. Quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry:—I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.
Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.
Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.
Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Sam. [aside to Greg.] Is the law on our side, if I say, ay?
Gre. [aside to Sam] No.
Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.
Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?
Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.
Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.
Abr. No better.
Sam. Well, sir.
Gre. Say—better [aside to Sam, seeing Tybalt at a distance]; here comes one of my master’s kinsmen.
Sam. Yes, better, sir.
Abr. You lie.

Enter Benvolio.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [They fight.
Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [Beats down their weapons.

Enter Tybalt.

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

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.
Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.
Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
ACT I. SCENE I.

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [They fight.

Enter several Persons of both Houses, who join the Fray:
then enter Citizens and Peace Officers, with Clubs
and Partisans.

1 Cit. Clubs, bills and partisans! Strike! beat
them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter Capulet and others.

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

Enter Montague and Lady Montague.

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

Enter Prince, with his train.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word
By thee, old Capulet and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseezing ornaments,
To wield old partisans in hands as old.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.—
For this time, all the rest depart away:—
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague,
and Benvolio.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

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

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

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

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

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

Ben. Have you impórtun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends.

Enter ROMEO.

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

[Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?
ACT I. SCENE I.

Ben. It was: What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
Rom. Not having that, which having makes them short.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out—
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O anything, of nothing first create!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.
Rom. Why, such, Benvolio, is love's transgression.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: farewell, my coz. [Going.
Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other-where.
Ben. Tell me in sadness, who 'tis that you love.
Rom. In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed.
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with her, dies beauty's store.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair.
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[Exeunt.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

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

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

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth has swallow'd all my hopes but she.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there [gives a Paper], and
to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exeunt Capulet and Paris.

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written
here? I am sent to find those persons, whose names
are here writ, and can never find what names the
writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:
—in good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is less'en'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Rom. Your plaintain leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented: and—Good-den, good fel-
low.
Serv. God gi' good den. I pray, sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
But, I pray, can you read anything you see?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.
Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest ye merry!
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [Reads.
Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters;
County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters;
The lady widow of Vitruvio;
Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces;
Mercutio, and his brother Valentine;
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters;
My fair niece Rosaline; and Livia;
Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt;
Lucio, and the lively Helena.
A fair assembly; Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.
Rom. Whither?
Serv. To supper; to our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master's.
Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.
Serv. 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.

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all th' 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.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady-love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt.
ACT I. SCENE II.


Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap.

NURSE, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—

God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

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

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

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

How long is't now to Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. 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,
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;

Sit in the sun under the dove-house wall;

My lord and you were then at Mantua:—

And since that time it is eleven years;

For then she could not stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;

For even the day before she broke her brow.

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.
Nurse. Yes, madam.
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
An I might live to see thee married once
I have my wish.

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

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

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

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

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

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

La. Cap. 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 obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. 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 a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up.

La. Cap. Juliet, the County stays. [Exeunt.]

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and Others.

Romeo.

What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

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

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. 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.

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

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:

Mer. Give me a case to put my visage in:
A visor for a visor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

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

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grand sire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.—
True we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.
Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athewart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep: and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes:
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab.
ACT I. SCENE IV.

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind.

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

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On! lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [Exeunt.


Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, JULIET, TYBALT,
and others of his House, to the Guests and Maskers.

Cap.

WELCOME, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you:
Ah, ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, and others.

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[Musick plays, and they dance.

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is’t now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! ’tis not so much, ’tis not so much:
’Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask’d.

2 Cap. ’Tis more, ’tis more: his son is elder, sir.

His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady’s that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

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

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear:
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.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover’d with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?
Tyb. Uncle, this a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. 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 govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill beseeing semblance for a feast.

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

Cap. He shall be endur'd;
What! goodman boy!—I say, he shall.—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—You are a saucy boy.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

[Exit.

Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand

[To JULIET.

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. 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.

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

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

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

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
... ROMEO AND JULIET.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take. 

Kissing her.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.


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

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor!

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:

I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

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

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

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

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

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

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.

More torches here—come on, then—let's to bed.

[Exeunt CAPULET and others.

Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yond' gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

[Exit BENVOLIO.

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

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

[Exit MERCUTIO.

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

[Exit ROMEO.

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. 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.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Nurse. What's this? what's this?
FUL. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal.
Lady Capulet. [within] Juliet.
Nurse. Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.
ACT II.

SCENE I. Verona. Wall of Capulet's Garden.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Benvolio.

ROMEO! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!

Mer.

He is wise;

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

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer.

Nay, I'll conjure too.—Romeo! Humour's-madman! Passion-lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but—love and dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nickname for her purblind son and heir.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

That in thy likeless thou appear to us.

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

Mer. This cannot anger him.

My invocation

Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,

I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night:

Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.
ACT II. SCENE II.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

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

[Exeunt.


Enter Romeo.

Romeo.

E jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
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.

[Juliet appears above.

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. Her eyes in Heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

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

_Rom._ Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

_[Aside._

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

_Rom._ I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

_Jul._ What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in
night,
So stumblesst on my counsel?

_Rom._ 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.

_Jul._ My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

_Rom._ Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

_Jul._ 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.

_Rom._ With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

_Jul._ If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
ACT II. SCENE II.

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

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

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

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say, Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Love laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo: but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'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.

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

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

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

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

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

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

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

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

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

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

[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.]

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

Re-enter JULIET.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
ACT II. SCENE II.

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

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. I come anon.—But if thou mean'st not well, I
do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

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

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [Exit.

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

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their
books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[Exit.

Re-enter JULIET.

Jul. 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's name.
Romeo!

Re-enter ROMEO.

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

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear!

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

Rom. At the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. '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,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.

[Exit.

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


Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri.

The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers,
O! mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good but strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turn vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med’cine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, Grace, and rude Will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Rom. [without] Good morrow, father!

Fri. Benedicte!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—

Enter ROMEO.

Young son, it argues a distemper’d head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
Care keeps his watch in every old man’s eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth, with unstuff’d brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art uprous’d by some distemp’rature.

Rom. I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That’s by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.

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

Rom. 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;
But when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

_Fri._ Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

_Rom._ Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
_Fri._ For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
_Rom._ And bad'st me bury love.

_Fri._
To lay one in, another out to have.

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

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

_Rom._ O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.
_Fri._ Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast.

_[Exeunt._

Scene 4. Verona—Outside the City.

_Enter_ Benvolio and Mercutio.

_Mer._

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

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

_Mer._ Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
ACT II. SCENE IV.

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

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how 
he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed 
with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the 
ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft 
with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: And is he a man 
to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. O! he is the courageous captain of comple-
ments. He keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests 
me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your 
bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a 
duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the 
first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! 
the punto reverso! the hay!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The plague of such antic, lisping, affecting 
fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! A very good 
blade! a very tall man! a very good wenches! Why, is 
not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should 
be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion- 
mongers, these pardonnes-mois.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O, 
flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the 
numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, 
was but a kitchen wenches; marry, she had a better 
love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, 
a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; 
Thisbé, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.

Enter ROMEO.

Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation
to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

  Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

  Mer. The slip, sir, the slip: Can you not conceive?
  Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

  Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.
  Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.
  Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.
  Rom. Pink for flower.
  Mer. Right. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature.
  Rom. Here's goodly geer!

  Enter Nurse and Peter.

  Mer. A sail, a sail!
  Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.
  Nurse. Peter, pry'thee give me my fan.
  Mer. 'Pry'thee do, good Peter, to hide her face.
  Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.
  Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.
  Nurse. Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?
  Rom. I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.
  Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.
  Ben. She will indite him to some supper.
  Mer. Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.
  Rom. I will follow you.
  Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [singing] lady, lady, lady. [Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.]
ACT II. SCENE IV.

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

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

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave!—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure.

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

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

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

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

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

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

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

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

[Exit.

_Nurse._ Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

_Pet._ Anon.

_Nurse._ Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[Exeunt.

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_SCENE 5._  _Verona—Terrace of Capulet's Garden._

**JULIET.**

**Jul.**

_The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him: that's not so.
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.

_Enter Nurse and Peter._

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

_Nurse._ Peter, stay at the gate.  

[Exit Peter.

_Jul._ Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad?

_Nurse._ I am aweary, give me leave awhile;—
Fye, how my bones ake! What a jaunt have I had!
ACT II. SCENE V.

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

Nurse. O Lord, what haste? can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied,—Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
know not how to choose a man.—Go thy ways, wench;
serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. 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!

Jul. 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?

Jul. Where is my mother? why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest?

Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!

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

Jul. Here's such a coil,—come, what says Romeo?

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

Jul. I have.
Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[Exeunt.


Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Friar.
O smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

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

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die! The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore, love moderately: long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

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

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
ACT II. SCENE VI.

JUL. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

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

JUL. 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.

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

SCENE I. Verona. A public Place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and Page.

Benvolio.

PRAY thee, good Mercutio, let's retire; The day is hot, the Capulets abroad, And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl; For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

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

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; an there were two such we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling?

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any
ACT III. SCENE I.

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

Mer. The fee simple? O simple!
Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Enter TYBALT.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.
Tyb. Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you.
Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.
Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.
Mer. Could you not take some occasion, without giving?
Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—
Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!
Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.
Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.
Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.
Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this,—Thou art a villain.
Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.
Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.
Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender
As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.
Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away. [Draws.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?
Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?
Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your
nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal. Will
you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?
make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be
out.
Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.
Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.
Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.
Rom. Draw, Benvolio:—Beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage;
Tybalt,—Mercutio,—the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.
Hold, Tybalt—good Mercutio—

[Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt:—
A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?
Ben. What, art thou hurt?
Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, ’tis
enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.

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

Rom. I thought all for the best.
Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o’ both your houses!
They have made worm’s meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.

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

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio’s dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.
Rom. This day’s black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.
Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey’d fury be my conduct now!—

Re-enter TYBALT.

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav’st me; for Mercutio’s soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company.

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

Rom. This shall determine that.

[They fight; TYBALT falls.

D
Enter Citizens and others.

Ben. Romeo, away! be gone! The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain: Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death, If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool! [Exit.

Scene 2. Verona. The Loggia.

Enter Juliet.

Juliet.

ALLOP apace, you fiery-footed steeds, Towards Phæbus' lodging; such a waggoner As Phaeton would whip you to the west, And bring in cloudy night immediately.— Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night! That runaway's eyes may wink; and Romeo Leap to these arms, unkink'd of, and unseen! Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.— Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night, Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die, Take him and cut him out in little stars, And he will make the face of heaven so fine, That all the world will be in love with night, And pay no worship to the garish sun.— O! I have bought the mansion of a love, But not possess'd it. So tedious is this day, As is the night before some festival To an impatient child, that hath new robes, And may not wear them. O! here comes my nurse, And she brings news: and every tongue, that speaks But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
ACT III. SCENE II.

Enter Nurse, with Cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

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

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

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

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

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
Here on his manly breast: a piteous corse,
Pale, pale as ashes.—I swooned at the sight.

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

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

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

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

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished,

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

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

Jul. O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
Nurse. There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,  
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—  
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,  
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;  
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

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

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—  
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
My husband lives, 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 murder'd me; I would forget it fain;  
But, O! it presses to my memory,  
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:  
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished!
Romeo is banished! To speak that word  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
All slain, all dead:—Romeo is banished!—  
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.

Jul. 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 beguil'd,  
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo  
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
ACT III. SCENE III.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [Exeunt.


Enter Friar Laurence.

Friar.

ROMEO, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

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

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say,—death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say,—banishment.

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

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banished
Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her
But Romeo may not:—more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
This flies may do, when I from this must fly;
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Had'st thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—"banished"—to kill me?—"Banished?"
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it. How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
To mangle me with that word "banished?"

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a
word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet "banished." Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not
feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, 
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered, 
Doting like me, and like me banished, 
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair, 
And fall upon the ground, as I do now, 
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.  

[Knocking within.]

Fri. Arise! one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.  

[Knocking.]

Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise! 
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile:—stand up; 

[Knocking.]

Run to my study.—By and by:—God's will! 
What wilfulness is this!—I come, I come. 

[Knocking.]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will? 

Nurse [Within]. Let me come in, and you shall know my errand; 
I come from Lady Juliet. 

Fri. Welcome then. 

Enter Nurse.

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

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

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

Fri. O woful sympathy! 
Piteous predicament. 

Nurse. Even so lies she, 
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man: 
For Juliet's sake, for her sake. 

Rom. Nurse! 

Nurse. Ah sir! eh sir! Well death's the end of all.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is't with her? Where is she? how doth she? and what says she? My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

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

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her. As that name's cursed hand
Murdered her kinsman. O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [Drawing his dagger.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast:
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
What! rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

_Nurse._ O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

_Rom._ Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

_Nurse._ Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[Exit Nurse.

_Rom._ How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

_Fri._ Go hence: Good night! and here stands all your state;
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

_Rom._ But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell! [Exeunt.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Capulet.

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

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

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow:
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

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

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.—
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?

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

Cap. Well, get you gone: O' Thursday be it then:
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!

[Exeunt.


Romeo and Juliet.

Juliet.

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

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

Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need’st not to be gone.

Rom. 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,
’Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia’s brow.
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads;
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is’t, my soul? let’s talk, it is not day.

Jul. 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.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.
More light and light? more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

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

[Exit Nurse.

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

[ROMEO descends.

Jul. Art thou gone so? Love! Lord! ay Husband, friend!

I must hear from thee every day i' 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.

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

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

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

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

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

[Exit ROMEO.

La. Cap. [Within.] Ho! daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustomed'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What! wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
ACT III. SCENE V.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. 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!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. How now! a conduit, girl? what! still in tears?
Ever more showering?—How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

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

Cap. How! will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? Doth she not count her bless'd
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

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

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

_La. Cap._ Fye, fye! what, are you mad?

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

_Cap._ Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.

_Nurse._ God in heaven bless her!

_La. Cap._ You are too hot.

_Cap._ God's what! it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts,
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, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee. [Exit.

_Jul._ 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.

_La. Cap._ Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

_Jul._ O God!—O nurse! how shall this be pre-
vented?
Alack, alack! that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
ACT III. SCENE V.

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.
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.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

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

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
much.

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

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[Exit.

Jul. 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 prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.  Verona.  The Friar's Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.

Friar.

N Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind; Uneven is the course, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death, And therefore have I little talk'd of love. Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous, That she doth give her sorrow so much sway; And, in his wisdom, hastens our marriage, To stop the inundation of her tears; Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

[Aside.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.
ACT IV. SCENE I.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now?
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit Paris.

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

Fri. 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 County.

Jul. 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 join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. 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;

E
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame.
Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse,
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

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

*Fri.* 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.

*Jul.* Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father! [Exeunt.]

JULIET and Nurse.

Juliet.

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

Enter LADY CAPULET.

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

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

La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

Jul. Farewell! God knows, when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, vial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.

[Laying down a dagger.

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
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 forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo! I come. This do I drink to thee.

[Drinks.]
SCENE 3. Verona. The Same—Morning.

Nurse. [Without].

DISTRESS! !—what, mistress!

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she:
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fye, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why,
bride!
(Marry and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady’s dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
My lord! my lady! O!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!
La. Cap. O me! O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She’s dead, deceas’d, she’s dead; alack the
day!
La. Cap. Alack the day! she’s dead, she’s dead,
she’s dead.
Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she’s cold;
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence, Paris, and others.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:
O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife: see, here she lies.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir.

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

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs’d, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch’d it from my sight.

Fri. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,

And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do low’r upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.
ACT V.

SCENE I. Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Romeo.

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:  
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;  
And, all this day, an unaccustomed spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.  
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead  
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think);  
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.  
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?  
How doth my lady? Is my father well?  
How doth my lady? That I ask again;  
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.  
   Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;  
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,  
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you;
O' pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

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

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

_Rom._ Tush! thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

_Bal._ No, my good lord.

_Rom._ No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit _BALTHASAR._]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples: meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
And if a man did need a poison now,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O! this same thought did but forerun my need;
As I remember, this should be the house;
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!
ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor; Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear As will disperse itself through all the veins, That the life-weary taker may fall dead.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law Is death, to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness, And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks, Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes, Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back, The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law: The world affords no law to make thee rich; Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will, And drink it off; and, if you had the strength Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls, Doing more murders in this loathsome world, Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell: I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none. Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—

[Exit Apothecary.

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

[Exit.
Scene 2. Verona. The Friar's Cell.

Friar John, without.

John.

Oly Franciscan friar! brother! ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Lau. This same should be the voice of Friar John.—

Enter Friar John.

Welcome from Mantua; What says Romeo? Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a barefoot brother out, One of our order to associate me, Here in this city visiting the sick, And finding him, the searchers of the town, Suspecting that we both were in a house Where the infectious pestilence did reign, Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth; So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

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

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

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

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone; Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake; She will beshrew me much, that Romeo Hath had no notice of these accidents:
ACT V. SCENE III.

But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [Exit.

SCENE 3. VERONA. Church Yard with the Tomb of the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, and his Page.

PARIS.

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

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

[Retires.

PAR. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew;
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.

[The boy whistles.

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night?
What! with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.

[Retires.

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR.

ROM. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee, 
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof, 
And do not interrupt me in my course. 
Why I descend into this bed of death, 
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face: 
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger 
A precious ring; a ring that I must use 
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:— 
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry 
In what I further shall intend to do, 
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint, 
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs. 
The time and my intents are savage-wild; 
More fierce, and more inexorable far, 
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea. 
   *Bal.* I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 
   *Rom.* So shalt thou show me friendship. Take 
thou that: 
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow. 
    [Exit BALTHASAR. 
Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death, 
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth, 
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open, 
    [Breaking open the Door of the Tomb. 
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food! 
   *Par.* [Advances.] Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile 
Montague. 
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death? 
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee: 
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die. 
   *Rom.* I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither. 
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man; 
Fly hence and leave me;—I beseech thee, youth, 
Put not another sin upon my head, 
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone! 
By heaven, I love thee better than myself; 
For I come hither arm'd against myself: 
Stay not;—be gone;—live, and hereafter say, 
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.
ACT V. SCENE IV.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [They fight.

Par. O! I am slain! [Falls.] If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies.

Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face;
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so?—or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O! give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.—

SCENE 4. Verona. The Tomb.

JULIET laid upon a bier.

Enter ROMEO.

Romeo.

MY love! my wife!
Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy
breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Ah, dear Juliet, why art thou yet so fair?
Here, here will I remain. O! here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O! you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss.
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! [Drinks.]—O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

[Dies.

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed!
Alack, alack! what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. [Juliet wakes and stirs.

Jul. 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.

Fri. 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;
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[Noise again]. I dare no
longer stay. [Exit.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.

Thy lips are warm!

[Noise within.]
ACT V. SCENE IV.

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!  
[Snatching ROMEO'S Dagger.  
This is thy sheath [Stabs herself]; there rest, and let me die.  
[Dies.

Tableau.

ROMEO, JULIET, FRIAR, PRINCE, CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, MONTAGUE, and Others.

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;  
The sun for sorrow will not show his head:  
For never was a story of more woe,  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

CURTAIN.

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