



Romeo and Juliet

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616

Πνευματικά Δικαιώματα:

Το παρόν βιβλίο είναι διαθέσιμο για χώρες όπου τα πνευματικά δικαιώματα διαρκούν 70 χρόνια μετά από τον θάνατο του συγγραφέα, όπως στις χώρες της Ευρωπαϊκής Ένωσης.

This work is available for countries where copyright is Life + 70, including the EU.

Cette oeuvre est disponible pour les pays où le droit d'auteur est de 70 ans après mort de l'auteur.

Σημείωση:

Το συγκεκριμένο έργο διατίθεται μόνο για προσωπική και όχι για εμπορική χρήση. Ως βιβλίο που έχουν λήξει τα πνευματικά του δικαιώματα, απαγορεύεται η επιβολή οποιουδήποτε τιμήματος στην παρούσα μορφή. Σημειώνουμε ότι οι νόμοι περί πνευματικών δικαιωμάτων αλλάζουν συχνά. Αν υπάρχει οποιαδήποτε αμφιβολία ή αμφισβήτηση, παρακαλώ διαγράψτε το αρχείο και ενημερώστε μας για να επιληφθούμε αμέσως του θέματος.

This book is strictly for personal use; do not use this file for commercial purposes.

Copyright laws are changing all over the world. Be sure to check the copyright laws for your country before distributing this or any other file.

This Etext file is presented by Project Gutenberg, in cooperation with World Library, Inc., from their Library of the Future and Shakespeare CDROMS. Project Gutenberg often releases Etexts that are NOT placed in the Public Domain!!

This Etext has certain copyright implications you should read!

<<THIS ELECTRONIC VERSION OF THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE IS COPYRIGHT 1990-1993 BY WORLD LIBRARY, INC., AND IS PROVIDED BY PROJECT GUTENBERG WITH PERMISSION. ELECTRONIC AND MACHINE READABLE COPIES MAY BE DISTRIBUTED SO LONG AS SUCH COPIES (1) ARE FOR YOUR OR OTHERS PERSONAL USE ONLY, AND (2) ARE NOT DISTRIBUTED OR USED COMMERCIALY. PROHIBITED COMMERCIAL

DISTRIBUTION INCLUDES BY ANY
SERVICE THAT CHARGES FOR
DOWNLOAD TIME OR FOR
MEMBERSHIP.>>

*Project Gutenberg is proud to cooperate
with The World Library* in the
presentation of The Complete Works of
William Shakespeare for your reading for
education and entertainment. HOWEVER,
THIS IS NEITHER SHAREWARE NOR
PUBLIC DOMAIN. . .AND UNDER THE
LIBRARY OF THE FUTURE CONDITIONS OF
THIS PRESENTATION. . .NO CHARGES
MAY BE MADE FOR *ANY* ACCESS TO
THIS MATERIAL. YOU ARE
ENCOURAGED!! TO GIVE IT AWAY TO
ANYONE YOU LIKE, BUT NO CHARGES
ARE ALLOWED!!

**Welcome To The World of Free Plain

Vanilla Electronic Texts**

Etexts Readable By Both Humans and By Computers, Since 1971

These Etexts Prepared By Hundreds of Volunteers and Donations

Information on contacting Project Gutenberg to get Etexts, and further information is included below. We need your donations.

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet

November, 1997 [Etext #11112]

The Library of the Future Complete Works

of William Shakespeare Library of the Future is a TradeMark (TM) of World Library Inc. *****This file should be named lws1610.txt or lws1610.zip*****

Corrected EDITIONS of our etexts get a new NUMBER, lws1611.txt VERSIONS based on separate sources get new NUMBER, 2ws1610.txt

The official release date of all Project Gutenberg Etexts is at Midnight, Central Time, of the last day of the stated month. A preliminary version may often be posted for suggestion, comment and editing by those who wish to do so. To be sure you have an up to date first edition [xxxxx10x.xxx] please check file sizes in the first week of the next month.

Information about Project Gutenberg (one page)

We produce about two million dollars for each hour we work. The fifty hours is one conservative estimate for how long it we take to get any etext selected, entered, proofread, edited, copyright searched and analyzed, the copyright letters written, etc.

This projected audience is one hundred million readers. If our value per text is nominally estimated at one dollar, then we produce 2 million dollars per hour this year we, will have to do four text files per month: thus upping our productivity from one million. The Goal of Project Gutenberg is to Give Away One Trillion Etext Files by the December 31, 2001. [10,000 x 100,000,000=Trillion] This is ten thousand titles each to one hundred million readers, which is 10% of the expected number of computer users by the end of the year

2001.

We need your donations more than ever!

All donations should be made to "Project Gutenberg/CMU", and are tax deductible to the extent allowable by law ("CMU" is Carnegie Mellon University).

Please mail to:

Project Gutenberg P. O. Box 2782
Champaign, IL 61825

You can visit our web site at promo.net for complete information about Project Gutenberg.

When all other else fails try our Executive Director: dircompg@pobox.com or hart@pobox.com

****Information prepared by the Project
Gutenberg legal advisor****

******* SMALL PRINT! for COMPLETE
SHAKESPEARE *******

**THIS ELECTRONIC VERSION OF THE
COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE IS COPYRIGHT 1990-1993
BY WORLD LIBRARY, INC., AND IS
PROVIDED BY PROJECT GUTENBERG
ETEXT OF CARNEGIE MELLON
UNIVERSITY WITH PERMISSION.**

**Since unlike many other Project
Gutenberg-tm etexts, this etext is
copyright protected, and since the
materials and methods you use will effect
the Project's reputation, your right to copy**

and distribute it is limited by the copyright and other laws, and by the conditions of this "Small Print!" statement.

1. LICENSE

A) YOU MAY (AND ARE ENCOURAGED) TO DISTRIBUTE ELECTRONIC AND MACHINE READABLE COPIES OF THIS ETEXT, SO LONG AS SUCH COPIES (1) ARE FOR YOUR OR OTHERS PERSONAL USE ONLY, AND (2) ARE NOT DISTRIBUTED OR USED COMMERCIALY. PROHIBITED COMMERCIAL DISTRIBUTION INCLUDES BY ANY SERVICE THAT CHARGES FOR DOWNLOAD TIME OR FOR MEMBERSHIP.

B) This license is subject to the conditions that you honor the refund and replacement provisions of this "small print!" statement; and that you distribute exact copies of this

etext, including this Small Print statement. Such copies can be compressed or any proprietary form (including any form resulting from word processing or hypertext software), so long as *EITHER*:

(1) The etext, when displayed, is clearly readable, and does *not* contain characters other than those intended by the author of the work, although tilde (~), asterisk (*) and underline (_) characters may be used to convey punctuation intended by the author, and additional characters may be used to indicate hypertext links; OR

(2) The etext is readily convertible by the reader at no expense into plain ASCII, EBCDIC or equivalent form by the program that displays the etext (as is the case, for instance, with most word processors); OR

(3) You provide or agree to provide on request at no additional cost, fee or expense, a copy of the etext in plain ASCII.

2. LIMITED WARRANTY; DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES

This etext may contain a "Defect" in the form of incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other infringement, a defective or damaged disk, computer virus, or codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment. But for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described below, the Project (and any other party you may receive this etext from as a PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext) disclaims all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees, and YOU

HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE OR UNDER STRICT LIABILITY, OR FOR BREACH OF WARRANTY OR CONTRACT, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES, EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGES.

If you discover a Defect in this etext within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending an explanatory note within that time to the person you received it from. If you received it on a physical medium, you must return it with your note, and such person may choose to alternatively give you a replacement copy. If you received it electronically, such person may choose to alternatively give you a second opportunity to receive it electronically.

THIS ETEXT IS OTHERWISE PROVIDED TO YOU "AS-IS". NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, ARE MADE TO YOU AS TO THE ETEXT OR ANY MEDIUM IT MAY BE ON, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR A PARTICULAR PURPOSE. Some states do not allow disclaimers of implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of consequential damages, so the above disclaimers and exclusions may not apply to you, and you may have other legal rights.

3. INDEMNITY: You will indemnify and hold the Project, its directors, officers, members and agents harmless from all liability, cost and expense, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following that you do or cause: [A] distribution of this etext, [B] alteration,

modification, or addition to the etext, or [C] any Defect.

4. WHAT IF YOU *WANT* TO SEND MONEY EVEN IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO?

Project Gutenberg is dedicated to increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form. The Project gratefully accepts contributions in money, time, scanning machines, OCR software, public domain etexts, royalty free copyright licenses, and whatever else you can think of. Money should be paid to "Project Gutenberg Association / Carnegie Mellon University".

WRITE TO US! We can be reached at:
Internet: hart@pobox.com Mail: Prof.
Michael Hart P.O. Box 2782
Champaign, IL 61825

This "Small Print!" by Charles B. Kramer,
Attorney Internet
(72600.2026@compuserve.com); TEL:
(212-254-5093) **** SMALL PRINT! FOR
__ COMPLETE SHAKESPEARE **** ["Small
Print" V.12.08.93]

<<THIS ELECTRONIC VERSION OF THE
COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE IS COPYRIGHT 1990-1993
BY WORLD LIBRARY, INC., AND IS
PROVIDED BY PROJECT GUTENBERG
ETEXT OF CARNEGIE MELLON
UNIVERSITY WITH PERMISSION.
ELECTRONIC AND MACHINE READABLE
COPIES MAY BE DISTRIBUTED SO LONG
AS SUCH COPIES (1) ARE FOR YOUR OR
OTHERS PERSONAL USE ONLY, AND (2)
ARE NOT DISTRIBUTED OR USED
COMMERCIALY. PROHIBITED
COMMERCIAL DISTRIBUTION INCLUDES
BY ANY SERVICE THAT CHARGES FOR

DOWNLOAD TIME OR FOR
MEMBERSHIP.>>

1595

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

by William Shakespeare

Dramatis Personae

Chorus.

Escalus, Prince of Verona. Paris, a young Count, kinsman to the Prince. Montague, heads of two houses at variance with each other. Capulet, heads of two houses at variance with each other. An old Man, of the Capulet family. Romeo, son to Montague. Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet. Mercutio, kinsman to the Prince and friend to Romeo. Benvolio, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet. Friar Laurence, Franciscan. Friar John, Franciscan. Balthasar, servant to Romeo. Abram, servant to Montague. Sampson, servant to Capulet. Gregory, servant to Capulet. Peter, servant to Juliet's nurse. An Apothecary. Three Musicians. An Officer.

Lady Montague, wife to Montague. Lady Capulet, wife to Capulet. Juliet, daughter to Capulet. Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; Gentlemen and Gentlewomen of both houses; Maskers, Torchbearers, Pages, Guards, Watchmen, Servants, and Attendants.

SCENE.--Verona; Mantua.

THE PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Two households, both alike in
dignity, In fair Verona, where we lay our
scene, From ancient grudge break to
new mutiny, Where civil blood makes
civil hands unclean. From forth the fatal
loins of these two foes A pair of
star-cross'd lovers take their life; Whose
misadventur'd piteous overthrows Doth
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, naught could remove, Is now the
two hours' traffic of our stage; The which
if you with patient ears attend, What
here shall miss, our toil shall strive to
mend.

[Exit.]

<<THIS ELECTRONIC VERSION OF THE
COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE IS COPYRIGHT 1990-1993
BY WORLD LIBRARY, INC., AND IS
PROVIDED BY PROJECT GUTENBERG
ETEXT OF CARNEGIE MELLON
UNIVERSITY WITH PERMISSION.
ELECTRONIC AND MACHINE READABLE
COPIES MAY BE DISTRIBUTED SO LONG
AS SUCH COPIES (1) ARE FOR YOUR OR
OTHERS PERSONAL USE ONLY, AND (2)
ARE NOT DISTRIBUTED OR USED
COMMERCIALY. PROHIBITED
COMMERCIAL DISTRIBUTION INCLUDES
BY ANY SERVICE THAT CHARGES FOR
DOWNLOAD TIME OR FOR
MEMBERSHIP.>>

ACT I. Scene I. Verona. A public place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory (with swords and bucklers) of the house of Capulet.

Samp. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals. Greg. No, for then we should be colliers. Samp. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw. Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar. Samp. I strike quickly, being moved. Greg. But thou art not quickly moved to strike. Samp. A dog of the house of Montague moves me. Greg. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand. Therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away. Samp. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's. Greg. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall. Samp. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are

ever thrust to the wall. Therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall. Greg. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. Samp. 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. When I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids- I will cut off their heads. Greg. The heads of the maids? Samp. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads. Take it in what sense thou wilt. Greg. They must take it in sense that feel it. Samp. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh. Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor-John. Draw thy tool! Here comes two of the house of Montagues.

Enter two other Servingmen [Abram and Balthasar].

Samp. My naked weapon is out. Quarrel! I will back thee. Greg. How? turn thy back and run? Samp. Fear me not. Greg. No, marry. I fear thee! Samp. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin. Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list. Samp. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is disgrace to them, if they bear it. Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do bite my thumb, sir. Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. [aside to Gregory] Is the law of our side if I say ay? Greg. [aside to Sampson] No. Samp. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir. Greg. Do you quarrel, sir? Abr. Quarrel, sir? No, sir. Samp. But if you do, sir, am for you. I serve as good a man as you. Abr. No better. Samp. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. [aside to Sampson] Say 'better.'
Here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Samp. Yes, better, sir. Abr. You lie.

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

They fight. Ben. Part,
fools! [Beats down their swords.] Put up
your swords. You know not what you do.

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

Enter an officer, and three or four
Citizens with clubs or
partisans.

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

Enter Old Capulet in his gown, and
his Wife.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long
sword, ho! Wife. A crutch, a crutch! Why
call you for a sword? Cap. My sword, I
say! Old Montague is come And
flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Old Montague and his
Wife.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!- Hold me not,
let me go. M. Wife. Thou shalt not stir one

peace, to part your cank' red hate. If ever
you disturb our streets again, Your lives
shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this
time all the rest depart away. You,
Capulet, shall go along with me; And,
Montague, come you this afternoon, To
know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Freetown, our common judgment
place. Once more, on pain of death, all
men depart.

Exeunt [all but
Montague, his Wife, and Benvolio]. Mon.
Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?

Speak, nephew, were you by when it
began? 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; Which, as he
breath'd defiance to my ears, He swung
about his head and cut the winds, Who,
nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.
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. M. Wife. O, where
is Romeo? Saw you him to-day? 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
the city's 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. I- measuring his affections
by my own, Which then most sought
where most might not be found, Being
one too many by my weary self- Pursu'd
my humour, not Pursuing his, And gladly
shunn'd who gladly fled from me. 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; But all so
soon as the all-cheering sun Should in
the farthest East bean to draw The shady
curtains from Aurora's bed, Away from
light steals home my heavy son And
private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight
And makes himself an artificial night.
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
importun'd him by any means? Mon. Both
by myself and many other friend; But he,
his own affections' counsellor, Is to
himself- I will not say how true- But to
himself so secret and so close, So far
from sounding and discovery, As is the
bud bit with an envious worm Ere he can
spread his sweet leaves to the air Or
dedicate his beauty to the sun. Could we

but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes. So please you
step aside, I'll know his grievance, or be
much denied. Mon. I would thou wert so
happy by thy stay To hear true shrift.
Come, madam, let's away,

Exeunt [Montague and Wife]. Ben.
Good morrow, cousin. Rom. Is the day so
young? Ben. But new struck nine. Rom.
Ay me! sad hours seem long. Was that
my father that went hence so fast? 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! O heavy
lightness! serious vanity! Misshapen
chaos of well-seeming forms! Feather of
lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh? Ben. No, coz, I rather
weep. Rom. Good heart, at what? Ben. At
thy good heart's oppression. Rom. Why,
such is love's transgression. Grievings of
mine own lie heavy in my breast, Which
thou wilt propagate, to have it prest With
more of thine. This love that thou hast
shown Doth add more grief to too much
of mine own. Love is a smoke rais'd with

the fume of sighs; Being purg'd, a fire
sparkling in lovers' eyes; Being vex'd, a
sea nourish'd with lovers' tears. What is
it else? A madness most discreet, A
choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz. 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 is that you love? Rom. What, shall I
groan and tell thee? Ben. Groan? Why,
no; But sadly tell me who. Rom. Bid a
sick man in sadness make his will. Ah,
word ill urg'd to one that is so ill! 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 markman! 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
unharm'd. She will not stay the siege of
loving terms, Nor bide th' encounter of
assailing eyes, Nor ope her lap to
saint-seducing gold. O, she's rich in
beauty; only poor That, when she dies,
with beauty dies her store. Ben. Then she
hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes
huge waste; For beauty, starv'd with her
severity, Cuts beauty off from all
posterity. She is too fair, too wise, wisely
too fair, To merit bliss by making me
despair. She hath forsworn to love, and
in that vow Do I live dead that live to tell
it now. 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. 'Tis the way To call hers (exquisite)
in question more. These happy masks

that kiss fair ladies' brows, Being black
puts us in mind they hide the fair. 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.

Scene II. A Street.

Enter Capulet, County Paris, and [Servant]
-the Clown.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
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, She hath not seen the change
of fourteen years; Let two more summers
wither in their pride Ere we may think
her ripe to be a bride. Par. Younger than
she are happy mothers made. Cap. And
too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but
she; She is the hopeful lady of my earth.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;

My will to her consent is but a part. An
she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.

This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my
number more. At my poor house look to
behold this night Earth-treading stars
that make dark heaven light. Such
comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping Winter treads, even such
delight Among fresh female buds shall
you this night Inherit at my house. Hear
all, all see, And like her most whose
merit most shall be; Which, on more
view of many, mine, being one, May
stand in number, though in reck'ning none.

Come, go with me. [To Servant, giving
him a paper] Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons

out Whose names are written there, and
to them say, My house and welcome on
their pleasure stay-

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

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out
another's burning; One pain is lessened
by another's anguish; Turn giddy, and
be holp by backward turning; One
desperate grief cures with another's
languish. Take thou some new infection

to thy eye, And the rank poison of the
old will die. Rom. Your plantain 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- God-den,
good fellow. Serv. God gi' go-den. I pray,
sir, can you read? Rom. Ay, mine own
fortune in my misery. Serv. Perhaps you
have learned 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 you merry!
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.
He reads.

'Signior Martino and his wife and
daughters; County Anselmo 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.'

[Gives back the paper.] 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
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona.

Go thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall

show, And I will make thee think thy
swan a crow. Rom. When the devout
religion of mine eye Maintains such
falsehood, then turn tears to fires; And
these, who, often drown'd, could never
die, Transparent heretics, be burnt for
liars! One fairer than my love? The
all-seeing sun Ne'er saw her match since
first the world begun. Ben. 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's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now
seems best. Rom. I'll go along, no such
sight to be shown, But to rejoice in
splendour of my own. [Exeunt.]

Scene III. Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet's Wife, and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me. Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old, I bade her come. What, lamb! what ladybird! God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now? Who calls? Nurse. Your mother. Jul. Madam, I am here. What is your will? Wife. This is the matter- Nurse, give leave awhile, We must talk in secret. Nurse, come back again; I have rememb'ed me, thou's hear our counsel.

Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age. Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour. Wife. She's not fourteen. Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth- And yet, to

my teen be it spoken, I have but four-
She is not fourteen. How long is it now To
Lammastide? Wife. A fortnight and odd
days. Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in
the year, Come Lammas Eve at night
shall she be fourteen. Susan and she
(God rest all Christian souls!) Were of an
age. Well, Susan is with God; She was
too good for me. But, as I said, On
Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it
well. 'Tis since the earthquake now
eleven years; And she was wean'd (I
never shall forget it), Of all the days of
the year, upon that day; For I had then
laid wormwood to my dug, Sitting in the
sun under the dovehouse wall. My lord
and you were then at Mantua. Nay, I do
bear a brain. But, as I said, When it did
taste the wormwood on the nipple Of my
dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool, To see it
tetchy and fall out with the dug! Shake,

quoth the dovehouse! 'Twas no need, I
trow, To bid me trudge. And since that
time it is eleven years, For then she
could stand high-lone; nay, by th' rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;

For even the day before, she broke her
brow; And then my husband (God be
with his soul! 'A was a merry man) took
up the child. 'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou
fall upon thy face? Thou wilt fall
backward when thou hast more wit; Wilt
thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidam, The
pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay.'

To see now how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand yeas,

I never should forget it. 'Wilt thou not,
Jule?' quoth he, And, pretty fool, it
stinted, and said 'Ay.' Wife. Enough of
this. I pray thee hold thy peace. Nurse.
Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh

To think it should leave crying and say
'Ay.' And yet, I warrant, it bad upon it

brow A bump as big as a young
cock'rel's stone; A perilous knock; and it
cried bitterly. 'Yea,' quoth my husband,
'fall'st upon thy face? Thou wilt fall
backward when thou comest to age; Wilt
thou not, Jule?' It stinted, and said 'Ay.' Jul.
And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark
thee to his grace! Thou wast the prettiest
babe that e'er I nurs'd. An I might live to
see thee married once, I have my wish.

Wife. 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. Nurse. An honour? Were not I thine
only nurse, I would say thou hadst suck'd
wisdom from thy teat. Wife. 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. Wife. Verona's summer hath not
such a flower. Nurse. Nay, he's a flower,
in faith- a very flower. Wife. 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,
This precious book of love, this unbound
lover, To beautify him only lacks a
cover. The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis
much pride For fair without the fair
within to hide. That book in many's eyes
doth share the glory, That in gold clasps
locks in the golden story; So shall you

share all that he doth possess, By having
him making yourself no less. Nurse. No
less? Nay, bigger! Women grow by men
Wife. 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 Servingman.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come,
supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young
lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd in the
pantry, and everything in extremity. I
must hence to wait. I beseech you follow
straight. Wife. We follow thee.

Exit [Servingman]. Juliet, the County
stays. Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights
to happy days.

Exeunt.

Scene IV. A street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers; Torchbearers.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without apology? Ben. The date is out of such prolixity. We'll have no Cupid

hoodwink'd with a scarf, Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, Scaring the ladies like a crowkeeper; Nor no

without-book prologue, faintly spoke After the prompter, for our entrance; But, let them measure us by what they will,

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone. 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. Under

love's heavy burthen do I sink. Mer. And,

to sink in it, should you burthen love-

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,

Too rude, too boist'rous, and it pricks
like thorn. Mer. If love be rough with you,

be rough with love. Prick love for

pricking, and you beat love down. Give

me a case to put my visage in. A visor for

a visor! What care I 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
grandsire phrase, I'll be a candle-holder
and look on; The game was ne'er so fair,
and I am done. Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse,
the constable's own word! If thou art
Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire Of
this sir-reverence love, wherein thou
stick'st Up to the ears. Come, we burn
daylight, ho! Rom. Nay, that's not so.
Mer. I mean, sir, in delay We waste our
lights in vain, like lamps by day. Take
our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.
Rom. And we mean well, in going to this
masque; 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 forefinger of an alderman, Drawn
with a team of little atomies Athwart
men's noses as they lie asleep; Her
wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;
Her collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry
beams; Her whip, of cricket's bone; the
lash, of film; Her wagoner, a small
grey-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
hazelnut, Made by the joiner squirrel or
old grub, Time out o' mind the fairies'
coachmakers. And in this state she
'gallops night by night Through lovers'
brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on
cursies straight; O'er lawyers' fingers,
who straight dream on fees; O'er ladies'

lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters
plagues, Because their breaths with
sweetmeats tainted are. Sometime she
gallops o'er a courtier's nose, And then
dreams he of smelling out a suit; And
sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes 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 That plats the manes of
horses in the night And bakes the
elflocks in foul sluttish, hairs, Which
once untangled much misfortune bodes
This is the hag, when maids lie on their

backs, That presses them and learns
them first to bear, Making them women
of good carriage. This is she- 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, who woos Even now the frozen
bosom of the North And, being anger'd,
puffs away from thence, Turning his face
to the dew-dropping South. 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
and expire the term Of a despised life,
clos'd in my breast, By some vile forfeit
of untimely death. But he that hath the

steerage of my course Direct my sail!
On, lusty gentlemen! Ben. Strike, drum.

They march about the stage.

[Exeunt.]

Scene V. Capulet's house.

Servingmen come forth with napkins.

1. Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher! 2. Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1. Serv. Away with the join-stools, remove the court-cubbert, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane and, as thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.

Anthony, and Potpan! 2. Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

1. Serv. You are look'd for and call'd for, ask'd for and sought for, in the great chamber. 3. Serv. We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys! Be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

Exeunt.

Enter the Maskers, Enter, [with
Servants,] Capulet, his Wife, Juliet,
Tybalt, and all the Guests and
Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that
have their toes Unplagu'd with corns will
have a bout with you. Ah ha, my
mistresses! which of you all Will now
deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She I'll swear hath corns. Am I come near
ye now? Welcome, gentlemen! I have
seen the day That I have worn a visor
and could tell A whispering tale in a fair
lady's ear, Such as would please. 'Tis
gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone! You are
welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians,
play. A hall, a hall! give room! and foot
it, girls. Music plays,
and they dance. More light, you knaves!
and turn the tables up, And quench the
fire, the room is grown too hot. Ah,

sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days.

How long is't now since last yourself and I

Were in a mask? 2. Cap. By'r Lady, thirty
years. Cap. What, man? 'Tis not so much,
'tis not so much! 'Tis since the nuptial of

Lucentio, Come Pentecost as quickly as
it will, 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.

[to a Servingman] 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! It

seems she 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. Did my heart
love till now? Forswear it, sight! For I
ne'er saw true beauty till this night. 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 flee 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 is a Montague, our foe; A
villain, that is hither come in spite To
scorn at our solemnity this night. Cap.
Young Romeo is it? Tyb. 'Tis he, that
villain Romeo. Cap. Content thee, gentle
coz, let him alone. 'A 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-beseeming 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? God
shall mend my soul! You'll make a

mutiny among my guests! You will set
cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man! Tyb.

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame. Cap. Go to, go
to! You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed?

This trick may chance to scathe you. I
know what. You must contrary me!

Marry, 'tis time.- Well said, my hearts!-

You are a princ Cox- go! Be quiet, or- More
light, more light!- For shame! I'll make
you quiet; what!- Cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler
meeting Makes my flesh tremble in their
different greeting. I will withdraw; but
this intrusion shall, Now seeming sweet,
convert to bitt'rest gall. Exit. Rom. If I
profane with my unworthiest hand 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
pray'r. 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. Rom. Then move not while my
prayer's effect I take. Thus from my lips,

by thine my sin is purg'd. [Kisses 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. [Kisses her.] Jul. You
kiss by th' book. 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. I tell you, he that can lay
hold of her Shall have the chinks. Rom.
Is she a Capulet? O dear account! my life
is my foe's debt. Ben. Away, be gone; 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! [Exeunt Maskers.]

Come on then, let's to bed. Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late; I'll to my rest.

Exeunt [all but Juliet and Nurse].

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman? Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio. Jul. What's he that now is

going out of door? Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio. Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

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!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me That I must love a loathed enemy. Nurse. What's

this? what's this? Jul. A rhyme I learnt even now Of one I danc'd withal.

One calls within, 'Juliet.'

Nurse. Anon, anon! Come, let's away; the

strangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

<<THIS ELECTRONIC VERSION OF THE
COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE IS COPYRIGHT 1990-1993
BY WORLD LIBRARY, INC., AND IS
PROVIDED BY PROJECT GUTENBERG
ETEXT OF CARNEGIE MELLON
UNIVERSITY WITH PERMISSION.
ELECTRONIC AND MACHINE READABLE
COPIES MAY BE DISTRIBUTED SO LONG
AS SUCH COPIES (1) ARE FOR YOUR OR
OTHERS PERSONAL USE ONLY, AND (2)
ARE NOT DISTRIBUTED OR USED
COMMERCIALY. PROHIBITED
COMMERCIAL DISTRIBUTION INCLUDES
BY ANY SERVICE THAT CHARGES FOR
DOWNLOAD TIME OR FOR
MEMBERSHIP.>>

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie, And young affection gapes to be his heir; That fair for which love groan'd for and would die, With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair. Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again, Alike bewitched by the charm of looks; But to his foe suppos'd he must complain, And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks. Being held a foe, he may not have access To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear, And she as much in love, her means much less To meet her new beloved anywhere; But passion lends them power, time means, to meet, Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. Exit.

ACT II. Scene I. A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here? Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out. [Climbs the wall and leaps down within it.]

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!
Mer. He is wise, And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed. Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this orchard wall. Call, good Mercutio. Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover! Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh; Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied! Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove'; Speak to my gossip

Venus one fair word, One nickname for
her purblind son and heir, Young Adam
Cupid, he that shot so trim When King
Cophetua lov'd the beggar maid! He
heareth not, he stirreth not, be moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes.
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and
quivering thigh, And the demesnes that
there adjacent lie, That in thy likeness
thou appear to us! Ben. An if he hear thee,
thou wilt anger him. Mer. This cannot
anger him. 'Twould anger him To raise a
spirit in his mistress' circle Of some
strange nature, letting it there stand Till
she had laid it and conjur'd it down. That
were some spite; my invocation Is fair
and honest: in his mistress' name, I
conjure only but to raise up him. Ben.
Come, he hath hid himself among these
trees To be consorted with the humorous

night. Blind is his love and best befits the
dark. Mer. If love be blind, love cannot
hit the mark. Now will he sit under a
medlar tree And wish his mistress were
that kind of fruit As maids call medlars
when they laugh alone. O, Romeo, that
she were, O that she were An open et
cetera, thou a pop'rin pear! Romeo,
good night. I'll to my truckle-bed; This
field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go? Ben. Go then, for 'tis
in vain 'To seek him here that means not
to be found.
Exeunt.

Scene II. Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

Enter Juliet above at a window.

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. Be not her maid, since she is envious. Her vestal livery is but sick and green, And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off. It is my lady; O, it is my love! O that she knew she were! She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that? Her eye discourses; I will answer it. I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they
return. What if her eyes were there, they
in her head?

The brightness of her
cheek would shame those stars As

daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so
bright That birds would sing and think it
were not night.

See how she leans her
cheek upon her hand! O that I were a
glove upon that hand, That I might touch
that cheek! Jul. Ay me! Rom. She speaks.

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my
head, As is a winged messenger of

heaven 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. [aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy. Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot, Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part Belonging to a man. O, be some other name! What's in a name? That which we call a rose By any other name would smell as sweet. So Romeo would, were he not Romeo 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 stumblest 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 yet not 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'erperch 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. 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. Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight; And but thou love me, let them find me here. My life were better ended by their hate Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love. Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place? Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire. 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 knowest the mask of night is on my face; Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek For that which thou hast heard me speak 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 Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo, If thou
dost love, pronounce it faithfully. Or if
thou thinkest I am too quickly won, I'll
frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the
world. In truth, fair Montague, I am too
fond, And therefore thou mayst think my
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 overheard'st, ere I was ware,

My true-love 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 flow'r 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.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite. I
hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!

[Nurse] calls within.

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be
true. Stay but a little, I will come again.

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

Enter Juliet above.

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

schoolboys from their books; But love

from love, towards school with heavy

looks.

Enter Juliet again, [above].

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!
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. By 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 farther than a
wanton's bird, That 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

Scene III. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar, [Laurence] alone, with a basket.

Friar. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night, Check'ring the Eastern clouds with streaks of light; And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.

Non, 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. The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb. What is her burying gave, that is her womb; And from her womb children of divers kind We sucking on her natural bosom find; Many for many virtues excellent, None but for some, and yet all different. O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies In plants, herbs,

stones, and their true qualities; For
naught so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth
give; Nor aught so good but, strain'd
from that fair use, Revolts from true
birth, stumbling on abuse. Virtue itself
turns vice, being misapplied, And vice
sometime's by action dignified. Within
the infant rind of this small flower Poison
hath residence, and medicine 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.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father. Friar.
Benedicite! What early tongue so sweet

saluteth me? Young son, it argues a
distempered 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 with
some distemp'rature; Or if not so, then
here I hit it right- Our Romeo hath not
been in bed to-night. Rom. That last is
true-the sweeter rest was mine. Friar.
God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No.

I have forgot that name, and that name's
woe. Friar. That's my good son! But where
hast thou been then? Rom. I'll tell thee ere
thou ask it me again. I have been
feasting with mine enemy, Where on a
sudden one hath wounded me That's by
me wounded. Both our remedies Within

thy help and holy physic lies. I bear no
hatred, blessed man, for, lo, My
intercession likewise steads my foe. Friar.
Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift

Riddling confession finds but riddling
shrift. 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, And all combin'd, save what
thou must combine By holy marriage.
When, and where, and how We met, we
woo'd, and made exchange of vow, I'll
tell thee as we pass; but this I pray, That
thou consent to marry us to-day. Friar.
Holy Saint Francis! What a change is here!

Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then
lies Not truly in their hearts, but in their
eyes. Jesu Maria! What a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for
Rosaline! How much salt water thrown
away in waste, To season love, that of it

doth not taste! The sun not yet thy sighs
from heaven clears, Thy old groans ring
yet in mine ancient ears. Lo, here upon
thy cheek the stain doth sit Of an old tear
that is not wash'd off yet. If e'er thou wast
thyself, and these woes thine, Thou and
these woes were all for Rosaline. And art
thou chang'd? Pronounce this sentence
then: Women may fall when there's no
strength in men. Rom. Thou chid'st me oft
for loving Rosaline. Friar. For doting, not
for loving, pupil mine. Rom. And bad'st
me bury love. Friar. Not in a grave 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. Friar. O,
she knew well Thy love did read by rote,
that 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. Friar. Wisely, and slow. They
stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Scene IV. A street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. 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. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline, Torments him so that he will sure run mad. Ben. Tybalt, the

kinsman to 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! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear

with a love song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter

Tybalt? Ben. Why, what is Tybalt? Mer. More than Prince of Cats, I can tell you. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song-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 reverse! the hay. Ben. The what? Mer. The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes- these new tuners of accent! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsir, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardona-mi's, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

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 wench (marry, she had a better love to berhyme her), Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gypsy, Helen and Hero hildings and harlots, This be a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. 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 cursy. Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition. Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy. Rom. Pink for flower. Mer. Right. Rom. Why, then is my pump well-flower'd. Mer. Well said! Follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular. Rom. O single-sold jest, solely singular for the singleness! Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio! My wits faint. Rom. Swits and spurs, swits and spurs! or I'll cry a match. Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done; for thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose? Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose. Mer. I will bite

thee by the ear for that jest. Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not! Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce. Rom. And is it not, then, well serv'd in to a sweet goose? Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad! Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad,' which, added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose. Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature. For this drivelling love is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole. Ben. Stop there, stop there! Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair. Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large. Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd! I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed

to occupy the argument no longer.
Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and her Man
[Peter].

Mer. A sail, a sail! Ben. Two, two! a shirt
and a smock. Nurse. Peter! Peter. Anon.
Nurse. My fan, Peter. Mer. Good Peter, to
hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face of
the two. Nurse. God ye good morrow,
gentlemen. Mer. God ye good-den, fair
gentlewoman. Nurse. Is it good-den?
Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell ye; for the bawdy
hand of the dial is now upon the prick of
noon. Nurse. Out upon you! What a man
are you! Rom. One, gentlewoman, that
God hath made for himself to mar. Nurse.
By my troth, it is well said. 'For himself to
mar,' quoth 'a? Gentlemen, can any of
you tell me where I may find the young
Romeo? Rom. I can tell you; but young

Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse. Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i' faith! wisely, wisely. Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will endite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found? Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent

He walks by them and sings.

An old hare hoar,	And
an old hare hoar,	Is very good
meat in Lent;	But a hare that is
hoar	Is too much for a score
When it hoars ere it be spent.	

Romeo, will you come to your father's?

We'll to dinner thither. Rom. I will follow you. Mer. Farewell, ancient lady. Farewell, [sings] lady, lady, lady.

Exeunt Mercutio, Benvolio.

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 anything 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! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure! Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure. If I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the

law on my side. Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word; and, as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out. What she bid 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 off'ed 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 tackled stair, Which to the
high topgallant 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 mistress. Nurse. Now
God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er
hear say, Two may keep counsel, putting
one away? Rom. I warrant thee my man's
as true as steel. Nurse. Well, sir, my
mistress is the sweetest lady. Lord, Lord!
when 'twas a little prating thing- O, there is

a nobleman in town, one Paris, that
would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good
soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad,
as see him. I anger her sometimes, and
tell her that Paris is the properer man; but
I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks
as pale as any clout in the versal world.
Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both
with a letter? Rom. Ay, nurse; what of
that? Both with an R. Nurse. Ah, mocker!
that's the dog's name. R is for the- No; I
know it begins with some other letter;
and she hath the prettiest sententious of
it, of you and rosemary, that it would do
you good to hear it. Rom. Commend me
to thy lady. Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.
[Exit Romeo.] Peter! Peter. Anon. Nurse.
Peter, take my fan, and go before, and
apace.
Exeunt.

Scene V. Capulet's orchard.

Enter 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.

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love, And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings. Now is the sun upon the highmost hill Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve Is three long hours; yet she is not come. Had she affections and warm youthful blood, She would be as swift in motion as a ball; My words would bandy her to my sweet love, And his to me, But old folks, many feign as they were dead- Unwieldy, slow, heavy

and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse [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? Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily; If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile.

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I had! Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news. Nay, come, I pray thee speak. Good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay awhile? Do you not see that I am out of breath? Jul. How art thou out of breath when thou hast breath To say to me that

thou art out of breath? The excuse that
thou dost make in this delay Is longer
than the tale thou dost excuse. Is thy
news good or bad? Answer to that. Say
either, and I'll stay the circumstance. Let
me be satisfied, is't good or bad? Nurse.
Well, you have made a simple choice; you
know not how to choose a man. Romeo?
No, not he. Though his face be better than
any man's, yet his leg excels all men's;
and for a hand and a foot, and a body,
though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they
are past compare. He is not the flower of
courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle
as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God.

What, have you din'd 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,-
ah, my back, my back! Beshrew your

heart for sending me about To catch my death with jauncing 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!

Are you so hot? Marry come up, I trow. 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. Hie you to church; I must
another way, To fetch a ladder, by the
which your love Must climb a bird's nest
soon when it is dark. I am the drudge,
and toil in your delight; But you shall
bear the burthen soon at night. Go; I'll to
dinner; hie you to the cell. Jul. Hie to high
fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

Exeunt.

Scene VI. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar [Laurence] and Romeo.

Friar. So 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. Friar.
These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume.
The sweetest honey Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately: long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

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. Friar. Romeo
shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
Jul. As much to him, else is 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 the
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 cannot sum up sum of half my

wealth. Friar. 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.]

<<THIS ELECTRONIC VERSION OF THE
COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE IS COPYRIGHT 1990-1993
BY WORLD LIBRARY, INC., AND IS
PROVIDED BY PROJECT GUTENBERG
ETEXT OF CARNEGIE MELLON
UNIVERSITY WITH PERMISSION.
ELECTRONIC AND MACHINE READABLE
COPIES MAY BE DISTRIBUTED SO LONG
AS SUCH COPIES (1) ARE FOR YOUR OR
OTHERS PERSONAL USE ONLY, AND (2)
ARE NOT DISTRIBUTED OR USED
COMMERCIALY. PROHIBITED
COMMERCIAL DISTRIBUTION INCLUDES
BY ANY SERVICE THAT CHARGES FOR
DOWNLOAD TIME OR FOR
MEMBERSHIP.>>

ACT III. Scene I. A public place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and Men.

Ben. I 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 these 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 him 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; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved. Ben. And what to? Mer. Nay, 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. What eye but such an eye would
spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full
of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and
yet thy head hath been beaten as an addle
as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast
quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the
street, because he hath wakened thy dog
that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst
thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing
his new doublet before Easter, with
another for tying his new shoes with an
old riband? And yet thou wilt tutor me
from quarrelling! Ben. An I were so apt to
quarrel as thou art, any man should buy
the fee simple of my life for an hour and a
quarter. Mer. The fee simple? O simple!

Enter Tybalt and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets. Mer. By my heel, I care not. Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. 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, an you will give me occasion. Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest 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 unto 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,

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir. Here
comes my man. Mer. But I'll be hang'd,
sir, if he wear your livery. Marry, go
before to field, he'll be your follower!

Your worship in that sense may call him
man. Tyb. Romeo, the love 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 knowest 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 injur'd 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! Alla stoccata carries it
away. [Draws.] Tybalt, you

ratcatcher, will you walk? Tyb. What
wouldst thou have with me? Mer. Good
King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
lives. That I mean to make bold withal,
and, as you shall use me hereafter,

dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you
pluck your sword out of his pitcher by
the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about
your ears ere it be out. Tyb. I am for
you. [Draws.] 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 Forbid this bandying in
Verona streets. Hold, Tybalt! Good
Mercutio! Tybalt under Romeo's arm
thrusts Mercutio in, and flies

[with his Followers]. Mer. I am
hurt. A plague o' both your 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 worms' meat of me. I have it,
And soundly too. Your houses!

[Exit. [supported by Benvolio]. Rom.
This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this 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 soft'ned valour's steel

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's
dead! That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the
clouds, Which too untimely here did
scorn the earth. Rom. This day's black fate

on moe days doth depend; This but
begins the woe others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

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! Now, Tybalt, take the
'villain' back again That late thou gavest
me; for Mercutio's soul Is but a little way
above our heads, Staying for thine to
keep him company. Either thou or I, or
both, must go with him. Tyb. Thou,
wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
 Shalt with him hence. Rom. This shall
determine that. They
fight. Tybalt falls. 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! Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citizen. Which way ran he that kill'd
Mercutio? Tybalt, that murtherer, which
way ran he? Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

Citizen. Up, sir, go with me. I charge
thee in the Prince's name obey.

Enter Prince [attended], Old Montague,
Capulet, their Wives, and
[others].

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of
this fray? Ben. O noble Prince. I can
discover all The unlucky manage of this
fatal brawl. There lies the man, slain by
young Romeo, That slew thy kinsman,
brave Mercutio. Cap. Wife. Tybalt, my
cousin! O my brother's child! O Prince!

O husband! O, the blood is spill'd Of my
dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin! Prince. Benvolio, who
began this bloody fray? Ben. Tybalt, here
slain, whom Romeo's hand did stay.

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him
bethink How nice the quarrel was, and

urg'd withal Your high displeasure. All
this- uttered With gentle breath, calm

look, knees humbly bow'd- Could not
take truce with the unruly spleen Of

Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's

breast; Who, all as hot, turns deadly
point to point, And, with a martial scorn,

with one hand beats Cold death aside
and with the other sends It back to

Tybalt, whose dexterity Retorts it.
Romeo he cries aloud, 'Hold, friends!

friends, part!' and swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal

points, And 'twixt them rushes;
underneath whose arm An envious thrust
from Tybalt hit the life Of stout Mercutio,
and then Tybalt fled; But by-and-by
comes back to Romeo, Who had but
newly entertain'd revenge, And to't they
go like lightning; for, ere I Could draw
to part them, was stout Tybalt slain; And,
as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly. This is
the truth, or let Benvolio die. Cap. Wife.
He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false, he speaks not
true. Some twenty of them fought in this
black strife, And all those twenty could
but kill one life. I beg for justice, which
thou, Prince, must give. Romeo slew
Tybalt; Romeo must not live. Prince.
Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio. Who
now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
Mon. Not Romeo, Prince; he was Mercutio's
friend; His fault concludes but what the
law should end, The life of Tybalt.

Prince. And for that offence Immediately
we do exile him hence. I have an interest
in your hate's proceeding, My blood for
your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out
abuses. Therefore use none. Let Romeo
hence in haste, Else, when he is found,
that hour is his last. Bear hence this
body, and attend our will. Mercy but
murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt.

Scene II. Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging! Such a
wagoner As Phaeton would whip you to
the West And bring in cloudy night
immediately. Spread thy close curtain,
love-performing night, That runaway
eyes may wink, and Romeo Leap to
these arms untalk'd of and unseen.

Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil
night, Thou sober-suited matron, all in
black, And learn me how to lose a
winning match, Play'd for a pair of
stainless maidenhoods. Hood my
unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle till strange love,
grown bold, Think true love acted

simple modesty. Come, night; come,
Romeo; come, thou day in night; For
thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's
back. Come, gentle night; come, loving,
black-brow'd night; Give me my Romeo;
and, when he shall die, Take him and cut
him out in little stars, And he will make
the face of heaven so fine That all the
world will be in love with night And pay
no worship to the garish sun. O, I have
bought the mansion of a love, But not
possess'd it; and though I am sold, Not
yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day As is
the night before some festival To an
impatient child that hath new robes And
may not wear them. O, here comes my
nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue

that speaks But Romeo's name speaks
heavenly eloquence. Now, nurse, what
news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch? Nurse. Ay, ay,
the cords.

[Throws them down.] Jul. Ay me! what
news? Why dost thou wring thy hands
Nurse. Ah, weraday! he's dead, he's dead,
he's dead! We are undone, lady, we are
undone! Alack the day! he's gone, he's
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? This torture should be roar'd in
dismal hell. Hath Romeo slain himself?
Say thou but 'I,' And that bare vowel 'I'
shall poison more Than the
death-darting eye of cockatrice. I am not
I, if there be such an 'I'; Or those eyes
shut that make thee answer 'I.' If be be

slain, say 'I'; or if not, 'no.' Brief sounds
determine of my weal or woe. Nurse. I
saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
(God save the mark!) here on his manly
breast. A piteous corse, a bloody
piteous corse; Pale, pale as ashes, all
bedaub'd in blood, All in gore-blood. I
swounded at the sight. Jul. O, break, my
heart! poor bankrout, break at once! To
prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty! Vile
earth, to earth resign; end motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy
bier! Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best
friend I had! O courteous Tybalt! honest
gentleman That ever I should live to see
thee dead! Jul. What storm is this that
blows so contrary? Is Romeo slaught'ed,
and is Tybalt dead? My dear-lov'd
cousin, and my dearer lord? Then,
dreadful trumpet, sound the general
doom! For who is living, if those two are
gone? Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo

banished; Romeo that 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 serpent heart,
hid with a flow'ring face! Did ever
dragon keep so fair a cave? Beautiful
tyrant! fiend angelical! Dove-feather'd
raven! wolvish-ravening lamb! Despised
substance of divinest show! Just opposite
to what thou justly seem'st- A damned
saint, an honourable villain! O nature,
what hadst thou to do in hell When thou
didst bower the spirit of a fiend In mortal
paradise of such sweet flesh? Was ever
book containing such vile matter So
fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
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. Ah, where's my man? Give
me some aqua vitae. These griefs, these
woes, these sorrows make me old.

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? But
wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my
cousin? That villain cousin would have
kill'd my husband. Back, foolish tears,
back to your native spring! Your
tributary drops belong to woe, Which
you, mistaking, offer up to joy. My
husband lives, that Tybalt would have
slain; And Tybalt's dead, that would have
slain my husband. All this is comfort;
wherefore weep I then? Some word

there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murd'red me. I would forget it fain;
But O, it presses to my memory Like
damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds!
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo- banished.'
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's
death Was woe enough, if it had ended
there; Or, if sour woe delights in
fellowship And needly will be rank'd
with other griefs, Why followed not,
when she said 'Tybalt's dead,' Thy father,
or thy mother, nay, or both, Which
modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But with a rearward following Tybalt's
death, 'Romeo is banished'- to speak that
word Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo,
Juliet, All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is
banished'- There is no end, no limit,
measure, bound, In that word's death; no
words can that woe sound. Where is my
father and my mother, nurse? Nurse.

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither. 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. He made you for a highway to my bed; But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords; come, nurse. I'll to my wedding bed; And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead! Nurse. Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo To comfort you. I wot well where he is. 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.

Scene III. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar [Laurence].

Friar. Romeo, come forth; come forth,
thou fearful man. Affliction is
enanmour'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? Friar. Too familiar Is my dear son
with such sour company. I bring thee
tidings of the Prince's doom. Rom. What
less than doomsday is the Prince's doom?
Friar. 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.' Friar. 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
'banishment' Is death misterm'd. Calling
death 'banishment,' Thou cut'st my head
off with a golden axe And smilest upon
the stroke that murders me. Friar. 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, Live
here in heaven and may look on her; But

Romeo may not. More validity, More
honourable state, more courtship lives In
carriage 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 may flies do, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished.

And sayest thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst 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;
Howling attends it! How hast thou the
heart, Being a divine, a ghostly
confessor, A sin-absolver, and my friend
profess'd, To mangle me with that word
'banished'? Friar. Thou fond mad man,
hear me a little speak. Rom. O, thou wilt

speak again of banishment. Friar. 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,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.
Friar. O, then I see that madmen have no
ears. Rom. How should they, when that
wise men have no eyes? Friar. Let me
dispute with thee of thy estate. Rom. Thou
canst not speak of that 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 mightst thou speak, then mightst thou
tear thy hair, And fall upon the ground,
as I do now, Taking the measure of an
unmade grave.

Knock [within]. Friar. Arise; one knocks.
Good Romeo, hide thyself. Rom. Not I;

unless the breath of heartsick groans,
Mist-like infold me from the search of
eyes. Knock. Friar. Hark, how they
knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise; Thou
wilt be taken.- Stay awhile!- Stand up;
Knock. Run to my study.- By-and-by!-
God's will, What simpleness is this.- I
come, I come! Knock. 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. Friar. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?
Friar. There on the ground, with his own
tears made drunk. Nurse. O, he is even in
my mistress' case, Just in her case!
Friar. O woeful sympathy! Piteous
predicament! Nurse. Even so lies she,

Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and
blubbering. Stand up, stand up! Stand,
an you be a man. For Juliet's sake, for
her sake, rise and stand! Why should
you fall into so deep an O? Rom. (rises)
Nurse- Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's
the end of all. Rom. Spakest thou of Juliet?
How is it with her? Doth not she think me
an old murtherer, Now I have stain'd the
childhood of our joy With blood remov'd
but little from her own? Where is she?
and how doth she! and what says 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
murther her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd 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.

[Draws his dagger.] Friar. Hold thy desperate hand. Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art; Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote The unreasonable fury of a beast. Unseemly woman in a seeming man! Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both! 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 that in thy life lives, By doing damned hate upon thyself? Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth? Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose. Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit, Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all, And usest none in that true use indeed Which should bedeck

thy shape, thy love, thy wit. Thy noble
shape is but a form of wax Digressing
from the valour of a man; Thy dear love
sworn but hollow perjury, Killing that
love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
is get afire by thine own ignorance, And
thou dismemb' red with thine own defence.

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 slewest Tybalt.
There art thou happy too. The law, that
threat'ned death, becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile. There art thou happy.

A pack of blessings light upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbhav'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 stay'd 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 is a ring she bid me give you,
sir. Hie you, make haste, for it grows
very late. Exit. Rom. How well my

comfort is reviv'd by this! Friar. 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.

Scene IV. Capulet's house

Enter Old Capulet, his Wife, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fall'n 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 abed an hour ago. Par. These times of woe afford no tune to woo. Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter. Lady. 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. Thursday let it be- a Thursday, tell
her She shall be married to this noble
earl. Will you be ready? Do you like this
haste? We'll keep no great ado- a friend
or two; For hark you, Tybalt being slain
so late, It may be thought we held him
carelessly, Being our kinsman, if we
revel much. Therefore we'll have some
half a dozen friends, And there an end.
But what say you to Thursday? Par. My
lord, I would that Thursday were
to-morrow. Cap. Well, get you gone. A
Thursday be it then. Go you to Juliet ere
you go to bed; Prepare her, wife, against
this wedding day. Farewell, My lord.-
Light to my chamber, ho! Afore me, It is
so very very late That we may call it
early by-and-by. Good night.

Scene V. Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft, at the Window.

Jul. Wilt 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 yond 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 be gone and live, or stay and die. Jul. Yond light is not daylight; I know it, I. It is some meteor that the sun exhales To be to thee this night a torchbearer And light thee on the 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. I have more
care to stay than will to go. Come, death,
and welcome! Juliet wills it so. How is't,
my soul? Let's talk; it is not day. Jul. It is, it
is! Hie hence, be gone, away! It is the
lark that sings so out of tune, Straining
harsh discords and displeasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us.
Some say the lark and loathed toad
chang'd eyes; O, now I would they had
chang'd voices too, Since arm from arm
that voice doth us affray, Hunting thee
hence with hunt's-up to the day! O, now
be gone! More light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light- more dark and

dark our woes!

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam! Jul. Nurse? Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out. [Exit.]

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

goeth down. Jul. Art thou gone so, my lord, my love, my friend? I must hear from thee every day in the hour, For in a minute there are many days. O, by this count I shall be much in years Ere I again behold my Romeo! 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. Jul. O Fortune,
Fortune! all men call thee fickle. If thou
art fickle, what dost thou with him That is
renown'd for faith? Be fickle, Fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long
But send him back. Lady. [within] Ho,
daughter! are you up? Jul. Who is't that
calls? It is my lady mother. Is she not
down so late, or up so early? What
unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Mother.

Lady. Why, how now, Juliet? Jul. Madam,
I am not well. Lady. Evermore weeping
for your cousin's death? What, wilt thou

wash him from his grave with tears? An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live. Therefore have done. Some grief shows much of love; But much of grief shows still some want of wit. Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss. Lady. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend Which you weep for. Jul. Feeling so the loss, I cannot choose but ever weep the friend. Lady. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him. Jul. What villain, madam? Lady. That same villain Romeo. Jul. [aside] Villain and he be many miles asunder.- God pardon him! I do, with all my heart; And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart. Lady. That is because the traitor murderer lives. Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands. Would none but I might venge my cousin's death! Lady. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not. Then

weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth
live, Shall give him such an
unaccustom'd dram That he shall soon
keep Tybalt company; And then I hope
thou wilt be satisfied. Jul. Indeed I never
shall be satisfied With Romeo till I
behold him- dead- Is my poor heart so
for a kinsman vex'd. Madam, if you could
find out but a man To bear a poison, I
would temper it; That Romeo should,
upon receipt thereof, Soon sleep in
quiet. O, how my heart abhors To hear
him nam'd and cannot come to him, To
wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!
Lady. Find thou the means, and I'll find
such a man. But now I'll tell thee joyful
tidings, girl. Jul. And joy comes well in
such a needy time. What are they, I
beseech your ladyship? Lady. Well, well,
thou hast a careful father, child; One

who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy That
thou expects not nor I look'd not for. Jul.
Madam, in happy time! What day is that?
Lady. 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! Lady. Here comes your
father. Tell him so yourself, And see how
he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets the air doth
drizzle dew, But for the sunset of my
brother's son It rains downright. How
now? a conduit, girl? What, still in tears?
Evermore show'ring? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy
body is Sailing in this salt flood; the
winds, thy sighs, Who, raging with thy
tears and they with them, Without a
sudden calm will upset Thy
tempest-tossed body. How now, wife?

Have you delivered to her our decree?
Lady. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives
you thanks. I would the fool were
married to her grave! Cap. Soft! take me
with you, take me with you, wife. How?
Will she none? Doth she not give us
thanks? Is she not proud? Doth she not
count her blest, Unworthy as she is, that

we have wrought So worthy a gentleman
to be her bridegroom? Jul. Not proud you
have, but thankful that you have. Proud
can I never be of what I hate, But
thankful even for hate that is meant love.

Cap. How, how, how, how, choplogic?
What is this? 'Proud'- and 'I thank you'-
and 'I thank you not'- And yet 'not
proud'? Mistress minion you, Thank me
no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday
next To go with Paris to Saint Peter's
Church, Or I will drag thee on a hurdle
thither. Out, you green-sickness carrion
I out, you baggage! You tallow-face!

Lady. Fie, fie! 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 a Thursday Or never after
look me in the face. Speak not, reply not,

do not answer me! My fingers itch. Wife,
we scarce thought us blest That God had
lent us but this only child; But now I see
this one is one too much, And that we
have a curse in having her. Out on her,
hilding! Nurse. God in heaven bless her!

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

Cap. And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold
your tongue, Good Prudence. Smatter
with your gossips, go! Nurse. I speak no
treason. Cap. O, God-i-god-en! Nurse.
May not one speak? Cap. Peace, you
mumbling fool! Utter your gravity o'er a
gossip's bowl, For here we need it not.
Lady. You are too hot. Cap. God's bread I
it makes me mad. Day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking or sleeping, still my care hath
been To have her match'd; and having
now provided A gentleman of princely
parentage, Of fair demesnes, youthful,
and nobly train'd, Stuff'd, as they say,

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

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. Lady. 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 prevented? My
husband is on earth, my faith in heaven.
How shall that faith return again to earth
Unless that husband send it me from
heaven By leaving earth? Comfort me,
counsel me. Alack, alack, that heaven
should practise stratagems Upon so soft
a subject as myself! What say'st thou?
Hast thou not a word of joy? Some
comfort, nurse. Nurse. Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to
nothing That he dares ne'er come back
to challenge you; Or if he do, it needs
must be by stealth. Then, since the case
so stands as now it doth, I think it best
you married with the County. O, he's a
lovely gentleman! Romeo's a dishclout to
him. An eagle, madam, Hath not so
green, so quick, so fair an eye As Paris

hath. Beshrew my very heart, I think you
are happy in this second match, For it
excels your first; or if it did not, Your first
is dead- or 'twere as good he were As
living here and you no use of him. Jul.
Speak'st thou this from thy heart? Nurse.
And from my soul too; 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.

Exit.

<<THIS ELECTRONIC VERSION OF THE
COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE IS COPYRIGHT 1990-1993
BY WORLD LIBRARY, INC., AND IS
PROVIDED BY PROJECT GUTENBERG
ETEXT OF CARNEGIE MELLON
UNIVERSITY WITH PERMISSION.
ELECTRONIC AND MACHINE READABLE
COPIES MAY BE DISTRIBUTED SO LONG
AS SUCH COPIES (1) ARE FOR YOUR OR
OTHERS PERSONAL USE ONLY, AND (2)
ARE NOT DISTRIBUTED OR USED
COMMERCIALY. PROHIBITED
COMMERCIAL DISTRIBUTION INCLUDES
BY ANY SERVICE THAT CHARGES FOR
DOWNLOAD TIME OR FOR
MEMBERSHIP.>>

ACT IV. Scene I. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar, [Laurence] and County Paris.

Friar. On Thursday, sir? The time is very short. Par. My father Capulet will have it so, And I am nothing slow to slack his haste. Friar. 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; For Venus smiles not in a house of tears. Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous That she do give her sorrow so much sway, And in his wisdom hastes our marriage To stop the inundation of her tears, Which, too much minded by herself alone, May be put from her by society. Now do you know the reason of this haste. Friar. [aside] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.-

Look, sir, here comes the lady toward 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.

Friar. That's a certain text. Par. Come you to make confession to this father? Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

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

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to
your face. Par. Poor soul, thy face is much
abus'd with tears. Jul. The tears have got
small victory by that, For it was bad
enough before their spite. Par. Thou
wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast
sland'ed it. Jul. It may be so, for it is not
mine own. Are you at leisure, holy
father, now, Or shall I come to you at
evening mass Friar. 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 ye. Till
then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss.
Exit. Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou
hast done so, Come weep with me- past
hope, past cure, past help! Friar. 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's 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 empire,
arbitrating that Which the commission of
thy years and art Could to no issue of
true honour bring. Be not so long to
speak. I long to die If what thou speak'st
speak not of remedy. Friar. Hold,
daughter. I do spy a kind of hope, Which
craves as desperate an execution As that
is desperate which we would prevent. If,
rather than to marry County Paris Thou
hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake A

thing like death to chide away this shame,

That cop'st with death himself to scape
from it; And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee
remedy. Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than
marry Paris, From off the battlements of
yonder tower, Or walk in thievish ways,
or bid me lurk Where serpents are;
chain me with roaring bears, Or shut me
nightly in a charnel house, O'ercover'd
quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless
skulls; Or bid me go into a new-made
grave And hide me with a dead man in
his shroud- Things that, to hear them
told, have made me tremble- And I will
do it without fear or doubt, To live an
unstain'd wife to my sweet love. Friar.
Hold, then. Go home, be merry, give
consent To marry Paris. Wednesday is
to-morrow. To-morrow night look that
thou lie alone; Let not the nurse lie with
thee in thy chamber. Take thou this vial,

being then in bed, And this distilled
liquor drink thou off; When presently
through all thy veins shall run A cold and
drowsy humour; for no pulse Shall keep
his native progress, but surcease; No
warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall
fade To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows
fall Like death when he shuts up the day
of life; Each part, depriv'd of supple
government, Shall, stiff and stark and
cold, appear like death; And in this
borrowed likeness of shrunk death Thou
shalt continue two-and-forty hours, And
then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now, when the bridegroom in the morning
comes To rouse thee from thy bed, there
art thou dead. Then, as the manner of
our country is, In thy best robes
uncovered on the bier Thou shalt be
borne to that same ancient vault Where
all the kindred of the Capulets lie. In the

mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present
shame, If no inconstant toy nor
womanish fear Abate thy valour in the
acting it. Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not
me of fear! Friar. 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.

Scene II. Capulet's house.

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

Cap. So many guests invite as here are
writ. [Exit a

Servingman.] Sirrah, go hire me twenty
cunning cooks. Serv. You shall have none
ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their
fingers. Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot
lick his own fingers. Therefore he that
cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.

Exit Servingman. We shall be much
unfurnish'd for this time. What, is my
daughter gone to Friar Laurence? Nurse.
Ay, forsooth. Cap. Well, be may chance
to do some good on her. A peevish
self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift
with merry look. Cap. How now, my
headstrong? Where have you been
gadding? Jul. Where I have learnt me to
repent the sin Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests, and am
enjoin'd By holy Laurence to fall
prostrate here To beg your pardon.

Pardon, I beseech you! Henceforward I
am ever rul'd by you. Cap. Send for the
County. Go tell him of this. I'll have this
knot knit up to-morrow morning. Jul. I met
the youthful lord at Laurence' cell And
gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't. This is well.
Stand up. This is as't should be. Let me
see the County. Ay, marry, go, I say, and
fetch him hither. Now, afore God, this
reverend holy friar, All our whole city is

much bound to him. Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet To help me sort such needful ornaments As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow? Mother. No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her. We'll to church to-morrow.

Exeunt Juliet and Nurse. Mother. We shall be short in our provision. 'Tis now near night. Cap. Tush, I will stir about, And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife. Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her. I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone.

I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho! They are all forth; well, I will walk myself To County Paris, to prepare him up Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light, Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt.

Scene III. Juliet's chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

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

Enter Mother.

Mother. What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help? Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries As are behooffull 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. Mother. Good night.

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast

need.

Exeunt [Mother

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. Lays

down a dagger. What if it be a poison

which the friar Subtilly hath minist'ed 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. I will not

entertain so bad a thought. 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 this 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 desp'rate brains? O, look!
methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

She [drinks and] falls upon her bed
within the curtains.

Scene IV. Capulet's house.

Enter Lady of the House and Nurse.

Lady. Hold, take these keys and fetch more spices, nurse. Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Old Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crow'd, The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock. Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica; Spare not for cost. Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go, Get you to bed! Faith, you'll be sick to-morrow

For this night's watching. Cap. No, not a whit. What, I have watch'd ere now All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

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

Exeunt Lady and Nurse. Cap. A jealous hood, a jealous hood!

Enter three or four [Fellows, with spits and logs and baskets.

What is there? Now, fellow, Fellow.
Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what. Cap. Make haste, make haste. [Exit Fellow.] Sirrah, fetch drier logs. Call Peter; he will show thee where they are.
Fellow. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs And never trouble Peter for the matter. Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha! Thou shalt be loggerhead.
[Exit Fellow.] Good faith, 'tis day. The County will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would. Play music. I hear him near. Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse. Go waken

Juliet; go and trim her up. I'll go and chat
with Paris. Hie, make haste, Make haste!
The bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say.

[Exeunt.]

Scene V. Juliet's chamber.

[Enter Nurse.]

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet!
Fast, I warrant her, she. Why, lamb! why,
lady! Fie, you slug-abed! Why, love, I
say! madam! sweetheart! Why, bride!
What, not a word? You take your
pennyworths now! Sleep for a week; for
the next night, I warrant, The County
Paris hath set up his rest That you shall
rest but little. God forgive me! Marry,
and amen. How sound is she asleep! I
needs must wake her. Madam, madam,
madam! Ay, let the County take you in
your bed! He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will
it not be? [Draws aside
the curtains.] What, dress'd, and in your
clothes, and down again? I must needs
wake you. Lady! lady! lady! Alas, alas!
Help, help! My lady's dead! O weraday

that ever I was born! Some aqua-vitae,
ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter Mother.

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

Enter Father.

Father. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her
lord is come. Nurse. She's dead,
deceas'd; she's dead! Alack the day!
Mother. Alack the day, she's dead, she's
dead, she's dead! Cap. Ha! let me see
her. Out alas! she's cold, Her blood is
settled, and her joints are stiff; Life and
these lips have long been separated.

Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nurse. O lamentable day! Mother. 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] and the County
[Paris], with Musicians.

Friar. 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, there she lies, Flower as she
was, deflowered by him. Death is my
son-in-law, Death is my heir; My
daughter he hath wedded. I will die And
leave him all. Life, living, all is Death's.
Par. Have I thought long to see this
morning's face, And doth it give me such
a sight as this? Mother. Accurs'd,

unhappy, wretched, hateful day! Most
miserable hour that e'er time saw In
lasting labour of his pilgrimage! But one,
poor one, one poor and loving child, But
one thing to rejoice and solace in, And
cruel Death hath catch'd it from my sight!
Nurse. O woe? O woful, woful, woful day!

Most lamentable day, most woful day
That ever ever I did yet behold! O day!
O day! O day! O hateful day! Never was
seen so black a day as this. O woful day!
O woful day! Par. Beguil'd, divorced,
wronged, spited, slain! Most detestable
Death, by thee beguil'd, By cruel cruel
thee quite overthrown! O love! O life! not
life, but love in death Cap. Despis'd,
distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murther, murther our solemnity? O
child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou, dead! alack, my child is
dead, And with my child my joys are

buried! Friar. Peace, ho, for shame!
Confusion's cure lives not In these
confusions. Heaven and yourself Had
part in this fair maid! now heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from
death, But heaven keeps his part in
eternal life. The most you sought was her
promotion, For 'twas your heaven she
should be advanc'd; And weep ye now,
seeing she is advanc'd Above the
clouds, as high as heaven itself? O, in
this love, you love your child so ill That
you run mad, seeing that she is well.
She's not well married that lives married
long, But she's best married that dies
married young. Dry up your tears and
stick your rosemary On this fair corse,
and, as the custom is, In all her best
array bear her to church; For though
fond nature bids us all lament, Yet
nature's tears are reason's merriment.

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. Friar. 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.

Exeunt. Manent Musicians
[and Nurse]. 1. Mus. Faith, we may put up
our pipes and be gone. Nurse. Honest
good fellows, ah, put up, put up! For well
you know this is a pitiful case. [Exit.]

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

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease,' 'Heart's ease!' O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.' 1. Mus. Why 'Heart's ease', Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe.' O, play me some merry dump to comfort me. 1. Mus. Not a dump we! 'Tis no time to play now. Pet. You will not then? 1. Mus. No. Pet. I will then give it you soundly. 1. Mus. What will you give us? Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleek. I will give you the minstrel. 1. Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature. Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets. I'll re you, I'll fa you. Do you note me? 1. Mus. An you re us and fa us, you note us. 2. Mus. Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your wit. Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up

my iron dagger. Answer me like men.

'When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound'-

Why 'silver sound'? Why 'music with her silver sound'? What say you, Simon Catling? 1. Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound. Pet. Pretty! What say You, Hugh Rebeck? 2. Mus. I say 'silver sound' because musicians sound for silver. Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost? 3. Mus. Faith, I know not what to say. Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer. I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound' because musicians have no gold for sounding.

'Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.'

[Exit.

1. Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same? 2. Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

Exeunt.

<<THIS ELECTRONIC VERSION OF THE
COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE IS COPYRIGHT 1990-1993
BY WORLD LIBRARY, INC., AND IS
PROVIDED BY PROJECT GUTENBERG
ETEXT OF CARNEGIE MELLON
UNIVERSITY WITH PERMISSION.
ELECTRONIC AND MACHINE READABLE
COPIES MAY BE DISTRIBUTED SO LONG
AS SUCH COPIES (1) ARE FOR YOUR OR
OTHERS PERSONAL USE ONLY, AND (2)
ARE NOT DISTRIBUTED OR USED
COMMERCIALY. PROHIBITED
COMMERCIAL DISTRIBUTION INCLUDES
BY ANY SERVICE THAT CHARGES FOR
DOWNLOAD TIME OR FOR
MEMBERSHIP.>>

ACT V. Scene I. Mantua. A street.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead
(Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think!)
And 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 Romeo's Man Balthasar,
booted.

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar?

Dost thou not bring me letters from the
friar? How doth my lady? Is my father
well? How fares my Juliet? That I ask
again, For nothing can be ill if she be
well. Man. Then she is well, and nothing
can be ill. Her body sleeps in Capel's
monument, And her immortal part with
angels lives. I saw her laid low in her
kindred's vault And presently took post
to tell it you. O, pardon me for bringing
these ill news, Since you did leave it for
my office, sir. Rom. Is it e'en so? Then I
defy you, stars! Thou knowest my
lodging. Get me ink and paper And hire
posthorses. I will hence to-night. Man. 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? Man. 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 'a dwells,
which late I noted In tatt'red 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-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,

Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty
seeds, Remnants of packthread, and old
cakes of roses Were thinly scattered, to

make up a show. Noting this penury, to
myself I said, 'An if a man did need a
poison now Whose sale is present death

in Mantua, Here lives a caitiff wretch

would sell it him.' O, this same thought
did but forerun my need, And this same
needy man must sell it me. As I
remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Apoth. 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 mall
fall dead, And that the trunk may be
discharg'd of breath As violently as
hasty powder fir'd Doth hurry from the
fatal cannon's womb. Apoth. 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

fearest to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine
eyes, Contempt and beggary hangs
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.
Apoth. My poverty but not my will
consents. Rom. I pay thy poverty and not
thy will. Apoth. Put this in any liquid thing
you will And drink it off, and if you had
the strength Of twenty men, it would
dispatch you straight. Rom. There is thy
gold- worse poison to men's souls, Doing
more murther in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou
mayst not sell. I sell thee poison; thou
hast sold me none. Farewell. Buy food
and get thyself in flesh. Come, cordial
and not poison, go with me To Juliet's
grave; for there must I use thee.

Exeunt.

Scene II. Verona. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar John to Friar Laurence.

John. Holy Franciscan friar, brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Laur. This same should be the voice of
Friar John. Welcome from Mantua. What
says Romeo? Or, if his mind be writ, give
me his letter. 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.
Laur. 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. Laur.
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. Laur.

Now, must I to the monument alone.
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.

She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua, And
keep her at my cell till Romeo come—
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's
tomb! Exit.

Scene III. Verona. A churchyard; in it the monument of the Capulets.

Enter Paris and his Page with flowers and [a torch].

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

Page. [aside] 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 (O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones) Which with sweet water nightly I will dew;

Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by
moans. The obsequies that I for thee will
keep Nightly shall be to strew, thy grave
and weep.

Whistle Boy. The boy gives warning
something doth approach. What cursed
foot wanders this way to-night To cross
my obsequies and true love's rite? What,
with a torch? Muffle me, night, awhile.
[Retires.]

Enter Romeo, and Balthasar with a
torch, a mattock, and a crow of
iron.

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 hearest or seest, stand all aloof And
do not interrupt me in my course. Why I

descend into this bed of death Is partly
to behold my lady's face, But chiefly to
take thence from her dead finger 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 farther 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.
Bal. [aside] For all this same, I'll hide me
hereabout. His looks I fear, and his
intent I doubt. [Retires.] Rom. Thou
detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the
earth, Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to

open, And in despite I'll cram thee with
more food. Romeo

opens the tomb. Par. This is that banish'd
haughty Montague That murd'red my
love's cousin- with which grief It is
supposed the fair creature died- And
here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.

Stop thy unhallowed 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 desp'rate man.

Fly hence and leave me. Think upon these
gone; Let them affright thee. I beseech
thee, youth, But 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 bid thee run away.
Par. I do defy thy, conjuration And
apprehend thee for a felon here. Rom.
Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee,
boy! They
fight. Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go
call the watch.

[Exit. Paris falls.] Par. O, I am slain! 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. A grave? O, no, a lanthorn,
slaught'ered youth, For here lies Juliet,

and her beauty makes This vault a
feasting presence full of light. Death, lie
thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Lays him in the tomb.]

How oft when men are at the point of death

Have they been merry! which their
keepers call A lightning before death.

O, how may I Call this a lightning? O my
love! my wife! Death, that hath suck'd the
honey of thy breath, 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? Forgive me, cousin.' Ah,

dear Juliet, Why art thou yet so fair?

Shall I believe That unsubstantial Death
is amorous, And that the lean abhorred

monster keeps Thee here in dark to be
his paramour? For fear of that I still will
stay with thee And never from this
palace of dim night Depart again. Here,
here will I remain With worms that are
thy chambermaids. O, here Will I set up
my everlasting rest And shake the yoke
of inauspicious stars From this
world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O
you The doors of breath, seal with a
righteous kiss A dateless bargain to
engrossing death! Come, bitter conduct;
come, unsavoury guide! Thou desperate
pilot, now at once run on The dashing
rocks thy seasick weary bark! Here's to
my love! [Drinks.] O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.
Falls.

Enter Friar [Laurence], with lanthorn,
crow, and spade.

Friar. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft
to-night Have my old feet stumbled at
graves! Who's there? Bal. Here's one, a
friend, and one that knows you well.
Friar. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my
friend, What torch is yond that vainly
lends his light To grubs and eyeless
skulls? As I discern, It burneth in the
Capels' monument. Bal. It doth so, holy
sir; and there's my master, One that you
love. Friar. Who is it? Bal. Romeo. Friar.
How long hath he been there? Bal. Full
half an hour. Friar. Go with me to the
vault. Bal. I dare not, sir. My master
knows not but I am gone hence, And
fearfully did menace me with death If I
did stay to look on his intents. Friar. Stay
then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me.
O, much I fear some ill unthrifty thing. Bal.
As I did sleep under this yew tree here, I
dreamt my master and another fought,

And that my master slew him. Friar.
Romeo! Alack, alack, what blood is this
which stains The stony entrance of this
sepulchre? What mean these masterless
and gory swords To lie discolour'd by
this place of peace? [Enters the tomb.]
Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris
too? And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an
unkind hour Is guilty of this lamentable
chance! The lady stirs.

Juliet rises. Jul. O comfortable
friar! where is my lord? I do remember
well where I should be, And there I am.
Where is my Romeo? Friar. I hear some
noise. Lady, come from that nest Of
death, contagion, and unnatural sleep. A
greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come
away. Thy husband in thy bosom there
lies dead; And Paris too. Come, I'll
dispose of thee Among a sisterhood of
holy nuns. Stay not to question, for the

watch is coming. Come, go, good Juliet.
I dare no longer stay. Jul. Go, get thee
hence, for I will not away.

Exit [Friar]. What's here? A
cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.

O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly
drop To help me after? I will kiss thy
lips. Haply some poison yet doth hang
on them To make me die with a
restorative. [Kisses him.] Thy lips
are warm! Chief Watch. [within] Lead,
boy. Which way? Yea, noise? Then I'll be
brief. O happy dagger!

[Snatches Romeo's dagger.] This is thy
sheath; there rest, and let me die.

She stabs herself and falls [on Romeo's
body].

Enter [Paris's] Boy and Watch.

Boy. This is the place. There, where the

torch doth burn. Chief Watch. 'the ground is bloody. Search about the churchyard. Go, some of you; whoe'er you find attach.

[Exeunt some of the Watch.] Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain; And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead, Who here hath lain this two days buried. Go, tell the Prince; run to the Capulets; Raise up the Montagues; some others search.

[Exeunt others of the Watch.] We see the ground whereon these woes do lie, But the true ground of all these piteous woes We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter [some of the Watch,] with Romeo's Man [Balthasar].

2. Watch. Here's Romeo's man. We found him in the churchyard. Chief Watch. Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.

Enter Friar [Laurence] and another Watchman.

3. Watch. Here is a friar that trembles, sighs, and weeps. We took this mattock and this spade from him As he was coming from this churchyard side. Chief Watch. A great suspicion! Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince [and Attendants].

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter Capulet and his Wife [with others].

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad? Wife. The people in the street cry 'Romeo,' Some 'Juliet,' and

some 'Paris'; and all run, With open
outcry, toward our monument. Prince.
What fear is this which startles in our ears?

Chief Watch. Sovereign, here lies the
County Paris slain; And Romeo dead;
and Juliet, dead before, Warm and new
kill'd. Prince. Search, seek, and know
how this foul murder comes. Chief Watch.
Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's
man, With instruments upon them fit to
open These dead men's tombs. Cap. O
heavens! O wife, look how our daughter
bleeds! This dagger hath mista'en, for,
lo, his house Is empty on the back of
Montague, And it missheathed in my
daughter's bosom! Wife. O me! this sight
of death is as a bell That warns my old
age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague [and others].

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art

early up To see thy son and heir more
early down. Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife
is dead to-night! Grief of my son's exile
hath stopp'd her breath. What further
woe conspires against mine age? Prince.
Look, and thou shalt see. Mon. O thou
untaught! what manners is in this, To
press before thy father to a grave? Prince.
Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities And
know their spring, their head, their true
descent; And then will I be general of
your woes And lead you even to death.
Meantime forbear, And let mischance be
slave to patience. Bring forth the parties
of suspicion. Friar. I am the greatest, able
to do least, Yet most suspected, as the
time and place Doth make against me, of
this direful murther; And here I stand,
both to impeach and purge Myself
condemned and myself excus'd. Prince.
Then say it once what thou dost know in

this. Friar. I will be brief, for my short
date of breath Is not so long as is a
tedious tale. Romeo, there dead, was
husband to that Juliet; And she, there
dead, that Romeo's faithful wife. I
married them; and their stol'n marriage
day Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose
untimely death Banish'd the new-made
bridegroom from this city; For whom,
and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd. You, to
remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her
perforce To County Paris. Then comes
she to me And with wild looks bid me
devise some mean To rid her from this
second marriage, Or in my cell there
would she kill herself. Then gave I her
(so tutored by my art) A sleeping potion;
which so took effect As I intended, for it
wrought on her The form of death.
Meantime I writ to Romeo That he should
hither come as this dire night To help to

take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potion's force should
cease. But he which bore my letter, Friar
John, Was stay'd by accident, and
yesternight Return'd my letter back.
Then all alone At the prefixed hour of
her waking Came I to take her from her
kindred's vault; Meaning to keep her
closely at my cell Till I conveniently
could send to Romeo. But when I came,
some minute ere the time Of her
awaking, here untimely lay The noble
Paris and true Romeo dead. She wakes;
and I entreated her come forth And bear
this work of heaven with patience; But
then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desperate, would not go with
me, But, as it seems, did violence on
herself. All this I know, and to the
marriage Her nurse is privy; and if aught
in this Miscarried by my fault, let my old
life Be sacrific'd, some hour before his

time, Unto the rigour of severest law.
Prince. We still have known thee for a holy
man. Where's Romeo's man? What can
he say in this? Bal. I brought my master
news of Juliet's death; And then in post
he came from Mantua To this same
place, to this same monument. This letter
he early bid me give his father, And
threat'ned me with death, going in the
vault, If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter. I will look on
it. Where is the County's page that rais'd
the watch? Sirrah, what made your
master in this place? Boy. He came with
flowers to strew his lady's grave; And
bid me stand aloof, and so I did. Anon
comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by-and-by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the
friar's words, Their course of love, the
tidings of her death; And here he writes

that he did buy a poison Of a poor
pothecary, and therewithal Came to this
vault to die, and lie with Juliet. Where be
these enemies? Capulet, Montage, See
what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys
with love! And I, for winking at you,
discords too, Have lost a brace of
kinsmen. All are punish'd. Cap. O brother
Montague, give me thy hand. This is my
daughter's jointure, for no more Can I
demand. Mon. But I can give thee more;
For I will raise her Statue in pure gold,
That whiles Verona by that name is known,
 There shall no figure at such rate be set
 As that of true and faithful Juliet. Cap. As
rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie- Poor
sacrifices of our enmity! Prince. A
glooming peace this morning with it
brings. The sun for sorrow will not show
his head. Go hence, to have more talk of
these sad things; Some shall be

pardon'd, and some punished; For never
was a story of more woe Than this of
Juliet and her Romeo.

Exeunt omnes.

THE

END

<<THIS ELECTRONIC VERSION OF THE
COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE IS COPYRIGHT 1990-1993
BY WORLD LIBRARY, INC., AND IS
PROVIDED BY PROJECT GUTENBERG
ETEXT OF CARNEGIE MELLON
UNIVERSITY WITH PERMISSION.
ELECTRONIC AND MACHINE READABLE
COPIES MAY BE DISTRIBUTED SO LONG
AS SUCH COPIES (1) ARE FOR YOUR OR
OTHERS PERSONAL USE ONLY, AND (2)
ARE NOT DISTRIBUTED OR USED
COMMERCIALY. PROHIBITED
COMMERCIAL DISTRIBUTION INCLUDES
BY ANY SERVICE THAT CHARGES FOR
DOWNLOAD TIME OR FOR
MEMBERSHIP.>>

End of this Etext of The Complete Works of
William Shakespeare The Tragedy of
Romeo and Juliet



www.bookeen.gr