

Continue













15 bedded with a white neck's black eye, run 1145 through the ear with a love-song, the very pin of his 1146 heart cleft with the blind boy-boy's buff shaft. And 1147 is he to name to encounter Tybalt? 'BENVOLIO' 1148 Why, what is Tybalt? 'BENVOLIO' 1149 20MORE than price of cats. O, he's the courageous 1150 captain of compliments. He fights as you sing 1151 prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion. 1152 He rests his minims rests, one, two, and the third in 1153 your bosom—the very butcher of a silk button, a 1154 25 duelist, a duelist, a gentleman of the very first house 1155 of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal 1156 passado, the punto reverso, the hay! BENVOLIO 1157 The what? MERCUTIO 1158 The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting 1159 30 phantasies, these new tuners of accent: "By 1160 Jesus, a very good blade! A very tall man! A very good 1161 where!" Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandisire, 1162 that we should be thus afflicted with these 1163 strange flows, these fashion-mongers, these "pardon-me"s, "1164 35 you stand so much on the new form 1165 that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O their 1166 bones, their bones! Enter Romeo. BENVOLIO 1167 Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo. MERCUTIO 1168 Without his roe, like a dried hermit 1169 40 flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the 1170 numbers that Petrarch flowed in. Laura to his lady 1171 1171 was a kitchen wench (marry, she had a better love 1172 to berymbe her). Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gypsy, 1173 Helen and Hero hidings and harlots, Thisbe a gray 1174 45 eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, 1175 Nay, there's a French salutation to your French 1176 slop. You gave us the counterfeits fairly last night. MERCUTIO 1177 Good morrow to you both. What counterfeits 1178 did I give you? MERCUTIO 1179 50 The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive? ROMEO 1180 180 Paris, good Mercutio, my business was 1181 181 that's as much to say, I saw him. And they would have 1182 182 that's as much to say, I saw him. And they would have 1183 183 the fairer face, ROMEO 1184 184 God you good morning, gentlemen. MERCUTIO 1185 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000



That lightning bolts, hearing them, run mad— 2539 So O, if I "wake," shall not be distraught, 2540 Environed with all these hideous fears, 2541 And madly play with my forefathers' joints, 2542 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud, 2543 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone, 2544 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains? 2545 O look, methinks I see my cousin's ghost! 2546 Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body upon a grave! 2547 Upon a capulet's point! Stay, Tybalt, stay! 2548 Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink. I drink to 2549 So thee. 'She drinks and falls upon her bedchamber's curtains.' Enter "Lady Capulet" and Nurse.

LADY CAPULET 2550 Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse. NURSE 2551 They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.Enter old Capulet. CAPULET 2552 Come, stir, stir! The second cock hath crowed, 2553 The curfew bell hath rung. 'Tis three o'clock.— 2554 's Look to the baked meats, good Angelica. 2555 Spare not for cost.

NURSE 2556 Go, you cot-quean, go, 2557 Get you to bed. Faith, you'll be sick tomorrow 2558 For this night's watching. CAPULET 2559 I0 No, not a whit. What, I have watched ere now 2560 All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick. LADY CAPULET 2561 Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time, 2562 But I will watch you from such watching now.Lady 'Capulet' and Nurse exit. CAPULET 2563 A jealous hood, a jealous hood!Enter three or four 'Servingmen' with spits and logsand baskets. 2564 15 Now fellow, 2565 What is there? 'FIRST SERVINGMAN' 2566 Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what. CAPULET 2567 Make haste, make haste.'First Servingman exits. ' 2574 25 Good 'faith,' 'tis day. 2575 The County will be here with music straight.Play music. 2576 For so he said he would. I hear him near.— 2577 Nurse!—Wife! What hol—What, nurse, I say!Enter Nurse. 2578 Go waken Juliet. Go and trim her up. 2579 30 I'll go and call with Paris. Hie, make haste, 2580 Make haste. The bridegroom he is come already. 2581 Make haste, I say.'He exits. ' NURSE, "approaching the bed" 2582 Mistress! Juliet!—Fast, I warrant 2583 her, she— 2584 Why, lamb, why, lady! Pie, you slugabed! 2585 Why, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Why, bride!— 2586 's What, not a word?—You take your pennyworths 2587 now. 2588 Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant. 2589 The County Paris hath set up his rest 2590 That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me, 2591 10 Marry, and amen! How sound is she asleep! 2592 I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam! 2593 Ay, let the County take you in your bed, 2594 He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be? 'She opens the bed's curtains.' 2595 What, dressed, and in your clothes, and down 2596 15 again? 2597 I must needs make you, Lady, lady, lady!— 2598 Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead.— 2599 O, veraday, that ever I was born!— 2600 Some aqua vitae, ho!—My lord! My lady!Enter Lady Capulet. ' LADY CAPULET 2601 20 What noise is here? NURSE 2602 O lamentable day! LADY CAPULET 2603 What is the matter? NURSE 2604 Look, look!—O heavy day! LADY CAPULET 2605 O me! O me! My child, my only life, 2606 25 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee. 2607 Help, help! Call help.Enter 'Capulet.' CAPULET 2608 For shame, bring Juliet forth. Her lord is come. NURSE 2609 She's dead, deceased. She's dead, alack the day! LADY CAPULET 2610 Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead. CAPULET 2611 30 Ha, let me see her! Out, alas, she's cold. 2612 Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff. 2613 Life and these lips have long been separated. 2614 Death lies on her like an untimely frost 2615 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field. NURSE 2616 35 O lamentable day! LADY CAPULET 2617 O woeful time! CAPULET 2618 Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail, 2619 Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.Enter Friar 'Lawrence' and the County 'Paris, withMusicians.' FRIAR LAWRENCE 2620 Come, is the bride ready to go to church? CAPULET 2621 40 Ready to go, but never to return.— 2622 O son, the night before thy wedding day 2623 Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies, 2624 Flower as was, deflowered by him. 2625 Death is my son-in-law; Death is my heir. 2626 45 My daughter he hath wedded. I will die to-night. And leave him all. Life, living, all is Death's. PARIS 2628 Have I thought 'long' to see this morning's face, 2629 And doth it give me such a sight as this? LADY CAPULET 2630 Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day! 2631 50 Most miserable hour that e'er time saw 2632 In lasting labor of his pilgrimage! 2633 But one, poor one, one poor and loving child, 2634 But one thing to rejoice and solace in, 2635 And cruel death hath catched it from my sight! NURSE 2636 55 O woe, O woeful, woeful, woeful day! 2637 Most lamentable day, most woeful day! 2638 That ever, ever I did yet behold! 2639 O day, O day, O hateful day! 2640 Never was seen so black a day as this! 2641 60 O woeful day, O woeful day! PARIS 2642 Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain! 2643 Most detestable death, by thee beguiled, 2644 By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown! 2645 O love! O life! Not life, but love in death! CAPULET 2646 65 Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed! 2647 Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now 2648 To murder, murder our solemnity? 2649 O child! O child! My soul and not my child! 2650 Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead, 2651 70 And with my child my joys are buried. FRIAR LAWRENCE 2652 Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's 'cure' lives not 2653 In these confusions. Heaven and yourself 2654 Had part in this fair maid. Now heaven hath all, 2655 And all the better is it for the maid. 2656 75 Your part in her you could not keep from death, 2657 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life. 2658 The most you sought was her promotion, 2659 For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced; 2660 And weep you now, seeing she is advanced 2661 80 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself? 2662 O, in this love you love your child so ill 2663 That you run mad, seeing that she is well. 2664 She's not well married that lives married long, 2665 But she's best married that dies married young. 2666 85 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary 2667 Upon this fair corpse, and, as the custom is, 2668 And in her best array, bear her to church, 2669 For though 'fond' nature bids us all lament, 2670 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment. CAPULET 2671 90 All things that we ordained festival 2672 Turn from their office to black funeral: 2673 Our instruments to melancholy bells, 2674 Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast, 2675 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change, 2676 95 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse, 2677 And all things change them to the contrary. FRIAR LAWRENCE 2678 Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him, 2679 And go, sir Paris. Ev'none prepare 2680 To follow this fair corpse unto her grave. 2681 100 The heavens do lour upon you for some ill. 2682 Move them no more by crossing their high will 'All but the Nurse and the Musicians' exit. 'FIRST MUSICIAN' 2683 Faith, we may put our pipes and be gone. NURSE 2684 Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up, 2685 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. 'FIRST MUSICIAN' 2686 105 Ay, "by" my troth, the case may be amended.'Nurse' exits.Enter "Peter." PETER 2687 Musicians, O musicians, "Heart's ease," 2688 "Heart's ease." "O, an you will have me live, play 2689 "Heart's ease." ' "FIRST MUSICIAN" 2690 Why "Heart's ease?" PETER 2691 110 Musicians, because my heart itself plays "My 2692 heart is full." "O, play me some merry dump to 2693 comfort for. " 'FIRST MUSICIAN" 2694 Not a dump, we. 'Tis no time to play 2695 now. PETER 2696 115You will not then? 'FIRST MUSICIAN" 2697 No. PETER 2698 I will then give it you soundly. 'FIRST MUSICIAN" 2699 What will you give us? PETER 2700 No money, on my faith, but the gleek. I will give 2701 120 you the minstrel. 'FIRST MUSICIAN" 2702 Then will I give you the 2703 serving-creature. PETER 2704 Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on 2705 your pate. I will carry no crochets. I'll re you, I'll fa 2706 125 you. Do you note me. 'FIRST MUSICIAN" 2707 An you re us and fa us, you note us. SECOND 'MUSICIAN" 2708 Pray you, put up your dagger and 2709 put out your wit. 'PETER" 2710 Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat 2711 130 you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. 2712 Answer me like men. 'Sings.' 2713 When gripping griefs the heart doth wound 2714 'And doleful dumps the mind oppress,' ' 2715 Then music with her silver sound?— 2716 135 Why "silver sound"? Why "music with her silver sound"? 2717 sound"? What say you, Simon Catling? 'FIRST MUSICIAN" 2718 Marry, sir, because silver hath a 2719 sweet sound. PETER 2720 Prates.—What say you, Hugh Rebeck? SECOND 'MUSICIAN" 2721 140I say "silver sound," because musicians 2722 sound for silver. PETER 2723 Prates too. What say you, James Soundpost? PETER 'MUSICIAN" 2724 Faith, I know not what to say. PETER 2725 O, I cry you mercy. You are the singer. I will say 2726 145 for you. It is "music with her silver sound," because 2727 musicians have no gold for sounding.'Sings.' 2728 Then music with her silver sound 2729 With speedy help doth lend redress.He exits. 'FIRST MUSICIAN" 2730 What a pestilent knave is this same! SECOND 'MUSICIAN" 2731 150Hang him, Jack. Come, we'll in 2732 here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.'They' exit. Enter Romeo. ROMEO 2733 If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep, 2734 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand. 2735 My bosom's "lord" sits lightly in his throne, 2736 And all this day an unaccustomed spirit 2737 5 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. 2738 I dreamt my lady came and found me dead 2739 (Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to 2740 think!) 2741 And breathed such life with kisses in my lips 2742 10 That I revived and was an emperor. 2743 Ah me, how sweet is love itself possessed 2744 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!Enter Romeo's man 'Balthasar, in riding boots.' 2745 News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar? 2746 Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar? 2747 15 How doth my lady? Is my father well? 2748 How doth my Juliet? That I ask again, 2749 For nothing can be ill if she be well. BALTHASAR 2750 Then she is well and nothing can be ill. 2751 Her body sleeps in Capels' monument, 2752 20 And her immortal part with angels lives. 2753 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault 2754 And presently took post to tell it you. 2755 O, pardon me for bringing these ill news, 2756 Since you did leave it for my office, sir. ROMEO 2757 25 Is it e'en so?—Then I deny you, stars!— 2758 Thou knowest my lodging. Get me ink and paper, 2759 And hire post-horses. I will hence tonight. BALTHASAR 2760 I do beseech you, sir, have patience. 2761 Your looks are pale and wild and do import 2762 30 Some misadventure. ROMEO 2763 Tush, thou art deceived. 2764 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. 2765 Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar? BALTHASAR 2766 No, my good lord. ROMEO 2767 35 No matter. Get thee gone, 2768 And hire those horses. I'll be with thee straight.'Balthasar' exits. 2769 Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight. 2770 Let's see for means. O mischief, thou art swift 2771 40 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men! 2772 40 I do remember an apothecary 2773 (And hereabouts he dwells) which late I noted with a tattered weed, with overwhelming brows, 2775 Culling of simples. Meager were his looks, 2776 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones, 2777 45 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung, 2778 An alligator stuffed, and other skins 2779 Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves, 2780 A beggarly account of empty boxes, 2781 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds, 2782 50 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses 2783 Were thinly scattered to make up a show. 2784 Noting this penury, to myself I said 2785 "An if a man did need a poison now, 2786 Whose sale is present death in Mantua, 2787 55 Here lives a catiff wretch would sell it him." 2788 O, this same thought did but forerun my need, 2789 And this same needy man must sell it me. 2790 As I remember, this should be the house. 2791 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.— 2792 60 What ho, Apothecary!Enter Apothecary. ' APOTHECARY 2793 Who calls so loud? ROMEO 2794 Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor. 'He offers money.' 2795 Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have 2796 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear 2797 65 As will disperse itself through all the veins, 2798 That the life-weary taker may fall dead, 2799 And that the trunk may be discharged of breath 2800 As violently as hasty powder fired 2801 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb. APOTHECARY 2802 70 Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law 2803 's death to any he that utters them. ROMEO 2804 Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness, 2805 And fearest to die? Famine is in thy cheeks, 2806 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes, 2807 75 Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back. 2808 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law. 2809 The world affords no law to make thee rich. 2810 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this. APOTHECARY 2811 My poverty, but not my will, consents. ROMEO 2812 80 I 'pay' thy poverty and not thy will. APOTHECARY, "giving him the poison" 2813 Put this in any liquid thing you will 2814 And drink it off, and if you had the strength 2815 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight. ROMEO "handing him the money" 2816 There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls, 2817 85 Doing more murder in this loathsome world 2818 Than these poor compounds that thou dost sell. 2819 Sell. 2820 I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none. 2821 Farewell, buy food, and get thyself in flesh.'Apothecary' exits. ' 2822 90 Come, cordial and not poison, go with me 2823 To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.'He exits. 'Enter Friar John. FRIAR JOHN 2824 Holy Franciscan friar, brother, ho!Enter 'Friar' Lawrence. FRIAR LAWRENCE 2825 This same should be the voice of Friar John.— 2826 Welcome from Mantua. What says Romeo? 2827 Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter. FRIAR JOHN 2828 5 Going to find a barefoot brother out, 2829 One of our order, to associate me, 2830 Here in this city visiting the sick, 2831 And finding him, the searchers of the town, 2832 Suspecting that we both were in a house 2833 10 Where the infectious pestilence did reign, 2834 Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth, 2835 So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed. FRIAR LAWRENCE 2836 Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo? FRIAR JOHN 2837 I could not send it—here it is again!—Returning the letter.' 2838 15 Nor get a messenger to bring it thee, 2839 So fearful were they of infection. FRIAR LAWRENCE 2840 Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood, 2841 The letter was not nice but full of charge, 2842 Of dear import, and the neglecting it 2843 20 May do much danger. Friar John, go hence. 2844 Get me an iron crow and bring it straight 2845 Unto my cell. FRIAR JOHN 2846 Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.He exits. FRIAR LAWRENCE 2847 Now must I to the monument alone. 2848 25 Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake. 2849 She will beshrew me much that Romeo 2850 Hath had no notice of these accidents. 2851 But I will write again to Mantua, 2852 And keep her at my cell till Romeo come. 2853 30 Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!He exits. Enter Paris and his Page. PARIS 2854 Give me thy torch, boy. Hence and stand aloof. 2855 Yet put it out, for I would not be seen. 2856 Under yond 'yew' trees all along, 2857 Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground, 2858 35 So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread 2859 (Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves) 2860 But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me 2861 As signal that thou hearest something approach. 2862 Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee. GO, PAGE, "aside" 2863 10 I am almost afraid to stand alone 2864 Here in the churchyard. Yet I will adventure. He moves away from Paris.' PARIS, "scattering flowers" 2865 Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew 2866 (O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones) 2867 Which with sweet water nightly I will dew, 2868 45 Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by moans. 2869 The obsequies that I for thee will keep 2870 Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.'Page' whistles. 2871 The boy gives warning something doth approach. 2872 What cursed foot wanders this way tonight, 2873 20 To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? 2874 What, with a torch? Muffle me, night, awhile.'He steps aside. 'Enter Romeo and 'Balthasar.' ROMEO 2875 Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron. 2876 Hold, take this letter. Early in the morning 2877 See thou deliver it to my lord and father. 2878 25 Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee, 2879 What'e'er thou hearest or seest, stand all aloof 2880 And do not interrupt me in my course. 2881 Why I descend into this bed of death 2882 Is partly to behold my lady's face, 2883 30 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger 2884 A precious ring, a ring that I must use 2885 In dear employment. Therefore hence, begone. 2886 But, if thou, jealous, dost return to pry 2887 In what I farther shall intend to do, 2888 35 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint 2889 And strewn this hungry churchyard with thy limbs. 2890 The time and my intents are savage-wild, 2891 More fierce and more inexorable far 2892 Than empty thyrns or the roaring sea.'BALTHASAR' 2893 40 I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you. ROMEO 2894 So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that.'Giving money.' 2895 Live and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow. 'BALTHASAR, aside" 2896 For all this, shall I spend some of my treasure, 2897 To buy a foolish dotage of thy eyes? 2898 I would I were as easy as the wind, 2899 That might with wings blow off this dotage 2900 45 And these sad tears that drown my love's light. 2901 And in despite I'll cram thee with more food. PARIS 2902 This is that banished haughty Montague 2903 50 That murdered my love's cousin, with which grief 2904 It is supposed the fair creature died, 2905 And here is come to do some villainous shame 2906 To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him. 'Stepping forward.' 2907 Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague. 2908 55 Can vengeance be pursued further than death? 2909 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee. 2910 Obey and go with me, for thou must die. ROMEO 2911 I must indeed, and therefore came I hither. 2912 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man. 2913 60 Fly hence and leave me. Think upon these gone. 2914 Let them afflict thee. I beseech thee, youth, 2915 Put not another sin upon my head 2916 By urging me to fury. O, begone! 2917 By heaven, I love thee better than myself, 2918 65 For I come hither armed against myself. 2919 Stay not, begone, live, and hereafter say 2920 A madman's mercy bid thee run away. PARIS 2921 I do defy thy 'commination' 2922 And apprehend thee for a felon here. ROMEO 2923 70 Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!They draw and fight. 'PAGE" 2924 O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.'He exits. ' PARIS 2925 O, I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2926 Open the tomb; lay me with Juliet.'He dies. ' ROMEO 2927 In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face. 2928 75 Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris! 2929 What said my man when he betossed soul 2930 Did not attend him as we rode? I think 2931 He told me Paris should have married Juliet. 2932 Said he not so? Or did I dream it so? 2933 80 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 2934 To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand, 2935 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book! 2936 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.'—He opens the tomb. ' 2937 A grave? O, no. A lantern, slaughtered youth, 2938 85 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes 2939 This vault a feasting presence full of light.— 2940 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.'Laying Paris in the tomb. ' 2941 How oft when men are at the point of death 2942 Have they been merry, which their keepers call 2943 90 A light'ning before death! O, how may I 2944 Call this a light'ning?—O my love, my wife, 2945 Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath, 2946 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty. 2947 Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet 2948 95 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, 2949 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.— 2950 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet? 2951 O, what more favor can I do to thee 2952 Than with that hand that cut thy thigh in twain 2953 100 To sunder his that was thine enemy? 2954 Forgive me, cousin.—Ah, dear Juliet, 2955 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe 2956 That unsubstantial death is amorous, 2957 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps 2958 105 Thee here in dark to be his paramour? 2959 For fear of that I still will stay with thee 2960 And never from this "palace" of dim night 2961 Depart again. Here, here will I remain 2962 With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here 2963 110 Will I set up my everlasting rest 2964 And shake the yoke of inauspicious dust 2965 From this world-wearied flesh! Eyes, look your last. 2966 Arms, take your last embrace. And, lips, O, you 2967 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss 2968 125 A dateless bargain to engrossing death.'Kissing Juliet. ' 2969 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide! 2970 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on 2971 The dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark! 2972 Here's to my love. "Drinking." O true apothecary, 2973 120 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.'He dies. 'Enter Friar 'Lawrence' with lantern, crow, and spade. FRIAR LAWRENCE 2974 Saint Francis be my speed! How oft tonight 2975 Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there? 'BALTHASAR' 2976 Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well. FRIAR LAWRENCE 2977 Bliss be upon you. Tell me, good my friend, 2978 125 What torch is yond that vainly lends his light 2979 To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern, 2980 It burneth in the Capels' monument. 'BALTHASAR' 2981 It doth so, holy sir, and there's my master, 2982 One that you love. FRIAR LAWRENCE 2983 130 Who is it? 'BALTHASAR' 2984 Romeo. FRIAR LAWRENCE 2985 How long hath he been there? 'BALTHASAR' 2986 Full half an hour. FRIAR LAWRENCE 2987 Go with me to the vault. 'BALTHASAR' 2988 135 I dare not, sir. 2989 My master knows not but I am gone hence. 2990 And fearfully did menace me with death 2991 If I did stay to look on his intents. FRIAR LAWRENCE 2992 Stay, then, I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me, 2993 140 O, much I fear some ill unthrifty thing. 'BALTHASAR' 2994 As I did sleep under this 'yew' tree here, 2995 I dreamt my master and another fought, 2996 And that my master slew him. FRIAR LAWRENCE, "moving toward the tomb" 2997 Romeo!— 2998 145 Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains 2999 The stony entrance of this sepulcher? 3000 What mean these masterless and gory swords 3001 To lie discolored by this place of peace? 3002 Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too? 3003 150 And steeped in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour 3004 Is guilty of this lamentable chance! 3005 The lady stirs. JULIET 3006 O comfortable friar, where is my lord? 3007 I do remember well where I should be, 3008 155 And there I am. Where is my Romeo? FRIAR LAWRENCE 3009 I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest 3010 Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep. 3011 A greater power than we can contradict 3012 Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away. 3013 160 Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead, 3014 And Paris, too. Come, I'll dispose of thee 3015 Among a sisterhood of holy nuns. 3016 Stay not to question, for the watch is coming. 3017 Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay. JULIET 3018 165 Go, get thee hence, for I will not stay. He exits. 3019 What's here? A cup closed in my true love's hand? 3020 Poison. I see, hath been his timeless end.— 3021 O churl, drunk all, and left not friendly drop 3022 To help me after! I will kiss thy lips. 3023 170 Haply some poison yet doth hang on them, 3024 To make me die with a restorative.'She kisses him. ' 3025 Thy lips are warm!Enter 'Paris's Page' and Watch. 'FIRST' WATCH 3026 Lead, boy. Which way? JULIET 3027 Yea, noise? What should I be brief. O, happy dagger, 3028 175 This is thy sheath. There rust, and let me die.'She takes Romeo's dagger, stabs herself, and dies. ' "PAGE" 3029 This is the place, there where the torch doth burn. 'FIRST' WATCH 3030 The ground is bloody.—Search about the 3031 churchyard. 3032 Go, some of you; whoe'er you find, attach.'Some watchmen exit. ' 3033 180 Pitiful sight! Here lies the County slain, 3034 And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead, 3035 Who here hath lain this two days buried.— 3036 Go, tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets, 3037 Raise up the Montagues. Some others search.'Others exit. ' 3038 185 We see the ground whereon these woes do lie, 3039 But the true ground of all these piteous woes 3040 We cannot without circumstance descry.Enter 'Watchmen with' Romeo's man 'Balthasar.' 'SECOND' WATCH 3041 Here's Romeo's man. We found him in the 3042 churchyard. 'FIRST' WATCH 3043 190 Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.Enter Friar 'Lawrence' and another Watchman. THIRD WATCH 3044 Here is a friar that trembles, sighs, and weeps. 3045 We took this mattock and this spade from him 3046 As he was coming from this churchyard's side. 'FIRST' WATCH 3047 A great suspicion. Stay the Friar too.Enter the Prince "with Attendants." PRINCE 3048 195 What misadventure is so early up 3049 That calls our person from our morning rest? Enter 'Capulet and Lady Capulet.' CAPULET 3050 What should it be that is so 'shrieked' abroad? LADY CAPULET 3051 O, the people in the street cry "Romeo," 3052 Some "Juliet," and some "Paris," and all run 3053 200 With open outcry toward our monument. PRINCE 3054 What fear is this which startles in 'our' ears? 'FIRST' WATCH 3055 Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain, 3056 And Romeo dead, and dead before, 3057 Warm and new killed. PRINCE 3058 205 Search, seek, and know how this foul murder 3059 comes. 'FIRST' WATCH 3060 Here is a friar, and 'slaughtered' Romeo's man, 3061 With instruments upon them fit to open 3062 These dead men's tombs. CAPULET 3063 210 O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds! 3064 This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo, his house 3065 Is empty on the back of Montague, 3066 And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom. LADY CAPULET 3067 O here it is, as a bell 3068 215 That warns my old age to a sepulcher.Enter Montague. PRINCE 3069 Come, Montague, for thou art early up 3070 To see thy son and heir now "early" down. MONTAGUE 3071 Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight. 3072 Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath. 3073 220 What further woe conspires against mine age? PRINCE 3074 Look, and thou shalt see. FRIAR LAWRENCE, "seeing Romeo dead" 3075 O thou untaught! What manners is in this, 3076 To press before thy father to a grave? PRINCE 3077 Seal up the mouth of outrage for awhile, 3078 225 Till we can clear these ambiguities 3079 And know their spring, their head, their true 3080 descent, 3081 And then will I be general of your woes 3082 And lead you even to death. Meantime forbear, 3083 230 And let mischance be slave to patience.— 3084 Bring forth the parties of suspicion. FRIAR LAWRENCE 3085 I am the greatest, able to do least, 3086 Yet most suspected, as the time and place 3087 Doth make against me, of this direful murder. 3088 235 And here I stand, both to impeach and purge 3089 Myself condemned and myself excused. PRINCE 3090 Then say at once what thou dost know in this. FRIAR LAWRENCE 3091 I will be brief, for my short date of breath 3092 Is not so long as is a tedious tale. 3093 240 Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet, 3094 And she, there dead, "that" Romeo's faithful wife. 3095 I married them, and their stol'n marriage day 3096 Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death 3097 Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city, 3098 245 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined. 3099 You, to remove that siege of grief from her, 3100 Betrothed and would have married her perforce 3101 To County Paris. Then comes she to me, 3102 And with wild looks bid me devise some mean 3103 250 To rid her from this second marriage, 3104 Or in my cell there would she kill herself. 3105 Then gave I her (so tutored by my art) 3106 A sleeping potion, which so took effect 3107 As I intended, for it wrought on her 3108 255 The form of death. Meantime I writ to Romeo 3109 That he should hither come as this dire night 3110 To help to take her from her borrowed grave, 3111 Being the time the potion's force should cease. 3112 But he which bore my letter, Friar John, 3113 260 Was stayed by accident, and yesternight returned my letter back. Then all alone 3115 At the prefixed hour of her waking 3116 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault, 3117 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell 3118 265 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo, 3119 But when I came, some minute ere the time 3120 Of her awakening, here untimely lay 3121 The noble Paris and true Romeo dead. 3122 She wakes, and I entreated her come forth 3123 270 And bear this work of heaven with patience. 3124 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb, 3125 And she, too desperate, would not go with me 3126 But, as it seems, did violence on herself. 3127 All this I know, and to the marriage 3128 275 Her nurse is privy. And if aught in this 3129 Miscarried by my fault, let me my life 3130 Be sacrificed some hour before his time 3131 Unto the rigor of severest law. PRINCE 3132 We still have known thee for a holy man.— 3133 280 Where's Romeo's man? That he can say to this? BALTHASAR 3134 I brought my master news of Juliet's death, 3135 And then in post he came from Mantua 3136 To this same place, to this same monument. 3137 This letter he early bid me give his father 3138 285 And threatened me with death, giving me the vault, 3139 If I departed not and left him there. PRINCE 3140 Give me the letter. I will look on it.—'He takes Romeo's letter.' 3141 Where is the County's page, that raised the 3142 watch?— 3143 290 Sirrah, what made your master in this place? PAGE 3144 He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave 3145 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did. 3146 Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb, 3147 And by and by my master drew on him, 3148 295 And then I ran away to call the watch. PRINCE 3149 This letter doth make good the Friar's words, 3150 Their course of love, the tidings of her death; 3151 And here he writes that he did buy a poison 3152 Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal 3153 300 Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet, 3154 Where be these enemies?—Capulet, Montague, 3155 See what a scourge is laid upon your hate, 3156 That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love, 3157 And I, for winking at your discords too, 3158 305 Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punished. CAPULET 3159 O brother Montague, give me thy hand. 3160 This is my daughter's jointure, for no more 3161 Can I demand. MONTAGUE 3162 But I can give thee more, 3163 310 For I will ray her statue in pure gold, 3164 That whiles Verona by that name is known, 3165 There shall no figure at such rate be set 3166 As that of true and faithful Juliet. CAPULET 3167 As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie, 3168 315 Poor sacrifices of our enmity. PRINCE 3169 A glooming peace this morning with it brings, 3170 The sun for sorrow will not show his head. 3171 Go hence to have more talk of these sad things. 3172 Some shall be pardoned, and some punished. 3173 320 For never was a story of more woe 3174 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.'All exit. 'Find out what's on, read our latest stories, and learn how you can get involved. Sign up Book Contents Navigation Educational Resources for TeachersSupplementary Lesson Plans